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THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOLUME XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1840, AND JANUARY, 1841.

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JEMIMA M. MASON,  
(LATE LEWER.)

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FINE STREET.

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1841.

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THE  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

NO. LI.

FOR OCTOBER, 1840.

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ART. I.—*Die Römischen Päpste, ihre Kirche und ihr Staat*, von Leopold Ranke. [The Ecclesiastical and General History of the Popes of Rome during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.] 3 vols. Berlin. 1834—1840.

THE work before us in all respects evidences the great labour and unwearied toil bestowed upon it by its learned author. We can scarce help expressing both our regret and our pleasure that such pure sources of authentic information have been developed to one amply able to use them beneficially for all. We say regret, for who does not lament the limitation that does not enjoy the liberty of perusing MSS. amid numerous nations, on which but a few eyes could alight, calculated to use them with the faith of the annalist, the wisdom of the philosopher, and the piety of the believer. Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, all have ministered to the immense mass of erudition before us. The Vatican, indeed, was not thoroughly searched, from some religious jealousy to a Protestant historian; but the Borghese, Doria, Barberini, and numerous other private records, possibly more valuable than all the public documents, were opened with great liberality to the northern stranger. A work, filling up an hiatus that had existed too long, has been the result of this laborious investigation. In various passages we are led to think the writer inclines to the Romanist, in others to the Protestant persuasion; yet he makes candid avowal in his preface of his Protestant views, with a spirit which

we must love to see manifested in a writer of history: his eyes are neither closed to the imperfections of his own party, nor unobservant of the bright qualities that have adorned many pious Romanists. Justice is dealt out with evenhandedness on friend and foe. The fault, the leading fault of Ranke, is a tendency to view Protestantism distinct from Catholicism. In effect they are the same. Protestantism and Romanism vary extremely, but the former does not essentially differ from Catholicism, which Romanism unquestionably does. The Confession of Augsburg negatives no tenet of Catholicism. The still simpler confession of the persecuted Waldenses\* retains every element of Catholicism. We shall have occasion to revert\* more than once to this leading defect in our author. Ranke commences with showing that the Roman emperor united church and state in his own person; but that Christianity emphatically distinguished that which is God's from that which is Cæsar's. We apprehend that Paganism and Romanism possessed similar features as absorbents, but that with the latter there was no existence of the state in any mixed question; in such cases the church, like the rod of Moses, extinguished the inferior principle. The emperor, therefore, appeared mild in comparison with the ecclesiastic.

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\* The modern reader of this beautiful composition must think with fearful shuddering on the declaration of the leader of the expedition against them: "We have spared neither age, nor sex, nor rank; we have smitten every one with the edge of the sword."

But Protestantism, we apprehend, asserting the agency of both, the union of both, draws closer on the Bible, which clearly distinguishes between the church and the state. Pepin felt the inconvenience of a weak state title to his conquered possessions; he sought to amend it by a religious sanction. The keys of conquered cities were laid by him on the altar of Saint Peter's, and hence arose the only power of the keys. The Bible passages adduced in support of that power, as they are applied to all the apostles, cannot be limited to one. Charlemagne ratified the donations of Pepin; they were then thankfully received; little did the unconscious successors of Gregory II. imagine that the time would ever arrive when the states of the church would be claimed by a king on the throne of Charlemagne, on the ground of this very donation, and no retreat conceded to the vassal pope from following the policy of his suzerain. Charlemagne received in consequence the crown of the Western empire. But Charlemagne and his successor Lothaire considered the pope as substantially belonging to the French empire, as Ranke justly shows by the nomination, on the part of the latter sovereign, of his own judges at Rome, and annulling confiscations which the pope had imposed. But this notion was certainly not one on which the popes of succeeding centuries designed to govern—it was not held by him whose palfrey an emperor led, nor by him who kicked off the emperor's crown in 1191. It was not the notion of 1450. But from the very assumption of high authority we may date its decline. Still assumption, supported by even an exterior of piety, would have protracted the papal power for centuries; but when the ecclesiastic possessed more than the ordinary failings of man, pretending to tenfold the virtues of his race combined, men's eyes, even in the mistiness of the fifteenth century, became opened to discern between good and evil.\* Some powerful

check was needed to the ordinary powers, or else the worship of India would have scarce been inferior to that of Christendom; infallibility being assigned not simply to men but monsters.

"If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design,  
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?"

A compliment justly paid by Pope to the son of that disgrace of the fifteenth century Alexander VI., who ascended the papal throne in 1492, and with whom we begin our view of our author's work, as he lived in the sixteenth also. Alexander had evidently no belief in another world, and therefore determined to make the most of this. He was wise in his generation. Machiavelli says of him, "Non fece mai altro che ingannare uomini, nè mai pensò ad altro, e sempre trovò soggetto da poterlo fare; e non fu mai uomo che avesse maggiore efficacia in asseverare, e che con maggiori giuramenti affermasse una cosa, e che l'osservasse meno; nondimanco sempre gli succedevano gli inganni ad votum, perchè conosceva bene questa parte del mondo," (Machi. Il Principe. Firenze, 1831.) A naïve confession. Certainly both Pope Alexander and Cæsar Borgia possessed in an eminent degree this great statesman's quality of being feared as rulers. Machiavelli, on the subject of whether the love or fear of the sovereign ought to be the dominant spirit to instil in the people, gives it in favour of the latter. "Concludo adunque tornando all'esser temuto ed amato che amando gli' uomini a posta loro, e temendo a posta del principe, deve un principe savio fondarsi in su quello che è suo, non in su quello che è d'altri; deve solamente ingegnarsi di fuggir l'odio come e detto."

Overlooking this latter prudent caution of the crafty Florentine, Cæsar Borgia, Machiavelli's hero, fell. It was peculiarly unfortunate in the case of Alexander, that he who first attempted nepotism in the papacy in a large way, should have had such a son to make trial of the possibility of the principle. Alexander and Cæsar succeeded against the Sforzas, the Malatestas, and the Manfredi, and then, with a *sang froid* peculiar to themselves, both threw off the party that had aided them to this pitch of greatness, and, unincumbered with the ordinary feeling of mortality, butchered their friends. Yet there came even an earthly visitation.

"Alexander," says Ranke, "thus saw his warmest wishes fulfilled, the barons of the land annihilated, and his house about to found a great hereditary power in Italy. But already he had begun to feel of what excesses hot and unbridled passions

\* The Romanists spoke out freely on this subject, and the coarsest language of the Reformers hardly equals the celebrated passage in the "Inferno," connected with the gift of Constantine:—

"Di voi pastor s'accorse 'l Vangelista  
Quando colei, che siede sovra l'acque,  
Puttaneggiar co' regi a lui fu vista:  
Quella, che con le sette teste nacque,  
E dalle diete corna ebbe argomento,  
Fin che virtute al suo marito piacque,  
Fatto v' avete Deo d'oro e d'argento:  
E che altro à da voi all' idolatre  
Se non ch' egli uno, e voi n' orate cento?  
Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre  
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote  
Che da tè prese il primo ricco padre."

Dant. Inf. cant. 19.



are capable. Cæsar would share his power neither with kinsman nor favourite. He had caused his brother, who stood in his way, to be murdered and thrown into the Tiber. His brother-in-law was attacked, and stabbed on the steps of the palace by his orders. The wounded man was nursed by his wife and sisters; the sister cooked his food, in order to secure him from poison, and the pope set a guard before his house, to protect his son-in-law from his son; precautions which Cæsar derided. He said, 'What is not done by noon may be done by evening.' When the Prince was recovering from his wounds, Cæsar burst into his chamber, drove out the wife and sister, called an executioner, and ordered the unfortunate prince to be strangled. He used his father as a means to power, otherwise he was utterly regardless of him. He killed Peroti, Alexander's favourite, while clinging to his patron, and sheltered by the pontifical mantle—the pope's face was sprinkled with his blood. There was a moment at which Rome and the papal states were in Cæsar's power. He was a man of the greatest personal beauty; so strong, that at a bull-fight he cleft the head of the bull with one stroke; liberal, and not without traits of magnanimity, but voluptuous and sanguinary. Rome trembled at his name. Cæsar wanted money and had enemies; every night murdered bodies were found in the streets. Men lived in seclusion and silence; there was none that did not fear that his turn would come. Those whom force could not reach were taken off by poison. There was one point on earth where such a state of things was possible, namely, at which the plenitude of secular power was united to the supreme spiritual jurisdiction: this point was occupied by Cæsar. There is a perfection even in depravity. Many of the sons and nephews of popes attempted similar things, but none ever approached Cæsar's bad eminence. He was a *virtuoso in crime*."

No important facts become eliminated in the progress of a monster who was narrowing his attention to the committal of every possible crime in the confined limits of an Italian principality, where evil became more visible still from its contracted scene of operation. His death, if we can trust the MS. account which Ranke has inserted in his valuable Appendix, which is full of documents of extraordinary interest, was caused by his head cook. An intended victim, one of the richest of the cardinals, gained over this man; and the pope swallowed a *bonne bouche* which he designed for his victim, and had instructed his own cook to prepare. He was succeeded by Julius II., and in Borgia's case happily that general law held which was observable in all the successors to the papal chair, that with the life of the pope the power of his descendants terminated. Russell remarks in his History of Modern Europe, that "Borgia, without knowing it, laboured for the patrimony of St. Peter;" and in effect he did so, for Julius contrived to rid himself of Cæsar Borgia, and yet to secure his possessions.

Bold as was the bull-cleaving Borgia, Julius was equally determined to have no second at the game he played for—temporal

power. The Venetians affirmed that it was his design to be lord and master in the game of the world, and the Florentine Machiavelli wrote of him, "No baron was so insignificant as not to despise the papal power formerly. Now a king of France stands in awe of it." Julius added to the see Parma, Piacenza, Reggio. Venice herself trembled at his attempts. The papacy rose in worldly power, but it was fast sinking in spiritual ascendancy. "My kingdom is not of this world," the great law of him from whom that power was claimed, became a statute of excision. Alexander VI., for the indulgence of his own vices and temporal power, had declared officially that indulgences delivered souls out of purgatory. Urban II. originally hit on the invention of indulgences as an easy recompense for the Crusaders. Leo, the successor to Julius, instituted a general sale of them. Hume appears to have imagined that no deleterious effect was produced by indulgences on the moral habits; because, to use his own words, "A man could both purchase them at a low rate, and hell fire, the magistrate, and remorse of conscience, still remained as powerful checks on evil." But this sagacious writer, in the use of these words, forgets the language of indulgences, the pleasing belief in the plenary power of the pope, not disbelieved, on the evidence of Dr. Doyle, in the nineteenth century, to say nothing of the twelfth. Now an indulgence perfectly neutralized these checks, restoring, according to the form in Seckendorf, the person to that innocence and purity which he possessed in baptism, and that when he died, the gates of punishment should be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight should be opened; and if he died instantaneously, this grace should be in full force when he was at the point of death.—Seck. Comment. lib. i. p. 14.\*

To such an extent had this traffic proceed—

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\* Maimburgh, the Jesuit, describes the sale of indulgences as follows: "*Exemplo Julii Pontificis (Leo) ad indulgentias refugium habuit. Has ubique terrarum publicare curavit factas omnibus, quæ pecuniam impensam ad structuram St. Petri valerent, potestate vendendi ovæ, et casco tempore Quadragesimæ et eligendi sibi confessionarium. Bonâ fide agnoscendum est quod Pontifices qui postea successerunt in dispensatione spirituali hujus thesauri multum cautiore fuerunt. Tezelius ordinis sui religiosos in partem laborum associaverat. Hi susceptum munus ut sæpe fieri solet ultra limites urgendo, ita exaggerabant indulgentiarum pretium ut occasionem darent populo credendi certum esse unumquemque de salute et de liberandis ex purgatorio animabus, quam primum soluta pecuniâ, literas, quibus concessio indulgentiarum significabatur, redemisset. Augebat scandalum quod sublegati in populo versarentur et partem nummorum turpiter prodigerent.*" Maimb. de Lothar."

ed, that when the English Privateers took a galleon, it was found to contain 500 bales of indulgences and sixteen reams to every bale. Dampier, the captain, careened his ship with them. Leo wonderfully extended this traffic; and though it may not detract from the beauty of St. Peter's in the eye of the Romanist, any structure raised by such art loses somewhat of its grace to the moral spectator. How singular appears the whole working of this period, all having an evident tendency to force men upon higher spiritual views, almost in spite of their spiritual guides. Leo\* was at least a pope that surrounded himself with the learned, but he was also a man of pleasure rather than holiness. Hunting, hawking, fishing, with the gay improvisatori, and literary society, filled up his hours. The schools of philosophy held various theorems as to the soul,—some pantheistic notions, others its mortality; the advocates of the immateriality and immortality were few. Erasmus was shocked; who can describe the effect of his generation on Luther! We may gather somewhat of the feeling of the age from Francesco Vettori. Ranke found this remarkable work in the Corsini Library, "*Chi considera bene la legge evangelica, vedrà i pontefici ancora che tenghino il nome di vicario di Christo haver indutto una nova religione che non ve n'è altro di Christo che il nome; il qual comanda la povertà e loro voghiono la ricchezza, comanda la humiltà e loro voghiono la superbia, comanda la obedientia e loro voghiono comandar a ciascuno.*" The age of Leo was one of the most sensual conceivable, and all artistic periods will be ever found to be so. It is quite a mistake to imagine that a love of plastic perfection is not sensual. Its very source is of that character, and artists will be always found to partake largely, unless gifted with the super-sensuous spirit, of the feelings of Rubens, Titian, Vandyke, and Raffaele. The next pope was not of course of the house of Medici, Adrian VI., a native of the Netherlands. The friend of Erasmus, plain, simple-mannered, benevolent and devout. He was a church reformer in the strongest sense. His efforts were paralyzed by his time. They placed above his tomb his own exclamation, "Let a man be never so good, how much depends on the times in which he is born." He was succeeded by Giulio de Medici. He was unable to control the cardinals on the death of Leo X., but procured

his own nomination as successor to Adrian. He wisely avoided recalling the memory of his kinsman Leo X., which was become unpopular, and took the name of Clement VII. To say he was not highly accomplished were impossible, bred up as he was in the house of Medici. Prudent in council he had shown himself in the reign of Leo, but he did not prove equal to being his own self-counsellor. He proceeded to war with Spain, the very power which had seated his own family in Florence, a most impolitic measure, and he bitterly rued it. Bourbon, at the head of the imperialists, marched upon Rome, and though he perished at the instant the scaling ladders were placed against the walls, Rome fell with the spoil of ages to his troops. The devastation\* of that time could never be repaired. Even Clement's own city expelled the Medici. The most fatal consequences were the result of this capture, since the superstitious reverence, the almost divine notion of heavenly interference for the holy city was destroyed, and the power of the emperor established in triple vigour.

There was, too, another consequence, the unhappy result from the humiliated position of the pope; Charles demanded a general council. As it had always been a question whether infallibility rested in the pope or in the general council, or jointly in the two, the holy fathers were uncommonly reluctant to call these councils. The councils also, despite that shuffling argument often resorted to by the Romanists, that such were not properly convened, had a most unfortunate habit, the result of their human nature, as regarded infallibility, of contradicting each other. Clement himself had been considerably inconvenienced by this attribute, since Henry VIII. had called on his infallibility to negative, in the case of his wife Katharine of Arragon, the previous infallibility of Julius II., who in 1503 had pronounced the marriage which Henry sought to annul valid, and had unluckily issued a bull to that effect. All the power of the holy see appeared on the wane; the illegitimacy of the pope, a fatal bar in his own church, was bruited abroad in his adversity, which would never have been urged probably in his prosperity, and Clement VIIth died sunken in spirit by the prospect of existing and impending evils.

\* Gradenigo, orator di Roma describes Leo X. "*Di statura grandissima, testa molto grossa, havea bellissima man: bellissimo parador; prometea assa ma non atendea. Il papa si serviva molto, con dimandar danari al prestito, vendeva poi li officii, impegnava zoie, rase del papato e fino li apostoli per aver danaro.*"

\* Still we may be allowed to clear, on the authority of the report of an embassy in the time of Adrian VI., the German Landknechts from an act of barbarism charged on them at the sacking of Rome. The Laocoon had previously lost the right arm, for these ambassadors saw it in that condition. Their description of the statue is well worthy an attentive perusal.—App. 17.

At this period the aspect of the religious world was certainly favourable to the Lutheran principles, even among some of the staunchest advocates of the Romish see. Contarini, Pole, Sadolet, even Caraffa, held very analogous sentiments to Luther on some points. Naples, the house of Colonna generally, Modena, all exhibited traces of a similar tendency. The inquisition reckoned 3000 schoolmasters as adherents of the new doctrine. When Paul III. succeeded to the vacant chair, he requested Contarini and others to draw up a scheme of church reform, and executed many useful alterations. It was strongly urged upon him that the great dogma in which Luther's whole system was involved might be made the bond of union between the Romish and Protestant churches. He unquestionably favoured the notion, and instructed Contarini to use his best efforts to effect it. Contarini, aided by Morone and Tommaso da Modena, acted on this occasion with consummate prudence, discussing the fundamental articles of faith first, wisely leaving the supremacy of the pope for a later period of the argument. They actually came to an agreement with the Lutheran divines on the four important articles: The Nature of Man, Original Sin, Redemption, and even Justification. Luther and the pope remained to be consulted. Luther did not believe that the Romanists cordially supported his cardinal doctrine—justification. He dissuaded the Elector from attending the diet in person. The pope did not come to so decided a view as Luther. Strong opposition arose upon the points of doctrine at Rome; but Francis I., who saw in this union a wonderful increase of power to the emperor, used all his efforts to prevent the arrangement of the religious differences. Fresh discontent and disputation arose at Rome; the mild formula of Contarini was objected to by the zealots; no tolerance was shown to the Lutheran sentiments; and Contarini, who had deserved the name of the Roman Melancthon, foiled in his noblest ends by the narrow spirit of Romanism, returned and left unfinished a work that accomplished would have saved rivers of blood. On this subject we have the following remark by our author equally sound and philosophical: "It is a necessary condition of every great and important tendency of human opinion, that it should be strong enough to establish its authority and achieve its triumph. It must predominate or perish." This was felt, though the age then might have been unequal to the expression. Reformers were as earnestly felt to be necessary to the vitality of existing institutions among the Romanists as among the

Protestants. Reformers were accordingly taken in hand, but they partook of all the error that hung around the darkened nature of the ancient ecclesiastical institutions. They were modes of discipline rather than of doctrine. They unhappily were constructed to support the papacy rather than Christianity. The monkish spirit of solitude, vows, separate cells, broke forth. The Theatins arose, and lastly came Ignatius Loyola, and the Jesuits. We shall not enter largely into the subject of the founder of the Jesuits, but at the outset think it right to remark, that possibly no founder ever formed an order that more varied from himself than the Jesuits did from Loyola. He was all emotion—an entire emotionist—if we may be allowed the term; but the Jesuits were keen calculators of the effects of a crafty policy.

Loyola has had many modern disciples apart from his order, the visionary class in all ages being large, though vastly inferior to him in grandeur of sentiment. There is, there always has, and there always probably will be, a class of persons who are insensible to revelation, except they obtain something like private and peculiar revealings, suited to the individual constitution of their visionary minds. Numerous fanciful delusions, eagerly seized on by the credulous, are constantly believed, and experiences of the most light and wavering character are readily put forth. Half the world possibly hovers at times on the brink of reason. Loyola often exceeded it. He had been a soldier; he became wounded, to which accident we probably owe the order of the Jesuits. His madness, the result of this illness, took a leaning from the romantic in knighthood to the romantic in Romanism. The vow which he forced upon his followers, to do whatever the pope commanded, to go into whatever country he sent them, to the Jews, the Turks, Heathens and Heretics, on the instant, without pay or recompense, partakes largely of the spirit of ancient chivalry. It also shows the necessity then existent in the ecclesiastical dominions for some powerful stimulant to the practice of higher views and principles than those in operation. This was felt by themselves, and even the founder of the Jesuits was formed out of the Reformation spirit. Pity it was that such a spirit should become, with many elements of greatness, exclusively papistic, a circumstance that strengthened the order at its rise, and yet materially accelerated its fall. We have seen the unwillingness of Paul to summon the Council at Trent from many other causes, but the fearful lay-power lodged in the emperor of calling one himself,

a measure with which he was menaced, probably induced him to hasten the convocation. It would take volumes to describe the proceedings of that important council; suffice it to say, that in Sarpi and Pallavicini will be found the best combination of the circumstances attendant on it. The point of justification, despite of Pole, who supported the moderate party, and conjured the council not to reject a doctrine because espoused by Luther, was opposed by Caraffa and the bigoted Romanist party, to whom the Jesuits, instructed by Ignatius, lent their aid, and the council threw out the doctrine, severing for ever all communion with Protestants. Of course this tone of policy was immediately carried out. Caraffa and Burgos, both Dominicans, set about the revival of the Inquisition, which, though probably not the device of their founder Dominic, Ranke thinks differently, received its main support through that order. The Jesuits account it among their "*præmia laudis*" that Ignatius supported this proposition of a revival by an express memorial, and Paul issued in 1542 a bull for this object. The following rules, which Ranke gives from the MS. life of Caraffa show its extreme rigour:

"1. In affairs of faith there must not be a moment's delay; but on the slightest suspicion, proceedings must be taken with the utmost diligence.

"2. No regard must be paid to any potentate or prelate, whatever be his power or dignity.

"3. On the contrary, the greatest severity must be shown towards those who seek to shelter themselves under the protection of a ruler; only when confession is made are leniency and fatherly compassion to be shown.

"4. To Heretics, and especially Calvinists, no toleration must be granted."

The execution of these orders drove forth from Italy numerous distinguished scholars, and closed instantly academies and universities. Victims were butchered in the ruthless fashion of the zealots in Rome. Autos da fé took place before the church of Santa Maria alla Minerva, and the victims were sent out to sea from Venice in boats with planks across, on which they were placed, to drown them wholesale. With this tremendous system in action, the power of the Jesuits, who extended themselves even in Loyola's life over nearly the entire globe, came into conjoined operation. We extract the brief but exquisite description of their principal governing principles.

"In this society obedience usurped the place of every relation or affection, of every impulse or motive that could stimulate men to activity: obedience for its own sake, without any regard whatever to its object or consequences. No man was permitted

to aspire after any rank or station above that which he held; if it happened that the secular coadjutor could not read and write, he was not to learn without permission. With the most absolute abrogation of all right of private judgment, he who entered this society must suppose himself to be ruled by his superiors, in blind submissiveness, like some inanimate thing—like the staff that is turned to any purpose at the will of him who holds it. He was to behold in his superiors the representatives of Divine Providence."—Vol. i. p. 224.

Protestantism was then made by this unhealthy action of the moral subject, by this prostration of intellect system. No circumstance could mark out with mightier power the necessity for it than the means that were requisite to suppress it. This Roman monstrosity, like Cacus, though it vomited forth flame incessantly, became utterly subdued under the herculean steadiness of the principle opposed to it, and only indicated by its fumes the foul habitation in which it dwelt to the fated destroyer. The year 1552 severed all conciliation between the three great forms of Christianity, says Ranke, Lutheranism, Calvinism, and Romanism. But deeply is it to be regretted by every moderate minded man that this division arose on points not fundamental to salvation—points which each of the three at present, we are fully convinced, at heart rejects as a source of division—points which Catherine de Medici considered reconcilable, as our readers will see in a paper in the present number—but points on which one of the three, trammelled with councils and Popes, cannot with consistency yield, and on which the others had a clear right of private judgment. This is denied to Romanism, which system always combined the essential with the non-essential, and treated discipline in the same fashion as doctrine. Her attitude has become immovable—the Niobe of nations, she will stiffen into deeper hardness, until even her fondest admirers will at last perceive there is no life in her, and await that awful revival of grace that will be as life from the dead.

Could Paul III. have calculated the conformity of the nativity of Protestantism with his own, to such hands were national destinies then entrusted, he would have probably acted far otherwise, for he was greatly guided by astrology in most proceedings. A treaty with France was delayed by him for no other reason than a want of correspondence between his own nativity and that of the French king. We should be curious to know whether he had tried the experiment with the nativity of Luther. Paul III. turned his attention entirely in the latter years of his life to nepotism. He was at least no hypocrite in owning openly an illegitimate son and daughter.

To their welfare he devoted great attention, but his son was assassinated at Piacenza on the very day on which Paul had been heard to express himself perfectly satisfied with the prosperity that surrounded him. He died, it is said, broken-hearted at the detection of the treachery that on all sides surrounded him from his family and supposed friends. He was noble in the distribution of the offices of the see, and was perfectly free from many of the papal vices; but dark suspicion of co-operation in many deeds of most questionable character hangs over his memory, and he was certainly unfortunate in the course of events during his reign. Still did he die with the popular affections entirely his, but these will not heal the closer blows at our happiness dealt by kindred and false friends. His successor was Julius III., who ascended the throne the 7th February, 1550. This Pope made one move in politics, which proving unlucky and producing the reverse results to what he had anticipated, he quietly sat himself down, and having drawn the plan, built the Villa di Papa Giulio, by the Porta del Popolo. Here he enjoyed himself and suffered the world to take care of itself, doing probably less harm than such of his predecessors as had busied themselves in schemes for its welfare without understanding the question. Passing the brief papacy of Marcellus II. we come to the pontificate of Paul IV., who was invested with this dignity 23d May, 1555. Giovanni Pietro Caraffa had been the most severe opponent of the nepotism of Paul III. and the most bitter against the Protestants of any in the College of Cardinals, yet few exhibited more nepotism over a large extent of his time in the papacy, or had greater occasion to bless himself for the stout heretics that dwelt in Rome. Caraffa hated Charles V. for numerous ill offices which he conceived the emperor had done him over a considerable portion of his early career. An open rupture ensued with Charles and Philip II., for hatred of Spain was almost innate in the family of Caraffa, and but for the reverence of Alva for papal power, Rome had again shared the fate that Bourbon bestowed upon her. On this occasion the only trustworthy defenders of the Pope were the Germans. Alva, however, revered Caraffa; they were men of similar tendencies; and after besieging his Holiness in Rome, quietly kissed his foot and expressed his devotion to his service. Can any distinction be drawn more illustrative of the line of demarcation between the civil and religious obedience of the intelligent Romanist than the conduct of Alva? The sovereigns of the Romish be-

liefs were as reluctant to admit the position of the pope's temporal power as the Protestant to the full. Well might Caraffa say of Philip II., when some one called that king his friend, "Yes, my friend who besieged me, who sought my very soul." He was unable to realize his high notion of the dignity of the church in his political attitude, but was ceaseless in his exertions to amend her discipline. The pomp of the church none had more at heart. The decorations of the Sistine chapel were his work. No pope, not even Leo X., ever manifested more love of magnificent worship. Severe in character, the Inquisition was of course congenial to his spirit, and autos da fé were to him occasions of active duty. However, self-deceived, he died commending his soul to the prayers of all the Cardinals around him, and equally earnest in his adjurations to them to maintain the Holy See and the Inquisition. He was succeeded by Pius IV., whose pontificate is chiefly remarkable for the Council of Trent being then brought to a close. By the final proceedings then adopted, Romanism severed herself for ever from the Protestant and Greek church. "The power," says Ranke, "aimed at by the first movers of a general council was not attained, the limitation of the power of the Pope. The Pontiff, as the interpreter of the decrees of Trent, secured the prescription of the rule of faith and life. Primitive Catholicism included an element of Protestantism in its bosom, this was for ever expelled. The Catholic Church saw and admitted the diminished extent of her dominion; she ceased to take any notice of Greece and the East, and thrust Protestantism from her with countless anathemas. But the more the power of the Church of Rome was circumscribed, the more it was concentrated and collected against assaults."

But if the line of circumvallation be thus mighty, and the circle of defence thus narrow, we may safely conclude that the points on which assault can be made, appliances from without being so numerous compared with what can be mustered within, must require such unwearied defenders that even this æs triplex must give way before such battering. This pope, notwithstanding he had achieved a work of such extreme importance as the adjustment of this council, in a manner fully satisfying the Romanists, was not however in high estimation with them. He had done much, the tendencies of the age led all parties to form extravagant ideas of what could be effected, and the general idea was, that he both ought to have effected and could have realized far more. The rigid party had soon an opportunity of

seeing what they could effect by the election of Pius V. We extract the following description of him from our author :—

"Even when pope, he lived in all the austerity of his monastic life, fasted with the utmost rigour and punctuality, and would wear no finer garments than before, frequently said mass, and heard it every day; yet so careful was he lest his spiritual exercises should distract him from public purposes, that he arose at an extreme early hour in the morning, and took no siesta. If we were inclined to doubt the depth of his religious earnestness, we may accept as a proof of it his declaration that he found the papacy unfavourable to his advance in piety; that it did not contribute to enable him to work out the salvation of his soul, or to attain the glories of paradise; he thought that without prayer this burthen would be too heavy for him to bear. The happiness of a fervent devotion, which often moved him to tears, and from which he arose with the persuasion that he was heard—this happiness, the only one of which he had ever been susceptible, was granted him to the end of his life. The people were excited to enthusiasm when they saw him walking in processions barefoot and bareheaded, with the genuine expression of unaffected piety in his countenance, and with his long snow-white beard falling on his breast. They thought that there had never been so pious a pope; they told each other that his very look converted heretics."

Yet this man never mitigated punishment, and always advocated severity. Even Philip II. could not tolerate him. The primate of all Spain, he Archbishop of Toledo, Carranga, who was allowed to have done more than any other prelate for the restoration of papacy in England, could not escape the Inquisition which Pius favoured in all its plenitude. "I have had," says Carranga, "no other object than the suppression of heresy, and in this God has shown favour to me. I have myself arrested many who have erred from the faith. I have caused the bodies of some leaders of heresy to be dug up and burned. Catholics and Protestants have called me the chief defender of the faith." This appeal availed not against the Inquisition. His writings had, in the opinion of that tribunal, a Protestant leaning. He was brought from Spain to Rome, and there suffered death.

Auto da fé followed auto da fé; but foreigners were the chief sufferers after 1570. This pope was a man of blood. His religion, if such it can be called, partook largely of the rigidity of the Inquisition, a tribunal which had petrified his heart. Not only did he aid the French Catholics with troops, but he gave Santafiore the diabolical injunction "to take no Huguenots prisoners, but instantly to kill all that fell into his hands." The cruelties of Alva in the Netherlands, who took care to follow Machiavelli's rule "esser temuto," received his solemn sanction, and the consecrated hat and sword

were sent to him in the midst of his butchery, as a token, it would appear, that it was possible to find a human being and a priest capable of mating, nay exceeding, in the cold-blooded meditation of the closet, all the atrocities which that general had enacted in the field. Yet he died, in acts of solemn worship, combining them most fearfully with the organization of the League, for which he laid aside a casket filled with scudi two days before he died, with the words "sarioeno boni per la lega." He died May 1st, 1572. His successor was the reformer of the Kalendar, Gregory XIII., who ascribed this work to miraculous intervention. His reign is marked by violent struggles with the nobility whose castles and estates he escheated, and for the lawless ravages of the banditti, whom the pope was not only compelled to pardon, but, grievous retribution! to absolve from their iniquities. How keenly must a pope have felt this lash when thus urged by his own hand on himself. Our author, though right in the appreciation of the humbled condition of the papacy, is certainly injudicious in closing the history of this reign in the following manner:—"The aged pope, feeble and weary of life, cast his eyes to heaven and cried, 'Thou wilt arise, O Lord, and wilt have mercy upon Zion.'" We think the strict annalist, which Ranke is, should not mingle the poetical with the historical. Strict rigidity to simple truth is the duty of the historian. He may philosophize on causes—he may, on the history of an imaginative period, write in the same spirit; but the memoir of the individual does not admit the same licence, and the positive details of the death of Gregory ought to have been supplied rather than an imaginative flourish. The college of Cardinals next elected Felice Peretti, who took the name of Sixtus V. There is a life of this prelate extant very familiar to English readers, by Leti, greatly calculated to mislead the general reader. We read it, well we remember it, at that happy period when a touch of the marvellous rather induced us in youthful credulity to continue than to abandon our researches, and, to say the truth, believed it to be most veracious. But, alas! all the details nearly are false, and the alleged imposition said to have been practised on the cardinals by Sixtus, with respect to his infirmities, appears to be as baseless a fabrication as the life, by the same author, of Donna Olympia Maldachina, sister-in-law to Innocent X., who has apparently been equally maligned by this writer in numerous instances. We have a great distrust for interesting mythological biography. On this subject Ranke has the following apposite remarks:—

"It is striking how history, when resting on the memory of men, always touches the bounds of mythology. The delineations of character become more sharp and vigorous; they approach in some respects to an ideal which the imagination can lay hold of; events are painted in a more marked and distinct manner; accessory circumstances and causes are forgotten or neglected. By such a process alone do the demands of the fancy appear capable of being satisfied. At a later period comes the scholar, who wonders how such false notions could ever have been embraced, does his best to uproot errors, and at last finds out that this task is not so easy. The reason may be convinced, but the imagination is not to be subdued."—Vol. iii. p. 122, App.

The first great effort of Sixtus was to suppress the banditti, and though all his measures do not merit commendation in this matter, yet his determination to subdue them was, we admit, carried out vigorously and admirably realized its end. He instituted manufactures of various kinds, planted the mulberry extensively to encourage the silk trade, added eight new congregations to those existing in the College of Cardinals, some of which it is a great pity (the Inquisition for example) that he did not abolish. He fixed the number of cardinals at seventy. He raised three millions of gold scudi in as many years. The *Acqua Felice* was by him carried into Rome. But, alas! in his zeal for fine modern buildings, he destroyed, we fear, numerous ancient edifices, particularly the *Septizonium* of *Severus*. The tomb of *Cæcilia Metella* would have followed the same fate, but for the remonstrances of Cardinal *Colonna*. The *Slavonian* blood from which he descended was anti-Roman. Of the very statues with which the citizens of Rome had adorned the capitol *Jupiter Tonans*, between *Apollo* and *Minerva*, he suffered simply the *Minerva* to remain, with a huge cross in the place of her spear, to convey an image of the genius of Christendom. He capped the pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonius* with statues of *St. Paul* and *St. Peter*, and they remain in their aerial elevation to this day. The obelisk in front of *St. Peter's* was raised by him on its present site. The cupola of *St. Peter's* was also his work. He offered to furnish money, provided he lived to see it realized as a whole; and he did so, with the exception of the leaden covering, in two and twenty months. His taste was questionable, his zeal for what he deemed improvements beyond question. But his life was filled with the strangest schemes conceivable, all which led doubtless to the issue, that with his mighty powers and the circumstances of the period favouring strongly the spread of *Romanism*, he did not very perceptibly promote her sway. His schemes for subduing *Turkey*, *Egypt*, cutting a canal through *Suez*,

*Napoleon's* also, and the conquest of the sepulchre, all attracted his momentary favouritism; but none assumed any thing like that fixity of arrangement that is necessary to carry out magnificent ideas. All his reign had the character on it which the people affixed to his death, which, as it occurred during a violent storm, was reported to be caused by the close of a compact with *Satan*. And in that storm it was believed the spirit of the pope vanished with his familiar. His sudden rise, wavering character, suspicious orthodoxy, all gave occasion for these reports which clearly showed he did not, according to popular notions, die in the odour of sanctity. His heart appears to have been with the heretics, *Elizabeth* and *Henry*, and we suspect his secret convictions, though his position prevented their development. *Guise* he could not but support, and his character contained in it grand and noble elements, which this pope well appreciated. *Henry III.*, between *Guise*, *Sixtus*, *Catherine de Medicis* and the *Romanists* and *Navarre*, and the *Protestants*, was like the poor cat in the adage, "Letting I dare not wait upon I would." When he ceased to fool himself of his fair purpose, and adopted, like *Macbeth*, a foul one, by the murder of *Guise*, his position was rather worse than better.

A spirit was excited against him which terminated in his murder by *Clement*,—marking the dreadful fanatic tendency of the age.

*Sixtus* ascribed the death of *Henry* to the hand of God, "It is only to the hand of God," says the Spanish ambassador to Philip, "that this fortunate event is to be ascribed." *Maximilian* of *Bavaria* (but when was there a king of *Bavaria* that was not Jesuit-ridden down to the present *Solomon*?), expresses his joy in a letter to his mother, "that the king of France was killed."

The murderer, *Clement*, a Dominican monk, was viewed at Paris as a saint and martyr. His image was placed upon the altars. The pope further compared the deed to the Incarnation of the Word, and the Resurrection of the Saviour. All these iniquities, (and *Henry IV.* died from a similar fanaticism), may be mainly traced to the principle laid down by the *Jesuits*, of the absolute supremacy of the Church over the State.

*Bellarmino*, *Mariana* (who published a book expressly vindicating the murder of *Henry III.*), *Campion*, *Eudæmon Johannes*, *Parsons*, &c., all promoted this view. Let us take into juxtaposition with these actions just enumerated, the following extracts from the works of the three first cited authorities.

Let us suppose *Clement* or *Ravillac* in doubt on the moral fitness of the murder of



the respective kings that fell beneath their hands. Bellarmine, the best controversialist of the age on the Romish side, in this state of doubt, would tell him, "that should the pope enjoin the practice of vice, and prevent the observance of virtue, the Church is bound to believe that vice is virtue, and virtue vice, under pain of mortal sin."

"Fides Catholica docet omnem virtutem esse bonam, omne vitium esse malum; si autem Papa erraret præcipiendo vitia vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur Ecclesia credere vitia esse bona et virtutes malas, nisi vellet contra conscientiam peccare. Tenetur enim in rebus dubiis Ecclesia acquiescere iudicio summi Pontificis, et facere quod ille præcepit, non facere quod ille prohibet, ac ne forte contra conscientiam agat, tenetur credere bonum esse quod ille præcepit, malum quod ille prohibet."—*Disputationes R. Bellarmini Politiani, S. R. E. De Controversiis Christianæ Fidei adversus hujus temporis Hæreticos. Quat. tom. Paris. 1608.*

"Jacobus Clemens nomine, in Heduis natus, pago ignobili Serbona, in sui ordinis Dominicanorum collegio Theologiæ operam dabat; cum cognito a Theologia quos erat sciscitatus tyrannum jure interimere posse, tum acceptis literis ab iis quos ab Henrico voto in urbe, aut palam stare odoratus erat suppresso consilio certus Regis perimendi in castra abiit."—*Mariana Libri ad Philippum 3. Hispaniæ Regem Catholicum. Anno 1605, lib. i. cap. 6, p. 51. An tyrannum opprimere fas sit?*

The Jesuit victim is well described:—"Clement 24 annis, simplici juvenis ingenio, neque robusto corpore sed major vis vires et animum confirmabat." A weak tool fitted by his simplicity and youth for Jesuit cunning to work to any point. *Cognito a Theologis.* Getting his instructions from his theological tutors to murder his king!

Campion's letter to the privy-council of Queen Elizabeth:—

"Be it known, that all Jesuits in the wide world's extent have long since entered into an engagement to cut off by any means heretic kings; and as to our society, I wish you to understand that all we who belong to the Society of Jesus, scattered far and wide through earth's expanse, have joined in a solemn league to overturn all your measures, which we shall easily effect while one of us shall be found in existence."

Eudæmon Johannes, in contradiction to Sir E. Coke, would also tell him, that deposing kings "non est Jesuitarum propria sed totius ecclesiæ, et quidem ab antiquissimis temporibus consensione recepta doctrina nostra est." He also enumerates twenty-seven authors of the same opinion. Would the zealots of any age need further stimulants?

Chateaubriand has asked and answered the following question, "Que peut-on reprocher aux Jésuites? Un peu d'ambition si naturelle au génie."—*Génie du Christianisme*, vol. iii. p. 201. Paris, 1813.

If a mind like Chateaubriand's be thus enslaved under these degrading influences,—if this be the sober decision of the author of *Atala* in the nineteenth century, reviewing the dark deeds of ages past, can we wonder at the Jacques Clement and Ravallac of the sixteenth and seventeenth? Must we not come to the conclusion that there hangs around Romanism a bewildering mist, that shuts out the odious parts of the system from observation, or rather does the blindness grow in the man? But the opposite principle, of loyalty to the sovereign, to the exclusion of papal tyranny, prevailed largely both in France and Spain. In the latter we have seen that Philip II. was by no means inclined to obey the see in such matters, but sought not simply freedom from coercion but to coerce the pope. In France, despite the papal influence, a large party remained faithful to Henry of Navarre. But still the principle existed in sufficient force to compel Henry to turn Romanist, and it was not until the reign of Clement VIII. that he received absolution. Even this did not save him from Ravallac. The intervening popes, three in number, only occupy a space of two years.

Few pontiffs have shown a better spirit in some matters, for we really believe our author's eulogium on Clement correct:—"He wished that nothing should be perceptible in him but what was becoming and in harmony with the idea of a good, wise, and pious man." In all matters connected with the difficult case of Henry IV., he conducted himself with great dexterity; and the most amusing circumstance of the period in public sentiment is, the alteration of the opinion of the Sorbonne. They had declared the people absolved from the oath of allegiance to Henry III., and called on them to depose him; but in the case of Henry IV., then a heretic unreconciled to the Church, they acknowledged all dominion was from God, that every man who set himself in opposition to the king rebelled against God, and subjected himself to damnation. "The Sorbonne," says Ranke, "rejected the doctrine, that it was lawful to refuse obedience to the sovereign, because not recognized by the pope, as an invention of evil-minded and ill-advised men." Jean Chastel, who attended the schools of the Jesuits, attempted to assassinate Henry, and confessed that he had imbibed his notions from that body. The people could scarce be withheld from violence against the Jesuits, and they were ordered to quit the kingdom within fourteen days.

Such were the mutations of the Sorbonne, but even the Jesuits themselves were at this period subject also to great divisions in their own order, for by a singular coincidence,

though every Jesuit bound himself by a fifth vow to devote himself to Spain, yet at this very period discontented members of the body attacked it even in that country. At this time the general, Aquaviva, was a Neapolitan. Spain had reckoned on monopolizing this office, but the later elections had been against her. The Inquisition had subjected many offences to the simple cognizance of the Jesuits, to report on them to that tribunal. One of the Jesuits charged his order with concealing and pardoning offences, provided they were committed by its officers. The Jesuits, though inspectors for the Inquisition, were also to subject themselves to the same self-inspection. The Inquisition immediately noticed this point, and arrested a provincial with some of his most active associates. Impressions went abroad in consequence, that the order was guilty of heresy. However they affected to support him, Philip II. never cordially supported them. He was accustomed to say they were the only body he could not understand, and that he was not able to trace the tendency of their actions. In this spirit one can easily conceive that the malcontents of the body found a ready hearing. Sufficient influence was also used with Clement by the king and the Spanish Jesuits to induce him to order a general congregation. "These congregations were," as Ranke pithily remarks, "as inconvenient to the General of the Jesuits as general councils to a pope." They were more especially so to Aquaviva when there was dissension in his order. He however submitted, and took his measures accordingly.

In the elections he contrived to exclude even the celebrated Mariana, and in the assembly of the congregation the general was acquitted of all infringement of the statutes of his order. Being personally safe, Aquaviva proceeded to meet the other points. Philip then demanded the renunciation of several points in the order that interfered with the Inquisition and the government. Aquaviva conceded them. Philip next required that the powers of the superiors should be limited, and that the general congregation should assemble at stated intervals. The congregation rejected this, but the pope, fully convinced of the necessity, ordained that the superior and rectors should be changed every third year, and the general congregation meet on the sixth. This was of course submitted to from the conceded omnipotence of the pope, as head of the Church. But the troubles of the order did not end here; one of their most fatal disputes followed. The Jesuits had originally been Thomists. Their founder espoused

that system. But the Dominicans, to whose order St. Thomas belonged, were regarded as the best expositors, from that circumstance, of his opinions. The Jesuits were determined to be paramount. Unluckily for them, the Dominicans held the seats of theology in Spain, and when Aquaviva published the "Rule of Studies," it was immediately condemned in that quarter. The Rule of Studies simply stated that the Jesuits demanded greater freedom of opinion, that St. Thomas was very well in his time, but that many modern works had combated particular errors with greater effect, and was intended obviously to put aside the angelical doctor, as a respectable divine in his time, but that his period was past. The Jesuits now occupied a most important position; the eyes of Europe were upon them, for the angelic doctor, among other points, was a rigid predestinarian. The marvel is, that so clear-sighted a body (at such a time) should have mooted the question. The possible case was, that the Thomists would have been too much for them, had they acted otherwise. The Lutheran, the Calvinist, and the Romanist at this period divided the world between them. To us, the difference between Calvin and Luther appears much less than it did then, for in reality these Reformers do not differ so widely, although Luther greatly modified his early sentiments under the mild teaching of Melancthon. This religious question has now resolved into a controversy with Calvin and Luther on one side, Melancthon and Arminius on the other. The British Church, though accused of Calvinistic Articles, has really tenfold more tendency in its articles to Arminius and Melancthon, than to Calvin or Luther. The rejection of the numerous proposed alterations of Bucer, the doctrine of final perseverance, thrown out at once by the king and bishops, at the Hampton Conference, are clearly indicative of the supposed tendency then, and the expressions of the articles are sufficiently strong to persons who are disposed to take a fair view of the import of language; but, alas! these are few among controversialists. However, at this time Lutheranism took a far more moderate position than we are at present disposed to concede to it. The Jesuits thereupon were necessarily compelled, having attacked the fatalist system, to defend their position. Molina accordingly published a book, which, like most jesuitical productions, evinced great acuteness, but small talent, and most heterodox notions. He had, of course, to maintain the doctrine of the Council of Trent, and he not only did so, but went a stage beyond it. He held, as Ranke states, "that the free-will can with-

out the aid of grace bring forth morally good works; that it has the power to resist temptation, and to raise itself to acts of hope, faith and repentance. When man has attained this point, God, then, for the sake of the merits of Christ, grants him grace, through which he experiences the supernatural operations of sanctification; but the reception of this grace, or its increase, in no way affects the activity or freedom of the will. On this, he maintains, all depends; it rests with ourselves to render the help of God effectual or ineffectual." This was, of course, totally opposed to the Thomists, who embraced the notions of Augustin.

Molina further asserted the predestination of that writer to be stern and cruel (in which he was quite right), and admitted no other predestination than what is contained in prescience, and that this prescience exercised no force upon man's action. A large portion of Molina was right, a much larger wrong. The Dominicans called this down-right heresy, and the grand inquisitor pronounced Molina's book heretical, and condemned it to the flames. But Aquaviva was not easily beaten. On the death of the inquisitor he appealed to the pope. His position was singular. His order was expelled from France for the advocacy of the doctrine of the lawfulness of murdering heretic sovereigns, and "Free Will" had expelled it from Spain. On the first point the pope was with them; and they had contrived to get the suspiciously orthodox Henry IV. on their side, by tacitly surrendering the league and admonishing the people to obedience to the sovereign. We easily see into these inconsistencies now, but the Jesuits so mystified them, that they probably did not appear in this light then. Henry accordingly re-established the order in France. The pope still wavered in directly espousing their cause, when the Jesuits immediately changed their tactics, and began to talk about a general council. He instantly exclaimed, "They dare every thing—every thing." And they did so, for they quietly told him, that though the pope was infallible, yet it was no article of their faith to acknowledge one man or another for the true pope. A subtlety well conceived, and perfectly in their refining spirit. Clement, however, came to no decision in their case; the Dominicans and the king of Spain on one side, the French and Jesuits on the other, kept him in the state of Mahomet's coffin. It must be owned also, that though both Dominicans, and Jesuits, and the Council of Trent were all theologically wrong, yet that the Jesuits were nearer to the errors of that council than the Dominicans, and it is owing to this difficulty also,

that after sixty-five meetings, Clement possibly arrived at Sir Roger de Coverley's conclusion, that "much might be said on both sides."

In this state matters remained during the papacy of Clement. He was succeeded by Leo XI., who surviving his exaltation only fifteen days, the election then fell on Cardinal Borghese, who assumed the style of Paul V. His papacy was mainly occupied by a violent contest between him and the Venetians. Clement VIII. having possessed himself of Ferrara by means of very questionable equity, Venice became jealous for her personal liberty. By her peculiar constitution she was nearly independent of her powerful neighbour. For reference to Rome was expressly forbidden in her decreta, and she even ventured to tax the clergy. The republic further demanded that the benefices there should be filled by Venetians. Bellarmine and Baronius, mighty names, held the immunity of the priesthood and of the papal power from any temporal jurisdiction, but they were more than met by the powerful arguments of the Venetian Sarpi,\* whose works contain a complete statement of the law on Church and State, defining their just limits. The Venetians completely espoused the notions of their talented countryman, and the pope excommunicated the republic in consequence, but the Venetian clergy refused to comply with the order; not a single copy of the pope's bull was affixed to the churches. The Jesuits even were in doubt, but the great principle of their institute induced them to obey the pope. This quarrel, though arranged amicably, ended with the severe loss to the pope of his most devoted adherents in Venice, the Jesuits, who thus at last became expelled even from an Italian territory. The fatal limit to Roman power was fixed by Paoli Sarpi. "Justly is Paoli Sarpi's memory held in reverence in all Catholic states," says Ranke, "he was the able and victorious champion of those principles, determining the bounds of ecclesiastical authority, which are their guides and safeguards to this day." Great efforts were however made in Poland, Sweden, and Germany by the Romanists at this period. Henry IV. also, though he proclaimed the Edict of Nantes, which preserved all Protestant rights,

\* An attempt was made on the life of Fra Paoli Sarpi, in the spirit of the age, by five assassins who gave him fifteen wounds, one with a stiletto in the head. He survived the attack, and the Venetian senate rewarded the skilful services of the surgeon who preserved his life with knighthood. He then wrote his History of the Council of Trent, the sheets of which were sent by Sir Henry Wotton to King James, so that the first edition appeared at London in 1619.

gave an immense tendency to the Romanist opinions. The ascetic orders were never more rife, and certainly must have gained by the powerful contrast with the dissipated court and king. But the fatal issue to Rome from the reign of Paul was, that though the Romanists succeeded in regaining many German states to the see, yet the monarchical tendencies were stronger than the ecclesiastical, which affected seriously the temporal power of the pope. Paul V. died from a fit of apoplexy while celebrating the victory of the Weissburg, which put an end to the hopes of Frederic the Elector Palatine, the great supporter of the Protestant interest in Germany.

But ere we close the history of his reign we may mention one fact in itself completely illustrative of the times. This pope appointed a commission to examine into the opinion of the Pole Copernicus, concerning the motion of the earth. The issue of that inquiry terminated in permission being granted to assert the motion for scientific reasoning, but inhibited persons from treating it as a truth. They allowed it as an hypothesis, but forbade it as a matter of doctrine, conceiving it contrary to scripture. His successor was Gregory XV. To him are owing the propaganda, and the introduction of Ignatius and Xavier as saints into Rome's ample calendar. Romanism increased wonderfully under this pope, and missions were promoted with most laudable zeal throughout most parts of the world. To Xavier the world is certainly a debtor. The Jesuits obtained at this period that singular footing in China which has been the admiration of modern travellers, but they held this, like all their possessions, but for a brief space. Gregory must however have died with great satisfaction, from the reflection of the high missionary spirit that had marked his reign, and the tranquillity that reigned over Christendom. The calm of this reign was succeeded by the turbulent period of Urban VIII. The genius of Richelieu rose dominant over all. Urban was successful, or rather carried out the line of success that Gregory had laid in Germany, and elated with it, began to form more extensive schemes of secular power. But Romanism was weakened at this period by the gigantic efforts of Richelieu against Spain and Austria. The pope was also treated by the cardinal with as little decency as any other power when he interfered with his views. The Huguenot was also protected if Richelieu's policy lay that way. Urban entered also into the battle against the House of Austria. The Emperor Ferdinand, however, was no mean foe even

when opposed to such men as Richelieu and Urban. The celebrated Gustavus Adolphus appeared upon the scene as the champion of Protestantism. Small opposition was offered by Urban to this chief; he had his own views of humbling Austria, the great secret of his policy, and had abandoned no claim of the papacy in letting, like Richelieu, any instrument work out his policy. Urban became however inextricably entangled with domestic wars, which exhausted his treasury, and led probably to his unhappy end, on July 29, 1644. In his time Italian troubles compelled the pope to look at home. Ferrara, Urbino, which had been seized by the popes, opened the eyes of the Italian states, and rendered the sovereign pontiff odious in the eyes of even Italians. The pontificate of Innocent X. was one of quietude; and Alexander VII. was but the shadow of a pope: possibly the most stirring event of his reign was the singular circumstance of Queen Christina of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, embracing the Roman Catholic faith, and assuming in honour of this pope the name of Alessandra. His successor, Clement IX., was deservedly elected to the vacant see. His reign is remarkable for its bringing to a close the celebrated controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists. We can do little more than give a brief account of the subject-matter of this dispute, and must refer our readers to the third volume of Ranke for a masterly sketch of the polemical disputation. The Jesuits had departed largely even from their own constitution, since they had deposed their general without any moral imputation against him, and yet by their very constitution they owed him unconditional obedience. This weakened their system.

A distrust similar to that in Spain had arisen of them even at Rome. The nuncio of Gregory XV., the Bishop d'Aversa, was expressly cautioned not to repose implicit trust in them. With prudent wariness he was told to be careful—in various quarters “*e parimenti a' padri Gesuiti ricorressero con avveduta confidenza.*” We have seen their political sentiments in a former part of this article; we shall now show a small portion of their religious system. They defined sin to be a wilful infringement of the commands of God. In what did this wilfulness consist? In perfect knowledge of the nature of the sin committed, and in the full consent of the will to its commission. This mode of viewing sin enabled them to get out of vast difficulties. A person, according to them, might will the commission of evil, but this was not sin. The word of Jesus pro-

nounced the contrary proposition. The less heed of God a man took on this principle in sinning, the nearer was he to virtue and forgiveness. Duelling was prohibited by the Church; but if a man were in danger of incurring any grievous loss by adherence to this principle, then he might fight. Perjury was defined in the same manner as it is at present at Maynooth, where it is said there are seven causes excusing the obligation of an oath, and five altogether removing it. The Jesuits defined exterior swearing without the consent of the mind to the act as jesting. Any person of course may perceive that this system contained principles that totally removed moral restraint. Their great principle of the end sanctifying the means flowed out of the same element, since it is evident they looked on all acts simply in relation to their issues, and tested their guilt simply by the issue. All morality and religion would speedily have disappeared under this system, and Jesuitism would have usurped the seat of Jesus. Jansenius accordingly came forward as one of the champions to prevent this fatal issue. The advocate of a vigorous examination of the heart and head, making the love of God the great governing principle, defining grace as liberation of the soul from the bonds of lust. His friend St. Cyran also gave a practical illustration of the system in his life. Both Jansenius and St. Cyran condemned the church of their day as corrupt. The Port-Royal system flowed out of Jansenism.

With all the learning of the Jesuits we do not remember any one useful invention springing from that body. They certainly in no degree turned their thoughts to scientific invention, their soul was bent on empire. The Jansenists, on the contrary, translated the Scriptures, composed works in a popular style, and denied in toto the Jesuit principles on morality, speculative belief, and practice. The opponents of Jansenism compressed the system into five propositions, and required the judgment of Innocent X. upon them. Innocent disliked the question; but unfortunately, when strongly urged, published a bull, condemning the five propositions as heretical and accursed. But here the Pope was curiously met by opponents not easily eluded. The Jansenists immediately denied that these five propositions were Jansenism, and declared their interpretation of their system different to that alleged against them. Innocent had died during the disputation. Chigi, who had succeeded him, had taken the chief share in condemning the propositions. As Pope he reiterated the censure, and pronounced that they were Jansenism. But to this the Jan-

senists replied, that such a declaration as Chigi had issued, that "the five propositions were certainly taken from the Book of Jansenius, and had been condemned in the sense of their author," exceeded the limits of the Papal power; that infallibility did not extend to a judgment of facts. Clement IX., who succeeded Chigi, Alexander VII., was in a most delicate position. Two judgments of the infallibles who had preceded him were on solemn record, but the Jansenist wit involved a very deep question. He therefore came to the conclusion, that the five propositions were condemnable, but did not confirm the decision of Alexander VII. that they were the tenets of Jansenius. The Jansenists certainly beat the Pope, and infallibility on matters of fact vanished from that period. Infallibility, of course, is much easier affirmed in matters on which there can be no mortal cognizance, and unsusceptible from their very nature of ratiocination.

The reigns of Clement X. and Innocent XI., Alexander VIII. and Innocent XII., are chiefly remarkable for the disputes with Louis XIV., who asserted stoutly both his own independence of the Pope and that of the clergy of the Gallican church, and further that a council was superior to the Pope, and lastly, that the decision of the Pope is subject to amendment if it has not received the assent of the Church. Innocent XII., however, maintained the position of Rome even against Louis XIV., but he was greatly aided by the circumstances of the period, which were opposed to the king of France. Clement XI. was involved during his entire reign with the disputes consequent on the extinction of the Spanish line of the house of Austria. He underwent the mortification of being compelled to congratulate Charles III. after having previously recognized his rival, Philip. He was the last Pope within the immediate compass of Ranke's work, though a slight sketch is given of events down to the present period. He and his successor, together with Benedict XIV., were driven into concession after concession to the times. Benedict, by a solemn concordat, renounced the patronage of the smaller Spanish benefices still possessed in that country by the Curia. All ultramontane principles were fast sinking. The Jesuits fought stoutly, but their literary reputation, hitherto unrivalled, began to fail them. The attacks of their foes were numerous and powerful, and the defence they opposed in this department was feeble. Reforming ministers, all anti-Jesuitical, sat at the councils of France, Spain, Naples, and Portugal. The attack first commenced with an attempt to limit their powers, and Benedict XIV.

seemed of opinion that the order needed a strict reform, but he died before it was effected. His successor, Clement XIII., was their friend, but events were against him and them. An attempt on the king's life, ascribed to their influence, expelled them from Portugal. Louis XV. would fain have saved them in that country, but even he proposed to the general to appoint a vicar in France. Ricci, their general, was a determined but impolitic leader. He rejected, with Clement on his side, all modifications "Sint ut sunt aut non sint," was his word, and their dissolution ensued. Spain followed the example of France; Naples and Parma next. In 1749 the ambassadors of Naples, Spain, and France appeared before Clement, and demanded his abolition of the order. He died on the evening before a consistory, which was to have determined the question. Ganganelli was his successor, and he abolished the society of Jesus, their functions, house, and institutions. This measure certainly brought Rome a step nearer to the Protestants, and the abolition of the Jesuits may be considered the result of Protestant principles working their powerful but quiet course. Joseph II. was determined not to lose the advantage of his position, and to become absolute in all respects. He suppressed 1300 monasteries, allowed no money to pass from Austria to Rome, and declared himself administrator of the secular affairs of the Church.

The successor of Ganganelli, Pius VI., was obliged to yield to the emperor the nomination of even the episcopal sees of Italy. The French revolution followed, when, as is well known, the aged Pope was attacked by the French in the Vatican and carried into France, where he died in August, 1799. The disastrous reign of Pius VII. followed. The alienation of church lands in France was conceded by him, and he trusted by the concordat of 1801 to have reconciled the revolutionary and Romanist spirit. A similar concordat, which in effect ceded all papal power, was demanded for Italy. Napoleon would not permit the unfortunate Pius VII. any rest, and demanded of the Pope to break off all relations with England and Russia. He urged that the Pope could not sever his policy from France without ceding his states, the gift of Charlemagne. Pius refused, and he experienced the same imprisonment as his predecessor. He was removed from Rome. The union of the states of the Church with the French empire was proclaimed by a *senatus consultum*, and the whole power of the Pope merged in effect in Napoleon.

The Pope resisted for a time, but by the

concordat of Fontainebleau, 25 February, 1813, agreed to reside in France. Napoleon achieved what no former sovereign had ever contemplated. But events set in that annihilated the giant of the Revolution. The simple notion of legitimacy, which restored the Bourbons to their thrones, operated also in favour of the Pope, and anti-Romanist powers seated him in his civil authority once more. Untaught by the experience of former times, Pius recalled the Jesuits; Spain also, but the Cortes again expelled them. In England the Romanist party gained an apparent victory by the carrying of the Catholic Relief Bill, but with the removal of civil disabilities no religious recognition of the Pope ensued. On the contrary, by that measure the loyalty of the Romanist party to the Crown became rather more established, which is of course anti-Papal. Whether it were wise to pass that measure which gave the Romanists additional power in the state is another question. The measure was certainly unconstitutional, but it did nothing for the ultramontane principles, though it strengthened the Romanists as a party. Rome now allies herself in England with the movement faction per force, but this is a feeble stay, dependent on the uncertain tenure of the present Government, and unsupported by the people, who are utterly opposed to Revolution and Romanism. Our task with Ranke is now performed, and ere we close, we think it right to do an act of tardy justice to his translator, Mrs. Austin. Her perfect knowledge of her author, complete intuition into his sentiments, and thorough mastery of the subject matter, will render this lady's work most valuable to all who cannot read the original. We select the concluding passage of Ranke, as a specimen of elegant succinctness of language.

"Were we to look only at the efforts of the hierarchical party and of its opponents, we should be led to fear that a deadly war was ready to break out between them afresh, to convulse the world, and to revive the old animosities in all their bitterness. But if, on the other hand, we turn our eyes to the universal activity of men, which characterizes the age, we dismiss those fears as groundless. Few, indeed, are now disposed to re-establish the dominion of a priesthood in the true and full sense of the word; and were any found to make the attempt, it is precisely in the Romance countries, the ancient seat and stronghold of Catholicism, that it would experience the most violent opposition. Nor among the Protestants can there be a return to the bigotry, the exclusiveness, the narrowminded antipathy of the old system. We see the profounder spirits on either side gradually recurring, with more knowledge, with larger and deeper insight, with more freedom from the fetters of cramping church formularies, to the eternal principles of genuine and spiritual religion. It is impossible that this tendency can be barren of results."—vol. iii. p. 245.

And in this we believe, with the reservation that Protestantism is not at present a narrow and exclusive system. Protestantism now is what Catholicity always was; a system embracing in it all the fundamentals of salvation, unmixed with foreign matter. Formularies every faith must possess, for in formularies Christ has fixed his law. But with the Bible as the standard, and the Church as the expositor of the Bible and the teacher of nothing else, grounding her own authority on it, and only holding such traditions as pure centuries of the Faith have transmitted, there can be no question on Catholicity. To this the tendencies of time are bringing all. Jesuits may again spring up, inquisitions revive, monachism for a time flourish, but the world is opposed to them all, and a spirit above the world is quietly removing these warts on the universe by its caustic and purifying influence. England alone (a point to which Ranke seems singularly insensible in his work) possesses more influence over the political, moral and religious tendencies of the world, than the Roman See in the highest element of her power ever enjoyed; and we trust she will ever use the proud position of Queen of the seas, and mistress of a mass of subjects unparalleled in the annals of the world, to the promotion of that spread of intellect, that diffusion of morality and religion, which a nation holding her sceptre must display, and in this she will not simply secure the permanent stability, but the actual increase of her own gigantic power.

ART. II.—1. *Svenska Folk-Visor från Forn-tiden, Samlade och utgifne af* ER GUST. GEIJER och ARV. AUG. AFZELIUS. Stockholm, 1 Del. 1814. 2 Del. 1816. 3 Del. 1816. 4 Del. (Musik), 1816.

2. *Svenska Forn-sånger, en Samling af Kämpvisor, Folk-Visor, Lekar, och Dansar, samt Barn- och Väll-Sånger. Utgifne af* ADOLF IWAR ARWIDSSON. Stockholm, 1 Del. 1834. 2 Del. 1837, *Båda med Musik-bilagor.*

In performance of our knightly word, which true chevalier never violated, we proceed to lay before the lovers of legendary lore the remaining portion of our Swedish Ballads. We refer our readers to No. XLIX. for the method pursued in the arrangement of them, and we proceed to "Songs of True Love," which form the next head under which we have classed the Ballad Poetry. We trust

that the time is not yet past in any of our readers, when the bosoms of all thrilled beneath the witchery of Scott, and high as his merits stand as a romancer, we shall always regret that neglect that led him to throw aside the harp of his country, ere it had given forth much of its sweetest and purest tone. Around even his last effort, the Lord of the Isles, there hung a charm that will not possibly wake its potent spell for many a century again. Who forgets the little revival of his ancient craft in Waverley, Guy Mannering, Quintin Durward, which showed the latent flame, and that only needed the breath that enkindles to high emprise to again awaken the slumbering power in the heart of the last of all the minstrels. We deeply mourn that pseudo-science under which fair minstrelsy has fallen, and feel satisfied that we lose in strain rapidly, as we part from the love of the chivalrous and the imaginative, and sink into the mean and uninteresting commonplaces of every-day existence, quitting the mirrored glory of the past, and looking only to the present as a source of mammon-hunting engagement. Out on all the matter-of-fact people. We turn with pleasure to what is almost forgotten, amid marriages of convenience and dower,

#### SONGS OF TRUE LOVE.

Amid these we find in Arvidson—

1. "The Maiden resolveth to flee with her Lover." A. ii. 225. We think the last five verses so sweet and pretty that we cannot help extracting them.

#### VII.

Whoso a stone in water throws,  
It sinketh down straightway ;—  
And whoso his fast friend doth lose,  
His heart's no longer gay !

#### VIII.

Whoso a stone in water throws,  
To the bottom it will go ;—  
And whoso his fast friend doth lose,  
His heart is full of woe.

#### IX.

Whoso a feather on water throws,  
Float ever there it will ;—  
And who his fast friend doth not lose,  
He thinketh on him still !

#### X.

Then hence, fly hence, thou little bird !  
From lily-home ;  
And whisper to my dearest love  
I stare will come !

#### XI.

Yes! hence, fly hence, thou bonny bird !  
In dale so still ;  
And whisper to my dearest love  
That come I will ! \*

\* "Hvilken som kastar en sten i vatten  
Han sjunker till grund,  
Och hvilken som mister en fulltrogen vän,  
Hans hjerta görs tung," &c. &c.



2. "The Dance in the Grove, or the Appointment." A. ii. 236. This chanson, also, is so delicate a little gem, that we willingly add it to our plundered treasure :—

## (DANSEN I ROSENLUND.)

## THE DANCE IN THE GROVE OF ROSES.

## I.

'Twas all upon an evening, when the rime it falleth slow,  
That a swain, on good grey palfrey, across the meads would go.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## II.

His saddle it was of silver, his bridle it was of gold,  
Himself rides there, so full of grace and virtues all untold.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## III.

So straight to the Grove of Roses the Knight he speeds along,  
Where a merrie dance he findeth, fair dames and maids among.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## IV.

His horse right soon he bindeth where the lily blooms so fair,  
And much his heart rejoiceth that he now was comen there.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## V.

' Again we'll meet, again we'll greet, when middest summer's here,  
When the laughing days draw out so long, and the nights are mild and clear.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## VI.

' Again we'll meet, again we'll greet, on middest summer's day,  
When the lark it carols lightly, and the cuckoo cooes away.—  
Ye'll bide me true !

## VII.

' Again we'll meet, again we'll greet, on the freshly-flowering lea,  
Where the rose so bright, and the lily white, our sweet soft couch shall be.—  
Ye'll bide me true ! "

B. Fidelity. 3. "The Maiden rescued from being sold into slavery, or Love better than Kin." G. i. 73, 134. These very dramatic ballads are both exceedingly beautiful, and are a unique specimen of the metre they exhibit, and of the times to which they refer. We select the first copy :—

## (DEN BORTSALDA.)

## THE MAIDEN THAT WAS SOLD.

## I.

' My father and my mother they need have suffered sore ;—  
And then, for a little bit of bread, they sold me from their door,  
Away into the heathen land so dreadful !

## II.

And the war-man each ear grasps tight, and quickly will depart,  
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start :—  
God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful !

## III.

' Ah ! war-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more ye'll stay !  
For I see my father coming from yon grove that blooms so gay :—

I know he loves me so,—

With his oxen he will ransom me and will not let me go ;  
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## IV.

' My oxen—indeed now I have but only twain ;  
The one I straight shall use, the other may remain ;  
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## V.

And the war-man each ear grasps tight, and quickly will depart,  
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start :—  
' God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful !

• "Häll om een afthon ta rijn faller på,  
Vtrijdhder then swonne nijn gangare gra,  
I bijnthen migh vall !" &c. &c.

## VI.

' Ah ! war-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more ye'll stay !  
For I see my mother coming from yon grove that blooms so gay :  
I know she loves me so,—

With her gold chests she will ransom me, and will not let me go !  
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## VII.

' My gold chests—indeed now I have but only twain ;  
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain ;  
Thou canst not scape to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## VIII.

And the war-man each ear grasps tight, and quickly will depart,  
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start :—  
' God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful !

## IX.

' Ah ! war-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more ye'll stay !  
For I see my sister coming from yon grove that blooms so gay :  
I know she loves me so,—

With her gold crowns she will ransom me, and will not let me go !  
' So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## X.

' My gold crowns—indeed now I have but only twain ;  
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain ;  
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XI.

And the war-man each ear grasps tight, and quickly will depart,  
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start :—  
' God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XII.

' Ah ! war-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more ye'll stay  
For I see my brother coming from yon grove that blooms so gay :  
With his foal-steeds he will ransom me, and will not let me go !  
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XIII.

' My foal-steeds—indeed now I have but only twain ;  
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain ;  
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XIV.

And the war-man his ear grasps tight, and quickly will depart ;  
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start :—  
' Ah ! woe's that May who afar must stray to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XV.

' Ah ! war-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more ye'll stay !  
For I see my sweetheart coming from yon grove that blooms so gay :  
With his gold rings he will ransom me and will not let me go !  
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

## XVI.

' My gold rings—indeed now I have but ten and twain ;  
With six I straight will ransom thee, thyself the rest shall gain,—  
So scapest thou to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful !

4. "The Seven Golden Mountains, or the Knight's fidelity to his Mistress." G. iii. 71. This ballad, which consists of twenty-eight verses, closes with a very agreeable surprise.

5. "A Knight (having carried off the King's Daughter) is pursued by a host, and betrayed by his Mother, but slayeth his enemies, and compelleth the King gladly to acknowledge him as his Son-in-law." A. i. 137, 141, 145.

6. "A Knight, gladly entertained by the King's Daughter, is pursued by his enemies, but slayeth them all, and gaineth her for his Spouse." A. i. 148, 151. These five Ballads have something in common with several of *W. Scott's Border Legends*.

7. "A foreign King, denied by a Lady, giveth her a trance-drink, and causeth her to be buried, but afterwards taketh her up and carrieth her to his court, whence she is rescued by her Husband, who discovers her by the mark on her hand." A. i. 177, 180. The plot of these songs, which contain some very curious details, will remind every reader of "*The gay Goshawk*" in the *Border Minstrelsy*, and of the stratagem employed by Hastings the Sea-King to obtain possession of Luna in Italy. There is also a

\* The reader will remember, in this and all other variations and peculiarities of metre or of rhyme, that the original has been followed with scrupulous fidelity. This is our apology (and it is a good one) for several curious or inconsistent rhymes, &c.

charming old Bohemian ballad\* of a very similar character.

8. "The Leman visiteth her sick Lover, and is tenderly enriched by him." A. ii. 52, 44. This pretty ballad is one of the same character, thought not so tragic as the Scotch "*Prince Robert*."†

9. "A young Knight, wandering on adventures, falls in love with the King of England's Daughter; but refusing a Bride the King had chosen for him, he is condemned to death. War breaks out and the King is slain, whereupon the Knight, after many wondrous chances, gains the Princess and the Throne." G. ii. 116. This is a delicious lay. The prison-scene, in which the death-doomed Bryning is visited by the fair Princess, will bear comparison with the celebrated description in Byron's "*Corsair*," or any thing similar with which we are acquainted. But the whole poem is so long (hundred and five six-line stanzas) that we dare not venture on any further notice, especially as we are afraid that neither "*The Saxon Chronicle*," nor the Venerable the Society of Antiquaries, will sanction this new claimant to "*faire Engelande's crowne*."

10. "A Swain carrieth off his Mistress, who is in danger of becoming another's Bride." B. i. 159, 162. Both these ballads are rich in beauties. We extract two stanzas from the first:—

## IX.

"My head-jewels take from off my head,  
And a frontlet bind on my brow of snow;  
For is't the youth that loves me well,  
Me then he surely cannot know!"  
If she would but be mine!

## X.

Then in trod Falken Albrektson,  
Gold-rings his hands attire;—  
"Now God bless those two eyes of thine,  
So gladly I know their fire!"  
If she would but be mine!

11. "The one Knight prepareth the Marriage-banquet, while the other carries off the gladly-following Bride." A. ii. 431. This is a fine old half-heathen song. We have only room for two verses:—

## IX.

"Harald, sit, my man; and thy wassail drink;  
We so as best advise;  
And never again on proud Gertrude think;  
So danger far from thee flies!"  
For the Vonge-mountaineers thy Bride they take  
with honour!

## X.

Young Thor he sits on Vonge-hill,  
With a rosy flower at play;  
And Harald he on Ramshall sits,  
And in empty horns blows all day!  
For the Vonge-mountaineers their Bride they take  
with honour!

12 "A Maid, no longer able to conceal the consequences of her amour, escapeth to the Prince her Lover, who shareth his crown and bed with her. G. iii. 90; A. i. 355. Not without interest. The "harp of gold," in the first copy, is very prettily introduced.

13. "Nature betraying the young Knight's love to his Mistress, he rusheth to console her, but is cruelly deceived by a false Maiden." G. i. 63, ii. 15; A. ii. 131, 135. Three of these four ballads are well worth translating. The first, especially, is very evenly related. Nothing can surpass the quiet malice of the second of these two verses. We omit the refrains:—

## XXI.

"Oh that I but had now a silver-studded knife!  
Myself I would right quickly shorten my young  
life!"

## XXII.

"And surely shall ye get from me a silver-hafted  
knife,  
Nathless in naught I blamed will be for the loss of  
thy young life!"

14. "The false Knight becomes the true Spouse, or the sad May's Story." A. i. 361. The dialogue, from verse vi. to x., is very characteristic.

15. "The Bride falleth in labour as she fareth home, but telling how it was she had been ravished by a Knight, and the tokens he had given her, is discovered to be the Leman of her Spouse." G. ii. 50, 56, 59, 215, 217; A. ii. 246. These interesting illustrations of many an incident in Viking-adventures and a warrior-age, are strikingly paralleled in "*Cospatrick*."

16. "A Knight, suspected of having conversed too freely with a noble Maid, is sent away in exile and awaits death. His love is then forced to marry a rich suitor, but substituting her bower maid the first night, is believed to have been a virgin. Hereupon the young Knight is held innocent, and is permitted scathless to return. She then persuades him to take a spouse; but in some few weeks her husband dieth, and her lover's wife perisheth in child-bed. The two lovers hereafter hold their nuptials, giving the bower-maid gold and a husband." A. i. 240. This old legend, which abounds in

\* Beginning "*Nu Turekén pomerj*," and translated in the *For. Quart. Rev.*, No. III. p. 157.

† *W. Scott's Border minstrelsy*.

• *Border Minstrelsy*.

beauties, is so very long (not less than one hundred and seventy-five stanzas of five lines each), that we must be content with the above outline of its plot. The Swedish title is "*Thorkil Tronsson*." It appears to have been common to all Scandinavia. Professor Geijer gives (vol. ii. p. 86,) the widely-spread Swedish translation of a Danish copy found in *Syv*, 638, and in *Nyerup*, part iv. 185, besides which, *Arwidsson* refers to two other MS. copies in Danish and in Swedish.

17. "The Concubine's Triumph, or the King rescues his Mistress from the death adjudged her by the Queen, and giveth her crown and dignity in her stead." G. ii. 157, 161, 164. The last of these three ballads, which are also paralleled in Denmark,\* is certainly the most valuable of the three. All are curious illustrations of a former age.

B. Disguises. 18. "Love's Disguise, or the Swine-herd Prince getteth him his Princess fair." A. ii. 159, 164.

## XLIII.

"Had I come with grand coaches and horses so fine,

For a hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu !  
Little Kerstin I never had gotten as mine,  
For a fal-der-al-der-al-der-la !

## XLIV.

"Had I come with fine horses and coaches so grand,  
For a hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu !  
Little Kerstin had never me followed from land,  
For a fal-der-al-der-al-der-la !†

19. "A Prince, disguised as a Shepherd, gaineth the hand of the King's own Spouse." G. ii. 186. This old song approaches very nearly to the comic caricature.

20. "A King's Son, disguised as a Seaman-youth, playeth dice with a noble Maiden, and winneth her so to his Bride." G. ii. 37, 42, 46 ; A. ii. 156. The songs on this subject are so extremely popular throughout Scandinavia,‡ that we cannot refuse giving one of them, and have selected the first.

(DEN LILLA BÄTSMAN.)

THE LITTLE SEAMAN.

## I.

In her lofty bower a virgin sat  
On skins, embroidering gold,  
When there came a little seaman by,  
And would the maid behold.—  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

\* *Nyerup*, iv. 225

† "Hade jag kommit med vagner och häst,  
För en hu, hu, hu, hu !

Aldrig hade jag då liten Karin fått fäst,  
För en liten talalalalalej !" &c.

‡ There are Danish copies in *Nyerup*, iv, 129 ; and *Syv*, Pt. iv. No. 36.

## II.

"And hear now, little seaman,  
Hear what I say to thee :  
An' hast thou any mind this hour  
To play gold dice with me ?"  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## III.

"But how and can I play now  
The golden dice with thee ?  
For no red shining gold I have  
That I can stake 'gainst thee."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## IV.

"And surely thou canst stake thy jacket,  
Canst stake thy jacket grey ;  
While there against myself will stake  
My own fair gold rings twae."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## V.

So then the first gold die, I wot,  
On table-board did run ;  
And the little seaman lost his stake,  
And the pretty maiden won.—  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## VI.

"And hear, now, little seaman,  
Hear what I say to thee :  
An' hast thou any mind this hour  
To play gold dice with me ?"  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## VII.

"But how and can I play now  
The golden dice with thee ?  
For no red shining gold I have  
That I can stake 'gainst thee."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## VIII.

"Thou surely this old hat canst stake,  
Canst stake thy hat so grey ;  
And I will stake my bright gold crown,  
Come take it if ye may."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## IX.

And so the second die of gold  
On table-board did run ;  
And the little seaman lost his stake,  
While the pretty maiden won.  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## X.

"And hear now, little seaman,  
Hear what I say to thee :  
An' hast thou any mind this hour  
To play gold dice with me ?"  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XI.

"But how and can I play now  
The golden dice with thee ?  
For no red shining gold I have  
That I can stake 'gainst thee."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XII.

"Then stake each of thy stockings,  
And each silver-buckled shoe ;  
And I will stake mine honour,  
And eke my troth thereto."  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XIII.

And so the third gold die, I wot,  
On table-board did run ;  
And the pretty maiden lost her stake,  
While the little seaman won.—  
But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XIV.

"Come, hear now, little seaman :

Haste far away from me ;

And a ship that stems the briny flood

I that will give to thee."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XV.

"A ship that stems the briny flood

I'll get, if 't can be done ;

But that young virgin have I will,

Whom with gold dice I won."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XVI.

"Come, hear now, little seaman !

Haste far away from me ;

And a shirt so fine, with seams of silk,

I that will give to thee."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XVII.

"A shirt so fine, with seams of silk,

I'll get, if 't can be done ;

But that young virgin have I will,

Whom with gold dice I won."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XVIII.

"Nay, hear now, little seaman !

Haste far away from me ;

And the half of this my kingdom,

I that will give to thee."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XIX.

"The half of this thy kingdom

I'll get, if 't can be done ;

But that young virgin have I will

Whom with gold dice I won."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XX.

And the virgin in her chamber goes,

And parts her flowing hair ;

"Ah me ! poor maid, I soon, alas !

The marriage-crown must bear."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XXI.

The seaman treads the floor along,

And with his sword he play'd,—

"As good a match as e'er thou'rt worth

Thou gettest, little maid."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

## XXII.

"For I, God wot ! no seaman am,

Although ye thinken so :

The best king's son I am, instead,

That in Engelande can go."

But with golden dice they play'd, they play'd away !

21. "A disguised Prince persuadeth his Mistress to elope with him on ship-board, where he revealeth his rank, and giveth to her the Crown." G. ii. 173 ; A. i. 183. These two pieces have considerable interest.

22. "The sudden Son-in-law, or the King who spared the Pilgrim (disguised Prince) who had shared his Daughter's bed." A. i. 320, 322. There are many pretty verses here, but the first original was probably more finished.

\* "Jungfrun satt i högan loft  
Och virka' gull' på skinn ;  
Så kom en liten batman,  
Och tittade derin.  
Men de lekte, de lekte, gulltarning," &c.

23. "The wonderful Man-midwife, or the Knight's disguise gaineth him his Lady-love." A. ii. 174, 176. The plot is good, and the songs not bad.

24. "A Maiden, disguised as a Groom, serves at Court till she shareth the King's crown and bed." G. ii. 20 ; A. ii. 179. These ballads, of which the last is the best, are somewhat in the character of "The Lady turned Serving-man."

25. "A noble Lady, justly afraid of her honour, refuseth to obey a heathen King's commands to visit his Court, and thereby rescue her captive Husband. But, notwithstanding, disguised as a Minstrel-Monk, she journeyeth perilously thither, and earning from the admiring King a boon ! a boon ! she beggeth so her Husband from captivity." G. ii. 244. This is one of the most delicious ballads in the whole circle of our ballad and romance experience. Its length alone (thirty-one stanzas of eight lines each) forbids our inserting it entire. Two verses we must find room for, in honour of the collections we are reviewing :—

## XXVII.

Now when this earl was travell'd home—

'Twas on the second day—

His friends and feres they each one come,

And plaints begin to say :

All how his spouse, no less than she

(So, angry, thus they cry),

Had journey'd to a far countree,

None knew or where or why.

## XXVIII.

That noble ladye, grieving sad,

Rose straight now from the board,

And went where she her chamber had,

Nor spoke one single word ;

But quick she found the cloak all wide,

Then took her lute so good,

And hung her harp upon her side,

As 'fore the king she'd stood !

Our readers may anticipate the result of the surprise thus admirably introduced. The rescued husband adores, and the "friends and feres" all kneel in-homage to the virtuous and slandered heroine.

C. Love and Melancholy. 26. "The young Swain's sorrow, or the dying Sweet-heart." A. ii. 208. This little ballad is full of the most delicate pathos. Would that we had space for it !

27. "A Knight battlcth for his life with the seven Brothers of his Lady-love : the eldest six he slays, but spareth the seventh, who basely murdereth him, and is thereafter slain by his Sister." G. ii. 178, 226 ; A. i. 155.

28. "A Knight battlcth for his life with the seven Brothers of his Lady-love, and slayeth them all ; after which he joyfully

espouseth his Beloved." G. ii. 180; A. i. 295. We have placed these two groups together, as, although the one ends tragically and the other not so, they are in reality only variations of the same subject. The latter is paralleled in Danish,\* but both in Scottish, ballads.† We think the opening verses of the two last deserve a place here:—

## YOUNG HILLERSTRÖM.

## I.

Mount now so gently horse and saddle,  
Nor let thy gold spurs kling;  
And gently o'er the bower-bridge ride,  
Thy gold saddle maun not ring—  
In summer time.

## UNGER SVEN.

## I.

So many paths the village reach,  
Not all are smooth or light;  
Ah! happy he who, in this world,  
Doth hap to find the right!  
That love it endeth well.

29. "The Maid that would visit her Lover is devoured by a Wolf." G. iii. 68; A. ii. 273. Full of an infantile simplicity, which reminds an English reader of the ancient popular nursery-tale, "Little Red Riding-Hood."

30. "The Waters drown, but cannot part, or the kingly Children's Fate." G. i. 103, 106; ii. 210; A. ii. 198. We doubt whether ever any Greek ballad, primitive or published, about their own "Hero and Leander," could surpass this old Scandinavian song-group in the melancholy effect of its detail-painting. The first copy on our list ends thus:—

## XXII.

"And hail, my father! hail, my mother!  
May no sad grief them move!  
Down in the deep sea will I sink,  
While thus I clasp my love!"

31. "Yule in the Wave, or the Lover lost at sea on a visit to his Mistress." A. ii. 3. Well deserves translation.

32. "The first Love in the Deep, or the Young Man's Tale." A. ii. 15.

33. "The Lover's Lament for his drowned Love." A. ii. 238. The following are the two last verses of the first copy, of which the second appears to be a confused variation:—

## XIX.

"When other swains they drink their wine,  
While the blasted leaf doth fall,  
So sorrow I that dear one mine,—  
But many a maid, 'mong all her bloom, slow-can-  
k'ring griefs hence call!

## XX.

"When other swains so gladly meet,  
While the blasted leaf doth fall,  
So sorrow I that rose-leaf sweet,—  
But many a maid, 'mong all her bloom, slow-can-  
k'ring griefs hence call!"

34. "The Melancholy Meeting, or Sor-row upon Sorrow." A. ii. 289, 440. This Scandinavian\* "Pyramus and Thisbe" bal-lad is much more nobly sketched than any classic rival. Indeed the northern legend beats "Pyramus" *hollow*! An old printed copy calls it "En sköön och mycket yncke-lig Viisa"—a faire and ryghte doleful Bal-lade; and indeed it can hardly be read without tears. The introduction of one of the mysterious dwarf-race, as the immediate cause of the tragic close, gives the whole an inexpressibly powerful and sombre tone. Had it been shorter, we should undoubtedly have given it entire, but it will not bear ex-tracts.

35. "The Cruel Brother and the Sister's Excuses." G. iii. 107.

36. "Woman's Excuses, or the Sister proves that Eyes cannot see." A. i. 358. The former is a tragic, and the latter a com-ic, variation of the same story. The latter is well known in Scotland, though in a broader form.†

37. "The Bloody Bed, or the Knight stabbed by the side of his innocent Lady." A. ii. 56. This piece contains some fine lines.

38. "The Maiden-Mother, or the pi-teous History of the King's Daughter, proved by her Mother to be married and then by her Father slain." A. i. 335, 339, 343, 348. A very affecting subject beautifully treated.

39. "The Drunken Madness, or the Knight slayeth himself for that he hath slain his Leman." A. ii. 77. A wild subject strongly painted.

40. "A Knight rescueth his Maiden from being another's Bride, and carrieth her to his Hall, but is pursued and slain, where-upon the Widow refuses his Rival's hand, and takes the Veil." A. i. 193, 199, 410. These songs are very long, and will not bear abridgment.

D. Death for love. 41. "The Power of Love, or the Knight who dieth at the Sound of his Mistress' Death-Knell."† A. ii. 18, 437. Poetical, pretty, and well told.

42. "The Lover (journieth far to die) (killeth himself) for that his Spouse is

\* A Danish variety is found in *Zetterströmska Samlingen*, Upsala, Utvalda Historier, t. i.

† "Our good man came home," &c. *Johnson's Musical Museum*, v. 66; *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 231.

‡ Similar incident in "Barbara Allen's Cruelty."

\* Nyerup, iv. 251; *Syn*, 689.

† "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" and "Eling-ton," both in *Scott's Minstrelsy*.

dead." G. i. 70; A. ii. 80. Both are very characteristic of olden times in the north.

43. "Love faithful in Death and unto Death, or the persecuted Lovers find Union in the Grave, after long Imprisonment and

Separation." G. i. 96. An exceedingly beautiful ballad, but too long for insertion. We extract Duke *Fröjdenborg's*\* deliverance previous to his cruel death, and the roasting of his heart as a dish for his unfortunate beloved.

## XXIV.

And the king he thus spoke to his foot-pages two,—

For all that in this world is dear!

"Ye'll take now Duke *Fröjdenborg* from out his tower the blue"—

Ah me! how heavy now doth life appear.

## XXV.

So took they then Duke *Fröjdenborg* from out his tower the blue,—

For all that, &c.

And his locks they were all grey and his beard it was so too.—

Ah me! &c.

## XXVI.

"Fifteen long years are pass'd and gone, since God's free air I drew!—

For all that, &c.

"And yet it seems as though this time were but some short days few!"—

Ah me! &c.†

44. "The Knight, faithful in absence, returns to his Mistress, and (they die of a broken Heart) (he carries her off) on the Day of her Wedding to another. G. i. 116, 120; A. ii. 24, 29, 32; G. i. 123; A. ii. 165, 168, 171, 236, 281; ii. 34. A variety of songs, more or less similar to the above, (several of which display great beauty,) are found in Denmark and Scotland.‡

45. "A Knight escaping with his Leman, she falleth in Travail by the way, and dieth with her Infants. Herewith he burieth them and killeth him on the spot." G. ii. 189; A. i. 352. To these pieces there is a Danish parallel.§

46. "Nuptials in the Wave, or the Lady drowned on a Visit to her Lover, who thereupon slays himself, and is buried in the same Grave." A. ii. 8, 12. As in so many other Scotch and Scandinavian ballads.

## XXVIII.

Two trees spring from their burial-place.

And still each other they embrace!

And o'er the waters with thy good oars row me.

47. "The Leman visiteth her sick Lover, and though enriched by his last Will, dieth to share his Grave." G. i. 112; A. ii. 37, 40, 47. Very beautiful ballads, which remind us of the closing stanzas in "Prince Robert."||

\* This tragic story is familiar to the Italian reader. Tancréd, Ghismonda and Guiscardo form the personages in the Decam. Giorn 4.

† "Och Konungen han talte till små soenner två:  
För allt hvad som kärt är i världen.—

I tagen hertig *Fröjdenborg* ur tornet det blå.  
Mig tyckes det är tungt till att leva," &c.

‡ Nyerup, No. 124, 139, 153, 156, 157; Jamieson's Pop. Ball. i. 22; Gilchrist's Collection, i. 160; Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

§ Nyerup, iii. 61.

|| Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

## VIII. SONGS OF FALSE LOVE.

1. "The Knight's Farewell to his false Betrothed." A. ii. 211. Verse viii. is pretty:—

"To some green blooming tree I once did liken thee,

With clustering roses crown'd;

But now to fig-tree bare I would but liken thee,

Whose leaves fall all around!"

2. "The unexpected Marriage Guest, or the deceived Lover visits his false Mistress on her Marriage Day, and slays himself in her Halls." G. ii. 3, 312. The expiring lover exclaims, at the close of the first copy:

## XIV.

"So come now, maidens all!

And see how hard it moves—

When oaths the false tongue speaks,

While th' heart another loves:

## XV.

"But who can roses bring

From out the high rock's breast!—

And who can find sweet love

Where no sweet love doth rest?"

3. "A Lady, false to her absent Lord, is driven from his Home on his return, and dies miserably in the House of her grieving Parents. G. ii. 154, 223; A. i. 374. One verse we must quote:—

## IX.

And out then came her brother good,

Gladly he for her prayeth;—

"My sister, ye'll let remain this year,

Tho' as serving-maid humble she stayeth!"

So secretly bore she her sorrow.



4. "The Caw-hard overheard, or the Paramour punished." A. ii. 168. An admirable little ballad.

5. "The wronged Husband slayeth his Wife and her Paramour." A. ii. 448. Full of rough and striking language. Thus the third stanza, on his first hearing the charge against his demure partner:—

Her Vange so wrathful became and so wood,\*  
That the green grass turn'd white on the earth  
where he stood!

6. "A Lady hateth and at last murdereth her Husband, but is detested therefore by her Paramour." A. ii. 59. In this song the words and the action of the adulteress are very finely contrasted.

7. "A Leman shamefully murdereth her Lover." G. i. 67. There are two very similar songs in the Border Minstrelsy.†

8. "The Knight, barbarously murdering his Spouse, is broken on the Wheel." G. i. 76. This long ballad contains the following very remarkable descriptions of a genuine Scandinavian *witch-woman*. We omit the refrains:—

## V.

"Yes! o'er the heath I saw her haste amain,  
With all the little witches in her train.

## VI.

"The grisly bear she rode upon, I trow,  
While, as her saddle, clung the wolf below.

## VII.

"And then, as whip, she grasp'd the serpent long;  
Myself was there, myself beheld the throng."‡

9. "The Bandit punished, or the Lady kills the false Wooer that would have made her his eighth Victim." G. iii. 94, 97; A. i. 298, 301. This is a charming tradition, somewhat in the *Blue Beard* style.

10. "The Wife-seller punished, and his Spouse well rescued." A. ii. 109. This picture of Carse barbarism is probably not of Swedish origin.§

11. "The deceiver deceived, or the false Lover drowned." A. ii. 166. A very good joke, and, although rather a hard one, very well deserved.

12. "Woman's Revenge, or the Leman

\* Thus in Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard—  
Woe worth, woe worth, ye my merry men all,  
Ye never were borne for my good,  
Why did ye not offer to stay my hand  
When ye see me wax so wood?

† "Lord William" and "Earl Richard."—Percy's Reliques, 1794, p. 69.

‡ "Jo jag sag henne uppa heden i gar,  
Kunde man sig rattelig betänka!—  
Ibland alla andra Trollpackor ama.  
Herren Bald trader viller öfver stigen," &c.

§ The coin mentioned is not Swedish. There is a parallel in German called *Müllertücke*, in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 918.

burneth up the Guests and Halls of the Knight who had been false to her." A. i. 305. Well deserves translation.

13. "The faithless Lover punished by his Mistress' suicide, dies by his own hand." G. i. 49. This very fine old song is too long for abridgment.

14. "A Maiden, despite her Sister's warning, giveth away her honour. Afterwards, in Nature's need, she sendeth after her Lover, but findeth him false and far away." G. ii. 148. The pictures in this good song are very instructive.

15. "The Knight betrayeth his May, but is afterwards punished by wandering halt and blind till he beggeth Bread at her Door." G. iii. 61; A. ii. 227. Excellent! We remember a very similar tale in Mr. Bulwer's Student.

16. "A cruel Knight treacherously carries off the Maid that refused him, compelling her to keep up with his Horse; whereupon she maketh her will and so dieth." G. iii. 64; A. i. 206. The picture of woman's pride and of man's malice in this ballad (which is also known in Danish\*) is perfect.

17. "A young Prince treacherously imitating her Husband gaineth Admittance to a Lady." A. i. 332. This is a very singular song.

18. "Too late, or the Lover anticipated." A. ii. 231. It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. Let us profit therefore from this unfortunate knight's experience, and listen to the following stanzas:—

## X.

"Counsel I will each youthful swain  
Who will a-wooing go,—  
That his horse he saddles and spurs his foot,  
Nor rides too late or slow.

## XI.

"Counsel I will each youthful swain  
Who will a-wooing go,—  
That he never gives his good gifts out  
Till the maid's mind he well know!"—

## IX. MISCELLANEOUS SONGS OF LOVE, WOMEN, &c.

A. Chastity kept or lost. 1. "The Triumph of Chastity, or the Maiden's Story." A. ii. 234. Almost a copy of the songs in group No. 10 below.

2. "Woman's Wit, or the merry Deceit whereby a Virgin escapeth from the Suitor who had seized her." A. i. 284. An excellent and right witty ballad, which ought by all means to be translated. There is a Danish copy.†

3. "The Virgin that died cruelly rather than live with Shame." G. i. 11, 14. This

\* Nyerup, iii. 225 and 386.

† Nyerup, iv. 175; Sjö, 632.

is so admirably sweet and simple an old song, and so extremely popular among all classes to this day, that we must find room for a version. The air to which it is sung is also very charming:—

## (LITEN KARIN.)

## LITTLE KARIN.\*

## I.

And still served little Karin  
: : I' th' young king's palace ha',  
Like any star bright shone she  
: : 'Mong all the maidens sma'.

## II.

Like any star bright shone she  
: : 'Mong all the maidens sma',—  
When thus, the damsel tempting,  
: : The young king's words soft fa':—

## III.

"And say now, Karin dearest!  
: : Say wilt thou but be mine;  
Grey palfrey and gold-decked saddle,  
: : Shall both, yes both, be thine."—

## IV.

"Grey palfrey and gold-decked saddle  
: : Would ne'er suit one so low;  
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—  
: : Let me with honour go!"

## V.

"But say now, Karin dearest!  
: : Say wilt thou but be mine;  
My gold-crown reddest gleaming,  
: : E'en that too shall be thine!"

## VI.

"Thy gold-crown reddest gleaming,  
: : Would ne'er suit one so low;  
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—  
: : Let me with honour go!"

## VII.

"But listen, Karin dearest!  
: : Say wilt thou but be mine;  
To the half of this my kingdom—  
: : Whate'er thou wilt is thine!"—

## VIII.

"The half of this thy kingdom  
: : Would ne'er suit one so low;  
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give it—  
: : Let me with honour go!"—

## IX.

"Then hear now, little Karin!  
: : An mine thou wilt not be,—  
Thrust down in a spike-set barrel  
: : Thy fair young limbs I'll see!"—

## X.

"And thrust in a spike-set barrel  
: : E'en should my young limbs be—  
From heaven above, my innocence,  
: : God's little angels see!"

## XI.

Then down I the spike-set barrel  
: : They little Karin bound;  
And all the young king's pages  
: : They roll her round and round.

## XII.

And so, from heaven down-flying,  
: : Two milk-white doves descend;  
They took the little Karin—  
: : And three straight backward wend!

## XIII.

And so, from hell two ravens\*  
: : On coal-black wings ascend;  
Right quick the young king seiz'd they,  
: : And three straight backward wend!†

4. "Virtue's Resource, or the Maiden that died not to become the King's Concubine, and thereby became his Bride." A. i. 380. A very pretty and pleasant contrast to the gloom and cruelty of its predecessor. There is something similar in the plot (on the virgin's side) to that of the heroine in "The gay Goss-hawk."‡

5. "Virtue's Triumph, or the Suitor repulsed by night returneth to woo by day." A. i. 328. This excellent story reminds us all of Burns's "O lassie art thou sleeping yet?"

6. "The Bride rideth out to the Marriage-feast a Maid, but goeth into the Marriage-bed a Maid no longer, and home returneth neither Bride nor Maid!" A. ii. 144. A very curious old Ballad.

7. "A Lady exposeth her Child, who is rescued and afterwards married to her, wherupon she explaineth to him that the King is his Father, hereat the Son compelleth him to acknowledge his own birth, and his Mother's rights." G. ii. 182.

8. "A Lady exposeth her Child, who is rescued and afterwards married to her, whereupon she explaineth to him that his Father is far away, his Mother close at hand. The Youth declares this to the King, who burneth them both to death." A. i. 370. These old legends cannot be read without interest.

9. "The playful Flames, or the Maiden falsely accused will not bren." A. i. 318. Contains some good lines.

10. "The Brother tries his Sister's Virtue." G. i. 43, 46; ii. 207. These ballads contain some charming stanzas.

11. "The Brother's Revenge for that his

\* The Spanish Romanza on Maria de Padilla, Mistress to Peter the Cruel, contains the same incident.

† "Och liten Karin tjente

På unga Kungens gard ; ; :  
Hon lysté som en stjerna

Bland alla Tårnor små. : ; :

‡ Scott's Minstrelsy. See also *Songs of True Love*. Fidelity. No. 7. (above.)

§ Paralleled in Danish, *Syn*, 166, 450; *Nyerup*, iv. 3, 55.

\* "Karin" is the old and popular Swedish form of Catherine, in the same manner as "Pehr" for Peter, &c. and which must not be confounded with the shortened or vulgar names: for instance, the vulgar name of "Pehr," or "Peter," is "Pelle." In some instances, however, they coincide. This ballad occurs in Spanish, and is cited as a Finnish Romanza by Torres Canter and others; and we should have contrasted the two forms, had time permitted us to insert a forthcoming article on Spanish Ballads.

Sister would not sin, or the Maid who was falsely accused, and cruelly brent to death." A. i. 310, 313, 315. The perfidious criminal answereth his doubting father, (we omit the refrains):—

ix.

"And how, on the ground, shall the grass e'er grow,  
When the father will not his own son trow?"

Afterward, the unfortunate victim, seeing her funeral pile blazing high before her, exclaims:—

xv.

"My cushions they burn red, and my bolsters they burn blue;  
God help me, little Kerstin, who must soon sleep there aboo!"

12. "The Sister tempted, or the Brother refused in spite of his Wishes." A. ii. 205. The ideas of the "Wishes," in this delicate little ballad, resemble the fragment in the "Border Minstrelsy,"\* which is, however, surpassed in beauty by its Scandinavian rival.

13. "Incest punished, or the Father's

Justice." A. 308. Short, as it ought to be, and melancholy.

B. Miscellaneous. 14. "The Brother of the Bride slayeth her Slanderer." A. i. 278. Such was the summary justice doubtless often inflicted on the slanderer of old.

15. "The Maiden hard to please, or the Flying Suitor." A. ii. 188. Whether allegorical or mysterious—hard to say.

16. "The task fulfilled, or the Virgin at the Fountain." A. ii. 242. Probably from a German original.†

17. "The Power of Music, or the (Shepherd) (Waiting) Girl singeth and playeth her on the Throne." G. iii. 44, 49, 53, 55, 58; A. 34, 388, 392, 394, 397. Several of these ballads should be translated. They are full of innocent images and antique love. Number 6 opens thus:—

Inga lylet stands at the heavy quern and grinds away;

So well can she!

Like a nightingale i' th' woodland, she sings so sweet a lay!

Her songs so pleasant be!

The first ballad thus describes the effect of her strains:—

xx.

So one she began, so began she twae,

So well can she!

Then straight where the stream is running the ships commence to gae!

Her songs so pleasant be!

xxi.

And so quod she four, and so five quod she then,

So well can she!

Till the king he fell a-dancing, the king and all his men!

Her songs so pleasant be!

18. "The Lover's Night-Visit, or it's *lieder*," they are full of original beauties. dawns too soon!" A. ii. 213, 215, 217. The first contains the following splendid stanzas:—

vi.

The watchman beginneth his song to chaunt so clear,  
"Wake up now, Sir Knight, for the dawn right soon is here;  
For the day I see so plainly from heaven above slow glide,  
And the little birds are singing in the plains around so wide!"

vii.

The maiden she out from her casement watched the morn;  
"No day it is as yet, though the watchman blow his horn,  
'Tis but a blush which commonlie shines faint ere day doth spring;  
He lies—that watchman wight—and no good it shall him bring!"

viii.

"Ah! had I but the keys now to this out-shining day,  
I far into the stormy sea would throw them quick away!  
Night, only night, we still should have; it ne'er again should dawn!"  
Alas! they now must straightway part, who fain would be at one!||

\* Beginning "O gin my love were yon red rose!"

† See "Gemachte Blumen," in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," iii. 68.

‡ "The term *lyle* (little), so often annexed, to express endearment, to the names of ladies in the Danish [and Swedish] ballads, is still in use in Cumberland, and the northern counties of England."—*Jamieson's Pop. Ballads*, ii. 209.

§ It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale.—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Even our own matchless dramatist is equalled on

his own ground by the Northern Bard. The passionate exclamations of Juliet, in all their exquisite beauty, do not surpass the Swedish maiden's simple strain. There is a most remarkable affinity in the sentiments expressed.

|| "Then vächtar begynte een vjäs och qvåda;  
I vakero p, min herre, thet dagats vppå atundh;  
Ty iagh seer dagen af himmelen nederskrijda,  
The foglar the niunga i villande marken vjåda,"  
&c. &c.

19. "The Maiden's Triumph, or Love's artless Resource in the brodered Shirt." A. ii. 202. A very delicious subject, of which there is a Danish copy.\*

20. "The prudish Mother and the dicing Daughter, or the King winneth a Bride and weareth her." A. ii. 252. Fresh and characteristic!

21. "The Substitute, or the Nephew becomes the Uncle, and each obtaineth his Lady-love." A. i. 490. "A very good song and very well 'writ.'"

22. "The Love-Ambassador, an Ambassador for Love, or the King's Bride a merciful Maiden." A. ii. 117. We have *one* such subject in our ballad collections and only one! Its rarity therefore enhances its effect.

23. "The Dialogue well ended, or the Lovers' Quarrel." A. ii. 240. We give the first verse, in order to communicate the very singular† refrains:—

A youth, he thus to his dearest said—

"My heart's delight,  
Come now, and with me the sweet grove tread!  
Roses and thymes and lilies and parsleya,  
And coloured mint and heart's delight!"

24. "The Dying Bride, or the Young Wife's Counsel." A. ii. 244. We extract the last four verses, for the half-playful, half-melancholy, truths they contain:—

VI.

"And when ye've laid me on my bier,  
Then take that maid who stands me near!  
When summer-time it cometh.

VII.

"And when ye've laid me in my grave,  
The maid that's next me shall ye have!  
When summer-time it cometh.

VIII.

"Then home ye'll go and still your greet,  
She's soon forgot we ne'er more meet!  
When summer-time it cometh.

IX.

"Then home ye'll go and shut your door,  
They're soon forgot you ne'er see more!"  
When summer-time it cometh.†

25. "The Girl's Marketing, or the curious Maiden (becomes) (escapes becoming) the Shipper's Bride." (G. i. 92; A. i. 288. Both these songs ought to be translated.

26. "The Daughters restored, or the two pretty Weavers." G. iii. 40. A. ii. 195. Full of old manners, and highly affecting. There is a Danish variation §

27. "The rich Affianced gives her Spouse and Gold to her poor forsaken Sister." G. i. 24; A. i. 291. These are exceedingly valuable parallels to well-known English and Scotch ballads\* on the same subject.

28. "The Song of the Dove, or the Maiden chosen for Heaven goeth home to die." G. iii. 27, 175. Very old and very affecting. The latter, containing the excuses of those who will not die, is exceedingly fine.

29. "The Art of Wooing, or the Mother's Advice." A. ii. 221. Full of rules showing a knowledge of the human heart, and of the chevalier-period when they were written. The last lines of this beautiful ballad are:—

"And though thy comrade thou well trust,  
Yet trust thyself the best."

30. "The Wedding and the Funeral, or the young Bride's Prayer." G. iii. 30. Curious and melancholy.

31. "The playful Punishment, or the despised Suitor's witty Revenge." A. i. 325. This excellent ballad is unfortunately imperfect.

32. "The proud Maiden on Crutches, or the Lover's Insult punished." A. ii. 148, 150. Singular and good.

33. "The pretended Death, or the Knight trieth his Betrothed." A. ii. 186. Ought to be translated. We have somewhere or other read a real or pretended Chinese tale, with a plot almost exactly similar.

34. "The Nun's Wish, or the Cloister too close." A. ii. 223. Very pretty, and perhaps connected with German originals. The following is the fourth verse:—

They led her to the cloister in,  
Three dishes meet her there;  
The one was Hunger, the other Thirst,  
The third was Watching sair!

35. "Love and the Nun, or the Cloister robbed." G. ii. 179. This ballad, which reminds us of "The Gay Goss-Hawk" is the Border Minstrelsy,† is so pretty that we must give it a place entire:—

(HERR CARL, ELLER KLOSTERROFVET.)  
SIR CARL, OR THE CLOISTER ROBBED.

L.

Sir Carl he in to his foster-mother went,  
And much her rede he prayed:—  
"Say how from that cloister I may win  
My own, my dearest maid!"—  
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

\* Nyerup, ii. 66; *Syo*, Pt. iv. No. 40.

† See note to "Clerk Saunders," in the *Border Minstrelsy*.

‡ När I hafven lagd mig på baren nidh,  
I tagen then jungfrun som stonder näst mig;  
Så väil emoth sommarsens tidhe," &c.

§ Nyerup, ii. 146. *Syo*, Pt. ii. No. 38.

\* "Lady Jane." Jamieson's Pop. Ballads, ii. 73; "Fair Annie" *ibid.* ii. 103. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie," *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*.

† The story in "Zadig" is somewhat similar.

‡ See also above, No. 32; "Miscellaneous Songs of Love and Women," No. 4; and "Songs of True Love, Fidelity," No. 7.

## II.

"Lay thee down as sick, lay thee down as dead,  
On thy bier all straight be laid;  
So then thou canst from that cloister win  
Thy own, thy dearest maid!"

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## III.

And in the little pages came,  
And clad in garments blue;  
"An please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel\* to go,  
Sir Carl on's bier to view?"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## IV.

And in the little pages came,  
All clad in garments red;  
"An please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to wend,  
And see how Sir Carl lies dead?"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## V.

And in the little pages came,  
All clad in garments white:  
"An please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to tread,  
Where Sir Carl lies in state so bright?"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## VI.

And the May she in to her foster-mother went,  
And much 'gan her rede to speer:  
"Ah! may I but in to the chapel go,  
Sir Carl there to see on his bier?"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## VII.

"Nay! sure I'll give thee now no rede,  
Nor yet deny I thee:  
But if to the chapel to-night thou goest,  
Sir Carl deceiveth thee!"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## VIII.

And the virgin trod within the door  
Sun-liket she shone so mild;  
But Sir Carl's false heart within his breast  
It lay on the bier and smiled!—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## IX.

And the virgin up to his head she stepped,  
But his fair locks she ne'er sees move:—  
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,  
Thou dearly did'st me love!"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## X.

And the virgin down to his feet she went,  
And lifts the linen white:—  
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,  
Thou wert my heart's delight!"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## XI.

And the virgin then to the door she went,  
And "good night!" bade her sisters last;  
But Sir Carl, who upon his bier was laid;  
He sprang up and held her fast!—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## XII.

"Now carry out my bier again,  
Come pour the mead and wine;  
For to-morrow shall my wedding stand  
With this sweetheart dear of mine?"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

\* The Swedish "*Vakstuga*," we have, in this instance, thought best translated as above.

† The reader will remember that *the sun* is feminine in all the old Teutonic languages; in fact it is a frequent metaphor for the female beauty in the Scandinavian poets.

## XIII.

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,  
They read within their book:  
"Some angel sure it was from heav'n,  
Who hence our sister took!"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

## XIV.

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,  
They sung each separately:—  
"O Christ! that such an angel came  
And took both me and thee!"—

But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.\*

## X. MISCELLANEOUS ROMANTIC BALLADS.

A. Amazonian. 1. "A Virgin Shield-Maid rescueth by strength of steel her (Brother) (Lover) from his dungeon." G. ii. 168, 171, iii. 100; A. i. 188, ii. 120. Very singular echoes from the age of Hervara and of Alfild! The fourth copy strengthens the force of the lady's arm with an army of 8000 war-*virgins*!

2. "A Knight defends his Sister till he can do it no longer, when she grasps his Sword and defends herself, slaying all opposed to her; whereupon the King, in admiration of her prowess, maketh her his Spouse." A. i. 191. Short and spirited.

3. "The Feud, or the Sister (too late) (in time) to save her Brother." A. ii. 72, 128. Curious pictures of past times!

B. Miscellaneous. 4. "A King's Son questioneth a Shepherd, and is wisely answered." G. ii. 138. This, which is perhaps a fragment of a longer Danish ballad, contains the following pretty verses, which remind us of the wonderful riddles continually occurring in the old Icelandic sagas, and in the literature of the middle ages in general.

## V.

"Say! what than any wheel is yet more round;  
And where the fairest creatures may be found;  
And where hath the sun her shining seat,  
And whither ever point the dead man's feet?"

## VI.

"Who is't that builds the broadest bridge that yet  
hath stood;  
And say! where rush the fishes fastest in the  
flood;  
And whither leads that road which still the  
broadest is;  
And what is hight that couch where man hath  
but miseries?"

## VII.

"Say! what than any coal is blacker far;  
And what is quicker, faster, than lark-wings  
are;  
And what than even swans is yet more white?  
And what cries with a louder voice than the  
crane doth in his flight?"

\* "Herr Carl Han gick för sin fostermor in,  
Han frågade henne om råd:  
Hur skall jag sköna jungfrun  
Med mig ur klostret få?  
Men Herr Carl soffer allena," &c.

## VII.

"Oh yes! than any wheel the sun's more round;  
And in heaven the fairest creatures, I wot, are  
found;  
In the golden west hath the sun her shining seat;  
And eastward ever point the dead man's feet!"

## IX.

"'Tis the ice that builds the broadest bridge that  
yet hath stood;  
And under it the fishes run fastest in the flood;  
And eke to hell that road doth lead which still  
the broadest is;  
And hell fire is that couch, where man hath but  
miseries!"

## X.

"'Tis sin than any coal is blacker far;  
And the soul is quicker, faster, than lark-wings  
are;  
And angels, e'en than swans, are yet more  
white;  
And the thunder cries with a louder voice than  
the crane doth in his flight!"

5. "A young Knight dies in defence of  
his King's Banner." A. i. 155. A very  
beautiful ballad, full of chivalry and faith.

6. "The young Duke put to death without  
cause." G. ii. 62. Perhaps of German  
origin. Good, and with the echo-chorus.

7. "A wicked Viking perisheth at Sea,  
according as his Mother had warned him." G. ii. 31, 35; A. ii. 5. Deserves translation. The shrift of the Jonas-Chief is very characteristic of that period of blood and crime.

8. "A Viking's Adventures." A. i. 110. A splendid and genuine picture of the life of the roving ocean-kings. The bard traces the chieftain's course along the shores of Sweden and Norway, and up and down the Mediterranean, back again to Sweden, laden with seven *camels*, and an enormous plunder in gold and valuables.

9. "A young Warrior slayeth the Murderer of his Father." A. i. 132. A fine feud-ballad.

10. "The good Horn-Blast, or the Brother killeth Bandits who have just murdered his Brother." A. ii. 81. A short sketch of a once common event, when roads were wild, and forests still wilder.

11. "A Knight rescueth his Sister from a Band who are carrying her away." A. i. 186.

## XII.

And thank now God, as is meet and fit,—  
So fair a maid!  
That thy brother took thee, a maid as yet!  
Guard thee well, Sir Oler.

\* "Hvad är det som är rundare än ett hjul?  
Och hvar finner du de fägraste djur?  
Och hvar hafver Solen sitt säte?  
Hvartåt ligger dödmannens fötter?" &c.

12. "The Fratricide's Lament and Dialogue with his Mother, before he wanders away from his Home for ever." G. iii. 3; 83, 86. Very remarkable variations of celebrated British ballads.\*

13. "The Poisoner poisoned, or the Step-Mother destroyeth herself instead of her Step-Sons." A. ii. 92. Should be translated as a short illustration of Sir W. Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, Art. "Lord Randal."

14. "The Lament and Testament of the dying May, poisoned by her Nurse and Step-Mother." G. iii. 13; A. ii. 90. Very affecting, and married to an inexpressibly melancholy melody. We have two songs nearly allied in subject.†

15. "The Queen's Imprecation fulfilled, and the innocent Gaoler's cruel Death." A. ii. 113. Singular and tragical enough!

## XI. CARICATURE SONGS, OR PARODIES OF THE CHAMPION BALLAD.

Although every country has not had its Cervantes, most have produced some author who has endeavoured to annihilate the general taste still existing, for what had already lost its spirit and applicability for the changed circumstances of a new era.‡ Of this character are the following pieces, valuable for their humour, not less than for their rarity.

1. "A ryght merrie Description of a Giant's Fygthea." A. i. 114. This is indeed an excellent ballad, full of wit and of a joyous spirit. But it is unfortunately too long (twenty-five stanzas of six lines) to translate here. We give one stanza as a specimen:—the hero is battling with a giant "forty ells broad and well a hundred long."

## XI.

The next round that these champions had,

How each did fume and frown!

The great blue mountain under them

To clay they trampled down—

"'Tis fierce, this sport," the giant muttered;—

"'Tis scarce begun as yet," said Ramunder the youngster.

2. "The Champion killeth his Thousands, and winneth his Maid." G. i. 16; A. ii.

\* "Edward, Edward," *Percy's Reliques*, i. 57. "The two Brothers," *Jamieson*, i. 60. There is also a curious copy, called *Werinen Pojka* (The bloody Son) in Finnish, translated into German by *Schröter* in his "Finnische Runen," p. 124, and into Swedish by *Arwidsson*, *Folkvisor*, ii. 88.

† "The Cruel Brother, or the Bride's Testament"—*Jamieson*, i. 66; "Lord Randal"—*Scott's Minstrelsy*.

‡ The Monk contains one of the best in our language by *Lewis* on himself.

190. An admirable travestie of the old Champion-Saga. The melody is full of energy. The ballad is too long for abridgment (containing fifty verses). The following is the first stanza :

In Northland's high hills sat two champions so dear;

With a "Merrie good night" each saluted his fere.  
But who so well our Ranes shall wield  
With that honour?

3. "The humorous Courtship of two Rivals ends with a Duel, in which the Husband is slain, and the Victor and the Bride are gladly married." G. ii. 141; A. i. 274. A strange subject strangely treated. We doubt whether the gravest reader would not laugh as willingly as any reader of Don Quixote.

4. "The Monster and the Fighting-Monk." A. i. 417. This ballad, of which there is a Danish copy,\* is full of the broadest caricature.

## XII. THE HISTORICAL LEGENDARY BALLAD.

A. Sacred. 1. "Susanna in Babylon." A. ii. 342. Not remarkable.

2. "The fair and martyred Dorothea, or the Conversion of Theophilus." G. ii. 239. A very good monk-legend in rhyme.

3. "The Henthen Princess in her Garden, or the Conversion to Christianity." G. ii. 73. Very long and very pretty, but, at least in its *present* form, scarcely to be judged *ancient*, though certainly *old*.

4. "The Ballad of Saint George and the Dragon." G. ii. 254. This fashionable saint (highly honoured in the north) has thus seen his fame extend even to *ultima Thule* itself!

5. "Saint Steffan's (Stephen's) Song." G. iii. 208, 210. A curious national song of a Swedish saint and *horse-patron*—we hope Doncaster and the turf will take the hint! It is popular everywhere, but especially in the province of Helsingland, the scene of his labours.

6. "The Journey Eastward, or the spiritual Bridegroom's Song." G. ii. 235. A confused John Bunyan rhapsody.

7. "The Vision, or Heaven and Hell described." G. ii. 233. Simple, and not bad.

8. "The Magdalen, or Sin forsaken and Penitence proved." G. ii. 229; A. i. 377. Curious and good; worthy of translation.

B. Profane. 9. "Paris and Helena." A. ii. 329, 335. Very old and very good. It is singular that such a subject should have found

a minstrel-versifier so far north, for it is not a translation, but an original composition.

10. "Saint Steffan's (Stephen's) Prophecy, or the Stone in the Green Vale." G. iii. 218. This ancient spae-song reminds us immediately of our Merlin and Thomas the Rhymer, &c.

11. "King Sverker, or the Battle of Lena." (1208.) A. ii. 346, 348, 350. Very vigorous and border-legend-like. It exists more complete in Danish.\* The following is the last verse, (omitting the refrains):

Each ladie stands in her lofty bower,  
And waits her lord within his hall;—  
Their horses gallop bleeding home,  
But empty are their saddles all!

12. "The Sons of King Valdemar." A. ii. 363. A very brilliant rescue-song. Well deserves translation.

13. "Queen Damm's (Dagmar's of Denmark) Death." (1213.) A. ii. 353. Very fine, but exists more complete in Danish.† The fame of the good Queen Margaret (whose beauty and goodness gained her the name of *Dagmar*—Morning Star, Maid of Day) extended even to the Feroe islands.‡

14. "Queen Bengjerd (of Denmark)." (1213.) A. ii. 359. A highly valuable and humorous ballad over the extortions and death of this queen, so hated in her country for malice and oppression, that "a cursed wife" obtained after her, says the Chronicle, the name of Bengjerd, (Berengard) §

15. "King Birger and his Brothers, or Brunke's Treachery." (1313.) G. i. 189. A long, retouched ballad of the horrible murders which lost Birger his crown and life, and drove his dynasty from the throne!

16. "King Albrekt." (1410.) A. ii. 367. A good rhyming-chronicle ballad.—See the Danish copy.||

17. "A Ballad of the Campaign in the Island of Gottland." (1449.) G. ii. 279. Not without value for the details of Swedish history.

18. "The Murder of Thord Bonde." (1456.) G. ii. 288. A curious ballad, which supplies us with the date of the assassination of this great Swedish patriot.

19. "The Battle at Brunkeberg." (1471.) G. ii. 283. A valuable illustration of Sten Sture's victory.

\* Nyerup, ii. 107; *Syo*, Pt. ii. No. 20.

† Nyerup, ii. 87; *Syo*, Pt. ii. No. 20.

‡ See "Færoiske Svæder af Lyngbye," p. 556.

§ Heitfeldt's Dansk Chronica, i. 94, (ed. 1600).

|| Nyerup, ii. 293; *Syo*, Pt. ii. No. 44.

20. "The Battle at Stangebro." (1518.) G. i. 245; A. ii. 373. A popular subject.

21. "The Battle of Bränkyrka." (1518.) G. ii. 302. In this battle the Great Banner of Sweden was carried by Gustaf Ericson Vasa—the illustrious Gustaf I.)

22. "King Gustaf I. and the Dalecarlians." G. ii. 266, 271. A famous old Dalecarlian chaunt.

23. "Duke Magnus (Son of Gustaf I.) and the Mermaid." G. iii. 178. A beautiful ballad, in which the mermaid punishes with insanity the young prince's refusal to betroth her. The Duke was actually mad, and passed the latter years of his life in retirement in Ostergothland. One day he threw himself, says tradition, from his castle-window into the water, but was taken up unhurt. It was, he explained, because two pretty arms had caught him lightly as he fell, for the beautiful mermaid had beckoned to him from below to come to her!

24. "King Christian IV. in Sweden." (1612, &c.) A. ii. 376. An old ballad-journal, written during the war.

25. "The Battle of Helsingborg." (1710.) A. ii. 387. A spirited pasquille.

26. "The March of King Charles XII." A. ii. 391. Full of fresh and national energy. Tradition reports that "the great mad warrior king" used, before his engagements, to let his troops chaunt together the old psalm,

Our castle strong the Lord he is!

and afterwards sing the above march, which is said to have been composed by the great Magnus Stenbock.

27. "The King and Sir Peter, or Charles XII. at Narva." G. i. 201.

28. "The Battle of Narva." A. ii. 382. Not bad imitations of the old champion-ballad.

29. "Malcolm Sinclair." (1739.) G. i. 220. This long and excellent ballad belongs in fact to the class of Dialogues of the Dead, the personages introduced being the twelve Swedish Charleses, and our hero, who was murdered on his return from Breslau, in 1739.

30. "The song of the Barn-fowl-woman," (from 1650 to 1750); Ditto, Continuation, (from 1750 to 1780). G. ii. 290, 297. An historical allegorical list of the Regents of Sweden during this period.

The promised third volume of Herr Arridsson, containing the Sport and Dance Rhymes, Shepherd and Nursery Songs, &c. has not yet appeared. We look for its publication with great impatience. The subject is rich and highly interesting. Of one thing,

however, we are sure, that it cannot fall into better hands.

Having thus travelled over this long panorama of Northern Ballad Literature, an exposition which has *certainly* been too long for many, and *perhaps* too short for some few, we have only to conclude by recommending the perusal of the originals by all whose knowledge of their language may enable them to enjoy that pleasure. If not, the many German translations, in whole or in part, will afford an excellent *succedaneum*.

"And now once more farewell to minstrels bold,  
Whose manly lays the manliest actions told.  
And from the wizard's sleight and darksome cell,  
From the brave knight and beauteous damsel,  
From the high tilt and tourney of the past,  
Which like Morn's visions, were too bright to last,  
We wend us homeward to our lowly cot,  
And in life's miseries all is fast forgot.  
The enchanted path fades quick upon our view,  
The love of olden time, tender and true,  
The helmed warriors viewed by beauty's glance,  
Of fiercer temper than Astolpho's lance,  
Striving to win her soul-subduing sense,  
Which beat the champions through their firmest fence—

For lady's looks pierce warriors' firmest mail,  
And stoutest hearts before the softest quail.  
'Tis vanish'd all—how darksome grows the hour,  
In which the gnomes of earth resume their power;  
Who keep us, like the griffins, bent on gold,  
Withdrawing us from all that's high and bold;  
And making us mere creatures of the mine,  
Condemn us o'er accursed gold to pine;  
Cramping the fancy's wandering pure and high,  
And dooming all the beautiful to die."

ART. III.—*Slavonske Starozinosti. Sepseal*  
Pawel Josef Safarik. *Oddil Degepsiny.*  
W. Praz. (Slavonian Antiquities. Compiled by Paul Joseph Safarik. Historical Part. Prague.) 1837. Vol. 1. Post 8vo.

It has been remarked of rivers in general, that in the earlier part of their course they often rush with noisy violence, threatening to swell into a torrent that shall deluge the adjacent country; but as their channel becomes more wide and deep, they roll their waters so calmly, that towards the end of their career each wave may be separately numbered. We think that in this fact a mirror is held up to man, and this simile may illustrate the observation of the philosopher, that only that man is capable of comprehending or of writing history, whose own life has been a history in itself. The same is equally applicable to individual nations, and we have been especially struck with the truth of the foregoing remark whilst considering the history of the most numerous of



the nations of Europe. It does indeed border on the marvellous, that of the seventy millions of the Sclavonian race settled in the heart of Europe from the remotest antiquity so little should yet be known. Nay, even their existence has been questioned by some, and positively denied by others; and this during the very period when they mixed with every other European nation. This ignorance concerning their history in the earlier ages originated in part from their country never having been conquered by the Roman world-enslavers, and in part from the fault common to historians, who preferred to dwell on themes of war, and left unnoticed the peaceful virtues of the Sclavonian family—for such they will ever remain in the eye of heaven and earth—who devoted themselves to agriculture, the arts, and the other pursuits connected with real civilisation. During the middle ages, although they played a prominent part in the affairs of Europe, little, beside their name, seems to have been known of them beyond their own limits; in more modern times, the case was still the same, and it is only lately, when, owing to the misfortunes of Poland, and the ambition of Russia, some anxiety and jealous suspicions have been awakened in other states, that a desire for anything like accurate historical information respecting the Sclavonian race has been manifested in Western Europe. The absence of correct notions on this subject in modern times is mainly attributable to those German authors who, as M. Safarik observes, know how to write volumes of details respecting some obscure Indian tribe, whilst in their ignorance of the language and history of their Sclavonian neighbours they have circulated concerning them a prodigious mass of misdirected information. Since the general peace, however, they have done much to compensate for their former fault, and the learned researches of their Niebuhr and J. Grimm,—together with those of Naruszewicz, Ossolinski, and Lelewel amongst the Poles,—of Karamzin, a Russian,—and of Dobrowsky, Palacky, and, above all, of M. Safarik, Bohemians,—have left no portion of the ancient history of the Sclavonians unexplored. The great importance of this subject, still further enhanced by the influence which the destiny of this people now exerts on the affairs of the world, has not been overlooked by the French government, which, in the spring of last year, appointed the celebrated Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, Professor of Sclavonian Literature and History at the *Collège de France*: a man eminently qualified for the task, and who, during the short period of his professorship of Latin literature at the

university of Lausanne, so won upon the esteem of his hearers and of the government that he received many honourable distinctions above the rest of his colleagues. A periodical also lately set up in Paris, entitled *La Revue Slave*, and exclusively devoted to this subject, still further attests the growing interest in this branch of literary research. The Germans, emulating their French neighbours, are making collections of the Sclavonian legends, songs, and relics of antiquity, scattered amongst them, which for centuries have been trodden down and buried in obscurity. Neither have we remained idle spectators of the awakening activity in this department of letters, having on two former occasions drawn the attention of our readers to the subject of Polish literature, and we now gladly embrace the opportunity of encouraging our fellow labourers by testifying our sympathy with them, although, separated from them by an abyss of waves, we have it not in our power to take a more active part in their exertions. As contributors to a Journal consecrated to foreign matter, it is part of our duty to watch the proceedings of our continental neighbours, and should we perceive the signs of some gathering storm that menaces to break over the Briton, to give him timely warning of the danger.

With this feeling we now turn to M. Safarik, who has proved our agreeable companion and guide through the long course of fifteen remote centuries, furnishing, from his perfect knowledge of all ancient and modern languages, full answers to all our questions. Gifted with an owl-like vision, which enables him to penetrate through the obscurity that would baffle any other, with an enduring patience that carries him without weariness through the minutest details, and with a rich imagination ever kept in check by sound judgment, M. Safarik, as the alchymist of old, converts into precious metal whatever matter is brought into the crucible of his powerful mind. The work in question, and to which he has devoted his existence, though bearing only the modest title of "Sclavonian Antiquities," deserves to be classed amongst the best historical compositions of modern times. It is intended to be complete in two large volumes, of which, as far as we are aware, the first only has yet been published, and contains the political history of the Sclavonian race. In the second he proposes to treat of its religion, literature, arts, government, legislation, customs, &c. M. Safarik has divided his subject into two periods; the first beginning with the historic era, or Herodotus (456, B. C.,) and extending to the fall of the empire of the Huns and

of that of the Romans in the west (469-476, A. D.) The second period embraces the next six centuries, and reaches to the middle of the tenth century, at which time Christianity was introduced amongst the greater portion of the Slavonians.

The preliminary inquiry, whether the Slavonians are to be considered members of the Indo-European family of nations, and which has never until now been satisfactorily resolved, M. Safarik answers in the affirmative, and brings proofs in support of his assertion calculated to remove all further doubt. His opinion is based on the close alliance of the Slavonic idiom with the Greek, Latin, Celtic, Thracian, German, and Medo-Persian, all of which are again more or less like the Sanscrit. The resemblance between the Slavonic and the Greek is so strong, that the learned professor Dankowski, of the university of Presburg, pronounced the latter to be a Slavonic dialect, which seems still further to corroborate the statement of our author. The physical and moral constitution also of the Slavonians, so analogous to that of the other primitive European races, furnishes another weighty evidence on this subject.

The second, but not less important question, whether the Slavonians are one of the primitive races of Europe, in other words, whether they were settled there before the commencement of the historic era, is again decided affirmatively by equally unanswerable arguments. According to M. Safarik they were known to the Greeks under the foreign appellation of *Eneioi*; to the Romans under that of *Venetæ*, *Veneti*, *Vineti*, *Venadi*, and to the Germans, under that of *Winden* or *Wenden*. The nations of the northern family also knew them as the *Wene* or *Wanna*, and in the *Edda* frequent mention is made of them as the *Vanar*, and of their land as *Vanaheim* (the abode of the *Vanar*). The ancient Greek tradition of the northern amber country possessed by the *Veneti*, of the river *Eridanus*,\* may be traced as far back as the sixth century before the Christian era; and Herodotus must have been acquainted with its exact situation, but purposely concealed it, as it was said, because he was himself concerned in the amber trade. There is not any doubt that the *Eridanus*†

was no other than the *Dwina*; and the amber, transported first by that river, then by the *Vistula*, and, thirdly, from the mouth of the *Oder*, was finally carried overland to *Marseilles*, where it was sold to the southern nations. When the *Goths* made themselves masters of the shores of the *Baltic* towards the middle of the fourth century, A. C., the name of the northern *Veneti* was transferred to those dwelling by the *Adriatic*, and that of the *Eridanus* to *Padus* and *Rhodanus*, and this was the origin of that celebrated controversy respecting the amber country and the *Eridanus*, which engaged so much attention both in ancient and modern times.

The *Veneti* of the *Adriatic*, as well as the ancient inhabitants of *Pannonia* and *Illyria*\* before the irruption of the Celtic nations in the fourth century of the Christian era, were, according to M. Safarik, equally of Slavonian origin. The principal seat, however, of the *Veneti*, and which they have never abandoned, lay between the *Carpathian* mountains and the *Baltic*, the *Vistula* and the *Upper Volga*, the *Don* and the *Black Sea*. Many opinions are held respecting the meaning of the names *Veneti* and *Winden*, which are still applied by the Germans to the Slavonians, though they seem never to have been their domestic appellations, but no positive conclusion on the subject has yet been drawn. The root is *Vind*, or *Vend*, the first of which is considered the more correct, as the letter *i* is more ancient than *e*, and because we also find *Vindhia* in the Sanscrit. It is usually referred to the Sanscrit *und*, to flow, to be fluid, and we have the Latin *unda*; Slavonian *onda*; French *onde*; Old German *undea*, *unda*, *undia* (fluctus); Old Saxon *uthia*; Anglo-Saxon *ydh*, &c.: and also to the Sanscrit *uda*, *udaka*, water; Greek *udor*, *udas*; Latin *udor*, *udus*; Gothic *wato*; Old Saxon *watar*; Scandinavian *wazar*; Slavonian *woda*; Lithuanian *wandu*; Danish *vand*; Celtic *wand*, *wend* (pluvies), *vin* (aqua), *von*, *vonan*, to flow, &c. Consonant to this etymology, *Vineti* would mean the dwellers near seas and rivers, but this seems untenable, since we find it applied to mountains,—as, for instance, *Vindhia* in India and *Vindius* in Spain. It may perhaps be more correctly

\* Her. Schweigh. iii. 115.

† Larcher is evidently wrong as well as Rennell in imagining that the insignificant tributary to the *Vistula*, the *Rhodanus*, was the river in question. The *Dwina* fully answers the description, *ῥῶς ὅρην αὐγών*, which the *Vistula* does not. The general run of Dictionaries are absolutely useless on the northern *Eridanus*, evidently imagining that the *Padus* alone answers to it. Charles Stephens states that the *Rhodanus* (*Rhone*) was called by the Greeks *Eridanus*. Donegan gives, with characteris-

tic accuracy, *Eridanus*. The *Po* and *Rhone*. Herodot 2, 115, instead of 3, 115. A river supposed to have its source in the *Rhipsean Mountains*. Butler, *proh pudor!* only gives the *Po*. Is the term applied to any turbulent stream? Hesiod. Theog. 338. *Ἠριδανὸν Βαθύδινον*. Baehr, whose Herodotus is full of deep research, makes an admission, that does more honour to his candour than learning, "Qui verum ejus situm indagare vellet eum vir quidquam profecturum esse putem."

\* *Ἰλλυριοὶ* *Εἰρηνῶν*, Her. Schweigh. i. 96.

derived from Hindi or Indi, as *w* may in such case be merely an aspiration which sometimes occurs, and also because the Sanscrit *h* is often changed in other languages into *w*. Take, for instance, the Sanscrit *vidaha*, Latin *vidua*, Slavonian *vdova* or *vdova*. This question, however, must still be left open.

M. Safarik has also solved, much to our satisfaction, another difficult problem regarding the domestic appellation by which the Slavonians designated themselves, and it appears that this was no other than that of Sirbi, which name is mentioned by Pliny, and also by Ptolemy, with the slight variation of Serbi and Sirboi. In Procopius and others we find *Spori* substituted for *Sorbi*. *Sirb*, *Serb*, or *Sorb* means in Slavonic *satus*, *natus*, *gens*, *natio*, and numerous words are derived from it which still bear the primitive signification. Its root is found in the Sanscrit *su*, to generate, to produce; Latin *seri*, *satum*, derived from *serere*, *se-serere* (self-reduplication). This mode of deriving the national name from such a source is common to almost all primitive races, before they become estranged from the simplicity of nature by the refinements of civilisation. Thus the Germans, known to foreigners by various names, call themselves *diutisk*, *teusch*, *deutsche*, from the Gothic *thiuda* (*natio*, *gens*); Finnish *tauta*. The ancient Scandinavians used to call their country *Manheim*, that is, abode of men.

We proceed under M. Safarik's guidance to notice, as far as our limits will allow, the nations which settled for a time in the midst of the Slavonians, or dwelt in their vicinity. Of these, part belonged to the Indo-European family, and part to the northern. The latter, a numerous primitive race, settled before the historic era in the north of Europe and Asia, was divided into two great branches: the Western, or the Tshoud Finnish; and the Eastern, or the Tshoud Uralian, from whom the Huns, Spali, Skamani, Sabiri, &c. derived their origin.

The ancient Scythians, under which name the inhabitants of all the northern region of Europe and Asia were for a long period comprised, first attract our attention. They were a Mongolian race, the ancestors of the Tatars of modern times, and belonged to the northern family. Herodotus found them in the sixth century settled between the Don and the Dnieper, whither, according to their own account of themselves, they had migrated from Asia, probably from the country of Orenburgh. He\* tells us that they called themselves *Skolotoi*, from the names of one

of their kings, which name probably did not last long beyond the reign in which it was assumed, and that the Greeks called them *Skuthai*, *Scythæ*; but his statement may be incorrect, the first of these words being evidently a corrupt diminution of the second, which again, as it has no root in Greek, is most probably a corruption, or rather an inadequate expression for the word *Tshoud*, which the Slavonians apply to all the nations of the northern family. The English word *Tshoud* is, however, very far from being the correct expression of the Slavonic *Cud*, for the consonant *C* is hard, and is variously spelt in Slavonic, as *Scud*, *Csud*, or *Czud*, which it would be impossible to render in Greek otherwise than by *Skuthes*, *Skuthai*, *Scythæ*. The Slavonic *Cud* signifies *gigas*, *monstrum*,—an appellation which, like that we have already alluded to, is common to many primitive nations. The domestic name of the Tshoud is *Suoma*, *Suome*, *Suomi*, *Sabme*, (*men*, *nation*), *Suomalainen*, *Suoma*, (*the land of Suoma*.) In the time of Herodotus, the western portion of the Tshoud on the Baltic was broken down by the Slavonians, who, on the other hand, in the south, were themselves partly under the dominion of those Scythians called by Herodotus *Royal Scythians*; whilst their subjects, whom he speaks of as agricultural Scythians, were Slavonians, and differed from their masters in language, manners, mode of life, and external appearance.

The Scythian empire in the south of European Russia was overthrown about A. D. 94 by the Sarmatæ, *Saramatæ*, or *Sarmathians*,—a Medo-Persian people appertaining to the Indo-European family. Their name, still in use amongst some of the Asiatic tribes, means "inhabitants of a steppe," and that they differed essentially from the Slavonians is apparent from the description of them left by Hippocrates and Tacitus. Having established themselves on the ruins of the Scythian empire, between the Don, the Dnieper, and the mouth of the Danube, whither they had migrated from their former seat between the Don and the Caspian Sea, they became known in history under three names, designating as many principal tribes—the *Roxolani*, the *Jazygæ* or *Jaxamatae*, and the *Alani* or *Asi*. The *Alani* entered into close alliance with the *Goths*, at the time the last mentioned people migrated, A. D. 180—215, from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Black Sea, and the two nations carried on war together against the *Vanar* or Slavonians, a portion of whom, the dwellers in the Ukraine, *Podolia*, *Volhynia*, and *White Russia*, they suc-

\* Herr. Schweigh. iv. 6.

ceeded in subjugating. The Goths derived from the Asi, the Asar of the Edda (*æros, divus*), many religious ceremonies, and even the celebrated hero Odin, to whom in after times divine honours were paid, was of the nation of the Asi. The arrival of the Huns was the signal for the destruction of their united empire; some of the Sarmates joined the Vandals and crossed over to Africa; others fled back for refuge to the Caucasus, their ancient country, where now, under the name of Abassi or Abassians, they are being exterminated by the Russians. A third portion, the Jazygae, fled to the woods and marshy lands of Podlachia, where the remnant of their descendants were destroyed in the 13th century by a King of Poland. Short as was the period during which the Sarmates held dominion over a part of the Sclavonians, the Byzantine and Latin historians continued nevertheless up to the tenth century to designate under their name all the inhabitants of the north of Europe, who were in fact Sclavonians, Tshouds, Turks, Mongols, and Germans. At this day the name of Sarmates is still sometimes applied to the Poles, especially by poets, but it is time that even these should discontinue to do so, since however poetical the name may sound in their ears, the use does not tell much in favour of their historical knowledge.

About the middle of the fourth century, the Sclavonian countries were visited by three consecutive and horrible irruptions of the Celtic or Gallic nations. "Their country being over-crowded by its population," says Polybius, alluding to these events, "the Galli were seized with a kind of feverish frenzy, and during many years there was neither term nor measure to their expeditions beyond the Rhine." In our days the French have exhibited a repetition of this spectacle, and history is constrained ever and anon to bear witness to the words of the Preacher—"There is nothing new under the sun." The Galli either forced the Sclavonians to abandon Pannonia and Illyricum, or after having exterminated a portion of them, must have subjugated others, and sold many as slaves to the Greeks, by whom they were called Dacus and Geta. The Thracian nations settled in Dacia, in the neighbourhood of the Sclavonians, being also compelled to yield a part of their country to the same invaders, fell in their turn upon the Scythians. Several of these Celtic or Gallic nations, known under the various appellations of Boii, Ombroni, Kothini, Anarti, Taurisci, Bastarni, Peucini, &c., then settled in Pannonia, Illyricum, Thracia, Dacia,

Macedonia, and even beyond the Carpathian Mountains, on the Pruth, the Dniester, the Boh, and near the sources of the Vistula and the Oder. Thus the history of the ancient Celts became in many points connected with that of the Sclavonians, and numerous Celtic words are still to be found in the Sclavonic language, especially such as designated their various divinities, idols, and religious ceremonies. M. Safarik proposes to furnish instances of these in the second volume of his work, and in the mean time he appeals to antiquarians, remarking that very little has been done in our days towards the investigation of Celtic idioms and antiquities.

In the west and north-west, the Sclavonians carried on perpetual warfare with the Germans, the limits between the two nations being, according to Tacitus, mountains and mutual fear. The Oder was, however, the proper boundary, and the country lying between that river and the Vistula had been from time immemorial the theatre of their animosity. The populous nation of the Suevi settled in the immediate vicinity of the Sclavonians, as did also the Vandals, a bastard people composed of Celtes, Germans and Sclavonians, whose name, considered as one rather of ignominy, was a corrupt diminutive of Veneti.

To the north of the Veneti dwelt the Lithuanian people, known as the Lithuanians properly so called, the Prutzi or Prussi, Galindi, &c., a Sclavonian race, as is proved by their language, although they were estranged by early isolation from the great family. It would appear that the Lithuanians, having gained their country by conquest from the Tshoud Finns, had not entirely exterminated the latter, but had amalgamated with them, and that they again were in their turn early subjugated by the Goths. Their very name goes to prove the latter fact. This circumstance may account for the considerable variation of their idiom from the true Sclavonic, which has ever preserved its independence. It is an admitted fact, that the mixture of foreign idioms with an original language has the effect of petrifying it, as it were, within its grammatical forms, whilst an unmixed language undergoes by the mere lapse of time many changes in its structure. Hence it is that the Lithuanian has preserved its primitive forms, and bears more resemblance to Asiatic idioms than does the Sclavonic, which latter grew freely, like a magnificent tree, sending forth branches, boughs and blossoms. The Lithuanian language is now confined to the lowest class of the peo-

ple, the middle and upper classes having been *Polonised* since the union of Lithuania with Poland in the 14th century.

We close our list of nations connected with the Slavonians, by the Huns, the most celebrated amongst the destroyers of the Roman empire, and whose appearance in Europe produced another chaos, such an overturning of established nations and empires, and setting up of new ones, as has only been witnessed once since, after the lapse of fifteen centuries.

They also were members of the northern family, a Uralian or Eastern Tchoud people (the ancestors of the subsequent Avars and Magyars or Hungarians), who had migrated from the country now possessed by the Bashkirs, or Paskatir, called at this day the Great Hunia by the natives, with whom the word *chum*, *hum*, *kum*, signifies *man*, an appellation common to almost every primitive people. Having left their country about the historic era, they wandered for some time between the Volga, the Don, and Caucasus, whence, in 374 A. D., they turned their course to southern Russia, and overthrew the empires of the Ostrogoths and Alani. The terror they inspired may be gathered from the belief that became prevalent amongst the nations whom they vanquished, that they were the offspring of devils and witches (Ariorumen and Arien.) It seems that they remained on good terms with the Slavonians, the murder of whose king, Box (Boos, Bozé), with that of his sons and seventy of his grandees, they avenged upon the Goths. They reached the zenith of their power under Attila, the Napoleon of his times, who has been alike unjustly treated both by his contemporaries and by subsequent historians, since, notwithstanding the injurious epithets bestowed upon him, he has never been convicted of any deliberate act of cruelty. There can be no doubt that during his invasion of the Roman empire at the head of 700,000 warriors he was accompanied by many Slavonians, and the silence of historians respecting them is not more remarkable than that a similar invasion of Russia by Napoleon should be usually designated as that of the French only, although half Europe took part in it. The co-operation of the Slavonians, and their alliance with the Huns, is fully borne out by the relation left by Priscus of his embassy to Attila, whilst the latter was stationed in that part of northern Hungary which is now the modern province of Tokay. This writer tells us, that during his passage he was offered for food and beverage millet and honey instead of rye and wine, by a people who lived in villages different from the

Huns, by which no other than the Slavonian can be meant, and at the same time it proves the fact, that even at that early period they occupied the country on the left bank of the Danube. The very words he cites are Slavonic, as is also the appellation *Strawa*, given to the funeral feast after the death of Attila, described by Jornandes. Their alliance with the Huns caused the Slavonians to be long afterwards designated by the name of the former, as are still, by the Germans, those Slavonians who settled in the Swiss Canton of Wallis, near Granges (Slavonic Graded), in the villages Crimenza (Kremenica), Luc (Luka), Visoye, Grana, &c.

From the above brief statement two leading conclusions are to be drawn; first, that the Slavonians have mixed only with the nations of the Indo-European and northern families,—the proofs of which are found both in their language and history; and secondly, that the *Ethnos megiston* of the Veneti, mentioned by Ptolemy, the *Wimidarum natio populoa*, dwelling *per immensa spatia* of Procopius, and the *infiniti populi* of Jornandes, did not suddenly make their appearance in Europe, as some believe, but that they were settled before the historic era in that part of Europe where history finds them under various names at the opening of the middle ages. The fall of the empires of the Huns and Romans, relieved the Slavonians from the constant pressure which they had endured for centuries from the various nations, who now revelled amidst the ruins of the late masters of the world. It was now their turn to become conquerors, marching onwards to the south and west, to take possession, sword in hand, of those countries, the population of which had been thinned by the migration of German, Celtic, and other nations. But before we follow them in their career, we shall quote some remarks of M. Safarik on their character, religion, and social condition during the foregoing period.

"Their generous disposition has been praised even by their enemies. Procopius affirms that they were not cruel and revengeful, but kind and noble hearted; and, according to Mauritus, sincerity without dissimulation, generosity without ostentation, and humanity, were prominent features of their character. The same spirit pervaded their religion, laws, morals and customs. There exist abundant proofs, that the primitive Slavonians worshipped one Supreme Being, as the Maker of Heaven and Earth, though they also acknowledged inferior divinities, as mediators between the Supreme and the human race. The sacrifices they offered to their gods consisted of cattle, sheep, and other animals, and of the fruits of the earth. They did not offer human sacrifices, and though this savage custom was introduced among some of the

Sclavonian races dwelling by the Baltic and in Russia, it never became general nor permanent. They also believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the rewards and punishments of another world. The affairs of the state were administered by the people themselves. Fathers ruled in their families, and at the general meetings or diets they elected seniors, palatins, dukes, &c., whose province it was to administer the national affairs both in peace and war. The laws and customs of the Sclavonians were preserved either by tradition, or were engraved by their priests on tablets of wood, in a kind of Runic characters. All classes enjoyed equal rights, and it appears that, although the highest dignity in the state was hereditary, especially amongst those Sclavonians who dwell in the vicinity of the Germans, this circumstance in no way derogated from the sovereignty of the people. That servitude was unknown amongst them does not admit of a doubt; all from the highest to the lowest subject having the same liberties. Even at a later period, when the class of nobility had arisen, the individuals not included within it remained perfectly free. Servitude with them was a weed of foreign growth, introduced amongst the western Sclavonians by the Germans, and amongst the southern by the Greeks and Celts.

The Russians were indebted for it to the Skandinavians and the Tatars. It was one of their ancient laws, that any Sclavonian in foreign captivity or slavery recovered his former freedom on re-entering his native land. With regard to their treatment of foreign prisoners of war, Mauritius mentions one very humane law; namely, that a captive did not with them, as in other countries, become a slave for life, but only for a limited period, after which he was considered free, and might either return to his country, on paying a ransom, or settle amongst his former masters as a freeman and friend. To take care of the old, the infirm and the poor, was held to be the paramount duty of every Sclavonian, and no vagabonds nor beggars were to be seen in the country. Their kindness to strangers, proceeding from generosity of disposition, and considered by them as a part of their religion, is commended even by their enemies, as, for instance, by Mauritius, Helmold and others. Although polygamy was not forbidden, as being in accordance with the prevailing customs of the age, it is nevertheless attested by historians, that no instance of it could be found amongst the people, and but few among the higher class. Their wives were neither shut up nor guarded, but mingled freely in the society both of natives and foreigners; and this respect for the rights of the weaker sex bears testimony to the virtue and refinement of their manners, whilst a different conduct is a manifest proof of the barbarity, ignorance and corruption of a people. Besides their favourite occupation of cultivating the soil and tending their flocks, they were addicted to the arts and to commerce, and from remote antiquity much of the trade between Asia and the west of Europe was either carried on by them, or through their country. All the principal cities in Poland and Russia were flourishing long before the introduction of Christianity, and numerous proofs exist that between the second and seventh centuries the Sclavonians were considered by the Greeks and Skandinavians as a nation possessing arts and letters.

"A people devoted to agriculture, arts and commerce, and not subject to a despotic rule, but accustomed to weigh for itself the advantages of an undertaking previous to commencing it, however adverse it may be to war, ordinarily displays, when attacked, superior courage in the defence of its

territory and liberties. The history of the Sclavonians fully confirms this remark. According to the statement of Cæsar Mauritius, they were distinguished in war, not only by their personal strength and valour, but by their consummate prudence, excellent discipline, and deep strategic schemes. The order in which they marched to battle may be learnt from Constantine Porphyrogenitus. They have been accused of the love of pillage, and of cruelty to their enemies, but this reproach is unjust.

"Whoever will take the trouble to study their history will be convinced that their enemies themselves caused the evil complained of, by first setting the example of cruelty and unjust aggression. Though the Sclavonians conquered provinces, they never subjugated a people, and it ill becomes their neighbours who endeavoured to enslave them, to destroy their national institutions, their laws and customs, and to deprive them of their property, to accuse them of pillage and cruelty. Besides, the wars carried on by the Sclavonians were always those of defence or retaliation, in the latter of which especially it would not be easy to keep the spirit of revenge within due limits. With more justice might their enemies point out two remarkable blots in the character of the ancient Sclavonians, which disgraced the wreath of their national virtues, and drew heavy misfortunes, and, in certain cases, inevitable ruin upon some of their generations. The first of these noticed by Cæsar Mauritius, and arising from their light-mindedness, was the little love they bore to one another, so that they lived continually in the midst of dissensions and wars: the second, which probably originated in a lively imagination, or rather in the incapability of remaining inactive, which seems to have been constitutional in them, was their love of foreignism, which was so strong in the heart of every Sclavonian, that even a foreign language, and foreign mode of living, was preferred by them to national customs, to the maternal idiom. It is owing to these two peculiarities that the Sclavonians, though a mighty, numerous, and widely spread race, were obliged to succumb, even in remote ages, to nations far weaker than themselves. Time has tried their merits and their failings, and they have reaped the fruits of both."

With our eyes fixed upon these few remarks, extracted at random from ancient writers known for their hostility to the Sclavonians, we can boldly answer in the negative the conclusive question; Are the ancient Sclavonians, from what we have related, to be considered savages and barbarians, as some writers are pleased to term them? We might apply to these the words of that philosophic observer of nature, and profound judge of human affairs, Wm. Humboldt, spoken in reference to the Celts and Iberians. "Let us be careful," says he, "not to compare these nations, called by the ancients barbarians, with the savages of America, as if there were any analogy between them; for the degree of civilisation respectively attained by them was entirely different. Neither has the important question yet been resolved, whether that savage state, which even in America is found in various gradations, is to be looked upon as the dawning

of a society about to rise, or whether it is not rather the fading remains of one sinking amidst storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes. To me the latter supposition seems to be nearer the truth than the former."—(*W. von Humboldt, Untersuch. üb. d. Urbewohner Hispaniens.* Berlin, 1821.)

Period II. from 476—988 A. D.

It can hardly be doubted that the Sclavonians, from the vast extent of territory occupied by them at the time of the fall of the Roman empire, and from the circumstances attending their new settlements, must at that period have exceeded in number every other European people. Their population not only sufficed to enable them to take possession of new provinces, but also to establish themselves in these colonies sufficiently numerous to repel foreign invaders, and at the same time to provide, by peaceful means, for their own maintenance.

Both these necessities were satisfied, and the Sclavonians, unlike other migratory nations of those days, have transmitted to their later posterity the territories which they occupied at the commencement of the middle ages. For this preservation of their acquisitions they were indebted to their peaceful habits, and to their love of agriculture, arts and commerce. Their occupation of half Europe remains unparalleled in history. It would excite no wonder had it been accomplished by the usual means of conquest, and by motives of ambition, by a people greedy of plunder, and led on by the absolute will of a single chief. Such was precisely the case with contemporaneous nations; whilst the Sclavonians, divided into numerous independent communities, unconnected with each other, and under a popular form of government, migrated in small parties and at various periods to other countries. Their object was not to enslave men, but to acquire territory which they might convert by labour into a soil supplying abundantly the wants both of man and beast; and hence, when they waged war, it was only in self-defence. "Providence itself," to use the words of M. Safarik, "seems to have befriended their peaceful intentions, and to have rewarded them with enduring advantages: for whilst those world-destroying nations have fallen into dust, together with their plunder, or are fast verging towards the bottomless abyss, the Sclavonians have preserved entire their possessions through the storm of ages, and have lived to see the dawn of the day which shall open to them a new existence, and a measure of power and splendour never before obtained by them."

The ancient Veneti appear in history at

the beginning of the middle ages, under the name of Antes and Sclavi, the first of which appellations Procopius applies to the Sclavonians of the East, and the last to those of the West. The name of Antes, which seems to have had a not less foreign origin than that of Veneti, means, in Skandinavian and Gothic, *gigas, homo*, and from the sixth century those nations were designated by it, which in the tenth exchanged it for the appellation of Russians. At that period the boundaries of Russia were the lakes of Ilmen and Ladoga, the Upper Volga, and the Oka, the Upper Don, the Lower Dnieper, and the Black Sea, down to the mouth of the Danube; the north-eastern chain of the Carpathian mountains, the Bug, and the present government of Wilno, as far as the Upper Dwina. Her population consisted of many independent nations, which formed a kind of confederation, till Rurik established a central government in 862. Rurik, who with his two brothers belonged to the Skandinavian nation of Varing, was invited to assume the reigns of government by the Republic of Veliki-Novogrod; the citizens of which, being partly of Sclavonian and partly of Tshoud extraction, agreed, as one means of appeasing their mutual animosities, to select their rulers from a third nation. The Varing, as their very name indicates, were a bold confederated people, and their country was called by the Tshouds, Ruotzi or Ruosimaa (Uplandia, Roslagen,) for which appellation the Antes now exchanged their own, giving to themselves thenceforth the name of Rusini, and to the country that of Rus. Rurik's successors extended by conquest their authority over all the other tribes of Antes, and having established their capital at Kiow (Kioff), reached the zenith of their power under Vladimir the Great. This monarch introduced Christianity in Russia (988) according to the Greek ritual. His empire was subsequently overthrown by the Poles and Lithuanians, and remained united with Poland till the close of the last century, with the exception of the provinces situated beyond the Dnieper, which were conquered by the Tatars, and on recovering their independence in the sixteenth century bore for a certain period the name of the Grand Duchy of Muscovy. The Muscovites proper, or to use a better word, the Great Russians, which they are called by some in order to distinguish them from the inhabitants of ancient Russia, possess a less degree of Sclavonian nationality than any of the other kindred nations, being what historians term a bastard people, that is, composed of several, as of Sclavonians, Tshouds, and Tatars. Their idiom differs so much from the Russian pro-

per, that they cannot understand the latter without previous instruction in it, which is not the case respecting it with the Poles, the Bohemians, and others. Conscious of this absence of the Sclavonian element, their learned men of the sixteenth century traced the origin of their nation to the Ros people mentioned by the prophet Ezechiel, instead of to the Sclavonian race, and the inhabitants of Great Russia have since called themselves Rossianie, and their country Russia.

Not less remarkable was the change they introduced into the grammatical structure of their language, and the separation from the ancient Russians was completed when the latter, under the Polish government, acknowledged the supremacy of Rome in spiritual affairs, and the Muscovite Church declared itself independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is perhaps owing to their newly-discovered genealogy that the people of Great Russia consider themselves as the only Christian nation in the world, and look upon all others as pagans.

The name of Sclavi has proved more enduring than that of Antea, and from its great celebrity has altogether supplanted the name of Sirbi, and become the general domestic appellation of all Sclavonians. After a long controversy respecting the meaning and origin of the word, it was at length decided that it must be derived either from *Slawa* (fame), or from *Slowo* (word), by the first of which would be designated a nation celebrated for its achievements; and by the second a people the tribes of which all speak the same idiom, intelligible only amongst themselves. M. Safarik rejects both these; both because there is no example of a national appellation derived from such a source, and secondly, because they are entirely at variance with the Sclavonic idiom; the termination *anin*, Latin *anus*, (Sylvanus), in the word *Slowanin*, being only added to names signifying places and provinces. He thinks that it was the original name of the tract of country on the Upper Niemen where Ptolemy places his *Siloveni* or *Suoveni*. The same country is called, in Lithuanian, *Sallawa*, *Slawa*, (isle, land); in Tshoud, *Sullo* (a woody country), which it actually is; in ancient Prussian, *Salawa*; in Latin, *Scalavia*, and the inhabitants *Scalavitæ*; in modern German, *Schalauen*. The corruption of the most ancient appellation, *Slowanin*, into *Sclavus*, *Sclavinus*, *Sclavonian*, may be traced to the fact, that no foreign idiom can by any letter or combination of letters express the Sclavonic hard *l*, and Ptolemy made the nearest approach to it by spelling it *Siloveni*, *Suoveni*. The most correct word for it in our language would be *Slovanin*.

The Sclavi of Procopius, as well as his Antea, comprised several nations, independent of each other. Of these, the Polane—the Bulanes, Pulani, of Ptolemy—the modern Poles, (so called from their fertile plains,) early acquired a certain degree of celebrity, and established the centre of their power first at Kruswitz (846), then at Gnesen (Gniezno), and subsequently at Cracow. Christianity was introduced amongst them by Mieczislaus I., in 965; but his son Boleslaus the Great deserves more properly to be considered the true founder of the Polish monarchy, the limits of which he extended from the Dnieper to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Danube and the Teiss. He performed for himself the ceremony of his coronation in 1025, regardless whether his assumption of the royal title should be acknowledged either by the Pope or his antagonist the German Emperor. It is a fact deserving attention, that whilst at one period or another all the other Sclavonian nations were subjugated either by the Turks, Tatars, Magyars, Greeks or Germans, Poland still preserved her independence, standing ever the devoted sentinel to guard Europe against the infidels. She should therefore of right be viewed as the eldest and most worthy of the Sclavonian family, and while the civilized world commiserates her now unhappy fate, the Sclavonian nations have doubly to regret it, since it was through her that they were adopted members of the great European community. The Poles call themselves at the present day, *Polak*, in the plural *Polacy* (*Polatzy*), and their country *Polska*.

From Poland and Russia issued those numerous bands of Sclavonians who settled in the south and west of Europe, and to whose history we are now going briefly to advert.

The migration of the Sclavonians from Russia began so early as the time of the Huns, and we find them accordingly settled in the Roman Dacia, or in Walachia, Moldavia and Transylvania, as also in Zagoria, a highland district at the foot of the Haemus or Balkan chain. These in 678 lost not only their independence but their very name, which was changed into that of Bulgares, belonging to a people related to the Huns, who subjugated them. The Bulgares, however, like the Skandinavians in Russia, in their turn lost their nationality, and in the course of two centuries became entirely *Sclavonised*. They were converted to Christianity in 860. Constantin Cyrilus and Methodius, two celebrated Sclavonian apostles, introduced letters amongst them, and gave them a Sclavonic version of the Scriptures and a national liturgy. Thus Sclavonian literature first flourished among the Bulgarian Sclavonians.



Besides the translation of the Bible, one of their princes made a version of St. Chrysostom's works, not to mention many original compositions by other writers. The empire of the Bulgarian Sclavonians, the capital of which was Pereslaw, the ancient Marcianopolis, was overthrown in 971 by the united forces of the Russians and the Greeks, since which time they remained vassals of the latter, and subsequently of the Turks. A portion of them, the Walachians and Moldavians, now, however, enjoy perfect independence, although they still acknowledge the nominal sovereignty of the Porte. The names of Walachia and Moldavia arose in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the descendants of the ancient Celtes quitted the mountains of Transylvania, where they had taken refuge during the great migration in the time of the Huns, and made themselves masters of the government. Walachia is derived from the Sclavonian Walach or Walch, by which the Gallic or Celtic nations were designated, and which corresponds to the English word Wales, Welsh, and the German Walsche—*g* being usually changed into *w*. Walach in Sclavonic means a shepherd, thus indicating the mode of life of the Celtic mountaineers. The Polish name of Multani or Muntani (the Latin *Montani*) for Moldavia, which latter is derived from the river Moldawa, also signifies Highlanders. In both these provinces Sclavonic is the prevailing language, but it is intermixed with Latin, Celtic and Thracian.

During the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, Thracia, Macedonia, Thessalia, Albania, Greece (Hellas,) the Peloponnesus and the adjacent islands, were occupied by emigrants from Poland and Russia to such an extent that the Greek historians of those days bitterly complained that all Greece had become Sclavonian. "*Universa regio*," says Constantine Porphyrogenitus, "*Slavica ac barbara effecta*." When Nicetus, a native of Peloponnesus, boasted of his classic birth, the grammarian Euphemius called him "old Sclavonian face." The epitomist of Strabo equally lamented that all Epirus, Greece, (Hellas,) Peloponnesus, and Macedonia, were peopled with Skytho-Sclavonians. Constantinople itself became partly Sclavonianized, as may be inferred from the Sclavonian names of the highest officers of state; and it is a fact beyond all controversy that the Emperor Justinian was of the same extraction. Theophilus, his tutor (who died 534), says expressly that he was born of a Sclavonian family settled in Illyrian Dardania about the end of the fifth century. The father of the Emperor, called Sabbatias by Procopius and Theophanes, according to

Theophilus bore the family name of Iztok (*Sol oriens*), of which Sabbatios or Sabbazio is a Thracio-Phrygian version; and his mother and sister had the Sclavonian name Wiglenitza (Bigleniza), &c. The name of *Uprawda*, which Theophilus mentions that the Emperor bore amongst his countrymen, corresponds to his Latinized name, its literal meaning being *jus, justitia*. Contemporary historians state that the Emperor Basilus also was a Sclavonian; many cities bearing Sclavonian appellations still exist in Greece, as, for instance, Platxa, Stratza, Lutzena, Warsowa (Warsaw), Polonitza, &c. There are seven villages between Nauplia and Monembasia, inhabited by fifteen hundred Sclavonian families. The nationality of these Sclavonians was subsequently lost in that of the Greeks; yet so much of the Sclavonian element had been infused into the latter that the modern Greeks are found to differ widely from their remote ancestors. But the Sclavonians of Macedonia, Bosnia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Albania, have preserved their nationality both under the Greeks and the Turks, and may yet see the day of their independence, like their neighbours the Servians, who have but lately shaken off the yoke of Turkey. Amongst other primitive national institutions, the Sclavonians of Turkey still enjoy their municipal corporations, the origin of which, Mr. Urquhart, in his enthusiasm for Mahomedan nationality, has traced to some Arabian desert. Several Sclavonian colonists settled about 664 in Asia Minor near Seleucia ad Belum, the present Seleukobel, in the district of Opicium (Obsikonthema), and near Trapezunt at the mouth of the Kizil-Irmak (Halys), where their descendants are said still to be dwelling.

The present inhabitants of Servia (Sirbia), who still retain the primitive domestic appellation of their race, are descended from a colony which migrated from the country beyond the Carpathian Mountains, namely, eastern Galicia, and hence their language is an intermediate idiom partaking of the Russian and Polish. The epoch of their migration is supposed to have been between 684 and 638, and they have preserved their nationality in its full integrity down to the present day.

The Sclavonians of Dalmatia and Croatia, known usually under the name of Croates, came from the hilly country about Cracow, once called Charvatia or Croatia, in the early part of the sixth century. They preserved their independence for several centuries, until 1102, when they spontaneously united themselves with Hungary, and the Hungarian monarchs have since added to their

title, that of King of Croatia and Dalmatia. Their conversion to Christianity took place towards the end of the eighth century.

The tract of country once called Karantonia, and which at the present day comprises the Austrian provinces of Illyria, Karnia, Styria, and Upper and Lower Austria, was subsequently to the year 334 by degrees occupied by the western or Polish Sclavonians. Heavy calamities befel them during the eighth century, at which time the Germans, or rather the Franks under the dynasty of Charlemagne, extirpated by the sword, or sold as slaves to the inhabitants of distant countries, one portion of them, and subjugated the rest. We are told by Porphyrogenitus that the Franks tore infants from their mothers' breasts and threw them to the dogs: and that they bought and sold the adults by means of the Jews like so many beasts. To that epoch is to be traced the perversion of the honourable appellation of Sclavonian into that of slave (*Sclavus*, *Sklabos*, *Sklawe*, *Slave*, *Slaef*, *Esclave*, *Esclavo*, *Shiavo*).

Bohemia, inhabited from remote antiquity by Sclavonians, who were driven out by a Celtic race, the Boi, whence the name of Bohemia, which latter were in their turn conquered by the German Marcomanni, was peopled between 451 and 495 A. D. by emigrants from the Polish country Croatia already mentioned. They call themselves Czechowe (*Tshehove*), and their country Czechy, from their chief, Czech, which name, like that of Lech, Leszek, among the Poles, signified a high class of state officers, rather than any particular family or individual. Christianity was planted in Bohemia in 875, and the name of the first Christian King was Boryvoy. Bohemia maintained her independence within the limits traced by nature itself until the sixteenth century, when she became an appanage of the House of Hapsburg, in which the Bohemian dynasty was perpetuated in the female line. Next to Poland, Bohemia is the most advanced in civilisation of all the Sclavonian countries; and several Bohemians, amongst whom Kolowrat may be cited, possess great influence in the government, which they have turned to the benefit of their nationality. The literature of Bohemia is rich in every branch; Kollar and Haly are eminent poets, whilst Palacky is the best historian of Bohemia, and M. Safarik of all the ancient Sclavonians. The difference between the Bohemian and Polish languages is very trifling, and lies principally in the orthography.

The Sclavonians of Moravia, so called from the river Morava, as also those of Hun-

gary, who are now emphatically called the Sclavonians, came from beyond the Karpats, and established themselves in these countries at the same epoch as the Bohemians, but in the year 568, having been expelled from Hungary by the Avars, they dispersed themselves in Illyria, Karnia, and Styria. When however the Avars were conquered in 796 by Charlemagne, Hungary was again filled with Sclavonian emigrants from Moravia and the southern Karpats. They subsequently resisted many attempts of the Franks to enslave them, and under their king Swatopluk, formed an extensive empire, called Great Moravia, which stretched from the river Opava to the mouth of the Drava, and from Vienna in the East to the river Tarissae, and numbered Bohemia, a part of Silesia, Misnia and Lusatia (now in Saxony), as its vassal provinces. They were converted to Christianity in the early part of the eighth century, but their true apostles were Constantin and Methodius, who both died in Moravia, the latter as bishop, the former in a convent. To these men they were indebted for a translation of the Scriptures, for the Sclavonic liturgy, and for the introduction of writing amongst them, after which the national literature early made a rapid progress. The invasion of Hungary by the Magyars, a branch nation of the Huns, in 907, broke up the Moravian empire. "This was a blow," says M. Safarik, "which struck to the heart of the Sclavonian family. Such among them as escaped death or slavery, fled beyond the Karpats, to Bulgaria, Croatia, &c.; and in the soil fertilized by the toil and blood of the Sclavonians, and enlightened by the spirit of the immortal Constantin and Methodius, the sword of the Magyars dug the foundation of a firm throne." After nine centuries under a foreign dominion, the Sclavonians of Hungary, together with the rest of their brethren spread over Austria, have lately displayed extraordinary intellectual activity, and have so successfully laboured in promoting their nationality and literature as to put in jeopardy those of their Hungarian Masters. This accounts for the great zeal manifested of late by the Hungarian Diet for encouraging the study of the national language, which latter however will not be able much longer to keep down the Sclavonian, from which two-thirds of the words in the Hungarian are derived. This apprehension on the part of the Hungarians will not appear an ill grounded one, when it is considered that the German colonists are annually losing their nationality in that of the Sclavonians. To the national jealousy of the Hungarians may be imputed their unwillingness to admit their Sclavonian and German pop-

ulation to the same privileges with themselves, but on this point also they are obliged every year to make fresh concessions. Mighty events are casting their shadows before them, which threaten to stretch from Vienna to St. Petersburg.

The last of the principal Slavonian nations which we shall notice here are the Polabian, which appellation is derived from Laba, the Slavonic name of the Elbe. This nation was a branch of the Polish Slavonians, which began to emigrate from the Vistula and the Niemen in the third century, and occupied the provinces which had been thinned of their population by the emigration of the German nations towards and beyond the Rhine. The territory of which they took possession in the north of Germany extended from the mouth of the Oder along the shores of the East Sea (Ost See) to the Elbe, including several islands. Eastward it was separated from Poland by the Oder and the river Bobr. Towards the south and south west it stretched as far as the Bohemian mountains, and on the west from the sources of the Sala to its mouth and along the Elbe to the mouth of the Steknitz; thence to Lubeck and along the upper Eider to the city of Kiel in the Holstein of the present day: some colonies of Slavonians also settled in the midst of the Germans towards the Rhine and in Bavaria, and there preserved their nationality up to the sixteenth century.

These Polabian Slavonians were divided according to the national custom into several independent tribes, to which circumstance their final extermination by the Germans is to be ascribed. Yet notwithstanding this disadvantage, they contrived to resist for upwards of four centuries the whole united power of the emperors of Germany, and the animosity and fury with which the war was carried on by both parties is almost unexampled in the annals of Europe. Christianity was never fully embraced by this portion of the Slavonians, as the Germans sought to introduce it only by destroying their nationality; the consequence of which was that the majority of them perished sword in hand in defence of paganism. Some, however, who were converted by the Poles, must be excepted, and a few of their descendants still inherit the provinces of Lusatia and Misnia in Saxony.

Of all the Polabian Slavonians the Weleti were the most celebrated both for their numbers and for the persevering courage with which they defended their nationality against the Germans. Their primitive seat seems to have been in the vicinity of Wilno, though Ptolemy assigns them a district (Vel-tae) in Prussian Pomerania, between the

Vistula and the Niemen. They were early conspicuous for their warlike habits, which were such as to draw upon them from the other Slavonians the appellation of wolves, which gave rise to the fable related by Herodotus, which that historian\* treats as absurd as a matter of fact, of a northern tribe annually transformed into these predatory beasts. Similar epithets were frequent amongst the Slavonians, who even now call the Turks vipers; and the Kurds, from their predatory habits, still bear that of wolves. The appellation may originally have been an honourable one, as it must be borne in mind that, in the primitive simple state of society, physical force was considered in the light of a prime virtue. From the Slavonian word for wolf, *Wilk*, sing.—*Wilzi*, plural; the Greek *lukos*, the Latin *lupus*; the Lithuanian *lut. liut*, ferocious, are derived the words *Wilzi*, *Wilzen*, *Lutici*, and *Weleti*, *Woloti*, *Weletabi*, &c. from *Welot*, *Wolot*, signifying giant; all which are indicative of the reckless courage for which the Weleti were particularly distinguished. When their fame subsequently spread over Europe during the middle ages, the Germans and Scandinavians invented marvellous tales respecting them, and finally declared them to be a nation of sorcerers. A sword, that worked wonders, was called from their name *Walsung*, *Welsung*, *Welsi*. Their sway extended along the shores of the East Sea (Ost See), which was called after them *Wildamor* (the Sea of Weleti), and their capital city was the famed *Vinetha*,—in Slavonian, *Wolin*,—situated at the mouth of the Oder.

According to Venantius Fortunatus, and to Beda, the Weleti penetrated between 560 and 600 into Batavia, and settled near the city of Utrecht, which from them was called *Wiltaburg*, and the surrounding country *Wiltania*. Being separated from the other Slavonians by the German nations, the Weleti were unable long to preserve their independence, and in course of time either lost their nationality altogether, or ultimately re-joined their countrymen. Unquestionable proofs however of their having settled in the Netherlands exist in the names of cities evidently derived from them, as *Wiltaween* in Holland, *Wiltanburgh* near Utrecht, &c. and in some purely Slavonian names, as *Kamen*, *Sueta*, *Widenitz*, *Hudnin*, *Zwola*, *Wispe* or *Wespe*, *Slota*, &c. as also in numerous Slavonic words to be found in the ancient Dutch. It is the opinion of German historians, and of M. Safarik himself, that a body of Weleti or *Wilti* settled in our

\* Herod. Schweigh. iv. 150.

county of Wiltshire, where they arrived after the Anglo-Saxons; and some English authors, in alluding to this subject, derive the inhabitants of Wiltshire from a colony of Belgæ, who migrated thither from the country of Wiltonia already alluded to. Without pausing to investigate this question more fully at present, we will merely quote M. Safarik's own words concerning it.

"More obscure and less authentic are the accounts respecting the settlement of the Weleti in England, especially in that province which, after the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, was called Wiltseten, or Wilt, and from which rose the pre-ent Wiltshire. Early mention is also made of the town of Wiltun, now Wilton, and of the inhabitants Wiltoni, Wiltonisci; and it is not improbable that during that great migration of the north-western nations, and the confusion that arose amongst them during the fourth and fifth centuries, some detachments of chivalrous Weleti might have arrived there, and being pleased with the aspect of the country, already considerably advanced in civilization, settled in it. This would account for the numerous Slavonic words which occur in modern English. Being however unable to investigate this subject to its very source, at present, I am compelled to postpone the close examination of it to a future day and opportunity. The objection made by some against the supposition of the Weleti having settled in Batavia and Britain, on the ground that it would have been impossible for the weak and unwarlike Slavonians to have penetrated so far amongst foreign nations, as also that tumuli are found in Wiltshire, which it was not the custom amongst the Slavonians to raise, carries little weight with it. The Slavonians, as we know, penetrated from the Upper Volga and the western Dwina to Peloponnesus, Asia Minor, and Italy (beyond the river Soci), and in Germany as far as the mouth of the Elbe, having in all those countries conquered by the sword their permanent or temporary settlements. They might thence easily advance a few miles beyond the Mouth of the Elbe, and the raising of tumuli was from the remotest antiquity a practice quite as much in use with the Slavonians as with other nations."

Instead of dilating upon this curious passage, we would rather suggest to some of the Poles residing amongst us, to supply the inability of M. Safarik, by investigating the antiquities of Wiltshire, and ascertaining at the same time the number of Slavonic words contained in the English language, as we are of opinion that a work of this nature would throw fresh light upon English history. As Slavonic does not usually form a part of the studies of our literary men, the task could only be effectually performed by a Pole, and it would prove a pleasant labour for one of the refugees, who, whilst tracing amongst us the vestiges of his forefathers, might think himself at home for a time in a stranger's land.

"Closing our report," continues M. Safarik, "of the Slavonian nations and of the countries occupied by them, we cannot but feel astonished both

at the numbers of the people and extent of their settlements. It is in those vast countries between the Carpathian mountains, the Vistula, Lake Ilmen, the Volga, and the Don, that Tacitus, Ptolemy, Jornandes, and Procopius have described the immense nation of our ancestors—the Veneti; it is from these countries that in the course of three centuries a hundred armies of the Slavonian tribes marched to the south and west, and peopled half Germany, a part of England and Batavia, all Dacia, Pannonia and Illyricum, Byzantium and a part of Asia Minor; it is in these countries that the Bavarian historian, after the great migration of the Slavonians, and the terrible wars which their countrymen who were left behind carried on with the foreign nations who fell upon them from the east and west, still describes two hundred Slavonian nations, dwelling in three thousand seven hundred and seventy large cities, exclusive of the most populous Sirbi. It is again these countries, which our Nestor finds, long before the arrival of Varing Roussi, filled with a thousand cities, and peopled with various Slavonian nations, preferring, according to him and to the testimony of a series of foreign historians, liberty to life: it is these countries finally, which drew from Matheus, Bishop of Cracow (1150), the exclamation, 'Slavonia is as it were all the world; the Slavonian people in their countless multitudes equal the stars of heaven!'" Yet it is of these countries that certain Russian authors of the present day are pleased to assert that they were from remote antiquity the cradle of the Scandinavians, and that Rurik was not invited thither, but considered himself the legitimate heir to them; and further, that until the time of Vladimir the Great, they were a wild desert, over which were scattered here and there some poor families of nomadic fishermen and shepherds, called Calovicki (men), that is, robbers, peasants, slaves, from which later chroniclers have derived Slavonin, Slavane (Slavonian, Slavonians), and transferred it to an imaginary nation which never had existence."

We are indebted to M. Safarik for another specimen of the Russian mode of writing history. He gives an extract from the work of a certain Muravief, who has lately published a history of the well-known Republic of Veliki Novogrod, in which the author affirms that it was never anything more than a wretched borough, containing only about six thousand inhabitants. It can hardly be necessary to observe that Muravief's statement is entirely at variance with the truth; as the city of Novogrod, once a member of the Hanseatic league, was at one time so powerful as to set at defiance the Czars of Muscovy, though ultimately it succumbed to their power, when 30,000 of its population were killed and 50,000 transported.

The true cause of similar mis-statements lies in the degraded condition of the Russian people at the present day, brought about chiefly by an oppressive administration, and

" " Slavonia, quæ quasi est alter orbis—gens Slavonica multitudinis innumerabili, cœn sideribus adæquata."

the constant wars of aggression in which they are employed, whilst even a very slight knowledge of their former flourishing condition would open the eyes of the people, and render them hostile to their autocratic government. The insatiable ambition of Russia, aided by the zeal of the vanguard of her scribblers for the propagation of slavery, excites, amongst the Slavonians, a well-grounded apprehension that they may be destined to suffer the fate of Poland.

Our author, who seems to be an enthusiastic Slavonian patriot, on hearing his nation so grossly calumniated, is no longer able to restrain his indignation, and breaks into the following exclamation with the Bohemian poet Kollar :—

"What spell shall rouse ye from the silent tomb,  
Great Boleslaus, and thee, brave Swatopluk !  
that ye  
May see your land's misfortune; and behold  
Your race degenerate, dishonoured now ?  
A stranger-foe our dearest life-blood drains ;  
And sons, all reckless of their sires' renown,  
Unblushing make their boast of slavery."

**ART. IV.—*Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit.*** Von Joh. G. Herder. *Mit einer Einleitung* von Heinr. Luden. (Thoughts on the Philosophy of the History of the Human Race. By Joh. G. Herder. With an Introduction by Heinr. Luden.) Leipz. 1828.

In a former number of this journal\* it was shown, that the circumstances of Germany afford favourable opportunities for exercising a sound judgment upon some of the most important questions that can be raised respecting the extension of civilized settlements over the earth. Those opportunities have not been thrown away; and without pressing the remark beyond its legitimate limits, or exaggerating the merits of Germans on this head, attention may justly be directed to a body of men,—the writers of Germany, who have made invaluable contributions towards advancing public opinion on a most perplexing subject; and the present is a most propitious time for correctly estimating what the most eminent of them, Herder, has done to clear that subject from difficulty.

Unquestionably, of all the writers, ancient or modern, who have professed to trace the history of man, and to treat at large of his

civilisation in its varied phases—its rise, its progress, and its decay, its revival, and numerous modifications, Herder is perhaps the individual who has done the most complete justice to the subject in almost all its parts. Religion, as one of its instruments, has in him a powerful defender; justice, a strenuous advocate; philosophy, literature, and science, a great professor and friend; and the arts, an ardent lover. No class of men is neglected by him; but more especially has this profound genius excited a deep and general interest by his eloquent and feeling appeals on behalf of the less fortunate members of the human family, whose feebleness and deficiencies in their hour of struggle are mistaken by the pre-judiced for essential conditions of their existence, and whose adverse circumstances, which alone make their progress slow, have too long been aggravated by injustice. It is a peculiar merit, indeed, of Herder duly to have appreciated the onward tendencies of the whole race of mankind, extending his enlightened curiosity, as well as his kindly sympathy, to destitute, barbarous, and savage tribes, no less than to wealthy and refined nations. Upon this capital point he stands forth in proud and striking contrast with many illustrious authors, among whom may be specially mentioned Bossuet, Voltaire, and De Sismondi, representatives of the principal historical schools of the last 150 years. When expressly developing the causes of great social convulsions, and professing to collect lessons from *all* the past, to elevate and guide *all* the future, Bossuet in his *Universal History*, Voltaire in his similar work, *De Sismondi*, less generally, in his *Italian Republics*, turn in seeming despair from the annals of the savage fathers of mankind, as if those annals were incapable of illustrating a single point of policy, or of advancing a single claim of humanity; and they dogmatically pronounce those periods to be unprofitable, when unquestionably the discriminating and deep study of them would afford great instruction against many evils which daily afflict the world in the unceasing contest between the civilized and the uncivilized in every age, as well as in every clime. Herder was the first to pursue this view of the case to extensive results.

O her historians, in addition to narrating the events which constitute the great interests of civilized states, have entered with the most exact precision into the circumstances either of certain *portions* of the more barbarous races to whom European civilisation has never been imparted, or into the earliest state of *some* of the civilized nations, when they were still barbarous. Hume's account

\* Foreign Quarterly Review for October, 1833.—Article "On the Influence of Germany on the Civilization of Uncivilized Tribes."

of the Saxons, and Gibbon's chapters upon the Northern Invaders of the Roman Empire, not to mention the Manners of the Germans by Tacitus, are master-pieces of the latter kind; and Robertson, if his feebleness had not been unequal to the topics he selected, and to his perception of what those topics were susceptible of, would have far surpassed his contemporaries in regard to the former. The names of two other eminent men, Schiller and Thierry, must be mentioned, whose promise of being equal to Herder on the same point, and superior to him on others, failed without any blame attaching itself to them. Schiller died too soon to give the world what he was capable of producing for universal humanity; and our own contemporary, Thierry, the author of *The Causes and Consequences of the Norman Conquest*, and of other excellent works,\* is, by premature loss of vision, debarred, perhaps in a more unfortunate way, from pursuing his favourite study—the struggle of the oppressed of all ranks against the oppressors of all times. But Herder, in the ripeness of his age, worthily accomplished the sublime task fitted to so few minds; and our apology for adding some crude remarks to the great monument of his powers, *The Philosophy of History*, is an earnest desire to suggest its especial usefulness at the present day, when new advances are making to protect, without misleading, the oppressed savage; and to restrain, without lowering, his civilized master.

There is one point of view in which an addition to his work will be seen to be more especially needed; and an English observer enjoys a political position, and political experience in that respect, which are scarcely open to a German philosopher even at present, and much less to one living in the eighteenth century. The point of view referred to is, the daily working of the measures of government upon the rights, the happiness, and the prospects of every class, and of every individual within the influence not only of British authority, but all other authority upon earth. This is the wide and undisputed range of our right of discussion; and whilst readily admitting, that so vast a

field must be entered upon with becoming caution, and that the delicate interests it may sometimes border upon must be approached with decorum and prudence, we acknowledge no other bounds to our freedom but what are consistent with duty to our universal neighbour, and with a regard to the universal good of mankind.

That such is not at present the general rule of discussion is a proposition that need not be established by proof; but a remarkable illustration of this British freedom having been denied to Herder, and to his most enlightened countrymen, will be read with interest. In the later years of his life Herder supported with great zeal a periodical work proposed by Schiller, which had also the earnest approval of Kant, Fichte, Goethe, Jacobi, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and other distinguished writers. Nevertheless, with so brilliant an assemblage to guarantee the work from any considerable evil, and to give it the promise of great probable good, *the jealousy of the German governments, to Schiller's great inconvenience, excluded the religion and politics of the state from its pages.*

"The more elevated inquiries to be pursued in that work," says the writer to whom we are indebted for the anecdote, "were to prepare better principles and purer morals for the advancement of mankind, and for the increase and spread of human happiness. If the present was interdicted as a subject of controversy, the page of history was open to the student of the past, and the future might be contemplated without excitement, whilst all reform was to be rested upon the calm introduction of improved ideas. Science was to contribute its stores to the work, and the Muses were to adorn it with their best gifts. In its preparation, learning and the fine arts were no longer to be separated as they were wont to be. The deepest truths were to be made familiar in social life; embellishments in style were to relieve the gravity of science;—and examples of good taste were to enliven dry philosophy. The din of war and political strife, which so much occupied mankind elsewhere, were here to have a favoured rival; and popular errors, which could not safely be attacked openly, would be undermined by prudent changes being gradually brought about in men's opinions."

But it was precisely because the daily affairs of state were excluded from their deliberations, that even such men as Herder and Schiller failed to devise the fitting remedies for the past evils which they so well described, and the proper means of securing the better condition of humanity which they so well also anticipated. Beautiful as is the foregoing theory, which Schiller drew and Herder approved, and excellent as the things are which it produced, nothing can

\* The new work of M. Augustus Thierry, "Récits des Temps Mérovingiens, précédés de Considérations sur l'Histoire de France." (Paris, 1840,) is a remarkable proof of the powers of this eminent writer; and the Preface contains a touching allusion, in a single phrase, to his unfortunate privations. After citing a passage from the Martyrs of M. Chateaubriand, which had made a deep impression upon him in his youth, he adds—"Aujourd'hui, si je me fais lire la prière qui m'a tant frappé, je retrouve mes émotions d'il y a trente ans."—Preface, xxi.

\* Schiller's Leben von Dr. Karl Hoffmeister, vol. iii. pp. 7, 9.

be plainer than that such a scheme for human improvement must lamentably fail in the great struggles to which men are destined. With it, as the *sole* panoply, liberty, would be ever refused to the slave; due protection to the emancipated negro be impossible; and the safety of millions of aboriginal inhabitants of remote lands be hopeless. Great changes in policy alone can help all of them in their fearful struggles; and such changes come only through political discussion, and political action. These being refused to the great German minds, they speculate at an infinite disadvantage; and in enjoying free political discussion and free political action, we are compensated for our inferiority to some of our continental neighbours in our theories, and even in some great points of constitutional organization. With this deduction made for the adverse national position of Herder, his authority cannot be estimated too high; and he will be consulted at the present moment with the greatest public advantage.

Never were the lessons of philosophy, the precepts of genuine religion, and the force of well-founded public opinion, more urgently needed than they are at present for the relief of suffering humanity; and no man, we repeat, ever taught more profoundly than Herder how to alleviate the particular sufferings which now most extensively afflict those feeble members of the human family who are least able to avert them through their own slender resources. The horrors of war, so often excited among civilized nations themselves to their grievous dishonour, seem to be reserved by Christian nations in our day, in every part of the earth, exclusively as their grand mode of intercourse with heathens, but under the new character of wars to extend civilisation, and trade, and even territorial dominion, in place of the old wars of extermination for the spread of religion. By the law of nations shut out from the right of appealing to the common sense of justice, which to civilized people often supplies the want of power to control aggression; and prohibited by the same law from seeking the vigorous intervention of neighbours to support resistance against wrong, the savage is crushed before he can acquire the civilisation he yearns for, and which in derision is made the condition of his just treatment. The result of all this is manifest in the sanguinary conflicts in which all the great maritime Christian nations are engaged with uncivilized people, not only in regions remote from the immediate influence of public opinion, but also in countries most closely bordering upon our

own, and under the direct observation of the most refined nations.

The American Indian, in the midst of enlightened millions of citizens of the United States, is hunted down by the blood-hound, and by the more fatal rifleman, for the sake of a few poor acres of swamp, or to get rid of the troublesome protector of the runaway slave, as the Malay of Sumatra is decimated by Hollanders to compel the surrender of his unknown and pestilent forests. The Arab of Algiers, within two days' sail of polished France, is attacked by her legions, as his fellow Arab of Aden is defrauded and abused by British cupidity, and as the thousands of Zoolahs of South Africa are destroyed by misgoverned British colonists. The Tatars of Khiva, and the Circassians of the Caucasus are assailed by enlightened Russia, already gorged with uncultivated wastes; and the natives of Australia, and a hundred other tribes, are systematically ruined by civilized governments too corrupt and too idle to adapt adequate remedies to the wrong. Consequently, all those various people, with reason enough, agree in one common sentiment excited by our sanguinary career—the sentiment of hatred of Christians;—in spite of the extreme desire the most savage among them have to share the benefits of an improved condition of life. In the heart of Africa that hatred has been met, caused by our violences in India; and if the Esquimaux of the frozen north could communicate with his persecuted brother of Kamschatka, or the ferocious wanderer of the Pampas with the peaceful islander of the South Sea, or the kidnapped negro with the solitary remnant of the victims of the convict-shepherds of Van Diemen's Land—their united voices would utter the same cry of execration at the white man's name; and never with more reason than now; for the evil which is doing to these tribes, and which springs directly from principles fostered in the very heart of our civilized institutions, was at no period more fatal in effect, although more hopeless of cure.

The eighteenth century with its ultra-fraudulent diplomacy, its surpassingly corrupt bureaucracy, its new and most mischievous colonial misrule, and, above all, its profound hypocrisy, ended consistently in an universal war big with universal curses; and prepared us too well for the scenes which are now enacting at the outskirts of civilisation. The consequences of our present conflicts with the savages cannot be mistaken. These conflicts are novel only in their extent, and in their objects; their parallels in former days having furnished, in the scenes

of blood which followed them, warning enough to stay our hand from iniquities identical with those of former days, and which must produce the like results.

To sum up the number of the slaughtered victims of our system during the last three or four years alone, would be to bring forth to view the most disgraceful of our colonial annals. In South Africa upwards of 12,000 blacks have been killed by our system since 1837, with many hundreds of whites, including women and children. In the Australias, in New Zealand, in Guiana, in Canada, crimes have occurred of this kind, which in intensity or consequences, if not in the number of lives lost, are of the deepest die.

It is well that this is one side only of the reality. If the cruelties of Spaniards, of Englishmen, and of Hollanders in all their colonies during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which the good men of those times could not stop, may still be paralleled in the nineteenth, not only among the same people, but in every settlement of every other civilized state, still the vindicators of humanity are now beginning to discover the causes why their predecessors, such as the Las Casas, the Monsons, the Elliots, the Boyles, the Penns, the Berkeleys, the Brainerds, the Ben-zets, and the Granville Sharpes failed; and, in consequence of the general improvement of the public mind, the true policy when fairly presented has a better prospect of being adopted at present, and of being successfully worked out, than if it had been proposed at any earlier period.

How far the views of Herder prepared the way for this better state of things will be seen in the detail about to be given of his sentiments upon civilizing mankind to which some observations are added to show what was wanting to his system.

Setting out with the principle—justified by an accurate survey of man in every age and in every condition wherever known,—that *all* possess some elements of civilisation, Herder traces its progress and revolutions step by step, and carefully pursues the inquiry throughout the whole material and intellectual world; and he concludes with confidence that the general tendencies of things are towards improvement. Consistently with this opinion, his system would foster the useful and kindly elements in all, in order to give to good tendencies their utmost development and influence. Far, however, from being unobservant of the difficulties which history opposes to these consolatory views, it is only after expatiating with great eloquence and great candour upon the fearful mischances that

have befallen nations, and after even admitting the account "of their happiness and unhappiness, and of the vacillations of reason and passion, wisdom and folly, in their best rulers," to have been most melancholy,—that he adopts the happier conclusion, that through obedience to reason, and by genuine religion, all mankind will become worthy actors on the great stage of life, where wisdom is destined to create order, and goodness to prevail over iniquity. So far indeed from its being a part of his system to overlook existing evils, he on the contrary studiously notices the bad as well as the good results of all human operations. For example, it is a solid compensation for the horrors of war to know, that this "trade of robbery, rudely exercised," as it once was, without any mitigation, has at length lost much of its savage character, the very invention of its great instrument, *gunpowder*, promising to extinguish many of its brutalising incidents. "Thus," says Herder, "conformably to an unshakable law of nature, the evil itself has produced some good." The same principle he applies to commerce, to the arts, and even to *politics*. Upon this last topic, however, aware, as Herder is, of the vast influence of political constitutions, it is plain that he has not formed any definite plan as to the particular measures wanted to avert the evils, which no man ever detected more sagaciously, or denounced with a more uncompromising spirit. Before enlarging upon this grave deficiency in the great work of Herder, *The Philosophy of History*, it will be convenient to show his enlightened views respecting the weaker branches of the human family, to which the powerful in all ages have been unjust, and to which Europeans still refuse the benefit of the change of manners, the political liberality and the constitutional improvements so remarkable in our time.

"How contracted," says he, "must the scheme of Providence be, if every individual of the human species were to be formed to what we call civilisation, for which refined weakness would often be a more appropriate term! Among a civilized people, what is the number of those who deserve this name? in what is their pre-eminence to be placed? and how far does it contribute to their happiness?"—*Preface*, p. vi.

The Jew, therefore, the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, and the Pagan, are essentially within the fold of humanity to him.

With the ground of true philanthropy thus broadly laid, and with the abandonment of a prejudice prevalent in Europe against *uncivilized* people, at least from the first crusader, it is not surprising to find the philosopher of



Weimar at the head of the illustrious band, which was soon to obtain Negro emancipation, only as an opening to justice to the oppressed, free or bond, in every clime. England may be proud of Berkeley and Granville Sharpe, and their followers, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Sturge; France may well boast her Gregoire, and her Montyon; Spain, her Las Casas; and America, her Benezet and her Franklin. But in Herder, who is not alone in Germany, that country possesses "the genius of benevolence, and the benevolence of genius,"\* displayed with equal purity, and, in some points of view, with superior effect. From the essential distinctions which he proved to exist between man and all other created beings; from the upright attitude of man alone of all animated nature; from the power of speech belonging exclusively to him; in short, from all the wonderful peculiarities of man's conformation, Herder infers his capability of all that is intellectual and refined, his fitness for the highest civilisation, and his hopes of immortality. He shows with great force that all human beings, without exception, possess this conformation in more or less perfection, varying indeed almost indescribably, but being as evidently members of one original race as they are absolutely disconnected from the various brutes which in some respects resemble them.

"As the human intellect," says he, "seeks unity in every kind of variety, and the Divine mind, its prototype, has stamped the most innumerable multiplicity upon the earth with unity, we may venture, from the vast realm of change, to revert to the simplest position: *all mankind are only one and the same species*. How many ancient fables of human monsters and prodigies have already disappeared before the light of history! and where tradition still repeats remnants of these, I am fully convinced more accurate inquiry will explain them into more beautiful truths. We are here acquainted with the orang-outang, and know that he has no claim to speech, or to be considered as man: and when we have a more exact account of the orang-kubul, and orang-guhn, the tailed savages

\* An interesting biographical work was published in Paris a few years since called *La Société Franklin-Montyon*. It consisted of the portraits and biographies of individuals distinguished for their useful talents, or rare benevolence, Franklin being adopted as the type of the former, and Montyon of the latter; Franklin as the individual in whom genius was the most successfully directed to the general good, and Montyon as the most remarkable of all men for directing the rarest spirit of philanthropy with the soundest judgment. The words in the text form the motto, and express the spirit of this work, which contains a rich gallery of examples under both heads.

† The very remarkable work of Mr. Linnæus Martin on Zoology, now publishing, supplies by experience what Herder only anticipated by reason.

of the woods of Borneo, Sumatra, and the Nicobar islands, will vanish. The men with reverted feet in Molucca, the probably ricketty nation of dwarfs in Madagascar, the men habited like women in Florida, and some others, deserve such an investigation, as has already been bestowed on the Albinos, the Dondoes, the Patagonians, and the aprons of the Hottentot females. Men who succeed in removing wants from the creation falsehoods from our memory, and disgrace from our nature, are, to the realms of truth, what the heroes of mythology were to the primitive world; they lessen the number of monsters on the earth."—vol. i. p. 295.

After thus vindicating the dignity of the human race as a whole, Herder passes in review its individual branches, giving to each, according to its varying circumstances, the place for which from time to time it becomes most suited. If the love of home, the love of liberty, the love of offspring, mark the most barbarous as strongly as the most civilized; and if this degree of identity sufficiently indicates a common nature, certain it also is that the two states of life, the savage and the refined, produce men of powers and character, exceedingly diverse, so long as their conditions vary. Indolence and industry, ignorance and knowledge, poverty and wealth, are their several marks; and the contrary habits, which those circumstances respectively create, are unfortunately not only in the highest degree difficult to be changed, but they render the superior of the two bodies in which they prevail, in the highest degree likewise intolerant of the other's deficiencies. Accordingly the civilized conqueror of the barbarian, and the more refined colonist of savage lands, have almost always exercised their superiority, without consideration, and often without mercy. Herder, in depicting the conflicts which from the earliest ages have taken place between men in these different states, steadily supports the cause of the weaker; and eloquently appeals to the better sympathies of human nature on behalf of those who, in modern times, are so extensively the victims of the cupidity of the strong. After describing the misery of the Mexican Indians and others, he then comes to "the throne of nature, and of the most barbarous tyranny, Peru, rich in mines and misery." "All the powers of these tender children of nature, who once lived so happily under their Incas, are now compressed into the single faculty of suffering and forbearing, with silent hatred." "At first sight," says Pinto, governor of Brazil, "a South-American appears gentle and harmless; but on a closer inspection, something savage, mistrustful, gloomy, and repining, is discoverable in his countenance."

"May not all this," asks Herder, "be accounted

for by the fate of the people? They were gentle and harmless when you visited them; and the unfashioned wildness of a well disposed race should have received that improvement of which it was capable. What can you now expect, but that, gloomy and mistrustful, they should cherish in their hearts the most profound, ineradicable discontent! They are bruised worms, that appear hateful to our eyes, in consequence of our having crushed them with our feet."—vol. i. p. 285.

Again, after stating affecting instances of love of home in uncivilized people, and of the horrors of the slave-trade, he indignantly exclaims :

"What right have you, monsters! even to approach the country of these unfortunates, much less to tear them from it by stealth, fraud, and cruelty? For ages this quarter of the globe has been theirs, and they belong to it: their forefathers purchased it at a dear rate, at the price of the negro form and complexion. In fashioning them the African sun has adopted them as its children, and impressed on them its own seal: wherever you convey them, this brands you as robbers, as stealers of men."—Ib. p. 305.

For the dreadful revenge of the outraged savage, he thus accounts.

"To us this seems horrible; and it is, no doubt: yet the Europeans first urged them to this misdeed: for why did they visit their country? Why did they enter it as despots, arbitrarily practising violence and extortion?"—Ib. p. 306.

In the same way the deep-seated hostility of the American Indian to Christians is traced to the injuries received from an oppressive intruder. The same sympathy extends to China, who "cannot be blamed for laying restraints on the Dutch, Russians, and other Europeans, when she observes their conduct in the island or continent of the East Indies, in the north of Asia, and in her own land."—vol. ii. p. 18.

And the reflections which conclude the sketch of India will find an echo in many a quarter, now that at length a popular movement is making to relieve the Hindoo from wrong.

"Happy would it have been," says Herder, "for such a peaceful people to have dwelt on a solitary island, remote from all conquerors; or at the foot of mountains inhabited by those human beasts of prey, the warlike Mongols; and near those coasts abounding with havens, to receive the artful and covetous adventurers of Europe;—how could the poor Hindoos maintain themselves and their pacific system? It was the constitution of Hindostan that sunk it under internal and external wars, till at length the maritime powers of Europe subjected it to a yoke under which it is uttering its last groans. Hard course of the fate of nations! Yet it is nothing more than the order of nature. In the most beautiful and fertile region of the earth, man must early attain refined ideas, an imagination widely expatiating on nature, gentle manners, and regular institutions; but in this region he must soon

avoid laborious activity, and thus become the prey of every robber who visited their happy land,—till at length Europeans, from whom nothing is remote, came and established empires of their own among them. All the information, and all the merchandize, that they have brought us thence, by no means compensate the evil they have done to a nation by whom they were never offended."—vol. ii. p. 39. ¶

Herder pursues a similar strain of reproach against the oppressors of the "*ancient aborigines of Europe*"—the Basques, the Gael, the Cimbri,—with their lands seized, their language eradicated, and their very name almost lost before successive invasions;—the Fins, pressed into the remote north,—and the Lettonians and Prussians cruelly enslaved by their pretended protectors and spiritual guides.

"So that centuries will pass before the yoke is removed, and these peaceful people are recompensed for the barbarities they suffered, for losing of land and liberty, by being humanely formed anew to the use and enjoyment of an improved freedom."—vol. ii. p. 325—339.

The crushed Slavian nations, as we have shown in another article in the present number, afford fresh occasion for the display of the same kindly sentiments, and more sanguine anticipations of the not distant time, when

"These now deeply sunk, but once industrious and happy people, will at length awake from their long and heavy slumber, shake off the chains of slavery, enjoy the possession of their delightful land, from the Adriatic Sea to the Carpathian Mountains, from the Don to the Muldaw, and celebrate on them their ancient festivals of peaceful trade and industry."—vol. ii. p. 351.

These few extracts show that Herder estimated correctly the disastrous consequences of disregard for national rights, and of the evils of conquest; and his remarkable exposition of the uses of religion, and above all, of the genuine Christian religion, in spite of early and great abuses, with his views of the humanizing effects of the arts, of literature, and of commerce, prove that he had excellent views respecting the transition from barbarism to civilisation. Nevertheless he is greatly defective, not so much in laying too little stress upon the wonders to be accomplished for mankind by wise and humane legislation, as in omitting to set forth the particular laws and the principles of government that would abate the evils, and augment the good which he so well describes. This omission springs from his melancholy experience. He himself knew only despotisms, and perceiving the miseries brought even by the free, as for example, the Dutch and the English, upon the savage, he too hastily concluded that anarchy

is better than any rule whatever. Hating misgovernment, and hopeless of being able to reform it, he even in a fit of despair abandons his general confidence in the better prospects of man, and if he does not incline to the error of Rousseau in favour of savage life, he would in this disposition leave uncivilized man, without aiding him in his efforts to improve.

"It is incomprehensible," says he, "how man should be made for no state, so that his first true happiness must necessarily spring from its constitution; for how many people upon earth are entirely ignorant of all government, and yet are happier than many who have sacrificed themselves for the good of the state? I will not enter upon the benefits or mischiefs which this artificial form of society brings with it; but it may be observed, as every art is merely an instrument, and the most complicated instrument necessarily requires the most prudence and delicacy in managing it, this is an obvious consequence, that with the greatness of a state, and the intricate art of its constitution, the danger of rendering individuals miserable is infinitely augmented. In large states, hundreds must pine with hunger that one may wallow in luxury; thousands are oppressed, and hunted to death, that one crowned fool or philosopher may gratify his whims. Nay, as all politicians say that every well constituted state must be a machine, regulated only by the will of one, what increase of happiness can it bestow, to serve in this machine as a thoughtless member? or probably indeed, contrary to our better knowledge and conscience, to be whirled round all our lives on an Ixion's wheel, that leaves the tormented wretch no hope of comfort, unless perhaps in strangling the activity of his free, self-governing mind, to seek happiness in the insensibility of a machine? Oh, if we be men, let us thank Providence that this was not made the general destination of mankind. Millions on this globe live without government; and must not every one of us, even under the most exquisite government, if we will be happy, begin where the savage begins, seeking to acquire and maintain health of body and soundness of mind, the happiness of his house and his mind, not from the state, but from himself? Father and mother, husband and wife, son and brother, friend and man, are natural relations, in which we may be happy; the state gives us nothing but instruments of art, and those, alas! may rob us of something far more essential—may rob us of ourselves. Kindly considerate was it therefore in Providence to prefer the easier happiness of individuals to the artificial ends of great societies, and spare generations those costly machines of state as much as possible. It has wonderfully separated nations, not only by woods and mountains, seas and deserts, rivers and climates, but more particularly by languages, inclinations, and characters; that the work of subjugating despotism might be rendered more difficult, that all the four quarters of the globe might not be crammed into the belly of a wooden horse. No Nimrod has yet been able to drive all the inhabitants of the world into one park for himself and his successors; and though it has been for centuries the object of united Europe to erect herself into a despot, compelling all the nations of the earth to be happy in her way, this happiness-dispensing deity is yet far from having obtained her end."—vol. i. p. 401.

This passage, it will be seen, raises to-

pics now of daily interest. A distrust of the power of any government to do good to uncivilized tribes—a sentiment arising from the calamities inflicted upon them by *all* governments—now paralyses and misleads many friends of the oppressed aborigines. It strengthens the hands of the ill-disposed, by causing inquiry to be deferred as to what guarantees might be established to check illiberal and unjust proceedings towards those people. The same unreasonable and unreasoning doubts of the true power of law to put down iniquity, also prompts good men to resort to unsuitable means to promote excellent purposes; and at this very moment those doubts constitute stumbling blocks to the success of the noblest enterprize in which the benevolent were ever engaged. We allude to the efforts of a powerful party to place the political direction of the civilisation of Africa chiefly in the hands of the missionaries, the result of which would necessarily be the ruin of the cause through the corruption of those who are now admirable agents within their proper sphere.

The good offices of religion, of commerce, and of the arts, we repeat, are sufficiently estimated by Herder; and, as has been stated, he is generally acquainted with the humanizing influence of good government. He himself anticipates the restoration of prosperity to the Slavian nations through "*legislation and politics*, instead of a military spirit."—vol. ii. p. 351. He is quite aware that

"Social institutions are the most exquisite productions of the human mind, and human industry, as they embrace the whole state of things, according to time, place, and circumstances, and consequently must be the result of much experience and assiduous attention."—vol. ii. p. 484.

He saw clearly the value of

"The *municipal law* which arose in the middle ages, very different from that of the Romans, and erected on the basis of liberty and security, according to German principles, and productive of industry, arts, and subsistence."—ib. p. 528.

Herder nevertheless knew well the want of something better than what has ever existed; and he concludes his great work in these striking words:

"In Europe men have not yet thought of a system of civilisation by means of good training, good laws, and good political institutions, calculated to embrace all ranks in society, and to extend to the whole human race. And when will they think of such a system? It is not to be despaired of. The intelligence of civilized society improves; its restless activity spreads far and wide, ever gaining new strength in its slow, but generally prosperous progress, and that very slowness in reaching matur-

ity seems to be a sure guarantee to excellence in the best things."

And in Johann von Muller's edition of the *Philosophy of History* may be seen a sketch of additional chapters found among Herder's manuscripts at his death, in which his views must have been developed more satisfactorily. The 23d, 24th, and 25th of those chapters have the following note of their contents for the 18th century, after a grand outline of a similar character for the preceding 600 years.

"23d Ch. The new Spirit of the Sciences in Italy and France. The Development of the Fine Arts. The Rights of Man and Equality. Spirit of Industry and Commerce. Money, Luxury, and Taxes. Legislation. General remarks.

"24th Ch. Russia. The East and West Indies. Africa. European System. Relations of Europe with the rest of the World.

"25th Ch. The Civilisation of the Human Race considered, in reference to Religion, to Law, and Government, to Commerce, to the Arts, and to Literature and Science. The special Nature of the Human Mind. Its general Influence on all Things. The Prospects of Man."

The grandeur of the edifice to be erected according to this plan is duly appreciated by Von Muller, who was himself eminently qualified to be the successor in completing the work; although he asks with a natural and modest doubt where that successor can be found.

If the just opinions of Herder, which are those of Lord Bacon, as to "law and government" being among the great means of civilisation, were consistently carried out; and if he had completed what in the parts of his work touching this point is at present but a splendid *fragment*, the desponding passage above quoted could not have been written; but in its place there would have appeared a sketch of the particular legislation and institutions necessary to render the spreading of civilized man beneficial, and not destructive, to his uncivilized fellows in the woods and savannahs of America; in the deserts and forests of Africa; in the plains of Australia and India; and in the islands of the Southern and Eastern Seas.

Without attempting here to offer even a slight outline of a system of this character, we may safely say to the numerous individuals among us who cannot look upon the rapid extension of British power and British colonies, without feeling that the establishment of such a system is due to the national honour,—let Herder's *Philosophy of History* be your earliest study, with the determina-

tion to supply from the results of British experience what, in the author's peculiar position, it is not surprising should be wanting in him.

This article, as the reader will, we trust, have supposed, is not written on Herder. To do justice to his genius and character will demand a far wider range of criticism, and more copious illustrations, than it is, at present, our intention to enter upon. We do not even enter at large upon the *Philosophy of History*, having selected a single point for consideration,—namely, the German author's views respecting the duty of civilized towards uncivilized nations. The time seems propitious for the topic; and we repeat, that they who take a lead in founding new British empires in Australia, New Zealand, America, Africa, and the East, could not call a better councillor to their aid than this admirable man.

ART. V.—1. *Specimens de Caractère Français et Etrangers de l'Imprimerie Royale*. Paris, Imprimerie Royale. 1835.

2. *Débuts de l'Imprimerie à Strasbourg, ou Recherches sur les Travaux Mystérieux de Gutenberg dans cette ville, et sur le Procès qui lui fut intenté en 1439 à cette occasion*. Par Léon de Laborde. Paris. Sechener. 1840.

3. *Débuts de l'Imprimerie à Mayence et à Bamberg, ou Description de Lettres d'Indulgence du Pape Nicholas V. pro regno Cypri, imprimées en 1454*. Par Léon de Laborde. Paris, chez Sechener; à Strasbourg, chez Levrault; à Leipsig, chez Rudolph Werzell. 1840.

Of all the events connected with the ultimate destiny of man, printing amid human inventions will probably exercise the most important influences. When it burst forth like the dawn of light, it both awakened the minds of men, and poured upon them that radiance, which had long been held entombed within the dark precincts of monasteries. Previous to that epoch, the thoughts of men were ever in danger of sinking with them into their graves, or if they survived, the individuals who originated them, were deprived of their just fame; through printing, the intellectual labours of mankind are preserved and perpetuated. Fabric upon fabric is continually added to the structure of human intelligence, and from the living monuments of the past, men gather the experience that enables them to ascend still

\* J. G. von Herder's *Sammtliche Werke*, Siembener Theilu, p. 305. 12mo. Stuttgart und Tübingen Cotta. 1828.

higher, and to take their own upward flight.

And truly this is a mighty power for man to wield; the characters traced by his pen are circulated by its means amongst thousands of human beings, contributing possibly to their comfort and prosperity in social life, and becoming their consoling friends in solitude. Above all it lent its powerful aid to religion, when it burst asunder the chains by which men were barred from the near approach to the book of life and truth, and delivered it unfettered and entire, a most precious gift, to all future generations; thus hastening the period when the words "and there shall be one fold and one shepherd" shall be fulfilled.

Printing has also greatly contributed to the production of learned men in Europe. Lord Herbert in his life of King Henry VIII. supposed that Cardinal Wolsey more particularly alluded to the effects of this art, in his letter to the Pope, where he remarks :

"that his Holiness could not be ignorant, what diverse effects this new invention of printing had produced, for it had brought in and restored books and learning, so together it had been the occasion of those sects and schisms, when men begin now to call in question the present faith and tenets of the Church, and to examine how far religion is departed from its primitive institutions; and that, which particularly was most to be lamented, they had exhorted lay and ordinary men to read the Scriptures, and to pray in the vulgar tongue, and if this was suffered, besides all other dangers, the common people at last might come to believe, that there was not so much use of the clergy."

The monks were exceedingly alarmed by the encroachment, which printing threatened to make on the power which they ever used over the minds of their fellow men; and they had the sagacity to perceive that the eyes of those who had hitherto been accustomed to place implicit faith in their precepts, would now soon be opened. The good fathers too, one of whose chief occupations was that of copying manuscripts, viewed with an eye as jealous as that of a Manchester weaver, and not without cause, the mighty "machine," which threatened "to throw them out of work." A certain vicar of Croydon too, in a sermon which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, made use of these remarkable words, "we must root out printing or printing will root out us."

It has been surmised by some, that the art of printing has been practised in former ages amongst the eastern nations.

It appears that stone was the first substance upon which any figures or letters were engraved; according to Epigenes,\* the an-

cient Chaldeans engraved or wrote their astronomical observations on bricks for about 720 years. And the characters upon the Babylonian bricks brought into this country are manifestly impressions produced by an engraved block, as in most cases several of the letters are indistinct, as if an unequal pressure had been applied; and engraved cylinders also have been found, which are supposed to have been employed in impressing characters upon the soft clay, previous to its being hardened by exposure either to fire or the sun.

In treating of the subject of printing some reference should be made to the history of paper, but our readers are probably too familiar with all that is known of the papyrus of the Egyptians, one of the most ancient substitutes on record, and the gradual improvements in various countries down to the present day, to need our giving more than a passing allusion to it; and to treat this branch worthily, would require a separate treatise. Such of our readers as require more information respecting this subject may have recourse to a far better source in Sir J. G. Wilkinson's admirable work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians." Neither is it requisite to dwell on the shoulder-blades of sheep, on which the early Arabs engraved their romantic effusions. The papyrus paper, from Egypt, was also in use amongst them, until the introduction of parchment 250 years before our own era, a material for which we are indebted to the ambition of Eumenes, who, wishing to possess a more splendid library than that at Alexandria, was frustrated in his endeavours by the jealous efforts of the Ptolemies, and this circumstance led to the invention and employment of a substitute.

Parchment held its ground until the use of it was in some measure superseded, by the discovery of the method of making paper from cotton and silk, called *carta bombycina*, and is supposed to have been known in the beginning of the twelfth century. It derived its appellation of *carta Damascena* from having been introduced into Spain from Syria. The Chinese were acquainted with the art of making paper in great perfection from various vegetable substances as early as A. D. 95, and Gibbon tells us "from credible testimony, that paper was first imported from China to Samarcand A. H. 30 (A. D. 652) and *invented*, or rather introduced, at Mecca A. H. 88, (A. D. 710)."

The period at which linen paper was first

\* All the MSS. give "DCCXX. annorum." The insertion of M. by some editors of Pliny appears

wholly unsupported by existing MSS., although Cicero may be added in favour of the reading DCCXXM. in two passages,

used has not been accurately ascertained ; but, apparently, it was not prior to the eleventh century. The Moors introduced it into Spain. The earliest specimen preserved of it, is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, bearing date of A. D. 1100 ; and Casiri in his catalogue of Arabic MSS. in the library of the Escorial, makes especial mention that many of them are written on this kind of paper. It is certain, however, that linen paper was very rare in Europe until the fifteenth century, and it was not before 1690 that writing or printing paper was made in London. Previous to that period we had our supplies of it from Holland and France. A kind of mixed paper, however, must have been in use long before, as a letter addressed to Henry III. by Raymond, son of Raymond sixth Count of Toulouse, is still preserved in the Tower of London. This, therefore, must have been between the years 1216 and 1272.

The Chinese practised a kind of printing at least 2000 years ago, but not with moveable types. This seems to have been somewhat similar to the mode now in use among us of printing wood cuts from blocks ; and even in the present day, they still execute works in this manner, as well as by moveable types. The manner in which they do it is by preparing a smooth block of wood, generally from the pear-tree. Being planed, the block is squared to the size of two pages—the surface is then rubbed over with size, generally made from boiled rice, which makes it perfectly smooth. The characters to be printed are written on thin paper the size of the block, which is glued on to it in an inverted position, so that the characters can be perfectly seen through the back. The intermediate parts are then cut away with great skill, and the letters are thus left in relief, and finally the paper is gently removed. The Chinese chronicles state that this mode of printing was invented 50 B. C., but that paper was not manufactured till 95 A. D., so that printing was in use 145 years before the invention of paper. Previous to that time, they used a kind of silk instead of paper. This was certainly the nearest approach to the modern mode.

Towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, a rude attempt was made in England by the printing of playing cards, from wooden blocks. This was followed by what were called block books, on which, at first, only the rude figure of a saint with a few lines of letters were cut, and gradually entire pages were impressed in this manner. The earliest block book that we know of, bears the date of 1423, and is in Earl Spencer's library ; it contains a very curious wood cut of

St. Christopher. M. Leon de Laborde, in his interesting work on the History of the Invention of Printing, more particularly notices this, together with the Letters of Indulgence of 1454. In the dates he gives us of the chief incidents in the invention of printing, he imagines that the probable period at which these blocks were first executed in the Low Countries was about A. D. 1410. These were followed by a few editions of a short grammar of Donatus, in what may be called wooden stereotype.

Our readers, under this head of early publications, must be reminded of the obligations we are under for the possession of many rich and valuable MSS., to three great monastic bodies who followed the Benedictine rule—that of the Clugni, instituted towards the early part of the tenth century, the Carthusians, in 1084, and the Cistercians, in 1098, who applied themselves with the greatest zeal to the propagation of classical literature, remarkable for the beauty of the hand writing, and more convenient system of abbreviation. The abbey of Clugni was especially rich in Greek and Latin authors, and indeed few Benedictine monasteries were without some kind of library.

The manner of publishing the works of authors in England, about the time of Henry III., was by having them read before one of the monasteries or other judges appointed by the public, for three days successively ; and if they were approved of, copies of them were permitted to be taken by monks, scribes, and illuminators, trained up to that purpose for their livelihood. The complaint of poor William Caxton shows what a tedious process it was.

" Thus end I this book, and for moche as in wryting of the same, my penne is worn, myn hande wery, and myn eyne dimmed with over moche lookyng on the whyt paper, and that age crepeth on me dayly." \* \* \*

Sometimes half the life of a man was devoted to a single work. Guido de Jais wrote and illuminated a very beautiful MS. Bible, which he began in his fortieth year, and did not finish until he was upwards of ninety. Great indeed was the anxiety of the learned men amongst the ancients to possess a library, notwithstanding the expense and difficulty of procuring it, as is shown from the following extract by Dr. Conyers Middleton, in his *Life of Cicero* :

" Nor was he (speaking of Cicero) less eager in making a collection of Greek books, and forming a library by the same opportunity of Atticus' help. This was Atticus' own passion, who having free access to all the Athenian libraries, was employing his slaves in copying the works of their best writers

not only for his own use, but for sale also, and the common profit both of the slave and the master; for Atticus was remarkable above all men of his rank for a family of learned slaves, having scarce a footboy in his house, who was not trained both to read and write for him. By this advantage, he made a very large collection of choice and curious books, and signified to Cicero his design of selling them, yet seems to have intimated withal, that he expected a larger sum for them than Cicero could scarcely spare, which gave occasion to Cicero to beg of him in several letters, to reserve the whole number for him till he could raise money enough to purchase. 'Pray keep your books,' says he, 'for me, and do not despair of my being able to call them mine, which I can compass, and shall think myself richer than Crassus, and despise the fine villas and gardens of them all.'"

The following extract from an epistle of Antonius Bononia Becatellus, surnamed Par-rome, to Alphonsus King of Naples, bears testimony to the great expense and trouble in transcription of works.

"You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your majesty, that you cause to be bought for us Livy, which we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the mean time procure money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best; he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand, and I, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale. Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell, and triumph."

The late Mr. Ames had a folio MS. of the Roman de la Rose, and on the last leaf is written, "*C'est lyvre costa au palas de Parys quarante coronnes d'ors, sans mentyr,*" that is, "This book cost at the palace of Paris, 40 crowns of gold, without lying," equal to about 33*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

A deed preserved in the library of the college of Laon, in Paris, and witnessed by two notaries in the year 1332, shows that MSS. were sold in those days by contracts as binding as those by which estates were transferred. As a still more striking instance of the high estimation in which such property was held, the Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the homilies of Haimon, Bishop of Halberstadt, 200 sheep, 5 quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye, which in our days would almost make a man's fortune in Australia.

Several cities have maintained their claim to having been the scene of the glorious invention of Printing by moveable letters, with as much pertinacity as the seven cities contended for the birth place of Homer. We refer such of our readers as delight in these discussions, to the interesting work we have

already mentioned, of M. Leon de Laborde, who has published many of the curious suits and controversies of those early times in the original German, with a French translation. Our space will not allow us to enter into a detailed account of these, but we will give the prominent features of the early history of the invention.

John Gensfleisch of Sulgeloch, better known by the name of Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, settled at Strasburg, in 1424, where he carried on the business of polishing mirrors and precious stones, and is supposed to have there conceived the first idea of printing about 1440, though Laborde is of opinion that the real inventor is not known. The following ten years were probably spent in perfecting his invention, as there is no evidence that he actually published any thing before that period. Subsequently to 1440 Gutenberg took into partnership Andrew Drizehn, John Riff and Andrew Kielman, all natives of that city. Their agreement was for the term of five years, but owing to some differences that arose between them, they separated before its expiration. In 1450 he was induced to associate himself with John Fust or Faust on the latter advancing him 800 florins at 6 per cent. and 300 more to be spent in wages and materials for the establishment. The priority of Gutenberg is disputed by the city of Haarlem, which claims the honour of the invention for Lawrence Costar, one of its own citizens. The pretensions of the latter have been strenuously advocated in Holland by M. Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, and by M. König, in his work on the Origin of Printing, which last mentioned work obtained a prize at Haarlem in 1816. In 1628, Scrivierius, of Haarlem, published the fragment of a MS., without date, by Juan Van Zuyren, a burgomaster of that city, who died in 1591: it was entitled "*On the First and True Invention of Printing, unheard of until now.*" Scrivierius asserted that he received the fragment anonymously, and it does not appear that the name of the inventor is mentioned.

Hadrianus Junius, a learned Dutchman, in his *History of Holland*, in Latin, published in 1578, ascribes the invention to Lawrence the son of John Costar (or Kostar, signifying Sacristan), and mentions that the idea first occurred to him from cutting letters on a tree, and thence upon pieces of wood. He then made some glutinous ink, as he found that common ink sunk into the paper, and with these rude materials he printed, in the Flemish tongue, a book called "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," the leaves of which were glued together in pairs, as they were only printed on one side, and the

blank sides would have appeared unsightly. He next tried leaden and tin types, and took into partnership his servant John. We need not remind our readers of the current fable of John's theft, and how he finally set up printing on his own account at Mentz. Mr. Santander insists that no such person as Costar existed, but that if even he did live, that he died in 1440, a year before the robbery is said to have been committed. Other legends are cited in confirmation of the tale, but it is more particularly on the authority of the above story that the inhabitants of Haarlem hold annual festivals, and have raised monuments in commemoration of Lawrence Costar, in their eyes the sole inventor of printing.

But let us return to Gutenberg, who is generally allowed to have been the real inventor. With him and Fust was associated Peter Schœffer, the servant and son-in-law of the latter. In 1452 Schœffer made a great improvement in the art, by contriving an easier mode of making types, by forming punches of engraved steel, by which matrices were struck, from which the types were cast. This produced the uniformity of letters, a great desideratum, and tended to economise their labour. Each therefore, fulfilled his part in the invention, Fust being the ostensible patron in the establishment. Hansard termed them "the grand typographical triumvirate." The first work that issued from their press is generally allowed to be the Latin Bible, without a date, which, having been found about the middle of last century in the Cardinal Mazarini's library at Paris, bears his name. Of the various dates that have been assigned to it, 1455 appears to be the most probable. It was a splendid dedication of the noble art to the Giver of all Wisdom, in thus making their first attempt by printing the entire Bible, and is a curious proof of their unshrinking perseverance and the confidence they placed in their invention. Before its completion, however, it appears that Gutenberg had some dispute with Fust with respect to the repayment of his loan, and the partnership was dissolved in 1455, so that the work was brought to its conclusion by Fust and Schœffer only.

Gutenberg established a printing press at Mentz, under the patronage of Dr. Conrad Humbracht or Humery, who was in fact the proprietor, as he advanced the whole of the money to support it. In 1460 the great Latin dictionary entitled *Catholicon Johannis de Balbis*, issued from this press, and during the same year the *Constitutiones Clementis V.*, which latter work, however, some authors have ascribed to that of Fust and Schœffer. While Gutenberg was working his opposi-

tion press, his late partners were actively pursuing their labours, and in 1457 produced the first Psalter extant, with the names of the printers, and the date on the last page, in the form of a colophon or notice. Another Psalter was printed by them with similar characters in 1459, and in the same year, "*Durandi Rationale*," being a treatise on the liturgical offices of the Church. Van Praet thinks that the Psalters were printed from wooden types, and that the last named work was the earliest production of the cast types, bearing the name and date of the printers. A Bible without a date, but supposed to have appeared between 1460 and 1462, is ascribed by some to Gutenberg, and by others to Pfister, who set up a press at Bamberg. The Mentz Bible, published in 1462, was considered his first production, until the discovery of the Mazarin Bible. The labours of the printers were suspended owing to the invasion of the city by Adolphus Count of Nassau. In 1465 Gutenberg was attached to the court of Adolphus, and admitted amongst his gentlemen. It seems uncertain at what period he died, but there is not any notice of him later than 1469, and his printing apparatus was given up to Dr. Humbracht.

Fust subsequently resumed his labours, and in 1465 produced the *Offices of Cicero*, and the following year a second edition of the same work. Shortly after which, he went to Paris for the purpose of selling some of his bibles, and is supposed to have died there of the plague, as from that period the name of Schœffer alone appears in the works which issued from that press.

The legend of Doctor Faustus and the Devil is said to have been derived from the following circumstances: The form of the olden types closely resembled the ordinary letters in MSS.; and Fust, in order to keep his invention a secret, tried to pass off his books as MSS., but from his offering them for sale at 60 crowns each, instead of 500, which was the ordinary price demanded by the scribes, he was considered to have dealings with the Devil, and the uniformity of the copies strengthened the suspicion. The red ink also, which embellished his editions, being of a very brilliant colour, was supposed to be his blood, and the story goes, that to save himself from being burnt, he revealed his art to his Parisian judges.

We have been tempted to dwell longer than may perhaps be necessary upon the first productions of the press, from the interest with which we always contemplate the extraordinary perseverance displayed by the fathers of this glorious invention. In our last number, in the article of "the Guten-



berg Jubilee in Germany," it will be seen with what joyous enthusiasm that name is greeted on the festal day, and our readers will not fail to remember the inscription which is on the front of the pedestal supporting the splendid statue raised to his memory at Mentz:—

"JOHANNI GUTTENBERGENSI  
Moguntino.  
Qui Primus Omnium Literas Ære  
Imprimendas Invenit,  
Hæc Arte de Orbe Toto bene Merenti!"

On the breaking up of the chief printing presses, the workmen, released from their obligations, of course spread themselves amongst various cities, and set up on their own account. The cities where printing was at first most actively carried on were Bamberg, Cologne, Strasburg, Augsburg, besides two or three others, and within a very short time books were issued from all these places. Henry Becktermunze commenced at Elfeld or Eltwel in the Rhingau, by printing a Latin and German Dictionary, extracted from the Catholicon, and said to be with the same characters. This was finished November 4th, 1467, by Nicholas his brother, who two years afterwards printed a second edition, which, after a nearly similar interval, was followed by a third, and in 1477 a fourth edition of the same work appeared. In the mean time Ulric Zell and Pfister were actively prosecuting their labours at Cologne and Bamberg; yet notwithstanding their zeal, books were produced but slowly at the commencement, and according to Panzer only twenty-four different works appeared between 1461 and 1470.

In 1469 Ulric Gering and two others, who had been formerly employed by Fust as pressmen, were induced by Fichet and Lapierre, rectors of the Sorbonne, to come to Paris, and commence printing. The epistles of Gasparin of Barziza were the earliest result of their labours. Italy also began at this time to try her strength. Sweynheim and Pannartz, who had also worked under Fust, set up a press at the monastery of Subiaco, in the Appennines. This monastery contained a numerous collection of MSS., and was more suitable for their enterprise, from the circumstance of the monks being Germans. In 1466 they left Subiaco for Rome, where they actively followed their occupation. About the same period Cennini, a goldsmith, established a press at Florence; John of Spire, a German, set up another at Venice; and between 1471 and 1480, according to Panzer, 1297 books were printed in Italy alone,—234 of which were editions of ancient classical au-

thors. Poland also made some progress in the art, although there was a remarkable gap in her progress, for between the years 1465 and 1500 we have no evidence that any work emanated from Polish presses.

To Zarot, of Milan, belongs the distinction of having printed the first Greek Grammar, by Constantine Lascaris, in 1476. This was followed in 1480 by Craston's Lexicon, which by all accounts was nothing more than a very imperfect vocabulary. Before him no one had attempted to cast Greek types, with the exception of a very few occurring in some publications by Sweynheim and Pannartz. Other printers inserted any Greek words they met with by the pen. In 1480 the Hebrew characters made their appearance in separate types: two Jewish Rabbins, Joshua and Moses, are said to have been the first who attempted them, at Saccino, in the duchy of Milan.

Presses were established in the Low Countries, at Deventer, Utrecht, Louvain, Basle, as also at Buda, in Hungary. Nothing seems to discourage the patience of the German printers; for besides the editions of the Scriptures, Mentelin of Strasburg, in 1473, brought forth the great Encyclopædia of Vincent of Beauvais, in ten volumes folio. In the ten years between 1470 and 1480, France produced several works. An edition of Cicero ad Herennium appeared at Angers in 1476, and another of Horace at Caen in 1480. There is a dispute amongst the French writers as to the first book printed in their language; some declare that it is *Le Jardin de Dévotion*, par Colard Mansion of Bruges, which appeared in 1473, while others contend that *Le Roman de Baudouin Comte de Flandres*, published at Lyon in 1474, was anterior to the former. One of the most important works of that period was *Les Grands Chroniques de St. Denis*, a large volume printed at Paris in 1476. It was not very long before the light of this invention was shed upon our own country. William Caxton was born in 1412. He was apprenticed to an opulent merchant of London, and went to the Low Countries in 1442, and remained abroad thirty years, during which time he made himself master of the art. Another account tells us that he was sent over in 1464 by Edward IV., to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, and some time after that period returned to this country with the invaluable art. While he was at Cologne, in 1471, he translated his "*Recueil des Histoires de Troye*,"\* by order of Margaret, Duchess of

\* This book at the Duke of Roxburgh's famous sale was bought for L.1060.

Burgundy, and the following year he published it. Soon after this he came to England, bringing with him his apparatus, and settled at Westminster, under the patronage of the Abbot. Here he produced his first specimen of English typography, on the game of chess. In 1477 he published his edition of "Dictes and Sayings," a translation from the Latin by Lord Rivers. Caxton died either in 1483 or in 1490: we are inclined to think that the former date is correct. He printed in all sixty-four different works; no insignificant number, considering the comparatively short time during which he was employed in the business; though, in a literary point of view, his works indicate but a low state of knowledge in England.

From the circumstance of a copy of the "Expositio Sancti Hieronimi in Symbolum Apostolorum," which is preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge, bearing date Oxford, 1468, it has been contended that Caxton ought not to be considered as the founder of the art in England. The difficulty, however, has been cleared up by Middleton and Mr. Singer, who prove satisfactorily that the numeral x (for the date is in Roman numbers) has been omitted either accidentally or designedly. There are several instances of a similar deception having been practised. There is at Haarlem a large quarto, the translation of "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," printed anno m cccc xxxv by Jacob Bellart, and this is shown in confirmation of the claim laid by that city to have produced the first printed book; but a certain Mr. Brayford, who had seen another copy with the date attached to it, observed that in the Haarlem copy the letter L had been artfully erased. Caxton was not the only printer of London; for we have the name of John Letton, who printed by himself two weeks, and was afterwards taken into partnership for two years by William Machlita. They only produced, however, about eleven works. Wynkyn de Worde, the worthy successor of Caxton, printed, between the years 1493 and 1534, 408 works. Robert Pynson was the first who assumed the title of "King's Printer." Between the years 1493 and 1531, he printed 210 works. Julian Notary, who established himself "Without Temple Bar, at the sign of the Three Kings," flourished between 1499 and 1503, but his publications did not exceed 23 in number. Printing was introduced at Oxford between 1480 and 1485, by Theodore Rood, a native of Cologne, who carried on the business in partnership with John Hunt, an Englishman. At Cambridge, John Tibuck was the first

who printed there in Latin, Greek, and English; his books are dated 1521 and 1522. The period at which printing was introduced into Wales has not been exactly ascertained, but the name of John Shaeuwell, in 1587, is on record; and the earliest specimen we have of the art in Scotland, is a Breviary, published at Edinburgh in 1510.

The first book published in Spain was a curious work on the Conception of the Virgin, which appeared at Valencia in 1474, in the form of a poetical contest, carried on by thirty-six poets. In 1476, printing appeared at Barcelona, Saragossa, and Seville, and in 1480, at Salamanca. Our space will not allow us to trace the progress of the art in all the civilized parts of the globe, but it passed rapidly from Europe to Goa, to the Philippine Isles, to Mexico, and thence, towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, to Lima; and about the same period the Vatican and Paris printers introduced the Syrian, Arabian, Persian, Arminian, and Coptic characters.

The early specimens of printing are distinguished by the extraordinary size of the characters. The Mazarin Bible is an instance of this. Generally they were of the rude Gothic character, mixed with those produced by the hand to imitate the handwriting of those times, and were therefore subject to the abbreviations used in MSS. There was seldom a regular title page on a separate leaf, but the works usually commenced with the words "Incipit liber qui dicitur," &c. It was the custom also to leave blanks for the capital letters at the beginning of chapters, to be filled up by the illuminator. M. Leon de Laborde, in his work, "Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Origine de l'Imprimerie," gives us some very beautiful specimens of these. Many of them are extremely grotesque, and our curious readers will be pleased with his specimens of the "Alphabet Grotesque," which he gives in this work, executed by a Flemish Master for an edition of a Bible for the poor. The only points in use at first were the colon and full stop, but afterwards an oblique (/) answered the purpose of the comma. Another feature of early printing is the inequality and thickness of the types, and the absence of the printer's name and the date of the publication. When these were inserted, they are generally to be found at the end, accompanied by some pious ejaculation. The term "Editio princeps" was given to the editions of classic authors which were considered to be the first, that is to say, which were taken directly from the MSS., and again the same term was applied by bibliographers to all editions prior to 1480. It

is of course very difficult to distinguish the genuine editions.

Early publications are generally distinguishable by the mark or vignette of the typographer, an invention ascribed to the elder Aldus. A curious alphabetical list of 153 of these is given in the Appendix to Hone's *Introduction to Biography*. (vol. ii. pages xx, xxv.) Monograms or cyphers were also much in vogue, these frequently containing the initial letters of the printer's name or some curious device. The old masters and engravers also followed this practice. A familiar acquaintance with these monograms is desirable, inasmuch as it is of great service in ascertaining the identity of publications that are destitute of a date. The earliest specimen extant is that of Fust and Schœffer, annexed to their first Psalter. The two letters A. V., enclosed in a little square, designated the works of Antoine Verard, son of the celebrated printer of that name, who flourished at Paris, between 1480 and 1500. Our own Caxton, as well as his successor Wynkyn de Worde, each had no less than three such devices. The monogram used by William Faques, "the king's printer," who joined in some patent with Robert Pynson, was very curious; it consisted of a white triangle, based on the apex of a black one; on the former is a text taken from the Latin vulgate version of the 16th chapter of Proverbs, v. 8. — "*Melius est modicum iusto super divitias peccatoribus multas;*" and on the latter another from the same chapter — "*Melior est patiens viro forti, et qui dominat.*"

John Day, who distinguished himself between 1546 and 1584 by the variety and importance of his publications, had for his motto, "*Arise, for it is day,*" in witty reference, as is supposed, to his own name, and that night of ignorance which was dispersed by printing and the enlightening powers of the Reformation. It is reported of him also, that when he used to awake his lazy apprentices, he enforced the words of his motto by the sharp application of a rod. The first improvements which were made in the mode of printing, were in the disuse of abbreviations and the numbering of the pages, which had been hitherto counted by leaves only. The exact period at which the custom of putting letters at the bottom of each sheet, to denote its sequence arose, is not known. Though these marks must be familiar to all our readers, every one, perhaps, may not be aware of their precise use. They are principally intended to distinguish the sheets in the printer's warehouse, and they also guide the

binder as to the number of leaves into which the sheet should be folded. The folio copy of the "*Baldi Lectura super Codic. &c.*" printed by Jo. de Colonia and Jo. Mantheu de Ghenetzen, anno 1474, and preserved in the public library at Cambridge, seems however to indicate in some measure the date of the introduction of this custom. About the middle of the book the letters begin to appear at the bottom of the terminating page, as though the idea had been conceived and adopted during the progress of the work. They were in use at Cologne as early probably as 1475, and at Paris in the following year; but Caxton does not seem to have applied them to his works before 1480.

As the art advanced, eminent men took pride in correcting the press for such printers as were most esteemed, and works rose in value according to the abilities of the corrector, whose name the printers frequently subjoined. So anxious was Robert Stephens (a celebrated printer of an early period) that his editions should be perfectly free from error, that he hung up the proofs in public places, and rewarded those who were acute enough to detect an error.

Errata were very necessary in the early stages of printing. A work published in 1561, entitled "*The Anatomy of the Mass,*" is a striking instance of this. It is a thin volume of 172 pages, and is accompanied by a list of errata of 15 pages! The editor, a pious monk, tells us, in a notice prefixed to the errata, that he was led to this serious undertaking, in order to defeat the artifices of Satan, whom he accused of having, with the intent to ruin the fruit of this work, first of all drenched the MS. in a kennel, so as to render the words illegible, and then caused the printers to commit such egregious errors as were never before equalled. There is an amusing instance of a printer's widow in Germany, who, looking forward, we imagine, to laying aside her weeds, and wishing to lighten the matrimonial yoke, which perhaps she contemplated a second time, stole down into the printing-office during the night, and altered in a new edition of the Bible, which was printing in her house, the sentence of subjection to the husband pronounced upon Eve, in Gen. chap. 3, v. 16. She cleverly substituted *na* for the two first letters of the word *herr*, and thus altered the sentence from "*and he shall be thy lord*" (*herr*) to "*and he shall be thy fool*" (*narr*). The lady paid dear for her private erratum, as it is said that she was imprisoned for life for the crime. The errors of the Bibles printed by Messrs. Field and Hill, about the year 1653, were innumerable. One is affirmed

to have had six thousand faults, and Sterne is said to have actually counted 3600 errors in one of our London printed Bibles.

The arbitrary value set upon books by collectors is well known, as also the high prices given for works possessing little merit beyond rarity. The scarceness of a work is however of course dependent in a measure on the number of its volumes, and on its typographical excellence of execution, as, for instance, that splendid collection of architectural engravings published by Piranesi and others, and the travels in the East Indies, published by De Biyn, in twenty-five parts. The Duke of Devonshire gave 546*l.* for a complete copy of this, at the sale of Col. Stanley's library, in May, 1813. Other instances of works expensive in proportion to the number of volumes, but which have but a relative value, are the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, a mass of immense research, in fifty-three folio volumes, and the collection of Byzantine historians, diminished in value by the recent reprint, &c. &c.

Printing presses at the commencement were extremely rude and clumsy in form, and resembled a common screw press. Some improvements were introduced by an ingenious Dutch mechanic, William Jansen Blaen, who resided at Amsterdam, but strange to say, the printing presses of the early period remained very stationary as to construction, until the beginning of the present century, though the workmen of course improved in skill by increasing practice. The Apollo, the Albion, and the Stanhope presses, are names long familiar to our ears, more particularly the latter, which possesses many advantages over the rest. We have not space however to enter into their respective merits; but the superiority of the Stanhope press consists in such an adjustment of two levers acting one on the other, which levers turn the descending screw, so that sufficient power is gained to print the whole of one side of a sheet at a single pull, as it is technically termed, whereas in the more ancient presses, two separate efforts of the machine were necessary to produce the impression of one sheet. But even after these improvements a single press could only work off about 250 impressions or 125 sheets per hour, and to produce a greater number of copies it was necessary to have duplicate presses. Mr. König, a German, was the first to whom the idea occurred of applying the power of steam to the printing press. He came to England in 1804, but did not meet with much encouragement from the leading printers to whom he communicated his plan, as they doubted its practicability. After repeated disappointments, he at length

got Mr. Bensley, senior, to listen to his proposals, and he commenced his operations with the common press. The result however was not satisfactory, and to use his own words, he found that he was only employing a horse to do what had before been done by man; and soon after that he conceived the idea of printing by cylinders. The first person to whom he exhibited his new plan was Mr. Walter, of the Times, and an agreement was entered into between them, for the erection of two machines for printing the Times newspaper. On the 28th of November, 1814, the first copy printed by steam appeared before the public. This worked uncommonly well, 1800 copies being produced per hour, but it was superseded by the improvements of Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, who took out a patent in 1818. The improvement upon Mr. König's machine was the application of two drums, placed between the cylinders, to ensure perfect accuracy in the registering or the exact correspondence of the impression on both sides of the sheet, and also in a superior manner of distributing the ink. The lower part of the machine consists of a table, at each end of which lie one of the two forms of types, from which the impressions on the two sides of the sheet are about to be taken. By the movement of the engine these forms advance and return, and are met half-way by rollers of a very soft substance, made of a mixture of treacle and glue, and covered with ink. These pass diagonally over the forms and give out sufficient ink for one impression. They immediately roll back again and are met by another large roller, made of cast iron, termed the Doctor, which replenishes them with ink, having itself received a sufficient quantity to perform its office. Above the tables are two large cylinders covered with flannel. The action of these cylinders is very beautiful. A boy stationed above them, having on a table by him a pile of paper, places on the upper cylinder a sheet, which is confined for the moment in its place, by being slipped under two strings of tape. The engine being put in motion, the cylinder revolves, the sheet is caught round and thrown on to the form of types, and immediately impressed. It is then caught up by the other cylinder, and coming down in an inverted position upon the second form of types, is again impressed, and by the same power hurried into the hands of another boy, who stands below the machinery ready to add it to his increasing pile.

A moment of reflection will show the extreme accuracy requisite in the performance of this process, in order that the sheet of paper, after receiving its first impression,

may travel round the sides of the cylinder, so as to meet the second set of types at that exact point, which shall cause the second side to coincide exactly with the back of the first. The equal distribution of the ink, which is indispensable to rapid and uniform printing, is another point worthy of admiration. Thus by this beautiful process, in two revolutions of the engine, a sheet of paper is impressed with ninety-six columns of news, or with sixteen pages of letter-press, and the addition of any wood-cuts which may be introduced. A further advantage belonging to this machine is the perfect control under which it is, as it can be put into full work four minutes after the form of types is brought into the machine room; and thus from 4000 to 4200 copies per hour, amounting to about 12,000 impressions, are sent forth to the anxious world. Our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the supplement to the *Times* on July 6th of the present year. On that occasion there were two double sheets, or sixteen folio pages, containing ninety-six columns. The advertisements occupied seven pages alone, and the whole matter was sufficient to form about six small volumes of an ordinary size, all for the price of five pence! Messrs. Applegath and Cowper's machines, as well as Napier's, whom we must not forget to mention, are now in general use, and the average number of copies thrown off per hour by the smaller steam presses is from 750 to 1000 sheets.

We are indebted to William Caslon, who was formerly an engraver of fire-arms and of bookbinders' tools, for the perfection of our present types. He formed a very beautiful Arabic alphabet, for an edition of the New Testament, in 1720, which brought him immediately into notice. Before the time of Caslon, the English printers imported their types from Holland.

At the present day the business of the printer is often combined with that of the typefounder, and where the establishment is very extensive, as in the case of Messrs. Clowes, in Stamford Street, and one or two others, it must be a very great advantage.

Typesetting, the most important part of printing, is an interesting process, and is generally considered a separate trade; and as many of our readers are probably not much acquainted with it, we will devote a few lines to its description. The matrix is formed in copper by the impression of an accurately carved steel punch of the letter intended to be cast. This matrix is placed at the bottom of a steel mould, the exact size of the shank of the type. The whole is enclosed in a cube of wood split into two equal parts,

which acts merely as a holder for the typefounder. A hole is of course left for the admission of the molten lead. The typefounder, provided with a small furnace, a cauldron, and various ladles proportioned to the quantity of metal used for the different sized types, holds the mould in his left hand, and pours the liquid metal into the hole, throwing the mould upwards with a rapid jerk, to force the metal into the matrix. He then opens the mould, throws out the new-formed symbol, and quickly shutting it again, proceeds in his contribution to the spread of knowledge. A good workman can produce from 400 to 550 types per hour. The next process is to break off the superfluous length, which is done by boys, who are able to do as many as 3000 per hour. The little workmen's fingers are however unfortunately very often injured by this process, owing to the antimony which is contained in the metal. In one or two cases the loss of the thumb and finger has been the result. The sides are then rubbed on a flat stone to take off any roughness, and between 2000 to 2500 per hour can thus be polished. They are then arranged in a row, the nicks (which are always at the bottom of the type) being placed uppermost, and any remaining roughness is removed by a single stroke with a plane; after which they are turned up, and the faces of the letters examined with a magnifying glass, in order to detect any that are faulty, or, as they are technically termed, "fat-faced," "lean-faced," &c. &c. These are remoulded, and the rest, after being papered up, are ready for use.

It is the custom of the trade to send round to the printers specimens of their characters; and many of these books, elegantly bound, are exceedingly beautiful, as the impressions are of course from picked types. The specimens of type from the royal printing establishment at Paris, are preserved in the British Museum. They are contained in a folio volume, entitled "*Specimens de Caractère Français et Etrangers de l'Imprimerie Royale*," which consists of seven or eight pages, and on each page are nine or ten specimens of different characters in various languages.

There are forty or fifty different sizes of types, from the smallest, used in our pocket Bibles, to the largest, employed in hand-bills. Most of them have distinct names, said to have been derived from being employed in the printing of Breviaries. The smallest are denominated diamond; then in succession come the pearl, ruby, nonpareil, minion, bavier, bourgeois, long primer, small pica, pica and English. There are also the various stops, the

spaces used for dividing words, besides what are termed quadrat, a kind of larger space. These are all sold by the pound, according to their size. The diamond is about twelve shillings per pound, the brevier three shillings, and so on. In the diamond type, as many as 2800 of the letter i go to a pound, and of the spaces about 5000. The fount consists of a complete set. The following printer's average scale for a fount of ordinarily sized letters, may be interesting to some of our readers, as showing the great disproportion in the numbers required of the different letters.

|          |        |        |        |
|----------|--------|--------|--------|
| a 8500   | h 6400 | o 8000 | u 3400 |
| b 1600   | i 8000 | p 1700 | v 1200 |
| c 3000   | j 400  | q 500  | w 2000 |
| d 4400   | k 800  | r 6200 | x 400  |
| e 12,000 | l 1400 | s 8000 | y 2000 |
| f 2500   | m 3000 | t 9000 | z 200  |
| g 1700   | n 8000 |        |        |

From this it will be seen how very much the letter e predominates.

The care of setting up the types belongs exclusively to the compositor, who forms altogether a separate class from the pressman. Two cases, containing nearly 100 pounds weight of type of various kinds, are placed before each compositor. The upper of these is divided into ninety-eight compartments, and the lower into fifty-three. The letters which are most frequently in use are placed in the lowest divisions, so that the workman may not lose time by having to stretch his hand too far. He picks out with astonishing rapidity the requisite letters, and arranging them in the composing stick, a frame which he holds in his left hand, (always taking care to place the nicks outermost,) the line is gradually formed; but it is not considered to be complete until it has been, in printers' language, "justified," that is, arranging the proper intervals between the words by spaces. This process is repeated again and again, until sufficient matter is composed to form a page of a sheet, and when the requisite number of pages are composed for the sheet, they are then firmly fixed by quoins or wedges into the chase, which is a rectangular iron frame. It is now taken to the press, and a proof sheet is "pulled," and being put into the hands of the reader, is examined and then delivered to the compositor, to rectify his mistakes. He is not paid for the correction of his own errors, but for alterations made by the author he receives generally sixpence per hour. After being revised, to ascertain whether the mistakes have been corrected, the form is ready for the pressmen to work off the required number. It is well known that the accuracy of the proof depends in a great measure upon the skill

with which the compositor distributes the letters of the last type pages into his cases. The manner of doing this is by grasping two or three words together, and reading them off, the types are rapidly dropped into their respective places, without being looked at further. An expert compositor can distribute as many as 4000 letters per hour.

The reader, whose office is an important one, assisted by a little boy, pursues his sedentary labours. The latter reads the author's copy in a loud voice, giving to all languages alike the English pronunciation, until coming to an error, he is stopped by the reader, (in this instance rather misnamed,) and then suddenly the little machine is turned on again.

The paper room of a printing establishment is a curious sight. To prepare a sheet for receiving a clear and sharp impression of the types, it undergoes the wetting process. This is done in a room appropriated to the operation, containing three or four large troughs filled with water, where a number of men, who might vie with the Brighton bathing women, are constantly employed in dipping the sheets, which are then removed to a screw press, and subjected, during ten or twelve hours, to a heavy pressure, in order that the moisture may be equally distributed through the paper. A man can dip from 150 to 200 reams a day, and the paper will remain sufficiently damp for ten days or a fortnight.

When the sheets are printed, they are placed in the drying room, at the temperature of about 95° Fahrenheit, and being hung across wooden bars, are suffered to remain about twelve hours to dry both the paper and the ink.

When dry and pressed, they are placed in heaps according to their respective letters, and a troop of little boys termed "gatherers," trotting past them, take a single sheet from each pile, which they deliver to the "collator" who glances at the printed signature of each sheet, to see that they follow in regular succession; they are then folded, and are ready for delivery to the bookbinder. The quantity of paper consumed by a large printing establishment is enormous. Upon an average about 5600 reams are printed per month; and during the year from about 10,000 to 12,000 lbs. weight of ink are consumed.

Stereotype printing was first practised towards the end of the sixteenth century, by J. Vander Mey, father of the printer of the same name. He resided at Leyden, and with the assistance of the Rev. J. Müller, pastor of the German Reformed Church in that city, made his trial in stereotyping, as his first essay, a Bible of a quarto edition. The

is no notice of it in this country earlier than the year 1725. William Ged, a goldsmith at Edinburgh, was the first who tried it. He entered into partnership with William Fenner, a London stationer, and James James an architect. In 1730 the University of Cambridge gave them a privilege for printing Bibles and Prayer Books. They had not been employed however very long in the business, when some disagreements occurred, and one of the partners bribed the workmen to injure the works. A royal order was in consequence issued to prohibit the operations of the establishment, on account of the numerous errors exhibited by the copies which issued from it. Ged, however, in no wise discouraged, by the aid of a loan set up, with his son's assistance, in business for himself, and in 1742 published at Newcastle an edition of Scongall's "*Treatise on the Life of God in the Soul of Man.*"

The formation of stereotype plates is a simple process. The form of types being carefully cleaned from any particles of ink, is oiled over with a brush, and being placed in a little frame, the plaster of Paris used for making the mould, is first dabbed over with a cloth to secure perfect sharpness in the matrix, and then more being poured on, it is allowed to become hard, and being removed from the types, is baked in a small oven an hour and a half or two hours. The mould is next put into a kind of frame or box. After being immersed for a few minutes in a mass of molten metal, it is taken out and allowed to cool; after which the plaster of Paris is knocked off with wooden mallets, and thus the stereotype plate is produced, the multiplier of knowledge, capable of producing a million of beautiful copies. Previous to the plates being used, they are carefully examined by the "pickers," as they are termed, who remove any superfluous metal adhering to them. Messrs. Clowes are said to possess the largest number of stereotype plates, their stock weighing above 1500 tons, which are deposited in vaults under the premises—a stupendous collection of dormant knowledge!

The early printers were their own booksellers, and Peter Schœffer appears to be the first person who sold his own editions. Towards the 16th century the two trades began to be disunited; as the printer found it difficult to dispose of his own books, and we find there is a petition extant, addressed in 1472, by Sweynheim and Pannartz to Sixtus IV. stating the poverty they were reduced to, owing to their having on hand so many copies of various works.

The prices of books of course fell considerably after the invention of printing, and the University of Paris instituted a tariff fix-

ing the respective prices of books. Large sums however were still paid for the early printed books. Lambrecht mentions that the Bishop of Angers gave forty gold crowns for the Mentz Bible, published in 1462, and that an English gentleman paid eighteen gold florins for a missal, concluding his observations with a remark which is equally applicable to our own times, and the truth of which we feel to the detriment of our purses in all our continental tours—"Mais on a toujours fait payer plus cher aux Anglais qu'aux autres nations."

It would be interesting to trace accurately the history of the censorship of the press, with all its modifications and encroachments as they gradually arose in the various countries.

This custom was observed at a period far anterior to the epoch of the invention of printing, for, throughout the history of literature, we find instances of persons to whom devolved the charge of examining the works of various authors. The different universities of Europe, more particularly exercised this authority, and the booksellers appointed by them were compelled to take an oath that they would observe the various statutes and regulations, and no one could sell any works without this permission. They were also obliged to put up in their shop, a catalogue of the prices of their books, and such as were deemed unfit for perusal were burnt by order of the university. Savigny tells us that the Stationarii of Bologna were compelled by oath to keep by them 117 copies of certain books, for the hire of which there was a fixed price.

At first Privileges, as they were called, were granted to the printer for a period of five or seven years, in order to secure to him some return for his labours. The first instance on record is one granted by the Senate of Venice to John of Spire, in 1469, for five years, for an edition of Cicero's Epistles, the first book printed in that city. There are a few other instances of this, and it was the custom to enter the privilege at the end of the work.

But the interference of the censor soon ceased to be exerted only for the protection of the author and printer. These, finding that by their art they were enabled to address thousands of beings, promulgated opinions deemed dangerous by the governments of Europe, and they began to be circulated amongst various nations through the medium of the press, and the Church of Rome thundered forth, though in vain, her Bulls for the suppression of the doctrines propagated by the champions of the Reformation.

Beckmann gives us the first instance of

the appointment of a censor, in a mandate issued by Berthold, Archbishop of Mentz, in 1486:—

"Notwithstanding," he begins, "the facility given to the acquisition of science by the divine art of printing, it has been found that some abuse this invention and convert that which was designed for the instruction of mankind to their injury. For books on the duties and doctrines of religion are translated from Latin into German, and circulated among the people to the disgrace of religion itself, and some have even had the rashness to make faulty versions of the Canons of the Church into the vulgar tongue, which belong to the science so difficult, that it is enough to occupy the life of the wisest man. Can such men assert that our German language is capable of expressing what great authors have written in Greek and Latin on the high mysteries of the Christian faith, and on general science? Certainly it is not; and hence they either invent new words, or use old ones in erroneous senses, a thing especially dangerous in sacred Scripture. For who will admit that men without learning, or women into whose hands these translations may fall, can find the true sense of the gospels or of the epistles of St. Paul? Much less can they enter on questions which, even among Catholic writers, are open to subtle discussion. But since this art was first discovered in this city of Mentz, and we may truly say by divine aid, and is to be maintained by us in all its honour, we strictly forbid all persons to translate, or circulate when translated, any books upon any subject whatever, from the Greek, Latin, or any other tongue, into German, until before printing, and again before their sale, such translations shall be approved by four Doctors herein named, under penalty of excommunication, and of forfeiture of the books, and of one hundred golden florins to the use of our exchequer."

This document paints strongly the anxiety of the Romanist clergy to curb the freedom of the press. That body of literary despots at Rome, known as "the Congregation of the Index," set their ban upon every work adverse to their own tenets, and it is amusing to think of the surprise that must have been felt by many of the minor literary inquisitors of the other cities in Europe, when they found many even of their own works put down in the Roman Index,—that literary purge Milton so forcibly describes as raking "through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb."

Poor Richard Sinion was a victim to this, for being compelled to insert in one of his works the qualifying opinions of the censor of Sorbonne, he inclosed the alterations between brackets, so that the public might clearly distinguish between the author and the censor. But alas! his care was futile; for neglecting to mention his plan to the printer, the numerous copies appeared without the essential marks, and our readers may imagine the despair of the author, when he found that these alterations flowed into the original text, and overturned all the peculiar opinions he sought to maintain.

There were but few disputes touching copyright before the reign of Charles II., although all are familiar with the despotism displayed during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary in the suppression and destruction of suspected works. There is an amusing story in Burnet, and also Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, of Tonstall, Bishop of London, who in Henry VIII.'s time was remarkable for his preference for committing books rather than authors to the flames. Tindal had just printed a translation of the New Testament, and the worthy bishop conceived that he could not better aid his cause, than by buying up all the editions, and making a public bonfire of them. He accordingly employed an English merchant named Packington, at Antwerp, then the refuge of the Tindalists in 1529, to procure all the copies he could find in that city. The merchant, who was a secret follower of Tindal, communicated to him the bishop's design. To his surprise, however, Tindal gladly gave up to him all his copies, for he was anxious to print a new and improved edition, which he could not set about until the remaining copies of the original one should be disposed of. The bishop made his bonfire in Cheapside, but the result was not so satisfactory to him as he had anticipated, for the populace not only cried out that this was a "burning of the word of God," but evinced so much curiosity to read the condemned book, that Tindal's second edition met with a rapid sale. Subsequently when one of his party, who was sent to London to sell some copies, was arrested, on the Lord Chancellor's assurance that no harm should happen to him if he would reveal the name of the person who had so much encouraged the sale, he readily accepted the pledge, and announced that it was no less a person than Tonstall, Lord Bishop of London, who by buying up the first edition, had occasioned the rapid sale of the second.

Under the reign of Charles I. a regular establishment was formed for the licensing of books. In a letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville, July 19th, 1628, it is mentioned that Charles printed his speeches on his dissolution of parliament, and in consequence of the dissatisfaction it occasioned, some one printed the last speech of Queen Elizabeth as a companion piece. This was presented to the king by his chief printer, with a complaint that his privileges had been invaded, as he asserted that it was his own copyright. He got no other reply however from the somewhat displeased monarch, than "You printers print anything;" and some gentlemen of the bedchamber who were present, prayed the printer to bring more



these rarities to the king, "because they might do him good."

It is well known how many noble and eloquent compositions have suffered from the royal licensors. Authors were however at last relieved from the grievous oppressions of the Star Chamber, and we find an act was passed in the eighth year of Anne's reign, securing to them the exclusive right of printing their books, for fourteen years certain, and provided the author should still be living at the end of that term, an additional fourteen years was to be granted to him. By the act just mentioned, authors were imperatively to send one copy of their works to the following libraries, viz. to the Royal Library, now the British Museum; to the two English, the four Scotch universities; Sion College, London; and the Faculty of Advocates.

When this act was first passed, it referred only to Great Britain, but in 1811 Ireland partook of its benefits, and an additional clause was made that the penalty incurred by piracy, exclusive of forfeiture, was to be increased from one penny to three pence, and that two more copies were to be entered at Stationers' Hall, to be delivered to Trinity College, Dublin, and King's Inn, in the same city. This continued in force until the existing law of copyright was passed in 1814, and we need not here enter into the change effected by this bill. Its prominent features are, that the duration of all copyrights shall extend to the definite term of twenty-eight years, whether the author should live so long or not; with the further provision, that if after that term he should still be living, the benefit of his literary labours shall be continued to him. In the event of his death, however, before the expiration of twenty-eight years, his representative shall have the sole advantage of the printing and publishing during the remainder of the term.

Our limits will not allow us to enter even slightly upon the merits of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's bill. Much that is plausible may and has been said on both sides; but such a subject should be discussed thoroughly in all its bearings (which the length of this article precludes), or should be left at rest. Such of our readers, (if there be any), as may still be unacquainted with the proposed plan, and the objections to it, may easily obtain information from the bill itself, and by a clever letter addressed by Mr. Tegg to the "Times," February 20th, 1839.

The American authors participate in the benefit of the law of copyright in England. But for this, the delightful productions of Washington Irving, Cooper, and others, would but ill repay them, for as English

works of fiction can be republished in America free of the expense of copyright, the booksellers can afford to sell them at a dollar and a half, where the American work costs two. In consequence of the piracy so detrimental to the profits of English authors, a petition was sent by them to Congress in 1837, praying for some law to protect their rights. The bill was brought in upon the report of the select committee of which Mr. Clay was the chairman, but was lost, as Capt. Marryat\* relates, through the influence of the Southerners, who were resolved not to do anything that might enable Miss Martineau to propagate, in those States, with greater facility, her abolition doctrines. One of the honourable members of Congress made a characteristic reply to Capt. Marryat, when asked by that gentleman what was his opinion upon the subject.

"Well now, you see, Captain, what you ask of us is, to let you have your copyright in this country, as you allow our authors their copyright in your's; and I suppose you mean to say that if we do not, that our authors shall have no copyright in your country. We'll allow that; but still I consider you ask too much, as the balance is on our side most considerably. Your authors are very numerous, our's are not. It is very true that you can steal our copyrights as well as we can your's; but if you steal ten, we steal a hundred. Don't you perceive that you ask us to give up the advantage."

Another evil resulting from the present system is the well-known fact, that the American booksellers in republishing any English work of standard authority, especially theological works, are very apt to alter the text, and this means has been resorted to for the dissemination of Unitarian and Socinian principles.

The present duty paid by America upon books in boards is twenty-six cents per pound, and thirty cents upon bound books. Books, however, published prior to 1775, are admitted upon a reduced duty of five cents.

The great expenses attending the publication of English works is a prominent feature in English literature. This results from the enormous duties on paper and advertisements. The duty on a work of which the average number of 750 copies is printed amounts to about one-seventh of the whole cost, and on 1000 copies it exceeds the entire remuneration of the author; the publisher allows from 20 to 25 per cent. to retail dealers on quartos, and from 25 to 30 per cent. on octavos, and those of an inferior size; the credit they give varies from seven to twelve months. It is estimated that between 1500 and 2000 works are produced annually in Great Britain, which at the average impression of 750 copies amounts

\* Diary in America, Part II.

to between 1,125,000 and 1,500,000 volumes.

Throughout Germany the freedom of the press is more or less curtailed, according to the political organization of the different governments. Austria, Bavaria, and Prussia are the most vigorous in their surveillance, while Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony, and the free towns, allow greater freedom. In all the states of Germany the censorship is generally committed to a certain number of scholars belonging to the Universities. All books and periodicals above twenty pages must pass through the hands of the censors before they can be published; the censor is generally remunerated by the author or publisher, but in some towns he is paid by the government. The printer is bound to send the proof sheets to the censor, that he may be satisfied that his corrections have been observed; the latter then grants a certificate, and the work can be legally published.

Literary property in Germany is protected by law. In 1783 the Diet passed an act securing the possession of a work to the author, for the space of ten years after publication, with liberty of extension to twenty years under certain circumstances. In 1838 a new law respecting literary property was issued in Prussia, which ensures to the author the full benefit of his labours during his natural life, and in the event of his death secures the same privileges to his representative for the space of thirty years. Anonymous authors are protected by a term of fifteen years only.

Many of the other states have followed the example of Prussia, but Austria pursues her own policy.

The literary law also of the Continent demands, as in England, that a certain number of copies of every work shall be lodged in the various libraries of the different states in which they are published. The total contribution however required from the author is small in comparison to that in England. Only one copy is required by Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria; Austria demands two; France the same number and the Netherlands three.

It would be unnecessary to advert to the jealous restrictions observed in Germany, by which no newspapers or journals can be established without especial permission. The number published in Austria in 1837 amounted to seventy, twenty of which were printed at Vienna. A curious instance is given in Mr. George Chalmer's "Life of Ruddiman" of the despotism displayed by the Venetian government at one period with regard to the publication of newspapers:—

"A jealous government did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian Gazette continued  
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long after the invention of printing to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*."

In the Magliabechian library at Florence, there are thirty MS. volumes of these Venetian Gazettes. We need not remind our reader that we are indebted to Burleigh for the earliest newspaper published in this country.

The number of works published in Germany has much increased of late. Almost every bookseller is his own publisher, and book-writing has grown into a sort of mania in that country, every one being ambitious of becoming an author.

As many of our readers are probably well acquainted with the book trade in that country, especially as connected with the Leipsic and Frankfort fairs, we will confine ourselves to a very few observations. Mr. Henry Mininger, in an able paper on the statistical account of the German book trade, tells us that the earliest information which we have of the Leipsic fair, is in the year 1545, at which period the celebrated booksellers Steiger and Boskoff, of Nuremberg, attended them, and that in 1559 the number of new works brought there amounted to 362, and in 1616 this number was doubled. The first printed catalogue that we have of books in Germany appeared in 1561, published by George Willer of Augsburg. This was followed by the Leipsic one printed in 1598. The number of sellers of books, prints and music in Germany, in connection with that city, in 1778, amounted to 282; in 1822, to 556; in 1831, to 830, and during the last year (1839), the numbers have augmented to 1381. The booksellers, therefore, have increased 66 per cent. since 1831, and 144 per cent. since 1822.

The German publisher sends his stock to the keepers of the various assortments of books on commission for a certain time, and when the market is closed, he pays the regulated sum for those sold, and takes back the remainder. Every publisher almost in Germany has an agent at the Leipsic fairs. M. Bisset Hawkins, in his little work on Germany, published by Jugel at Frankfort, mentions, as another proof of the increase of the book trade in that country, that Leipsic itself contained in 1722 only 19 book-selling establishments, and 13 printing offices; in 1836 there were 116 of the former and 23 of the latter, which have considerably increased since that time.

Since the days of Napoleon the activity of the French press has also greatly augmented. The number of printed sheets, *exclusive* of newspapers, amounted in 1816 to 66,852, 883, and in ten years there was an increase of 16,158,600. At present that number is about doubled. The French booksellers

are brevetés, that is, regularly licensed, and bound to observe certain rules. French dealers generally regulate their discount by the *subject*, and not by the size of the volume, as we do in England. For instance, on history and general literature, they allow 25 per cent.; on mathematics and other scientific works, from 10 to 15 per cent.; but on works of fiction as much as 50 or 60 per cent. The piracy practised by booksellers in France and Belgium is well known. Baudry's and Galignani's catalogues show the immense number of English works which are reprinted in Paris for almost nothing, the bookseller paying merely for the paper and printing. On the other hand, Belgium gluts herself upon the brain of the French author, and the result of many a weary hour and aching brow is immediately caught up by the Brussels bookseller, who thus robs the poor author of his just profits. Switzerland is more particularly famous for the immense number of publications reprinted there. A single bookseller, in the first six months of 1837, reprinted 318,615 French volumes. It would be a useless and a weary task for our readers, were we to enter with any minuteness into the subject of the importation of Foreign works into the United Kingdom. The average duty paid to government for the importation of foreign works is 5*l.* per cwt.; and, on looking at the returns for the last ten years, we find that there has been no material increase or decrease during that period. According to the list laid before the House of Commons, we find that the total for the last nine years in England amounts to 77,005*l.*, giving an average per year of 8,556*l.*; in Scotland, 733*l.*, and an average of 81*l.*, and in Ireland, of 204*l.*, and an average of 249*l.*; and the net produce of the last ten years for the United Kingdom amounts to 91,590*l.*, making an average of 9159*l.* per year.

Before we conclude this hasty sketch of the progress of printing, we cannot refrain from slightly alluding to one branch of it, which though but little thought of by the generality, and even its existence is perhaps wholly unknown to some of our readers, yet in one sense probably, is productive of good that surpasses all the other blessings that are so justly attributed to the art in general, by cheering a portion of mankind, who, but for this, must have continued to sit in darkness, and condemned to the loneliness of their own thoughts—we allude to the printing for the blind. Those who from a long illness, or any other cause, have been debarred the pleasure of reading, and have been dependent on others for a short hour

of amusement, will remember the delight they experienced when they were permitted once again to read to themselves, and can therefore appreciate far more the vivid enjoyment of the blind, now enabled to while away the long hours in becoming acquainted with the ideas and sentiments, not only of those who have the blessing of light, but with those also of their companions who are suffering from the same misfortune; great must this alleviation be to the blind from birth, but still more so to those who have later in life been deprived of the light of heaven, which they remember to have enjoyed in the happy days of early youth. To them this new power must be as a returning ray.

It is a merciful dispensation that with persons deprived of one of the senses, those which are left become doubly sensible, and this fact is especially observable in the blind, whose sense of touch and hearing are almost proverbially acute. Such of our readers as have associated with blind people cannot fail to have remarked the difference between those blind from birth, and those who have become so in their youth, or later in life, which latter mostly retain a feeling of regret for the past. How often must a pang be unknowingly inflicted upon these in every casual conversation, be it of no more import than the mere passing remark upon the beauty of a flower. For they naturally recur to the time when they could gather flowers in the bright sunshine, and perhaps remember with painful precision, the form and colour of the last they looked upon. We ourselves have met with an instance of this in a lady who had been deprived of her sight for many years, and at the time when she was reaping the benefit of the studies of her early youth. We were speaking in her presence of some very fine illustrations of a German poem, when joining in the conversation, she named some beautiful peculiarities belonging to them, thus showing how vividly her mind had retained the last impressions of sight.

The blind are indeed deeply indebted to the efforts of those benevolent and intelligent persons who have contributed to lessen their deprivations by this ingenuity. It is well known that the first idea of printing letters that should be tangible, suggested itself to the Abbé Haüy, the superintendent of the Institution for the blind at Paris, from his observing a proof sheet which happened to have been printed only on one side, and consequently the letters appeared at the back in considerable relief. Since then many improvements have been made in the system, and many books are now printed under

the direction of Dr. Piguer. By the benevolent exertions of Dr. Gall much has been effected; after seven years of patient investigation he produced, in October, 1834, the Gospel of St. John, in such a type as renders the art of reading an easy task to the blind. A short description of this may not be unacceptable to our readers. The letters are cast in relief, the facility with which they can be distinguished depending on the perfection of their form rather than their size. The blind themselves in the various Institutions of Great Britain, America and France, have been employed in printing some of their own books. The letters are placed in two cases divided as usual into small squares. In teaching the blind children to distinguish the letters, it is not usual to commence with the first letters of the alphabet, as is the case with those who have their sight, but the difference between a full stop and a comma is first taught, then the semicolon, and from that they are led on to the o, and the more simple letters, before they are allowed to attempt the complicated forms. They are next taught the formation of words and sentences. The paper used for this kind of printing is stouter than ordinary paper, and is steeped in water for some days to prevent the edges of the embossed letters from tearing it, to avoid which, the pressure is also more gradual than in the common printing press. Dr. Gall conceived that angular letters would be more easily distinguished than those of the ordinary form, and the result proved the correctness of his idea, as these were admirable, and are considered the most simple and tangible. Dr. Gall yet further improved upon his first mode by composing the letters of a succession of points, which he termed *fretted*, so that the paper is almost perforated by them. Books printed in this manner are also executed with greater ease and quickness than even in common printing, and the pages can be impressed upon *both* sides. It was a question at first whether it would not be better to employ only capital letters, but this plan was set aside on account of the too great uniformity that would have resulted, and books intended for the blind are printed in the types usually employed for pulpit Bibles, as well as in the fretted form.

The blind pupil is taught to feel with the first and second fingers of his right hand, whilst he keeps the line he is upon with the forefinger of the left hand; the sense of touch is ordinarily so sensitive in blind persons that they generally are able to read rapidly after a very few lessons, even when their hand is covered with a thick glove.

By a similar process the blind are enabled

to correspond with each other by the aid of stamps, in which the letters are set with points, which they press into the paper fixed in a frame, and they can thus send letters, of which the direction can be read equally well by the postman as by themselves.

They form also a very efficient manifold writer, for they can readily pierce through three or more sheets of paper at the same time, and we know of an instance of a blind girl who by this means used to send copies to her friends of her little compositions both in poetry and music; for this latter can be written in the same manner, only with different characters. The whole apparatus giving this valuable power costs only fifteen shillings.

We refer our readers to a work by Dr. Guillé of Paris, printed by the blind themselves at the Institution already alluded to, for many interesting facts respecting the plans pursued there for their education. He relates that at the Convent of the Celestines the school for the deaf and dumb was united with that of the blind, and that the inmates of each mutually endeavoured to hold a communication with each other. The blind having learnt that the deaf and dumb could converse together in the dark by writing on each other's backs, engaged their friends to instruct them in this process. The deaf and dumb found it however no easy task to practise their mode of conversation during the day time, and tried to teach their blind friends to write characters in the air, but not succeeding, and still determined not to be baffled, they taught them the manual alphabet as well as their own particular signs. We give M. Guillé's own description of their curious communication with each other:

"When the blind person had to speak to the deaf and dumb, he made the representative signs of his ideas, and these signs, more or less exactly made, transmitted to the deaf and dumb the idea of the blind. When the deaf and dumb in his turn wished to make himself understood, he did it in two ways; he stood with his arm stretched out and motionless before the blind person, who took hold of him a little above the wrists, and without squeezing them, followed all the motions they made; or if it happened that the signs were not understood, the blind man put himself in the place of the deaf and dumb, who then took hold of his arms in the same manner, and moving them about as he would have done his own before a person who could see, he filled up the deficiencies of the first operation, and thus completed the series of ideas which he wished to communicate to his companion" \*\*\*\*\*  
 "It was an extraordinary sight to behold a pantomime acted in the most profound silence by 150 children, anxious to understand each other, and not always succeeding. Tired out at last with long and fruitless attempts and often ending, like the builders of Babel, by separating without being able to understand each other, but at th

same time not without having given reciprocal proofs of bad humour, by striking as the deaf do, or screaming as do the blind."

The British and Foreign Bible Society and Sunday School Union have given their valuable assistance in augmenting the works of the blind. The former has already published the four Gospels and some of the books of the Old Testament, varying in price from three shillings to ten shillings each; and the latter, besides portions of the Scriptures, have printed "The First Class Book," for teaching the blind to read, together with some other little works facilitating their education, and all at a price that renders them attainable by the poor. In addition to these is the "Magazine for the Blind," published by Simpkin & Marshall, which costs only sixpence. In the last number (No. 13, August, vol. 2) there is the autobiography of a blind man (one of the main objects of its institution being the encouragement for these individuals themselves to contribute to it), and the whole publication seems judiciously conducted.

Perhaps no better mode could be selected to show the stupendous power of printing than giving a statement of the labours of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In Great Britain 2572 assistant and associated societies are dependent on this institution,

and 351 in the colonies and other British settlements. From the report of the present year, the 36th since its establishment, it appears that the Bible and Testament have been translated into 136 different languages, viz. European languages 47, Asiatic Russian 6, Caucasian dialects 5, Semitic 3, Persian 3, Chinese 8, throughout India and Ceylon 38, Polynesian 9, African 9, and American 8; these are exclusive of eighteen others in progress, but not yet completed.

The number of Bibles issued by the Society from March 7th, 1804, to March 31st of the present year (1840) has been 4,771,004, besides 7,551,467 Testaments, in all 12,322,471, making an average in thirty-five\* years of about 352,070 per year. Thus, as we have already remarked, does the Book of Truth beam upon many nations of the earth through this mighty invention.

No longer need we fear that the treasures of literature should be destroyed by a monarch's caprice, or that a sect of hypocrites can sweep into the flames the learning of former ages. The compositions of the great and good are now preserved for the instruction and amusement of succeeding ages, and the mind may wing its way through the literary world, gathering knowledge, and advancing in learning and honour.

## ART. VI.

# 王嬌鸞百年長恨

*Wang Keou Lwan Pih Nèen Chang Hân, or the lasting Resentment of Miss Keou Lwan Wang; a Chinese Tale, founded on fact.*—Translated from the Original by Robert Thom, Esquire, Resident at Canton.—Canton.—1839.—Printed at the Canton Press Office.

A SPECIMEN of Chinese literature, which throws any light upon the singular people with whom we are about to engage in warfare, will be viewed at the present period with peculiar interest, and will be refreshing after the dictatorial edicts of the mighty Lin, and his anathemas against the "filthy liquid." There are many difficulties to contend against in placing before the public any portion of the literary productions of the Chinese, since they invariably throw all kinds of impediments in the way of any European, who attempts to attain an insight into their literature.

Poor Mon. P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, during his residence at Pekin,

speaks most feelingly of his difficulties in understanding and speaking the language, especially in the first discourse he attempted to preach to a native congregation. "God knows," says he, "how much this first sermon cost me! I can assure you this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination." He found great difficulty in understanding the word *chou*, which, when he first heard it, signified a book, but the next time it was employed in the signification of tree; and afterwards he

\* Between 1804 and 1805 there was no issue, on account of the Universities not having completed their stereotyped editions.

was as much puzzled as the Frenchman was in the numerous meanings of our word *box*, when he was assured that it expressed *great heats, the loss of a wager, Aurora, &c. &c.* "From an aspirated tone," says he, "you must pass immediately into an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate, sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal." The poor man, in his zeal, recited his sermon about fifty times to his native servant, and although he continually corrected him, when it came to the trying moment, "out of ten parts of the sermon" (as the Chinese express themselves), they did not understand more than three. It is curious to observe how great a mass of literature has been accumulated by the Chinese, notwithstanding that it has ever been a principle with them to exclude the learning of all other nations, and to confine the interchange of their ideas wholly within their own limits. This would seem to proceed more from their inflexible pride and conceit, than from any dislike of adding to their stock of literature, as many of our readers will remember that education and the advancement of learning is looked upon as a most essential point in the policy of the government. The particular form of printing practised in China, viz. that of stereotyping, and the extreme cheapness of the copies of the works, both in paper and printing, tend to promote the circulation of every kind of literature. Their drama, poetry, and especially their romances or novels, give us a far greater insight into the manners and feelings of this singular nation, than any other portion of their literature. Their plays form a prominent part of their literary labours. In the collection of Chinese works belonging to the East India Company, there are as many as two hundred volumes, and a single work in forty volumes, containing just one hundred theatrical pieces.

The most famous of their works of fiction is entitled *Tsaetsze*, or "Works of Genius;" and Mr. Davis remarks that, "as the writers address themselves solely to their own countrymen, they need not be suspected of the spirit of misrepresentation, prejudice and exaggeration, with which the Chinese are known to speak of themselves to strangers." The same author relates an amusing instance of this, which occurred at Canton; a native being told that the King of England rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses; being determined to keep up the honour of his country, immediately replied, "China Emperor twenty-four!" Their romances abound with poetry, as our readers will find, even in the short narrative of Miss Lwan's sor-

rows; and it is curious to observe, that so early as 1100 years ago, they cultivated to a very great extent this branch of their literature, of which their "Book of Odes" is their earliest specimen." Mr. Davis gives us an extract from a Chinese work on that subject, in which they themselves compare the progress of their versification in later centuries to the growth of a tree; "the ancient Book of Odes may be likened to the roots; when *Toole* flourished the buds appeared; in the time of *Kien-gan* there was abundance of foliage; but during the *Tang* dynasty many reposed under the shade of the tree, and it yielded rich supplies of flowers and fruits." The "Book of Odes" is considered to have been written about 3,000 years ago, and the composition chiefly consists in descriptions of the pain felt by the author, at the conduct of an ungrateful friend. Those of our Oriental readers who have been sufficiently curious to read any part of this, will remember the beautiful allusions to the storm in one portion of the work. Their poetry generally consists of odes and songs, of moral, sentimental and descriptive pieces; amongst the last, some of our readers will recollect the curious poem on London, written by a Chinese in 1813, who seems, from his somewhat accurate and quaint description, to have been better acquainted than the generality of his countrymen with England and its manners, and evincing more knowledge with respect to our country, than Goldsmith exhibits in his Chinese philosopher with regard to China.

Our space will not allow us to enter into the different versification adopted by their poets, nor the curious arrangement of the shortest, which consists of three feet, and is used for assisting the memory, as in the composition of the Santse King 'Trime-trical Classic,' a work on general knowledge for boys in that country. We would refer our curious readers for a very full account on this subject, to the second volume of the Royal Asiatic Transactions, which gives numerous examples, but we fear that perhaps in our anterior observations we have been guilty, as the Chinese say, of "pouring water on a duck's back," and will, therefore, proceed to examine the amusing work before us. The tale is extracted from the 11th volume of

## 今古奇觀

Kin Koo Ke Kwan, "Remarkable Observations of Modern Times," in twelve volumes; it is somewhat difficult to ascertain under what head the work may be classed since it is neither in the style of the classic

nor in the Mandarin language, but is rather "the demi or bastard classic." The resident natives at Canton, who consist merely of Hong merchants, linguists, compradores, &c. &c., are unable to afford translators any assistance in the complicated difficulties of the language, and if they possessed any literary knowledge, are not allowed to communicate it. Mr. Thom tells us, that

"during a residence of five years he has only three times (and that by mere accident) conversed with persons who can properly be called by profession literary men (*lettrés Chinois*); two of these occasions being upon business, no familiar conversation was permitted. The third was at a Hong merchant's, where a Nan lin (*académicien*) was visiting as a friend. This *lettré Chinois* condescended to ask a few questions, but smiled with incredulity on being told that the English had their poetry, as well as the Chinese had their's, and appeared actually to sicken with disgust, when assured that it was quite possible in our barbarous tongue to compose a *Wan chang*! (thesis or homily.) It is worthy of note that this gentleman, on meeting the writer, gave himself out as a *merchant*, most probably from the idea that it was beneath the dignity of a *lettré* to pollute his lips by conversing familiarly with a despised foreigner! In one word then (and the truth must be told, even though with a blush) the Chinese men of letters look upon us, upon our pursuits, and upon every thing connected with us, with the most utter contempt!"

Mr. Thom consulted one of the *Sên säng* or teachers who frequent the Hong's, but even the most talented of them, the translator of *Æsop's fables* into Chinese, only plunged him deeper into his difficulties; for having occasion to consult him repeatedly during his labours on the present work, he would continually give him random interpretations of several important passages. The explanation of one day was totally different from the following, "and when taxed with inconsistency, he would merely say, that every man when reading Chinese poetry would read it in his own way;" that it was, "quot homines tot sententiæ," every man had a different interpretation.

Many of the expressions of the Chinese writers are not exactly calculated for the English reader, and Mr. Thom thought it advisable, in reperusing his work, to leave out various offensive passages, and also to arrange it in such a manner as should relieve the remarkably abrupt style it presented in an entirely literal form—this little work is embellished with a very tolerable lithographed plate by a native artist, without that painful disregard of all perspective which we have in most of the works of the "old masters" of China.

Previous to the history of Miss Keaou Lwan Wang is the short tale of a young lady named Miss Neen urh, and a certain Mr. Chang-yih; but we must refer our read-

ers to Mr. Thom's translation, for this lady's remarkable character and adventures, and on the present occasion will confine ourselves to the more pathetic narration of the former lady.

We are told that "this fact," meaning the history of Miss Wang, "did not occur in the Tang dynasty, neither in the Sung dynasty, but it took place in our own, or our fathers' time."

The tale commences with our readers being informed that—

"During the four years of the reign of the Emperor Teenahun the Meaoutze barbarians of Kwangee rebelled and caused a deal of confusion. Every place was despatching troops to subdue or extirpate the rebels, and among others was a Cheh-wuy (the rank of a colonel) called Wang-chung, of the Ligan military station, who was bringing up a division of Chekeang soldiers, but who not arriving in time was reported to the emperor, and in consequence degraded to the post of a Teen hoo, (or a captain), and further, being sent to perform his duties at the centre of the military station of Nan yang, in the province of Honan, he forthwith took his family to the place of his official employment. Wang-chung was upwards of sixty, and had only one son, called Wangpew, who being somewhat famed for skill and valour, was detained by the viceroy and his lieutenant in the army as a sort of cadet. He had however two daughters, the elder was called Keaou Lwan, and the younger Keaou Fung. Lwan's age was now about eighteen, and Fung's about two years less. Fung had been brought up apart from her home, and being betrothed to a cousin by the mother's side from her tender years, there only remained Lwan who had not yet been pledged to matrimony. Captain Wang had married his present wife, Mrs. Chow, after the death of his first wife, and Mrs. Chow had an elder sister who had married into the family of Tsaou, but who now being a widow and very poor, was received into her sister's house as a sort of companion to her niece. Keaou Lwan and the whole family called her by the familiar appellation of aunt Tsaou."

Miss Lwan seems to have been inclined from her infancy to be a little blue, and had a touch of romance combined with it; for she would often "sigh when standing in the pure breeze or the bright moon," and complain of her state of single blessedness. We must not forget to mention in the establishment a little lady's maid, who, like all lady's maids, was every thing to her young mistress, and quite au fait in the art of delivering a billet-doux, as well as dress-making and dressing hair.

One fine morning, being the Tsing-ming term, or during the time when the Chinese worship at the tomb of their ancestors, Miss Keaou Lwan went into the back garden, accompanied by her good aunt and her little waiting-maid, to unbend her mind by a game in the round-about. During their amusement they were watched by a young gentleman who was a *Sewtsae*, or a Bachelor of

Arts, named Ting chang, of the family of Chow, in the Foo district of Soochow. It so happened that his father was a professor of the College of Nan yang, and that this same college was on a line with the military station; so our young gentleman dressed in mulberry coloured clothes, and wearing on his head a cap or kerchief of the Tang dynasty, was bending forward his head and looking on, called out without ceasing, "Well done! well done!" Poor Miss Keaou Lwan's countenance was suffused with blushes, and like all timid young ladies she rushed for protection to the first person near her, which was her aunt, and then made a precipitate retreat to her boudoir or fragrant chamber, as it is called in China. Young Mr. Ting chang, delighted with the adventure, jumps over the wall to hover round the spot, where the atmosphere had been perfumed by her presence, and in so doing was fortunate enough to find "a handkerchief of scented gauze, three cubits long and finely embroidered;" overjoyed at his prize and hearing some footsteps, he makes his exit, and takes his stand at the same gap in the wall—the little waiting-maid makes her appearance, who was sent by her mistress to look for the lost scarf.

"The student seeing her go round and round, again and again, and hunt here and there and every where, until perfectly fagged, at length smiled, and said to her, 'My pretty miss, the handkerchief having already got into another person's possession, pray what use is there in looking for it any longer?' The waiting-maid raised her head, and seeing that it was a Scutisæ who had addressed her, came forward with a ten thousand blessings on you, young gentleman. I presume that it is my young master who has picked it up; if so, please to return it me, and my gratitude will be unbounded!" The student asked, 'pray whom does the gauze handkerchief belong to?' The waiting-maid replied, 'it belongs to my young lady.' The student rejoined 'since it belongs to your young lady, I must still have your young lady come and ask for it herself, and then I will return it her.'"

A pretty little flirtation then takes place between the student and the waiting maid; he former declaring who he is, and in return learns from the "pretty Miss" that her "mighty name" is Ming hea, and that she is the bosom attendant of her mistress. Ting chang still refuses her the handkerchief, but begs her to take a little piece of poetry to her mistress, written upon a sheet of peach flowered paper, doubled up so as to form a *fangshing*, or parallelogram, and after a little persuasion, aided by the gift of an irresistible gold hair pin, she consents. 'This is the commencement of a poetical correspondence between the new lovers, "so voluminous" that we cannot here narrate it all. We shall, however, give our readers, in the author's

words, Aunt Tsaou's discovery that her niece has a lover.

"The season of the year was now the Twan-yang-term," (or the fifth day of the fifth moon, a great Chinese holiday,) "and Captain Wang spread a little family banquet in the pavilion in the garden. Ting chang kept going backwards and forwards near a favourite spot; he knew perfectly well that the young lady herself was in the back ground, but he had no means of seeing her or speaking with her face to face, neither could Ming hea communicate a single word. While he was in the very midst of his perplexity, he unexpectedly met with a soldier of the military station, whose name was Sinkew. Now this said Sinkew was also a very skilful carpenter, he was commonly employed in the military station, where he acted as a sort of police serjeant, and was moreover frequently in the college, where they employed him as a workman. Ting chang then, on meeting Sinkew, forthwith wrote out a verse of poetry, which he scaled up carefully, and taking two hundred cash, gave them to the soldier to buy himself a cup of wine, entrusting him at the same time with the letter, which he was instructed to hand over to Miss Ming hea. Sinkew, when he had received a man's pay, was an honest enough fellow in discharging the duty he was engaged for; so he waited till next morning, when, spying a good opportunity, he slipped the letter into Ming hea's hand, who in her turn handed it up to her young lady. Keaou Lwan accordingly broke it open and perused it. There was a small introduction, which said, 'On the festival of the Twan-yang, I looked for my young lady Keaou Lwan in the garden, and not seeing her, my mouth uttered the following verse, impromptu—

"I have spun the party-coloured thread with which  
I had hoped to have bound our destinies together,

"I have poured out the full goblet spiced with the  
Chang poo leaf, which I had expected to have  
pledged with you!

"But clouds sunder the river of our mutual sym-  
pathies, I see not her who is the delight of my  
eyes;

"And, like the beauteous sun-flower, in vain my  
heart turns to the God of day!"

"At the end of the billet-doux were these words,  
'Chow Ting chang, of Sung-ling, who scribbled  
this, presents his best respects.'

"Keaou Lwan, having read this love letter, placed it on the top of her bookstand. She then, in course, went to comb her hair, not yet having made a reply, when, unexpectedly, Aunt Tsaou entered the fragrant apartment, and seeing a scribbled sheet of poetry, gave a great start, and exclaimed, 'Ah! Miss Keaou! If you have these clandestine goings-on in the western outhouse,' why not have the landlord of the eastern path to direct you? How could you ever think of concealing this piece

"This alludes to a well-known Chinese novel called the "Sa Seang," (literally, the Western Outhouse,) which relates to the intrigues of Miss Tsuy, from whose eyes a single glance bereft an unfortunate student, named Master Chang Kung, alias Kwan Suy, of his soul and spirit, and consequently he became her devoted admirer, and borrowed the outhouse of the temple, under pretences of studying there, but the current of their loves did not run smooth.



of business from me?" Keaou Lwan blushed, and replied, 'although we have been stringing a few rhymes together, the thing has not gone any further; were it so, I should not dare to conceal it from my dear Aunt.' Aunt Tsaou remarked, 'This young student, Chow, is a sewtsae, of Keang-nan province; your respective families are much upon a par, why not desire him to send a go-between to arrange matters? You would then complete a matrimonial connection for life, and would not this be a good plan?' "

Many amusing details respecting the ceremony of marriage may be found in a work entitled "The Fortunate Union." A married woman in China must really be considered a very happy person, for, like the sovereign of our country, "she can do no wrong." Upon the shoulders of the unfortunate husband, who stands in a similar situation to our ministers, rests all the responsibility of her actions as well as of his own. The lady on marriage assumes her husband's surname. There are seven grounds of divorce, amongst which are talkativeness, thieving, ill temper, &c. Aunt Tsaou mentions the usual custom of a go-between, which is always observed, and is entitled *ping*. These agents, selected by the parents, bring the matter about by inquiring into the relative positions in life of the bride and bridegroom, as it is essential in China that there should be an equality of rank on both sides. The most appropriate time is considered to be in spring, and in the first moon of the Chinese year (February), when the peach tree blossoms in China. Our readers will remember the delicate allusion Mr. Chow wished to convey to his fair one, in writing upon peach-coloured paper. Mr. Davis, in his work on China, gives us some very beautiful verses from the pen of Sir William Jones, the paraphrase of a literal translation of a passage in the Chinese "Book of Odes:"—

"Sweet Child of spring, the garden's queen,  
Yon peach tree charms the roving sight;  
Its fragrant leaves, how richly green,  
Its blossoms, how divinely bright!

"So softly shines the beauteous bride,  
By love and conscious virtue led,  
O'er her new mansion to preside,  
And placid joys around her spread."

But we left Miss Lwan in rather a critical position. She very rationally concedes to her aunt's wishes, and accordingly writes a few rhymes to her lover, telling him that he would "do well to employ the go-between, to communicate a word in season." Ting chang, upon receiving the poetry, sends his friend Chaou-heo kew, (literally the man of ice,) to Captain Wang, soliciting the honour of his daughter's hand. Now Miss Lwan

was every thing to her father, as she arranged all his papers and wrote his letters, and as he could not possibly do without her, he would give no promise. Upon this decision of the hard-hearted parent, heaps of verses pass between the disconsolate lovers, and a bright thought occurs to Ting chang that Mrs. Wang is of the same family name as his own, and that he will pay his respects to her and ask to become her adopted nephew. To further his plans, he complains to his father that the college is too confined for his studies, and that he should like to pursue them in the back garden of the military station. His father, Professor Chow, negotiates the affair with Captain Wang, and it is amicably arranged, and that he shall also take his meals with the family. Ting chang chooses a lucky day on the almanack, and taking some silks and brocades as presents, makes his appearance at Captain Wang's house, and is most graciously received. The old gentleman, however, takes care to cut off all communication between his daughter's apartments and the young student's, so that now no more peach blossom paper could be used. This was not a very favourable state of affairs for the lovers, and poor Miss Lwan falls sick and refuses to eat.

Ting chang all of a sudden remembers that he is deeply read in the science of medicine, and declares to Captain Wang that he can do her more good than any of the soothsayers and physicians already consulted. The plan succeeds, and he obtains two or three interviews with his fair one; but the tiresome old lady and gentleman are always present. To remedy this he proposes, as an essential thing, that the invalid shall have more exercise. From this time the course of their love runs smoothly, and we give our readers the following interesting scene of the first vows which passed between them, while they were in the garden:

"Ting chang at length seized an opportunity when no one was present to urge his suit, and earnestly implored a glance at the fragrant chamber. Keaou Lwan stole a look towards the spot where aunt Tsaou stood, and answered in a low whisper 'the key is in her possession, my brother must himself beg it of her.' Ting chang in an instant comprehended her meaning, and next day, having purchased two pieces of the finest silks and a pair of gold bracelets, he employs Ming hea to lay them before aunt Tsaou. This good lady forthwith hied away to her niece, and said to her, 'young master Chow has been sending me a very handsome present. I'm sure I don't know what his meaning can be by so doing!' 'Why,' said Keaou Lwan, 'he is a young and thoughtless student, and not without his faults, I presume he means by his present to solicit my kind aunt's indulgence!' Aunt Tsaou replied, 'what is most at heart with you two young folks I know perfectly, but whatever intercourse you may have, I will never disclose it!' Saying these words,

she took the key and handed it over to Ming hea. Lwan's heart was delighted, and she instantly wrote the following stanzas to Ting chang :

'In secret I take these words and send them to my lord,

But do not inconsiderately open your lips to other people !

This night the door of the fragrant apartment will not be locked,

And when the moon changes the shadows of the flowers let my lover come !'

On receiving these lines, Ting chang's joy was without bounds. That night, when it was already dusk and the watchman's first drum had sounded, he with slow and stealthy steps bent his way to the inner section of the house, and the back door being ajar, he sideways slipped himself through. From that day when he felt her pulse in her bedroom and returned by the back garden, he had but slender recollection of the passage, so he moved along slowly : but at length seeing the rays of a lamp and Ming hea standing waiting for him at the door, he quickened his pace, and walked straight into the young lady's chamber. Ting chang made her a low bow and wished to clasp her in his arms, but Lwan pushed him off and desired Ming hea to call aunt Tsaou to come and sit with her. At this the student's hopes were greatly balked, and all the bitterness of disappointed love rising up before his eyes, he upbraided her with change of mind, and his tears were about to flow. Lwan, seeing him in this state, observed, 'I am a virtuous maiden, and you, sir, are, I believe, no rake ; alas ! it is only because the youth possesses talent and the fair one beauty that we thus love, thus compassionate each other ! I, having clandestinely admitted you to my apartment, now hold myself yours for ever ! and you, sir, were you now to cast me off, would not this be a poor return for the implicit confidence I repose in you ? No ! you must here in the presence of the all-seeing Gods, swear to live with me as man and wife, till both our heads are white with age ; if you aim at any irregularity beyond this, though you slay me, yet will I not consent.' She spoke these words with great earnestness, and had scarce finished when aunt Tsaou arrived. This lady, in the first instance, thanked Ting chang for the handsome present he had sent her during the day, and the young gentleman in return implored her to play the part of a go-between and marry them. He swore to be a most faithful and loving husband ; and his impression, if false, flowed from his mouth like a torrent. Under these circumstances, aunt Tsaou thus addressed them both :—'My beloved nephew and niece, since you wish that I play the go-between, you must begin by writing out conjointly four copies of a marriage contract. The first copy we will take and burn before heaven and earth, so as to call the good and evil spirits to witness what we are about. Another copy you will leave with me, the go-between, as proof, if at some future day your love towards each other should wax cold ; and each of you should preserve a copy as a pledge, that one day or another you will join the bridal cups, and go through the other forms of a regular marriage. If the woman deceive the man, may the swift lightning strike her dead ! If the man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body ! and further, may he or she again receive the punishment of their crime in the city of the dead, by sinking into the hell of darkness for ever and ever !' Aunt Tsaou pronounced the curse in a most solemn and touching manner, that struck awe for a moment into the hearts of both the student

and Lwan ; with mutual fondness, however, they set about writing out the several copies of the marriage contract, which being solemnly sworn to, they knelt in humble worship before heaven and earth, and afterwards returned their hearty thanks to aunt Tsaou. She then, producing rich fruits and mellow wine, pledged each of them in a cup, and wished them joy as man and wife."

Our reader must understand that these clandestine marriages seldom take place in China, and therefore our lovers were very cautious in their movements, for fear that old Mr. Wang should discover them. Matters however went on very prosperously, and the little waiting maid Ming hea was despatched every third or fifth day with an invitation from her mistress to Master Ting chang to come to her. And thus half a year rolled on, and Professor Chow's term of office having expired, he departed, and would have taken his son with him, but that he refused, on the plea that he wished to complete his course of studies, but really from his excessive love for Miss Lwan. But our readers will find that love is but a name, as well as friendship ; for Ting chang looking over the *Pekin Gazette* perceived that his father, on account of ill health, had retired from office, and was gone to his native place. A violent desire of seeing his parents suddenly seizes him. His grief is observed by Miss Lwan and her aunt, who both very generously urge him to follow the dictates of his filial affection. By their united entreaties he at last consents to go ; we give our readers, in the words of the translator, the affecting scene of the last few hours the lovers were together :—

"That night Lwan set out wine in the fragrant apartment, and sent an invitation to Ting chang. Then she again went over all the circumstances of their previous oath, and again they fixed upon as it were their wedding day. Aunt Tsaou also sat by their side : they conversed the live-long night, nor did balmy sleep once seal up their eyes. When about to depart, Lwan asked the student to leave with her the place of his abode. Ting chang inquired for what reason. 'Nothing,' said Lwan, 'merely in case of your not coming speedily, I may perhaps send a few lines to you.' The student caught up a pencil and wrote the following sentence :—

'When I think of my relations a thousand miles off, I must return to Soochow—

My family dwell in Woo keang town, the seventeenth division—

You must ask for the mouth of the Shwang yang rivulet in the South Ma—

And at the bottom of the Yeuling bridge stands the house of Woo the grain inspector.'

"Ting chang said farther by way of explanation, 'the name of our family is properly speaking Woo, and one of my ancestors, a long time ago, in fulfilling the duties of a tithing man, was very famous for the way in which he managed the grain intrusted to him ; hence we are called the family of Woo the grain inspector. Chow is the name of another

family into which we have been adopted. Although to satisfy you, my love, I have written out these lines, yet is there little occasion for them, seeing the vehemence of my desire to return to you. While separated from you, days will seem years. The longest that I can possibly be away is a year, the shortest, about half that time, when I will most certainly bring my father's card in my hand, and come myself to claim you as my bride. As I live I will never, never permit my beauty of the harem to be a prey to anxiety and suspense.' Having thus spoken they embraced each other and wept; gradually 'night's candles being burnt out, the envious streaks of day did lace the severing clouds in the far east,' when Lwan herself accompanied her lover out of the garden. There is on record a stanza of eight lines in couplets to the following purport:—

TING CHANG.

• Bound together by mutual sympathy as fish to the water, so have we been evidently created for each other!

But, alas! when I think of my parents far away I am compelled to tear myself from you.'

KEAOU LWAN.

• In the flower garden hence-forward who will look with me at the bright moon?

In the fragrant apartment from this, I care not about playing at chess!"

TING CHANG.

• I only fear lest your person being far distant from me, your love may also grow cold!

I feel no anxiety about my literary essays not being complete, I only dread lest my happiness be not complete!"

KEAOU LWAN.

• I droop my head and speak not, but the feelings of my heart are perfectly alive to what is going on!

Though overcome with grief at the thoughts of parting, I perforce assume a look of content and satisfaction."

"In a moment more it was broad day-light, and the horse that was to bear the student from his bride stood at the door ready saddled and bridled. Mr. Wang got wine ready in the inner hall, and his wife and the other ladies assembled for the stirrup cup or parting glass. Ting chang again made his obeisance and took his leave. Lwan, finding that grief was getting the better of her, and that she was about to burst into tears, silently stole away to her apartment, where she caught up a piece of black silk, such as is used on these occasions, and wrote thereon a verse of eight lines. This she gave to Ming hea and desired her to wait for a favourable opportunity when Ting chang was mounting his horse, privately to put it into his hand. The student, when on horseback, broke it open and read as follows:—

• We have grasped each other's lily hands and sat side by side.

And now compelled to part—how can I bear up against two torrents of tears?

Before your horse, my love, shall have distanced yon mournful willow,

My heart shall have gone before you far as the white clouds beyond.

I will adhere to the rules of chastity as firmly as did the unfortunate lady Keang—

\* Mr. Thom also gives us another translation of this line. "I perforce take my parting tears, and as therewith my arched eyebrows."

Or as you, sir, in esteeming the five relations of mankind, are of the class of the dutiful Min keen.

When your aim is accomplished, do you speedily turn your head and bend your steps hitherward—

For your poor girl of the harem is thin, and unable to endure so much troubled sleep;"

Our readers, who are unread in Chinese lore, will perhaps be glad of the information extracted from the interesting notes the author has added to his little work. There seem to have been two or three celebrated ladies of the name of Keang; one of them was the royal concubine of the Chaou of the Tsou, who used to amuse himself by walking on a certain terrace with Queen Keang, and was accustomed to send her a ticket or piece of bamboo by the servant, when he required her presence. A tremendous flood arose and encircled her house. The Emperor hearing of it sent a messenger immediately to desire her to leave it; but poor Queen Keang, not seeing the accustomed piece of bamboo, obstinately refused to leave the room, and was unfortunately drowned. Another lady of the same name, (and to whom we suppose Miss Lwan refers,) was the wife of Prince Kung-pih of Wei, who having died early, the lady's parents were very anxious that she should marry again; but she resolved to be faithful to her first love, and composed certain stanzas, which are well known in Chinese literature. The dutiful Min Keen, or Min Isze Keen, was a disciple of Confucius. His father was a coachman, and married a second time. The new Mrs. Keen proved to be, like all stepmothers in fairy tales, a very wicked one. After her marriage she bore him a son. One day, the father finding that she had deprived his little son of some of his under clothing, he was in a great passion, and would have turned his wife out of doors, but little Min Keen, with tears in his eyes, said, "While mother is still here, it is only one son who suffers cold; but were you to send mother away, both boys would be destitute and forlorn." So kind a supplication appeased the father's wrath, and tended to lessen the severity of his stepmother. We are told that Confucius said of him, "Who is the dutiful son? Why, it is Min Isze Keen!" And now our readers must prepare themselves for the treacherous conduct of Mr. Ting chang. He arrives at his father's house, and finds that he has made a matrimonial alliance for him with a certain Miss Wei, of incomparable beauty, and with enormous wealth. Ting chang is not proof against her golden charms; and forgetting Miss Wang, "after half a year Miss Wei

crossed his threshold, man and wife took to each kindly."

Poor Miss Wang, not hearing from her false lover, pines in secret—"during the day she was wretched and lonely—before the pale lamp her own shadow was her only companion." Upwards of a year passes away, when one day Ming hea rushes in and tells her that a man is just come from the military station at Lingan, which she particularly impresses upon her is in the Hang-chow district, and that, as he is about to return, she can send her husband a letter. Keaou Lwan writes a very long one, without loss of time, and begging him to return to Nan yang immediately, and to bring with him a marriage contract, to complete their "matrimonial arrangement for life." The letter seems to have been mostly in poetry. It must have been put in a very large envelope; and the following direction would, we fear, be rather awkward for those which our present government have issued, with Mr. Mulready's interesting group of Chinese, &c. upon them.

"I will trouble the bearer to take this letter and present it at the public court in Weo city. The family, which are of the greatest respectability, worthy indeed to be boasted of! Their ancestors have dwelt for a long time in the house of a certain grain inspector. And the distinguished father at this moment holds the office of a Seuen hwa!\*" If you already know the eastern part of the building, the western will not be far off—Only take care that you don't make a mistake and go to the north Ma instead of the south Ma! If you meet any one on the road, you must ask him, 'Pray, sir, in what pretty little hamlet is\* the bridge of Yen-ling?'"

Miss Lwan languishes on seven months longer without a syllable from her lover, and at the end of that period sends a similar letter, committing it to the charge of a certain Mr. Chang who was going that way. Mr. Chang is as good as his word, and delivers the letter into Ting chang's own hand, whom he meets on the very bridge mentioned in the address. Ting chang is very much confused at this unexpected letter, and invites Mr. Chang into a neighbouring tavern, to take a friendly glass of wine "while he writes a hurried reply, to the effect that his father is ill and requires his presence, but he hopes ere long to see her." Mr. Chang returns to Nan yang, and the young lady eagerly reads the contents—"and though it did not specify any time for her lover's return, yet it held out a *hope*, and served as

painted cake does to appease one's hunger, or looking at plums to allay one's thirst." Ting chang is far too occupied with his own concerns to remember his former vows, and for the third time does the disconsolate Miss Lwan send him a letter—and all without effect. The news of her sister Keaou Fung being safely delivered of a fine boy makes her sigh more deeply at their different destinies. Her grief is prettily expressed in the following lines, which are the conclusion of her letter.

"I again and again enjoin my lover that he miss not an opportunity of returning. Even should we live a hundred years as man and wife, pray how long is that after all? The daughter of the Wang family has become the bride of the son of the Chow family—The civilian's boy has espoused the military officer's girl! And ten thousand bushels of sorrow lock down my eye-brows overcast with care! Alas! when I reflect that we are in two distant lands, my regret is greater than ever!"

Much the same sort of direction is put on this letter, only it is shorter, and she dignifies the grain inspector by the appellation of "Respectability itself." Our readers must now prepare themselves for the more tragical part of this history. Miss Lwan's feelings again place her on a bed of sickness. Her parents, together with aunt Tsaou, conceive that the best thing for her is to form another alliance; but she replies—"A human being without faith is as a beast! I would rather that Mr. Chow should deceive me, than that I should attempt to deceive the all-seeing Gods!" Gradually the truth unfolds itself to her heart, and she despairs of his return. As a last resource, by her aunt's advice, she writes him a series of stanzas, recalling to his memory their former loves. Many of the expressions are very forcible and beautiful, and others, again, tend to excite our laughter. We will give a short extract from this poetical epistle.

"Since you went away, Sir, I do nothing but knit my eyebrows;  
I am grown careless about arranging my rouge and cosmetics, and my head is like a broom;  
Bride and bridegroom in two different lands—  
Oh! painful is the thought—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
One night I dreamt that my love was wedded to another;  
And when morning broke, without being aware of it, grief had transformed my face from youth to age!  
We swore, that if false, we were willing that the Gods should hurl their thunder and dart their avenging lightning—  
And the goddess Heuen neu communicated our oath through the whole of the nine heavens!  
Since then, you have only returned to your native place, and not to the streams of Hades

\* "An ancient mandarinship, about equal to a modern Che-been."

Why is there so much difficulty in seeing your face, or in getting tidings from you?

My lover's affection is false, but mine, alas! is too true—

And I now again send this letter by express, to show the carnation colour of my heart!\*

Alas! for a blushing flower of thrice seven summers—

Silent and lonely is her fragrant apartment, and her painful thoughts insupportable."

\* \* \* \* \*

Aunt Tsaou added also a few lines of expostulation, and the two were inclosed in an envelope with the sublime commencement—

"These for a majestic and striking house, like a prime minister's palace," &c. &c.

Sin conveys the letter to Ting chang, who is very much frightened, and, hastily entering his house, sends the following *verbal* message by his tiger:—

"My master," says the boy, "has been married to the young lady of Mr. Wei, the Tung che foo magistrate, now about three years; the road to Nan yang is very far, and he can hardly be expected to go back there; and as a letter is a difficult thing to write, he relies upon you, that you will deliver this verbal message for him. This scented gauze handkerchief in former days belonged to Miss Lwan, as well as this sheet of paper, which is a marriage contract; and he begs that you will return them to her, in order that she may think no more about him. Master at first wanted to have kept you to give you a dinner, but he is afraid, lest the old gentleman, his father, might be asking annoying questions, and getting surprised and angry, so he sends you these five mace of silver" (about three shillings sterling) "for your road expenses, and expects that next time you won't give yourself the trouble of a long journey for nothing!"

Sin got into a violent passion at this message, and heaped all sorts of maledictions upon Ting chang's head; at last he is so overpowered by his feelings, that he becomes hysterical and weeps aloud. His noisy grief attracts the attention of the passers by, who learn the whole history, and are loud in their reproaches against Ting chang. Miss Lwan, upon receiving the fatal message, passes three days and three nights in her chamber, bewailing the past, and drawing up a poetical narration of her cruel fate. We must refer our readers to the work itself for this sad narrative, which she inclosed, together with copies of their marriage contract, in the form of a Mandarin's public document, and directed it to the chief magistrate of Woo-keang. Our readers must sympathise with us in the melancholy fate of Miss Lwan from the original translation;—

\* "This means a sincere heart; they say that the heart of a bad man is black."—Morrison.

"That very night Keaou Lwan washed her person with the utmost care, and having changed her clothes, she desired Ming hea to go and boil her some tea, using this deceit to get Ming hea out of the room. No sooner was her maid gone, than, having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet, then taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam and tied it; next, having made fast the scented gauze napkin, the first cause of all her woes, round her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and finally kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and in a moment her spirit dissolved in ether, while her soul sought the habitations of the dead, at the early age of twenty-one years! \* \* \* \* Ming hea, then, having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut; she knocked for some time, but no one opening, she ran in a great fright to communicate the intelligence to aunt Tsaou. This lady along with Mrs. Chow speedily arrived, and the room door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them, when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view! Old Mr. Wang was not long in hearing the dismal tale, and in an instant repaired to the spot. It were needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued; neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed so rash an act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body; and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan was, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!"

Such is the melancholy end of poor Miss Lwan. Her faithless lover most unwillingly "sought the habitations of the dead" by the hand of the executioner, and our concluding extract will give our readers some idea of the cruel punishments inflicted by the Chinese upon their criminals. It seems that his worship Keuê, the chief magistrate, received Miss Lwan's letter, and handed it over to the imperial censor Fan-che, who happened to be travelling through the country, exercising his prerogative of reforming any abuses that he should meet with. Ting chang was commanded to appear before him, and on being accused and denying his guilt, was ordered by his excellency to have fifty blows with the bamboo, and to be sent to prison until he could make further inquiries at Nang yang; after some days the answer came back, and—

"The censor in a voice of wrath thus addressed him; 'To treat with levity or insult the daughter of a Mandarin is one crime. Being already betrothed to one wife, marrying another is a second crime. Having had adulterous intercourse leading to the death of a party concerned is a third crime. In your marriage contract it is written, if a man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body! I have now no arrows here to slay thee, but—' added he, raising his voice, 'thou shalt be beat to death with staves like a dog, so that thou mayest serve as a warning to all cold blooded villains in future.' With that he shouted with a loud voice, as a signal to the bailiffs and lictors who were in

waiting :—these, grasping their clubs of bamboo, rushed forward in a body, and simultaneously struck\* the wretched culprit, pieces of whose body flew about the hall in all directions, and in a moment a bloody and hideous mass marked the corpse of the betrayer of Lwan !”

The tale concludes with a little *moral*.

“Reader ! why should he thus court the wealth and beauty of a second bride, and turn back upon his previous oath ? what really was the profit on’t ? There is a stanza which says—

‘ Having become man and wife for a single day,  
remain man and wife for ever !

What can you expect to gain by deceiving a tender  
girl’s too confiding heart ?

Should you say that no vengeance awaits the false  
and cruel lover—

Please to read this story of lasting resentment,  
which took place in by-gone years ! ”

And so say we ; and to such of our readers as are not Oriental scholars, we can recommend Mr. Thom’s translation, who has been extremely happy in the style he has adopted ; and we hope that he will again employ the Canton press for the gratification of English readers. Should he do so, we trust that his future labour may be employed upon a work which contains fewer poetical effusions ; for although this class of romances is very curious, yet they do not throw so much light upon the domestic manners and customs of the Chinese, as would be desired by such readers as must rely upon translations for any insight into Chinese literature.

ART. VII.—*Vita di Caterina de’ Medici, Saggio Storico di* Eugenio Albèri. 4to. Firenze, 1838.

THERE is rest for the relics of man in his tomb, but there is none for his memory. Posterity, as an immense jury, sits round his death-bed for his trial, but its sessions are adjourned to infinity. History issues no sentence that history may not repeal. Time fights the battles of truth, an unimpassioned but unwearied ally. Every hour there are new evidences brought forward, mysteries unravelled and reputations restored. Envious malignity or hatred of party can never have laid a man’s name so low, that it may not be lawful for any person to plead his cause before the nations, and call forth a revision of his judgment.

No one will, therefore, dispute to M. Eugenio Albèri the right of appearing in the lists as the avowed champion of Catherine de’ Medici. No one would be even entitled to inquire into the motives that prompted him to undertake her apology, had he not, himself, condescended to explain them. He informs us, that, having, in compliance with some person’s wish, prepared himself to write a short biographical sketch of Henry II.’s queen, he was soon involved in serious doubts as to the rectitude of the judgments passed against that singular woman, that having in consequence studied his subject with more intense interest, and having recourse to other sources of information than those from which historians and biographers had hitherto drawn their narratives, he was led to reject all the opinions entertained about her, and resolved to try to clear her fame from the stains inflicted upon it, no less by hostile libellers than by grave and impartial historians, and to vindicate her name and at once that of Italy, so often and so freely outraged by foreigners.

The documents consulted by him are especially the contemporaneous reports of the Venetian ambassadors, over a complete edition of which our author himself is now presiding in Florence, and the manuscripts of the *Archivio Mediceo* which was thrown open to him by the munificence of the Grand Duke. It is, perhaps, well to observe, that that prince is keenly alive to every discovery that can reflect any lustre on the name of his Medicean predecessors, and that to the gratification of his royal feelings, M. Albèri’s essay has been, we think, rather ungenerously attributed.

That the countrymen of M. Albèri have not always been fairly treated, we are by no means unwilling to admit, and their justification seems to be evidently implied in that almost European saying, “that the Italians are better than their reputation.” The odious part of the cowardly bravo, and of the treacherous stabber and poisoner, are, in all works of fiction, invariably assigned to one of their nation, in accordance with those same rules of art (as Victor Hugo pleaded against his Italian challengers) by which the fox is always made to act the part of the swindler, and the cat that of the traitor, in the fables of *Æsop*.

Those atrocious personifications of inhuman monsters which have power to startle romantic young ladies in their sleep, of which we read in modern novels, but which, as we see nothing that resembles them in real life, we would feel inclined to set down as the work of a distempered fancy, are easily accounted for, and cease to excite

\* In the original it says, they made no distinction between *sol* and *si*, or they rung all the notes of the gamut upon him at the same time.

wonder as soon as the country of the dark misdoer is announced; for Victor Hugo has taught us that there is no enormity that we have not reason to expect from a man whose name ends in *i*. Were not the hero an Italian, we should look to the inventor himself with a feeling of distrust and abhorrence, akin to that of Frederick the Second of Prussia, who, having read Granelli's *Dion*, expressed a wish to have the poet in his hands, that he might hang him without respite, in order to deliver the world from the dangerous genius that could frame so subtle a plot of iniquity.

Walter Scott himself, our amiable and benevolent Scott, who never was in Italy but in his dying days, and who had hardly seen any Italian but poor Foscolo, whom he hated because he was "ugly as a baboon,"—Scott himself, contrary to his custom, outrageously violated all historical truth, to represent as the basest of traitors the most gallant and accomplished knight of his age—Conrad of Montserrat, who, far from ever conspiring against the life of others, fell himself a victim to the dagger of the assassins of the mountain, not without some suspicion (we trust utterly unfounded) of some participation in his murder, by the jealousy of our lion-hearted Richard himself.

Still it would be unjust to quarrel with a poet or a novelist for accommodating facts to suit his designs; and we can only pity such of their readers (and they are a larger class than is generally supposed) who listen to those sweet illusions with blind reliance, and ground their belief on the authority of what is avowedly a work of invention. But history can with less scruple be called to account; and if it can be proved, as M. Albèri asserts, that the French historians, instead of paying due honour to the memory of a queen, who did so much for their nation, have not blushed to spread and sanction the most injurious reports, to throw upon a foreign woman the blame of the deeds of blood that stained their annals in the sixteenth century; we must allow him a neutral ground in our pages, and take note of every sound argument he may be able to bring forward to her exculpation. In fact, we must request our readers to note that most foreign consorts have fared ill in all troubles of the state. We need simply indicate Catherine of Arragon, Henrietta Maria, and Marie Antoinette, to substantiate our position.

We consider it our duty to confess, ere we enter into the subject, that of all people in Europe the French are the most unfair in their estimate of foreign nations, and especially of Italy: we all remember with what venom and acrimony, whenever it

suit their purpose to show their allegiance to the Bourbons, their most distinguished writers hastened to abjure Buonaparte, reproaching to the fallen hero his Italian nativity, his bilious southern temper, and his half African hue. We know with what readiness they adopted as countrymen *Mas-sena* or *Lagrange*, perhaps because their names did not terminate with an *i*. That they vented in their writings their rage against Catherine de' Medici because she was too shrewd and too active to meet with the fate of Marie Antoinette of Austria, might be not altogether improbable; but it would be difficult, at so late a period, to clear all doubts on so arduous a subject, and M. Albèri might boast of having accomplished no inconsiderable task, if he could succeed to redeem, even in part, the conduct of a woman to whom her bitterest adversaries never denied strength of character and loftiness of mind.

It is only under an historical or a national, by no means under a religious point of view, that he examines his subject. The life of Catherine is not a work of polemic divinity. Properly speaking, a book of that kind has not, these many years, been published in Italy.

While at a distance she still preserves a militant attitude, and causes some uneasiness abroad, the Church of Rome has laid down her arms at home, and trusts her cause solely to the support of Austria. Of that innumerable militia of Italian priesthood, there is not one pressing forward for the cause they have embraced. The highly gifted but worldly-minded prelate, surrounded with luxury and vice, wants that energy and ardour that only conviction can give, and the modest but ignorant curate is too blind himself ever to bring light upon others. The one class disgrace the name of religion by their conduct, the other by their absurd superstition. Hence it happens, that the few generous enthusiasts that still dare to raise a voice, not indeed for Romanism, but for a pure, ascetic, and, as it were, a dreaming Christianity, the men of the school of Manzoni and Pellico, not only do not belong to, nor write in the spirit of, the clergy, but are even looked upon by them with mistrust and jealousy, though the closest investigation may not find them astray for a single moment from the strictest orthodoxy.

But the worst of evils, indifference, is in that country the order of the day: the demolition of the old fabric of Romanism has involved in its ruins more of the sound part of the doctrines of Christ than a true lover of religion would gladly behold, and every mark of emancipation of religious opinions

has been likewise a step to anarchy and scepticism. The best part of the thinking classes are so deeply engrossed with their longings for a political change, that every theological question is irretrievably put off as one of secondary importance, to be easily resumed and settled whenever the nation recovers the right of free discussion. The life of Catherine is, therefore, very far from being the work of a priest. M. Albèri, a Roman exile, and only by special favour allowed a precarious residence in Tuscany, is not even a votary of the regenerated, if not reformed Christianity of Manzoni. He never attempts to palliate or to excuse the horrors of the long bloody revenge that Romanist fanaticism wreaked upon the Huguenots of France. He only affirms that the French were already too greatly addicted and used to bloodshed, to need the influence of a crafty and ambitious foreign woman to urge them to the most dire extremes; that placed between the opposite interests of irreconcilable parties, constantly pressed by suggestions and menaces from abroad, constantly besieged by the cannibal roar of a maddening populace, she was frustrated in her repeated efforts to bring about a reconciliation, thwarted in her sincere wish to remain calm and neutral among so many discordant elements, and at last overwhelmed, overturned, dragged along by the current, and compelled to choose among so many evils what she considered the least.

But whether it was religious or patriotic zeal, or even a feeling of gratitude towards the clement grand duke, that actuated M. Albèri to write, he has nevertheless an undisputed right to be heard; and we shall feel under great obligation to him, if in the course of our examination of his work we can arrive at any important fact that may throw new light on that most important period of history.

Few persons ever care to inquire into the particulars of the earliest youth of Catherine, few are acquainted with the hardships and dangers she met with in the home of her father, ere she reached the high station to which her misfortune had reared her. Catherine was born of Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo il Magnifico, and was the niece of Pope Clement VII. By the order of her uncle, the young princess, an orphan of both parents, was in her fifth year placed in the monastery Delle Murate. In 1527, the Florentines taking advantage of the distress of Clement, who was then besieged by the Imperialists in the castle of St. Angelo, drove the Papal lieutenant from their city and proclaimed their independence. The young recluse, forgotten by her rela-

tives, remained as a hostage in the hands of the enemies of the name of Medici. When the last extremities had come for Florence, she was dragged out of her violated cloisters by those rude republicans, who were deliberating whether she should be delivered over to popular fury or exposed on their bulwarks to the imperial artillery, or given up to a public house of prostitution. "But the mute eloquence of her guileless childhood," adds M. Albèri, "prevailed over the counsel of those incensed partisans," and she was only removed to another convent, whose inmates were known to be better attached to the popular cause.

In 1530, Florence capitulated, and Catherine was sent to her uncle in Rome. Destined to serve as an instrument to the selfish schemes of Clement's pusillanimous policy, the unconscious girl had already been proffered to the Duke of Ferrara and the Prince of Orange. But now, seriously alarmed by the rapid progress of Charles V., and by the uncontrolled ascendancy he had gained over Italy, the ill-fated Pope destined her to a royal match in France, and gave her as a pledge of the alliance he had just contracted with Francis I. Towards the end of the summer of 1533, Clement VII. sailed for Marseilles with a pompous retinue, and bestowed with his own hand the youthful bride on Henry, the King's second son.\* She was then aged fourteen.

The young Princess, scarcely emancipated from her monastic timidity, was thrown into a world of debauchery, such as was never before or after rivalled in Europe. The manners of Francis the First and his court are depicted by M. Albèri with a shocking veracity, and we have in the documents added to his narrative, a sad commentary upon what most revolted us in "*Le roi s'amuse*."† By dwelling so minutely on these particulars, the advocate of Catherine aimed to refute the charge laid on her name by the French historians, of having opened

\* Suriano, the Venetian ambassador, then residing in Rome, describes Catherine in the following terms; "*Di natura assai vivace monstra gentil spirito, ben ac costumata; è stata educata e governata cum le monache nel monasterio delle Murate in Fiorenza, donne di molto bon nome e sancta vita; è piccola de persona, scarna, non de vito delicato, ha li occhi grossi proprij alla casa de' Medici.*"

† François, par la grace de Dieu, a notre aimé et féal conseiller et tresorier de nos epargnes, M. Jehan Duval, salut et dilection. Nous voulons et vous mandons que des deniers de nos epargnes vous baillez comptant à Ceeile de Vieville, dame des filles de joie suivant notre cour, la somme de 45 liv. tournois, que nous lui avons fait et faisons don, tant pour elle que pour les autres dames et filles de sa maison, a despartir entre elles qu'elles aviseront. —From a MS. Royal Library, Paris.



a new school of seduction and incontinence in France, and ministered to the pleasures of her children and courtiers, to weaken their intellect and enervate their soul, so as to keep them passive and submissive under her control. We think there can be no doubt that French corruption needed no incentive from abroad, and a girl who had seen nothing of the world, save during the three years she spent with her uncle at Rome, must have received the first rudiments of looseness of manners rather from her adopted country, than from the land of her nativity.

M. Albèri proceeds to deny to Francis I. the fame he had long usurped as a patron of letters and arts, and reports a royal decree by which he gave the first instance of a censorship of the press in his kingdom, charges him with several traits of dissimulation and perfidy in his political transactions, and even calls in question his brilliant chivalrous gallantry, and destroys the authenticity of that sublime billet to his royal mother, after the disastrous battle of Pavia, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" Hence, taking into consideration what more immediately belongs to his subject, he demonstrates all the inconsistency of the conduct of that monarch in religious matters. He alleges the asylum and encouragement given by Francis to Erasmus, Melancthon and Marot, the succour he granted to the Genevese rebels, and, what is rather more to the purpose, his alliance with Soliman and the lawless corsair of Algiers, by which he jeopardized his own no less than the states of his antagonists, and scandalized all Christendom by suffering Barbarossa to open a mosque in his house at Toulon. Here M. Albèri, by way of contrast, gives due praise to the conduct of Charles V. who, in his African expedition, set equally at liberty Catholic and Lutheran captives, and to the generous ardour with which the German Protestants in their turn hastened to the rescue of that emperor when harassed by the sultan's armies in Hungary.

And it was this same Francis of Valois who had so openly applauded the earliest reformers, who did not shrink from joining hands with the enemies of the faith, that kindled the first faggot to burn the heretics in France. On the 21st of January, 1535, (less than two years after the bridal of Catherine), at the head of a most solemn procession, the king was seen perambulating the crowded quarters of Paris. In each of the six principal squares, there was an altar for the sacrament, a *prie-dieu* for the king, and a pile wherein one of the heretics was to be slowly consumed; for their death did not take place according to the ordinary and

expeditious manner of that punishment. The king had given orders that, at a certain distance from the pile, two beams should be raised somewhat in the shape of a lever, to one end of which the sufferer was secured, and hence plunged and plunged into the flames so as to prolong his martyrdom beyond natural endurance. M. Albèri quotes here the authorities of the earliest French historians, and especially of Daniel, who thus concludes the narration of that awful butchery:—"*François voulut, pour attirer la bénédiction du ciel sur ses armes, donner cet exemple signalé de piété et de zèle contre la nouvelle doctrine.*"

The horrid and numberless slaughters which signalized the extinction of the Waldenses of Provence in 1545, in consequence of a parliamentary decree, are not calculated to inspire us with a more favourable opinion of the nation than the *autos da fé* of Paris have given us of the monarch; and we must here be permitted to observe, that a superior state of cultivation had hitherto preserved Italy from witnessing such scenes of summary execution.

Italians seemed to have an instinctive foreboding of the endless divisibility of sects; still they evinced the greatest horror for religious persecution. It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century, under the pontificate of Paul III., that the first attempts were made for a revival of the Dominican Inquisition; and even then the governments of Ferrara, Venice, and Tuscany, as well as the population of Milan, Naples, and even of Rome, made a long and generous stand against it, nor ever did that fatal institution so thrive in that country as it did in the more congenial soil of Spain. For the sake of truth be it allowed, the Italians have been, in fact, in all times, of all nations in Europe, the least guilty of blood-shedding in religious feuds.

"Oh! among the horrible rancours," exclaims the eloquent Manzoni, "that divided Italians from Italians, this, at least, is not known. The passions that have made enemies of us, did not, at least, abide behind the veil of the sanctuary. It is but too true we find in every page of our annals enmities sent down from generation to generation for wretched interests, and vengeance preferred to our own safety. We find in them, at every step, two parts of a nation fiercely disputing for the supremacy, and for advantages which, at the end, for a great lesson, remained to neither. We find our ancestors wasting their forces in obstinate attempts to make slaves of such as might have been ardent and faithful friends; we read in them a frightful series of deplorable combats, but none, at least, like those of Cappel, Jarnac, and Prague. True, from this unfortunate land much blood will rise in judgment, but very little that has been spilt for the sake of religion; little, I say, when compared with what stained the other parts of Europe. The furies and

calamities of other nations give us the sad advantage of calling that blood but little; but the blood of a single man shed by the hand of his brother is too much for all ages and countries." \*

It was not then from a Florentine monastery, nor even from the Roman Court of Clement VII., that Catherine needed to derive her first lessons of religious intolerance. But the atrocities that fell under her eyes at the court of Francis did not always spring from a religious source. Sebastiano Montecuccoli, a knight from Ferrara, was quartered alive, as convicted of having poisoned the Dauphin, whose sudden death took place at Lyons in August, 1536. An avowal of his pretended guilt was wrenched from him by the infliction of torture. In his incaherent disclosures he named Antonio de Leyva and other lieutenants of Charles V. as the instigators of the murder. The general impression at the time, however, and the testimony of the physicians, was, that the poor wretch had suffered unjustly, and that the prince died "by the visitation of God." It was only, after more than a century, idly conjectured that Catherine, then in her seventeenth year, had by that crime removed the only obstacle to the future exaltation of her husband. M. Albèri deemed it useless to refute this accusation, which even the French reject as a calumny.

During that period the future arbitress of the destinies of France was far from being an object of envy. Placed between the Duchess of Etampes, mistress of Francis, and Diane de Poitiers, her own husband's old favourite,\* deprived of all natural friends, because the jealousy of the French ministers had, from her first arrival, sent back all her Italian suite, she was, until the death of Francis I., in 1547; and again, till the fatal tournament of 1559, to which Henry II.† fell a victim, the most insignificant person at court.

That twenty years of wounded feminine pride, the insolence of worthless minions, the neglect and contempt she had to endure, may have exasperated Catherine's highly susceptible soul, we can easily conceive, and we equally understand that the long school of dissimulation in which her situation trained her, and the example of a court, in all ages

renowned for intrigue, must have more powerfully contributed to teach her the arts of a crooked and darkling policy, than what the French call the "native acuteness of the countrymen of Machiavelli."

Catherine, at the opening of her long and tempestuous career, (observes her defender,) found her own and her young children's safety, no less than the peace and security of France, endangered by the factions of two families of the royal blood—the Guises and the Bourbons, whose power and ambition had gradually increased under the government of her indolent and imbecile husband, and which knew no limits after his death. The queen-mother, unable to resist the pretensions of the two rival houses, and, on account of the preponderance of the Guises at the time, being scarcely allowed any choice, yielded to these last, and called them to the head of her government. The Bourbons, who did not find in their own resources the means of attacking the new coalition, espoused the cause of the Huguenots, with whom (asserts M. Albèri upon the rather questionable authority of Davila) their interests bound them rather than true religious sympathy, and urged them to make a stand for their liberty of conscience.

That neither the Condé nor the Bourbons nor, on the other side, the fanatical Guises, felt warmly attached to the religious tenets for which they lavished the best blood of France, and that both parties availed themselves of the zeal of deluded bigots to promote their own worldly advantages, the course of events sufficiently demonstrated. But the opinion of Davila, who mentions the Admiral Coligni as being the first author of that rebellious counsel by which religion was made subservient to political views, is, we think, neither well founded on facts, nor consistent with the subsequent conduct of that old hero, nor can we approve M. Albèri for having, even for a moment, countenanced it.

Meanwhile, blood was for the first time treacherously spilt by the Catholic party at Amboise in 1560; and however that tragical deed may be pretended to have been provoked by the secret preparations, or by the menacing attitude of the Protestants, there is no doubt that, in civil contentions, all the infamy falls on him that strikes the first blow, and who is the last to lay down the sword.

In this first act of violence Catherine had no part. She had already conceived serious alarms at the overbearing ascendancy of the Guises, and could have no

\* Manzoni, della Morale Cattolica, cap. iii.

† She was still the reigning beauty when she died in his 60th year.

‡ "Diana, cum jam inclinata esset ætate, philtris et magicis, ut creditur, artibus, adeo sibi animum Henrici devinxit, ut is nunquam alienata voluntate ad exitum usque in amore illo constanter perseveraverit."—De Thou. l. iii. Henry wore Diana's colours at the tournament, where he fell by the hand of Montgomery.

interest in the utter annihilation of the party that alone could still counterbalance them. She is represented by her biographer, as actively employed in defeating the violent schemes of these her dangerous allies, warning, through the organ of the Duchess of Montpensier, the Princes of Conde and Navarre of impending dangers, and finally proposing the interview of Poissy, which as it is always the case in religious controversies, had no better effect than to administer new subjects of discord to those incensed spirits.

Meanwhile, Philip II. of Spain, whose lieutenants were soon to turn the Netherlands into a vast burning pile, threatened an invasion of France; Pius IV. offered men and subsidies for the total extinction of heresy; the Inquisitors and Jesuits of all countries accused the queen-mother of lukewarmness in the defence of the faith. That Catherine was hitherto really abhorrent from persecution, and always willing to put forward new schemes of reconciliation, seems incontrovertibly to result from the following letter to the pope, quoted from the Bethune manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, vol. 8476:—

... "Considerant donc, très-saint Père, combien est grand le nombre de ceux qui se sont séparés de l'Eglise Romaine, il est impossible de les réduire ni par la loi ni par les armes : des nobles, des magistrats attirent la foule à cette croyance par leur exemple. Heureusement, dans cet éloignement pour Rome, il ne s'est élevée aucune opinion monstrueuse, anabaptiste ou antitrinitaire, toutes reconnaissent les douze symboles apostoliques ; que si on pouvait les accorder, ce serait le meilleur moyen de fonder les deux Eglises. Pour arriver à ce résultat, n'était-il pas utile de multiplier les conférences, de demander des prédications de paix et de charité ? Il faut aussi éviter que par une obstination malheureuse on sépare encore ceux qui tiennent à l'Eglise Catholique. Je vous proposerai aussi, très-saint Père, de supprimer le culte des images, de ne plus conférer le baptême que par l'eau et la parole ; la communion serait donnée sous deux espèces, on chanterait les psaumes en langue vulgaire, à ceux qui viendraient pour s'approcher à la Sainte-Table ; enfin on abolirait la fête du Saint-Sacrement, parce que cette fête est de tous les jours et de tous les temps, etc. etc."

In the same time, l'Hôpital, her chancellor, wrote to the Calvinists at Geneva, praising, in the king's name, the purity of their motives, and the rectitude of their principles, exhorting them, in the same time to moderate "la malice d'aucuns prédicans et dogmatisans, la plupart envoyés de vous ou de principaux ministres de votre ville, les quels, abusant du nom,

titre et pureté de la religion dont ils se disent bien professés, sément en les esprits de nos sujets une damnable désobéissance tant par les libelles et les diffamations, que par les prêches qu'ils ont établi."

Meanwhile hostilities broke out in every part of the kingdom, Francis Duke of Guise having again given the signal by his massacre of Vassy. Spain and Savoy on the one side, England and Germany on the other, advanced to the support of their allies. Blood was shed with various fortune at Rouen, Dreux and Orleans, until the principal leaders of both factions being either dead or prisoners, and the Duke of Guise having fallen by the hand of an assassin, the queen was enabled to sign the peace of Amboise, March 19th, 1563. Having thus restored peace to the kingdom, on tolerably equal terms,\* she abdicated her regency in favour of Charles IX., then scarcely fourteen years old.

War was rekindled soon after, and the chivalry of France displayed on the fields of Jarnac and Montcontour a valour that would have been better employed in a more generous contest. The two parties, wearied out with long exertions, came to a second definitive accord at St. Germain, August 8th, 1570.

The King, Catherine, and the Cardinal of Lorraine received, before and after the stipulation of that treaty, the most severe reprimands from Pius V. and Philip II., both now warmly bent on a universal establishment of the Inquisition, and on the utter extermination of Protestantism. The pope incessantly returned to his favourite maxim, that "nullo modo, nullisque de causis, hostibus Dei parcendum est," and that the enemies of true religion were to be fought against "ad interuencionem usque."

The proposed marriage of the king with a daughter of Maximilian II. of Germany, of one of her sons with Elizabeth of England, and finally, of the young king of Navarre with Margaret of Valois her daughter, are alleged by M. Albèri as evident proofs of the good faith of Catherine during that reconciliation. The death of Joan of Albrecht, Henry of Navarre's mother, which has often been considered as the work of Catherine, is by him attributed to natural causes, on the authorities of Davila, of the Presi-

\* A most excellent and sensible epistle, and it would have preserved Rome had it been conceded.

\* "The free exercise of the new worship was allowed in any place but at Paris and its jurisdiction, where, however, no one should be molested on account of his religion. The king received both Catholics and Protestants under his protection, considering them all as true and loyal subjects." &c. &c.—*V. Edict et Déclaration faite par le Roy Charles XI. Paris, 1563.* [Printed by Jean Damien.]

dent de Thou,\* of Cayet's "Chronologie novenaire," dated 1572, and finally, of Voltaire himself, who has said in his *Henriade*, ch. ii. :—

"Je ne suis point injuste, et je ne pretens pas  
A Médecis encore imputer son trépas."

Meanwhile Charles IX. held serious consultations with Louis of Nassau and the Admiral Coligny, for an intended invasion of Belgium, and opened new negotiations for an alliance with England and Germany.† All these demonstrations, not only of a sincere wish for the continuation of peace, but even of evident partiality in favour of the Protestant insurgents in Flanders, have never been called in question by the most bitter detractors of Catherine, but they have been hitherto almost unanimously turned to her greater disparagement, as so many treasonable snares, by which the royal party wished to lay asleep every suspicion in the mind of the Huguenots and allure them altogether into Paris, where they might be easily butchered at one stroke. A simultaneous massacre of all the Protestants in the kingdom is said to have been resolved upon at the famous interview of Bayonne, in June, 1565. Catherine, who had refused to meet Philip II. of Spain, when invited by him the year before to a congress in Nantz, to provide for a universal eradication of heresy, now, in her turn, proposed a *rendez-vous* with that monarch, who sent in his stead his queen, Isabel of France (Catherine's daughter), and his plenipotentiary, the Duke of Alva.‡ From the meeting of Bayonne to St. Bartholomew's eve, an interval of seven years elapsed, during which the court seemed often determined, apparently at least, to bring about a reaction in favour of Protestantism.

\* "Corporis tamen dissecto, abscessus in latere sinistro repertus est ex nimia fatigatione contractus quo eam perisse reuterantur medici, scripto de eae publicato."—*Thuanus*, lib. lxi.

† "In 1569 the French, in league with Spain and the Pope, had attempted to hurl Elizabeth of England from her throne; in the summer of 1572 they entered into a league with this very queen to wrest the Netherlands from Spain."—See *Ranke's Hist. of the Popes*, B. v. § 5. He however derives from these facts other consequences than M. Albi's, and by no means favourable to the fame of Catherine.

‡ "The alliance between the French and the Spaniards, which was contracted at Bayonne in 1565, and the terms there agreed upon, have been the subjects of much discussion. Of all that has been said about them, thus much only is certain, that the Duke of Alva exhorted the Queen of France to get rid of the leaders of the Huguenots by fair means or foul, and for ever."—*Ranke*, B. v. § 5, loc. cit. The queen's answer, or her determinations on these suggestions, remained then a secret.

How far this show of amicable dispositions is to be deemed sincere, or what inconceivably dark and deep premeditation of crime it may have served to palliate, is the main point of controversy on which the fame of Catherine essentially depends. From the solution of this problem alone, it must result whether her tolerant and conciliatory spirit and superiority of genius placed her far above the ferocious bigotry of her age, or whether indeed her policy was of so fiendish a nature as to be matched by no other act of mortal perfidiousness.

The above quoted letters to Rome and Geneva seem a sufficient evidence that she entertained no implacable animosity against the Protestant innovators; and if we must give her any credit for political foresight, she cannot have been blind to the fact, that however civil insubordination might have been the natural consequence of religious rebellion on the part of the Huguenots, yet the greatest dangers were to be apprehended from the designing Catholic leaders, if she delivered their adversaries, as an easy prey, into their hands. A prudent and dexterous impartiality would then have been no less the most humane than the safest line of conduct that remained for her to pursue; and by this earnest desire, by this deeply-felt necessity of counterpoising the two rival factions, she seems to have been consistently actuated, even long before she is believed by her accusers to have bent her soul on her definitive coup-d'état. The obvious contradiction implied by the different charges brought against her seemed to have struck a good number of modern writers, who did not hesitate to express their belief that to the unfeminine ferocity that characterised her nature, Catherine added all the fickleness and volatility of her sex, and that by shifting her plans so as to accommodate them to circumstances, she involved herself in a maze of difficulties, from which she could only free herself by a deed of despair. The testimonials to which M. Albi's has recourse to prove the earnestness and sincerity of Catherine in her inclination towards the Protestants are drawn from some documents collected by the French historian, M. Capefigue, in the Spanish archives at Simancas, and what he brought himself into light from the *Archives Medicees*.

M. Capefigue produced a series of letters from the Spanish embassy at Paris, to Philip II., dated 1571, 1572, by which the alarmed ministers give an account of the new feelings prevalent at court in favour of the Huguenots and of the preparatives for an invasion both of Flanders and Spain.

The Tuscan papers, drawn from

Medicean archives, contain the correspondence between the Duke Cosimo I. and his legates at Paris. It appears that the court of France offered not only to gratify him, in sanctioning his titles to the crown of Tuscany, but even to aid him in his conquest of Corsica, and to bestow honours and estates on his relations in France, provided he would consent secretly to succour the Flemish insurgents. It appears that as the duke, who, surrounded as he was by the forces of Spain, dreaded the vengeance of Philip II., refused to enter into her views, and, on the contrary, sent important subsidies to the Spanish monarch for his wars of Flanders, Catherine loaded him with the most violent reproaches, while the duke refused to yield himself to equal overtures on the part of England, and received cordial thanks from Spain for his loyalty and devotion. These letters bearing date of July and October, 1572, have a visible tendency to demonstrate that if there was a secret understanding between Catherine and Philip of Spain, their simulation must have been carried far beyond the limits of discretion, and even where it would have been uncalled for and dangerous. As a last and conclusive proof of this assertion, M. Alberi adds that the court of France had in fact already granted some aids to the Orange party in Flanders, though only under semblance of volunteers and fugitives, and that several engagements had already taken place, when, towards the beginning of July (1572) the Seigneur de Genlis crossed the frontier with 4000 men, hastening to the rescue of the fortress of Mons, which was then closely besieged by the Duke of Alva. The expedition proved however unsuccessful; Genlis was surprised on the 12th, and completely routed by a Spanish detachment. The court of France interceded for the release of the prisoners.

Petrucchi, the Tuscan ambassador, thus writes to his duke, of the date of July 23:

"Questi consiglieri hanno oggi tenuto parlamento per il riscatto dei gentiluomini che sono rimasti prigionieri nella rotta di Gianlis, e non so come il re si possa accordare a questa domanda senza dar grandissima ombra al re Cattolico, e tuttavia ne fa ogni maggiore istanza."

And again on the 20th of August:

"E comparso qui un gentiluomo Borgognone dal Duca d'Alva, con espressa commissione d'intendere la volontà del re poi ch'è nelle lettere di S. M.

"The councillors have to day deliberated about the ransom of the gentlemen made prisoners at the defeat of Genlis, nor do I know how the king can grant this request, without giving the greatest suspicion to the Catholic king; and yet he shows great interest in the matter."

a quel duca si vede una cosa, e nel detto di Gianlis se ne conosce un'altra."

The last letter is dated August 23d. The Admiral Coligny, it will be remembered, was shot at on the morning of the 22d.

"Il gentiluomo del Duca d'Alva ha significato jeri a queste M.M., che si sentono e in Guascogna e altrove nuovi ordini di far soldati, e che questo bisogna che si dismetta o che altrimenti il duca è forzato a pensare a casi suoi d'altra maniera; e pare ancora che voglia di nuovo la volontà di questo re sopra il caso di Gianlis, perchè il detto di quel prigioniero non concorda con ciò che S. M. ha scritto a quel duca; e si dice che questa nuova risposta si domanda a S. M. Crist. d'ordine del re Cattolico."

The papers seem to M. Albèri to destroy every probability of any good understanding existing between the two courts of Spain and France, on the very eve of that bloody catastrophe which was supposed to have been matured ever since the first meeting of Catherine with the Duke of Alva in 1565. Indeed Catherine has been partly absolved from that deed of darkness even by Professor Ranke, to whom has never been imputed any partiality to her memory.

"It is indeed certain," he says, "that Catherine de' Medici, while she entered with zeal and cordiality into the policy and plans of the dominant party, which favoured her views, at least in so far as they appeared calculated to advance her youngest son, Alençon, to the throne of England, yet had every thing in preparation to carry into execution a contrary stroke of policy. She used every art to draw the Huguenots into Paris; numerous as they were, they here found themselves surrounded and held in check by a far larger population, which was in a state of military organization and fanatical excitement. She had previously given the pope tolerably clear intimations what her intentions were: but had she still hesitated, the circumstances which occurred at this moment must have decided her line of conduct at once. The Huguenots won over the king, and appeared to supplant her influence over him. This personal danger put an end to all delay. With that restless and magical power, which she possessed over her children, she re-awakened all the slumbering fanaticism of her son. It cost her but one word to rouse the populace to arms, and that word she spoke."

Catherine, therefore, by the confession of

\* "A Burgundian gentleman has arrived to-day, a messenger from the Duke of Alva, with an express order to hear the king's mind, as his majesty's letters are far from agreeing with the words of Genlis."

† "The gentleman of the Duke of Alva has declared to their majesties that orders for levying troops are heard of in Gascony and elsewhere, but this must not be, or else the duke will take different measures for himself. It appears also that he asks again the king's intentions on that affair of Genlis, because the words of that prisoner are not in accordance with what his majesty wrote to the duke; and I hear that this new demand is made by the order of the Catholic king to his most Christian majesty."

an honest and enlightened Protestant, may have previously felt that she had the means, may even, perhaps, have contemplated the necessity, of appealing to popular fanaticism; she may, in a moment of jealous misgiving, have come to the fatal resolution; but it cannot be proved that she dwelt on and cherished her crime with all the perseverance of a septennial premeditation. Nor were perhaps the circumstances alluded to by M. Ranke of such a nature as to decide her to the deed. That the submissiveness of the king and the queen's authority continued still unabated, sufficiently appears from the testimonials of the Venetian and Tuscan ambassadors, as quoted by M. Albèri;\* and indeed we should wish to ask of M. Ranke how a mother, who thought her authority insufficient to alienate her son's mind from the Huguenots' friendship, could then so easily hope to induce him to deliver them over to a general execution? M. Albèri next wishes to prove that if she had no necessity, or indeed no interest, neither had she any wish to speak that word; but that even if the signal of the massacre was given by her, she was urged to it against her judgment and will by the two all-powerful agents, to which all evil is, from its origin, to be attributed, the vindictiveness and ambition of the Guises' faction, and the unrelenting inveteracy of the people.

Of the bloody-minded disposition of the French, and more especially of the Parisian populace, he gives us but too long and painful a series of evidences. In a copious extract from a "Journal of the year 1562," found among the manuscripts of the Royal Library at Paris, he gives us the particulars of the almost daily murders, by stabbing and hanging, and drowning and burning; the pillaging and razing of houses; the breaking open of cemeteries to unbury and scatter the relics of the dead, and similar horrors committed by day and night, in open defiance of the law and its ministers, almost under the king's eyes, and in spite of his armed interference. He dwells on the stubborn reluctance of the Parliament to sanction Catherine's conciliatory decrees, and the frequent occurrences in which she found herself even obliged to resort to coercive measures to bend them to her will. He enumerates the many complicated circumstances that had contributed to increase and envenom that

blind Catholic rancour since the peace of 1570. The constant incitements from the Roman and Spanish governments, and the contagious example of fierce persecutions in Flanders, the fiery discourses of the Jesuits and missionaries, the hate-breathing admonitions of the Sorbonne, the frequent recurrence of storms and inundations which were taken as so many hints of the vengeance of Heaven for that unnatural alliance between a Catholic court and the excommunicated heretics—the solemn and somewhat appalling appearance of the Huguenots, as they marched into Paris, in arms, and the marks of the unbounded favour they enjoyed at court, and their bold and haughty look of martial assurance, and the unusual ceremonies adopted for the celebration of the nuptials of Margaret of France and Henry of Navarre, on the 18th of August, and the just but fatal repugnance of this king and his suite to hear a mass, when the murmuring of the incensed multitude accompanied them all the way from Notre Dame to the Louvre.

Only four days after that inauspicious wedding the Admiral Coligny was wounded by Maurevel. Nearly all historians agree in casting on Henry of Guise all the blame of that first aggression. The king and his mother seem to have been so powerfully affected by it, that few ever dared to entertain a belief that the most consummate hypocrisy could ever so perfectly assume the appearance of genuine feeling.

It is not difficult to perceive that such a premature and unsuccessful attempt could have no better result than to disperse in a fright the Huguenots whom, it is said, it had cost the court so much pain to unite and reassure, and thereby render the intended massacre wholly impracticable, or at least warn them of their danger and put them on their guard.

Be it as it may, the rashness of Guise, who besides his anxiety of avenging his father's death, saw the rapid decrease of his importance at court, hurried all things for the worst. On the one side the Parisian rabble, excited by that scanty foretaste of blood, was raging and storming under the very walls of the palace, on the other the Huguenots broke forth into loud complaints and menaces. The hour of slaughter had struck.

On the morrow a council was hastily convoked out of the king's presence, and only presided over by Catherine. The queen (here M. Albèri quotes the *Mémoires du Marechal de Tavannes*, an enraged Catholic) was wavering between different thoughts. She was to choose between a civil war or a sudden execution. Had

\* "Quanto alle risoluzioni si riporta in tutto alla madre . . . niun figliuolo fu mai più obbediente di lui."—*Relat. of the Ambass. Correro.*

"Sia di necessità intercenersi la regina e in quella far fondamento per ch'è in affetto lei è il maestro di bottega."—*Lett. Ambass. Petrucci.*

been in her power to give up the perpetrators of the attempt against Coligny, certainly she would not have obeyed the necessity of the present moment, but the Duke of Guise was too far above her reach: the vicissitudes of the war of the League proved long afterwards how much the court had reason to dread his popularity. Necessity suggested the death of the admiral and his principal partisans. Tavannes and the queen interceded for Condé and Navarre. The Duke of Guise was charged with the execution. Catherine said (so M. Ranke concludes the above quoted remarks) "that she only wished for the death of six men, and the charge of their death alone would she take upon her conscience. The number of the victims was fifty thousand."

It would be impossible for us to follow the long train of arguments brought forward by M. Albèri, with a view to extenuate, or, as he flatters himself, to annihilate Catherine's guilt in that tremendous transaction. We must refer our readers to the book itself, with a frank avowal that our own persuasion, if not entirely altered, has been, at least, forcibly shaken. It has been the lot of that fatal woman never to have her conduct rationally and impartially judged. The Protestants could hardly be expected to relate with calmness and equity an event that had so suddenly and so finally blasted their hopes of success in France; and the Catholics, in the exultation of their lamentable victory, in their obvious protestations of gratitude, exaggerated the skill and heroism of a queen who had, perhaps in spite of herself, done so much for their cause; and when a long lapse of years and the all-absorbing importance of politics had damped the enthusiasm of religious opinions, criticism found the annals of her reign involved in such a maze of contradiction and exaggeration that no human effort could any longer succeed fully to extricate.

The letters of the Venetian, Tuscan, and Roman ambassadors, those among M. Albèri's documents which seem to us most likely to excite the reader's curiosity, seem to determine beyond all doubts that Coligny fell a victim to the vengeance of Guise;\* that had he been killed on the spot, the utter discouragement of his followers might have rendered any further effusion of blood un-

necessary,\* and that, as the words of M. Ranke imply, popular passions widely overshoot the mark to which the court would have carried their fell execution.

And if so much can, at so great a distance, and under so many unfavourable circumstances, be historically demonstrated, "what becomes," we must ask with M. Albèri, "what becomes of that *crime Italien* spoken of by Mezerai and Lacrosette—of that ungenerous accusation of two historians, who, penetrated, as it seems, with all the infamy of that hideous carnage, sedulously attempt to throw upon the name of another country a crime, of which, had not even the first thought been, as it was, entirely French, the execution alone, which was undoubtedly the work of French hands, would be sufficient to stigmatize that nation for ever, and hush on their lips any allusion so painful to national reminiscences."

Truly the Italians have given to the world terrible examples of popular resentment in the "Sicilian vespers," and "Veronese massacres;" but the dagger was in these events aimed at the breast of an insolent and overbearing foreign soldiery, whilst the horrors of St. Bartholomew's eve stand unrivalled by any people but the French themselves, who in the night of September 2, 1792, without the instigation of a foreign queen, or of foreign priests or pope, outdid, by a wide interval, all their former exploits.

During all the rest of her life, Catherine caused her sons Charles IX. and soon afterwards Henry III. to follow that same system of policy by which she perceived that their crown and their very existence could best be secured. The disaster of St. Bartholomew's eve having broken that equilibrium that she had ever laboured to establish between the two contending factions, she found herself, as she must have easily foreseen, utterly at the mercy of the Guises and of their allies of Rome and Spain. She left nothing unattempted to reassure the courage of the disheartened Huguenots, and to soften the impression that the tidings of that horrid event had made at the Protestant courts.† She favoured the flight of the

\* "Questa tragedia" (the assassination of the Duke of Guise at Blois) è molto relativa a quella dell'ammiraglio di Coligni. Poiché chi così cupidamente cercò la morte di lui; chi la tramò con insidii . . . . . questo stesso è dato nella ragna nel medesimo modo."—Lett. of Cavriana, Tuscan legate, etc.

\* "Se l'archibugiata ammazzava subito l'ammiraglio non mi risolvo a credere che si fosse fatto tanto a un pezzo."—Salviati, Nupzio Apost. Lett. Aug. 24.

† Ripeto che se l'ammiraglio moriva subito non si ammazzava altri, ma non essendo morto, e dubitandosi di qualche gran male, fu deliberato di buttar la vergogna da banda e di farlo ammazzare insieme con li altri quella notte medesima la cosa fu mandata in esecuzione."—Salviati, Lett. without a date.

† "Il nostro segretario Albertani ha ritratto da Gianaleazzo Fregoso (allora tornato di Germania)

King of Navarre" when she thought the Huguenots fainted in war for the want of a leader, and is said to have suggested to him the propriety of an open recantation of the Catholic tenets, to which he was believed to have been converted during the first terrors of the massacre.

The peace of August, 1573, and that of May, 1576, were, in the opinion of her panegyrists, the result of her indefatigable exertions, and unequalled abilities. But the advantage that the Catholics had gained from that fatal coup-d'état which Catherine, it was said, was so earnestly bent upon bringing about, gave them an ascendancy and inspired them with a boldness that foiled her most prudent contrivances. Soon the court appeared lukewarm and partial in the eyes of the insatiable multitude; new conspiracies for reproducing the dark scenes of the night of the twenty-fourth of August could not be repressed by the court without considerable difficulty.† All the zeal and severity of Sixtus V. himself could not satisfy them, and serious deliberations were held at Paris as to the expediency of hurling him from the chair of St. Peter.‡ The Duke of Guise, in his heart almost an infidel, and the members of his family, had sufficient hypocrisy to take advantage of the turbulent fanaticism of the people. Long time since that house had given unequivocal hints of aspiring to the throne, to which their direct descent from Charlemagne was supposed to give them a title. They gave the universal discontent union and scope, and the *Holy League* was organized all over the kingdom. Against that formidable association

Henry III. had no other means of resistance than to follow his mother's advice, which was to appear to countenance the League with his royal support, and to espouse their cause as his own. This stratagem saved the state for a few years; but the artful and designing Guises soon made the people aware of the insincerity of the court, and the first attempt of Henry III. to emancipate himself from that unworthy thralldom brought about the day of the Barricades, the exaltation of Guise, and the king's flight from his capital.

Henry, resorting to extreme remedies against extreme evils, convoked the States at Blois, and there, against the advice of his wary mother, who, even in that extremity, proposed more moderate measures,\* rid himself by an assassination of his dangerous competitor.

After the murder of the Duke of Guise, the queen advised her son to break loose altogether from the league's fetters, by a definite resolution, and to join the King of Navarre. The result of this measure, which cost Henry III. his life, but which prepared the final pacification of France under Henry IV., Catherine was not destined to witness. She died at Blois, January 5, 1589, thirteen days after the murder of Guise, and seven months before the assassination of Henry III. by Jacques Clement.

Such was (to enter into M. Albèri's views) Catherine de' Medici, whose grand and terrific figure rises above the crowd of minor actors in the long drama of the French Reformation and of the League, by the virtue of a lofty intelligence, and of a sovereign will, commanding the course of events, by which the others suffered themselves to be blindly and passively driven. Serene among the passions of an age of confusion,—secure among incessant scenes of peril and strife,—active, vigilant, indefatigable, she knew how to turn to her purpose the very designs of her adversaries. Her mission, for the space of thirty years, was to preserve her children's heritage from the designs of her rebellious vassals, and from the encroachments of envious neighbours. That mission she accomplished. Perhaps, in her eagerness to obtain her end, she was not always scrupulous about the choice of her means. Perhaps, with her anxiety about the peace and security of France and the

che nella sua gita d' Alemagna ha disposto a modo la materia che si assicura della confusione fra li principi d' Alemagna e questa Corona. . . . Ritornerà forse dal Palatino e dal Duca di Sassonia ancora, tal ch'è le cose s'accomoderanno a suo giudizio, il che non piacerà punto al re Cattolico."—Corrisp. dell' Alamanni, Dec. 1572.

\* "Non manca chi dubiti che la Regina Madre artificiosamente abbia fatto partire il Re di Navarra di Corte . . . ora piu che mai spera la quietà del Regno."—Corrisp. dell' Alamanni. Feb. 11, 1575.

† Le cose di qua sono ancor tanto tenere che oggi in Parigi s'era dato ordine di far nuova sollevazione contro gli Ugonotti e senza il rimedio dato subito dal Duca di Nevers e dal moresciallo di Tavannes, in assenza del Re forse seguiva.—Lett. de Alamanni, Tus. Ambass. Nov. 20, 1572.

‡ "Dieu nous a delivré d'un mechant pape et politique, s'il eut vecu plus longtemps, on eut été bien étonné, d'ouir prêcher dans Paris contre le Pape, mais il l'eut fallu faire."—Memoir de la Ligue.

"Il traversait si visiblement la Ligue, que les Espagnols le menacèrent de protester contre lui, et de pourvoir par d'autres voies à la conservation de l'Eglise."—Maimbourg, Hist. de la Reforme.

\* La regina madre non ha saputo cosa alcuna di questa impresa se non dopo il fatto, ma fra essa e il Re erano bene passati propositi sopra il modo di liberarsi dalla tirannide del Duca di Guisa, ed il parer della Regina era che il Re si conducesse a Lione, e quivi lo facesse prigioniero."—Lett. from Oratio Rucellai, Blois, Dec. 24, 1588. Arch. Medice.



rights and privileges of the crown, she mingled personal views of an unbounded and jealous ambition. She has been, perhaps not unjustly, accused of attaching some belief to supernatural agents, and dealing in superstitious practices of divination and sorcery. She has been reproached with cunning, simulation, and perfidy; but she possessed even less of those arts than her position demanded, even less than could protect her against her numerous and not less astute, though more powerful enemies. She is said to have stained her hands with private and public murders, but none has ever been sufficiently proved against her, and she unquestionably manifested, in more than one instance, her abhorrence of useless effusion of blood.

Had Catherine de' Medici been gifted with a less crafty, less resolute, less ambitious character, Catholic ferocity would have prevailed in her kingdom, and the fair days of Henry IV. and of the edict of Nantes would never have dawned upon France; nor would then Philip of Spain, sure of the support of the Guises, have been so easily arrested by the rebels of Flanders; nor, perhaps, was Protestantism quite safe even in the heart of England and Germany.

We have hitherto scarce uttered any opinion as to the merits of M. Albèri's performance. We have simply given a summary view of the arguments brought forward by him in corroboration of his assumption, leaving it with our readers to form their own estimate of the subject. We will only venture so far as to observe that the Italian, and especially Tuscan ambassadors, although surprised by us, in their privacy with their wary and unprejudiced cabinets, were still likely to look with admiration and partiality towards a queen that reflected so much lustre on the name of their country, and to give the most favourable version of her actions and her motives. Truly, as we have said, her best friends have, by their indiscreet encomiums, proved most fatal to her memory. Still we cannot in every circumstance agree with M. Albèri, who seems to take every word in the documents he has brought into light as proofs of incontrovertible evidence. Of the fine, rich, high-flowing historical style, and of the truly masterly language made use of in the work, we can with more safety express our unqualified approbation; and we confess we have been often amused by some of the illustrations in his valuable appendix. Still, even in that mass of interesting historical materials, we thought we could recognise something like juvenile exuberance. The long account of Mary Stuart's long wanderings

and trial, the heroic death of the preux Chevalier Bayard, and other equally entertaining episodes of the great romance of the age, do not actually belong to, nor have they the power to throw much light upon, the life of Catherine. If M. Albèri wishes his name to stand high as an historian, and it is evident he does from his immense efforts to attain correct views of his subject, he must remember that all these adjuncts weaken the force of the main design and the high keeping of one grand unity of action.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Life of Washington*. By Jared Sparks. Boston, 1839.

2. *Life and Writings of Washington*. 12 vols. By Jared Sparks. Boston, 1839.

THE materials from which the life before us has been composed are of a very extensive character, consisting of MSS. at Mount Vernon the birthplace of Washington, named after the conqueror of Porto Bello; public documents in London, Paris, and the United States; and private papers of the revolutionary chiefs. Washington himself left more than 200 folio volumes, over which the author has consumed ten years. Judicious selection out of such a mass of materials was especially needed, and we think has been discreetly used. A most unfair advantage, however, has been taken of the author by one of those pests of literature who seize on the labour of a life and convert the hived store of years to their own advantage. The author has published the *Life and Writings of Washington* in twelve volumes, and on the instant of its appearance an edition in two volumes, with the author's name, was published to rob him of his just emolument. If a better spirit than this does not soon pervade the literary world, we shall cease to see any works, the production of high labour and research, and our era will be noted by posterity simply for its flippancy and superficiality.

George Washington, the subject of the memoir before us, was the great grandson of John Washington, who emigrated to America and who was sixth in descent from Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire. The manor of Sulgrave was conferred on Lawrence Washington in 1538. He appears to have been of Gray's Inn, and for some time mayor of Northampton. His grandson of the same name had several children, two of whom,

John and Lawrence Washington emigrated to Virginia about 1657. This latter appears to have been a member of the University of Oxford. He and his brother John became opulent planters in Virginia. John, in whose line the subject of the present memoir is involved, rose to the rank of colonel from his services against the Indians. He had two sons, Lawrence and John. The elder of the two, Lawrence, had three sons, John, Augustine, and Mildred. Augustine, the second son, was twice married, and George Washington was the eldest son, by the second marriage. He was born on the 22d of February, 1732. The father of Washington died at the early age of 49. Each of his sons inherited from him a separate plantation. Any estimate of the consideration of the Washington family, from their position as landholders in a country where acres are no evidence of wealth, would, of course, be erroneous; but the father of Washington appears to have left his numerous children in a comfortable state of circumstances. The mother of Washington was left in charge of a numerous family. Washington, the eldest of five, was only eleven years of age when his father died. He received but slender advantages from education, since America at this period afforded little instruction worthy the name. He left school at sixteen, with some knowledge of geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, for which pursuits he always evinced a decided partiality. After quitting school he resided for some time with his half-brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, where he became acquainted with Lord Fairfax, who had established himself in Virginia. Lawrence Washington had married into that family.

Lord Fairfax, having a high opinion of George, commissioned him to survey his enormous estates, and the task was executed by him at sixteen to the entire satisfaction of his employer. In this survey Washington had his first interview with the Indians. At nineteen he obtained, through the Fairfax interest, the post of adjutant-general, with the rank of major in the militia of the country of Virginia. The pay was £150 per annum. Scarcely, however, was he placed in the service, when the health of Lawrence Washington declining, George, from fraternal attachment, accompanied him to Barbadoes, where the physicians had ordered him for the sake of a warmer atmosphere. No relief being experienced, Lawrence determined to try Bermuda, and despatched George home for his wife. Ultimately finding no relief, he returned to Mount Vernon, and died at

thirty-four years of age, leaving a wife and infant daughter. This event increased the sphere of George's duties, who, though the youngest executor, through his intimate acquaintance with his brother's affairs, had the principal management. But all these private matters he did not allow to interfere with public duties. Governor Dinwiddie had arrived in Virginia; the whole colony was portioned out into four grand divisions. Major Washington received the northern, and instituted a capital system of training and inspection with uniform manœuvring and discipline. Washington was now twenty-one.

At this period a dispute occurred between the French and English about land that virtually belonged to neither, and Washington was despatched by Governor Dinwiddie as commissioner, to confer with the officer who commanded the French forces. This officer intimated that he should not retire from the position he had taken up on the contested land, and that the Governor of Canada, the Marquis Duquesne, had given him instructions to that effect. Washington kept a bright look out while at the French fort, and transmitted a plan of it to the British Government. His journey back to Williamsburg, where the governor then resided, was attended with much difficulty and danger. The governor immediately took measures to repel invasion. Washington's memoir of the French plans and intentions was considered, both in America and England, as a highly valuable document in illustration of French policy. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the six companies raised on this occasion, but the chief command was entrusted to Colonel Joshua Fry, an Englishman by birth, educated at Oxford, and highly esteemed for many excellent qualities. Colonial troops from New York and North Carolina were ordered to join them, commanded by officers with royal commissions. Washington, at the head of three companies, proceeded to meet the French, but soon learning that a small party in advance of him had been surprised, prepared for an engagement. He soon discovered that a small force of about fifty men were close at hand; a smart skirmish ensued, in which Jumonville, the French officer, fell, and nearly his whole detachment were either killed or made prisoners. It appeared afterwards that Jumonville was the bearer of a summons, but as he took no means to apprise Washington of this circumstance, he suffered the consequence of his own imprudence, if, indeed, the summons was not a mere feint.

Colonel Fry dying suddenly at Will's-

creek on his way to join the army, the chief command devolved on Washington, who, anticipating a speedy attack as soon as the intelligence of the affair with Jumonville transpired, entrenched himself at a spot which he named Fort Necessity. He was here invested by a superior French force, and was compelled to capitulate, but did so with all the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying. Washington and his troops, however, received the thanks of the governor and council. This was Washington's first campaign, and though a stripling, he had shown in it the powers of a veteran. A rigid disciplinarian, and yet beloved by his troops among circumstances of great danger, discontent and difficulty. Early in the spring of 1754, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of the line; and though Washington had even resigned his commission from disgust at the governor's measures, he accepted, at the request of the general, the office of his aide-de-camp, in which he was to retain his former rank. Braddock advanced into the interior, and the place for general rendezvous was Will's-creek. Here the general found all his contractors for horses and waggons had failed in their engagements. The celebrated Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, remedied this difficulty to some extent. The general, encountering with all kinds of difficulties, advanced upon the French position at Fort Duquesne.

Washington was seized with a violent fever on the march, and the general ordered him into the rear, with a solemn pledge that he should be brought up in front of the line before they reached the French fort. He continued thus two weeks, and only overtook the general the evening before the battle of the Monongahela. The issue of this fatal conflict is well known. It is an epitome of almost all American battles, where any effort to form into platoons and columns, which Braddock attempted, is a most fatal error. His troops were literally butchered by an invisible foe. Braddock himself received a mortal wound, but behaved throughout the entire engagement, as did also his officers, with heroic though useless bravery. Washington was not one to shun danger, and when the two other aides-de-camp were disabled, had the painful but honourable duty of executing alone the orders of the general. He rode in every direction, in the thickest of the fight, but escaped unhurt. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence," said he in a letter to his brother, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets

through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt although death was levelling my companions on every side of me." Out of eighty-six officers engaged in the battle twenty-four were killed and thirty-seven wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates were 714. The enemy lost but forty. Their whole force amounted to only 850, out of which 600 were Indians. A lesson from which British officers might have profited on more than one occasion during the war. The enemy fought in deep ravines, and the bullets of the British passed over them. Braddock dying of his wounds was transported first on a tumbrel, then on horseback, and at last carried by his men. He died on the fourth day from the battle, and was buried near Washington's ill-omened Fort Necessity. Had the general followed the advice of Washington and employed the Indians, who offered their services, which he strongly urged the general to accept, the issue might have been very different, and the consequences have led to events of a wholly distinct character. But proud of a military skill as yet untried in America, the general refused to avail himself of these invaluable scouts. The Indians were rudely expelled, and that circumstance probably cost Braddock his life. An anecdote of an Indian chief, though such anecdotes are rather suspicious, appears to possess a greater air of *vrai-semblance*, being somewhat confirmed by Washington's letter to his brother, than many of similar character.

"Fifteen years after the battle of the Monongahela, Dr. Craik and Washington were travelling on an expedition to the western country with a party of woodmen for the purpose of exploring wild lands. While near the junction of the Great Kenhawa and Ohio rivers a company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged chief. This person made known to them by the interpreter, that hearing Colonel Washington was in that region he had come a long way to meet him, adding that during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and immediately ceased to fire at him. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favourite of heaven and who could never die in battle."

So well satisfied however were the members of the legislature of Virginia that all had been done that gallantry could effect, that three hundred pounds were granted by them to Colonel Washington, and proportionate sums to the officers and privates "for their gallant behaviour and losses" at the battle of the Monongahela. The governor,

in a letter to the British ministry spoke of Colonel Washington "as a man of great merit and resolution," adding "I am convinced if General Braddock had survived he would have recommended him to the royal favour which I beg your interest in recommending." Had this timely hint been taken the American Revolution might never have ensued, and "certainly," says our author, "no royal favour to Washington ever crossed the Atlantic." Washington now received the entire command of the newly organized force. At this period of his life he appears to have been liable to attacks from Venus as well as Mars, but from his peculiar modesty to have avoided declaring himself to any of the fascinating charm-ers of New York. Various disagreeable circumstances occurred over this part of Washington's career: but in spite of contradictory orders, and an Indian attack, he still persevered in his arduous duties; but the efforts were too much for his health, and his medical adviser insisted on his temporary resignation of his command. He accordingly retired to Mount Vernon, where he was confined four months in consequence of a violent fever. He resumed his command March 1st, 1758. The British ministry at this period planned an attack on Fort Duquesne, and General Forbe was ordered to take the command. Colonel Washington remained commander-in-chief of the Virginian troops, which were ordered out to assist in the attack. The French, on the approach of the British, evacuated Fort Duquesne, which received the name of Fort Pitt, in honour of that minister by whom the expedition against it had been concerted. Washington received an address at the close of the campaign from his officers, expressing their high estimation of his numerous excellent qualities. Five years had now passed of Washington's life in the manner described, and prepared him for scenes of wider development of purpose and action, should such occasions be ministered.

At this period he paid his addresses to Mrs. Martha Custis, to whom he was married on January 4th, 1759. She was three months younger than himself, and judging from her portrait, which accompanies the present volume, a lady of considerable personal attractions. At the time of her marriage with Washington she had two children—a son and daughter—the former six, the latter four years of age. Mr. Custis had bequeathed large landed estates in New Kent County, and 45,000*l.* sterling in money. One-third part of this property she held in her own right, the other two-thirds being assigned to the children. This union lasted

forty years, and Mrs. Washington appears, from her many excellent qualities, to have commanded esteem in private life, and high respect in all public situations. During the last campaign, Washington had been elected one of the burgesses in Virginia from Frederic County. His career as a senator is distinguished by practical wisdom, without, however, much power in wordy expression. When thanks had been voted to him for the distinguished services he had performed during the period we have just enumerated, he was totally unable to express his acknowledgment, and the speaker saved him further embarrassment by saying, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." From this period till the beginning of the Revolution, fifteen years, Washington was constantly a member of the House of Burgesses, being returned by a large majority every election. He appears to have exercised himself in his favourite agricultural pursuits, and to have retired to Mount Vernon to enact the country gentleman. His favourite field sports were fox-hunting and fowling. But stormy periods, of which the Stamp Act was the precursor, were coming on, and roused him from his sylvan sports. He espoused, at the commencement of the Revolution, the notions of Henry Randolph, Lee, and other popular leaders. But the repeal of the Stamp Act was unfortunately not followed out by other conciliatory measures. The attempt on the part of some ill-advised members of the British government to infringe an integral principle of the constitution, in the view Americans took of it, that no subject could be taxed except by himself or his representatives, was unfortunately carried out in the colonies. Duties were laid accordingly on various articles, which excited strong sensations among the high-spirited Americans. Strictly speaking, it would certainly appear that, treating the question in the light that the American interests had no representation in the British House of Lords and Commons, the colonists were justified in their opposition. But it was urged, had the representation of America by delegates sent to England been determined on in that stage of the proceedings, such a course would have been justifiable. It matters, however, we believe, but triflingly the cause of dispute: all colonists from Corcyra downwards, have invariably, when convenient, invented some plea to get rid of the influence of the mother country. The actual loss to England was more than compensated by valuable East Indian possessions, and the expense of government, which is a far more costly thing in England than America.

would have produced to England but small pecuniary advantages, if any, from the holding of these provinces. Their subsistence in their present form is impossible ; and though extensively occupied in mercantile transactions, the merchants of the United States, New York especially, have shown themselves so little affected by the great leading laws of honourable acquittance of obligations, that the American trade has sustained a blow that it will take nearly another century to recover. But enough is said on the painful subject of the shuffling and evasions of Jonathan. John Bull will, in the aggregate, be found his only friend, and possibly may soon be called on to defend Jonathan against himself. But we must recur to our narrative. The duties on goods excited universal discontent. Washington recommended arms as the "dernier ressort ;" but before they had recourse to this, to try the exclusive principle on British goods. The burgesses met, and denied the power of the British Parliament to impose taxes contrary to the constitution of the colonies. The governor, Lord Botetourt, dissolved the assembly in consequence of this resolution. This dissolution had only the effect, however, of a reproduction of the same house. Many arguments were of course adduced at the time, of which the following brief summary may not be unnecessary. The parties opposed to the right of taxation claimed Locke, Selden, and Puffendorf as authorities on their side. They also urged that Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights presuppose a community of representation, and that no man shall be taxed but by himself or a competent representative. The counties palatine of Chester and Durham were adduced as favouring this hypothesis, having their own parliaments until blended with the general representation. The marches of Wales possessed the same privileges, and even to this day Berwick upon Tweed has enjoyed the especial privilege of being a peculiar object of legislative provision, being included by name in all acts connected with the United Kingdom. The common argument, that an act of parliament can do anything, was met by showing what it could not do. It could not make itself executive, nor interfere with the prerogative. It could not take away property from the private individual. The Lords could not reject money bills, nor the Commons (quere in the recent privilege question ?) erect themselves into a court of justice ; nor could the parliament of England then tax ; Ireland.

Such were the points then argued ; but, as we have previously said, though eager to devise plausible excuses for throwing off subjection to the mother country, the secret

at the bottom of their movements was the interest of the colony, which was considerably interfered with by the distant government of England. Lord Botetourt dying, the Earl of Dunmore succeeded him as governor of Virginia. He was compelled to resort to the same principle of prorogations until the 4th of March, 1773. But that assembly formed a committee of correspondence, and recommended the same to other legislative bodies, as a bond of union in any case of necessity. The next session, May, 1774, was accompanied with still stronger measures. After the assembly had been convened, news arrived that parliament had closed the port of Boston, and inflicted various other restrictions on the inhabitants, which were to commence on the 1st of June. The assembly immediately passed an order for a general fast, imploring the Divine interposition to avert the horrors of anarchy, and to give them a fitting spirit to assert their just rights by all proper means. The governor immediately dissolved the assembly. Washington writes in his Diary, that he "went to church" on the 1st, "and fasted all day." The delegates, however, eighty-nine in number, formed themselves into an association, and ordered the committee of correspondence to communicate with the committees of the other colonies on the expediency of appointing deputies to meet at a general congress. A town meeting had, in the meanwhile, taken place at Boston, in which it was agreed to enter into no commercial intercourse with Great Britain, either by imports or exports. Washington, at a meeting of the deputies, strongly opposed this last as a violation of honour, since the debts of the American merchants to the British would be uncanceled. America occupied then precisely the same position as America has since taken, but not with the honour that then distinguished her noblest sons. Washington, in a letter to Mr. Brian Fairfax, dated July 20, explains his own reasons for thinking that any further petitioning of the British Parliament would be an useless measure :—

"If I were in any doubt as to the right which the parliament of Great Britain had to tax us without our consent, I should most heartily coincide with your opinion, that to petition and petition only is the proper method to apply for relief ; because we should then be asking a favour and not claiming a right, which by the law of nature and of our constitution we are, in my opinion, indubitably entitled to. I should even think it criminal to go further than this under such an idea, but I have none such. I think the parliament of Great Britain have no more right to put their hands into my pocket without my consent, than I have to put my hands into yours ; and this being already urged to them in a firm but decent manner by all the colo-

nies, what reason is there to expect anything from their justice?"—p. 117.

The convention met at Williamsburg and appointed seven delegates to the general congress, Washington being one. The first congress met at Philadelphia on September 8, 1774. The papers drawn up by Congress on that occasion even elicited an eulogium from Chatham. The pacific tone of Congress may be gathered from their address to the people of England. "You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of Government, and desirous of independency. Be assured that these are not facts but calumnies." Such might have been the sentiments of many, probably believed by Washington to be his own, but we trace over even his career great jealousy of British officers, and the "pas" in rank conceded with some reluctance. When Congress was over, Washington retired to his farm, and as independent companies were forming all around him, and a leader would be required also, all eyes became fixed on Washington. The second Virginian convention met at Richmond on the 20th March, 1775. Preparations for resistance to the British arms were immediately instituted. On the 10th May, 1775, the second Congress assembled. The king had treated their petition to him with silent neglect, and vigorous preparations were strenuously employed to enforce the views of Lord North's cabinet. After much consideration, Washington was appointed by Congress leader of the continental army. His moderation of character may be seen in his address to the Congress on their allowance of 500 dollars a month to him as general. "I beg leave to assure Congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it; I will keep an exact account of my expenses, those I doubt not they will discharge, and that is all I desire." It may be safely added of Washington, that he was of that class who have greatness "thrust upon them." For though fully able "to achieve it," he would never have extended his hand to take it, from that inbred modesty, the true constituent of greatness, which he possessed. He was appointed by Congress commander in chief of all the forces then raised, or that should be raised in the united colonies for the defence of American liberty. Washington proceeded in consequence to take the command of the army at that time at Boston. We cannot agree in the notion entertained by the author of the life before us, that General Gage acted wrong in refusing to recognize in Washington a person of

equal rank with himself. Gage was the British commanding officer, and Washington was unquestionably, according to all military ideas, not authorised to treat with him, as being a rebel to the king, and in fact derived his authority from a body not acknowledged by his country, the Congress, and had he acted otherwise, he would have allowed the validity of the American local government, which was the question on which they were to wage battle. Washington had great difficulty during the early part of the campaign in keeping his forces together, but was by great exertions successful. Mrs. Washington passed the winter with her husband in the camp, and returned in the summer to Mount Vernon. A letter of Washington to his superintendent, Mr. Lund Washington, at Mount Vernon, reflects high credit on his prudence and thoughtful benevolence, even while wielding the destinies of a great nation.

"Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness, and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity to the amount of £40 or £50 a year, when you think it well bestowed; what I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider that neither myself nor wife is now in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects I recommend it to you, and have no doubt of your observing, the greatest economy and frugality, as I suppose you know that I do not get a farthing for my services here more than my expenses. It becomes necessary therefore for me to be saving at home."—p. 154.

General Gage had been superseded by General Howe in the command of Boston. Washington made preparations for a general attack, but Howe had received instructions from his government to evacuate Boston and make for a southern port. His own views varied from the government policy, but yet he did not choose to risk the responsibility of a general engagement in opposition to his instructions.

He accordingly prepared to evacuate the town, which he did without any injury, under a tacit engagement that the king's troops were to embark unmolested. This, being equally Washington's policy, since it was evident that by the evacuation the American cause gained immensely in popular report, was readily assented to by the republican chief, who was scarcely in efficient force, though greatly superior in numbers, to make a successful attack. Medals were struck on the occasion, containing a head of Washington, and on the reverse the British fleet in full sail from the town. General Howe, as Washington suspected, simply quitted Boston

to seize on New York. Washington received, while in front of New York, the declaration of independence from Congress. It was read in front of the line, and heartily received. This was July 9, 1776. Lord Howe arrived with proposals from the British government, and joined his brother at Staten Island, unfortunately after the declaration. But as the proposals simply contained a general amnesty, and nothing more, his tardy arrival was of little consequence. General Howe was soon reinforced, as he anticipated before he quitted Boston, at New York, and possessed an effective force of 24,000 men. His fleet was numerous and well equipped for service, and furnished with all kinds of military stores. Washington had only 20,537 men in all, and a large mass of his troops not in a state fit for service. The battle of Long Island ensued, on which we have simply to observe, that the loss sustained by Washington on that occasion appears to have proceeded from a want of a better concerted plan. His troops were attacked in front and rear, and though they defended themselves bravely, their position being turned, was of course fatal. As to the retreat, that is allowed by all parties to have been admirably conducted; but it is difficult to conceive how General Howe could have been so blind as to allow it, even in his haste to take up fresh positions, since he had it in his power to have put an end to the war apparently by the complete extermination of the republican force. We can conceive the policy of Washington in declining a general engagement, but it is hard to imagine how the British general should have permitted him to escape it. He effected a retreat, however, with all his ammunition and nine thousand men, into New York. He was however soon compelled to evacuate that city. A panic among his troops ensued on the arrival of the British, and Washington drew all his forces together in a strong position on the heights of Harlem. General Howe, though he received honours from his sovereign, wanted, like better commanders frequently, the talent to improve advantages. He wrote to England for fresh reinforcements, and stated that the information he had received of the willingness on the part of the Americans to volunteer in the British army, was not borne out by facts. The British ministry never supported him, nor Cornwallis, nor Clinton, as they ought to have done, and general after general requested to be recalled by reason of their inefficient supplies from home. But with respect to General Howe, he had, independent of any aid from England, victory in his hands, but a victory that could only be

achieved by bold and decided measures. After this, General Howe gained fresh advantages at Chatterton Hill, from which he ought to have attacked the enemy's camp. The capture of Fort Washington, where the Americans sustained in killed and prisoners a loss of nearly 2000 men, followed; Fort Lee was next evacuated by them, and Washington was forced to retreat before the British troops.

A free pardon at this time, issued by General Howe produced great effect, many wealthy persons availing themselves of it; but Washington was undismayed by even the increased difficulties that now surrounded him. The Congress conferred on him almost absolute powers, and he used them well for the interests he supported. Compelled to cross the Delaware, he awaited quietly the opportunities that time should afford him. At Trenton he succeeded in surprising three regiments of Hessians and a troop of British light horse. His prisoners amounted to a 1000 men. The issue of this campaign terminated favourably for America, since he succeeded in dislodging the British forces from almost all their posts in the Jerseys. He had relieved Philadelphia and recovered New Jersey. But General Howe now determined to check his progress, and the battle of Brandywine, where the forces drew pretty close on an equality, showed (though Marshall urges the contrary opinion) that he was still capable of doing so. The battle of German Town, where Washington attempted a surprise, was an equal failure. At this period, Lord North's conciliatory bills were drafted and sent out to America. Washington expressed his opinion of them in the following terms:

"Nothing short of independence it appears to me can possibly do. A peace on other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. The injuries we have received from the British nation were unprovoked, and have been so great and so many that they can never be forgotten. Besides the feuds, the jealousies, the animosities that would ever attend a union with them, besides the importance, the advantages which we should derive from an unrestricted commerce; our fidelity as a people; our gratitude, our character, as men, are opposed to a coalition with them as subjects but in case of the last extremity. Were we easily to accede to terms of dependence, no nation upon future occasions, let the oppressions of Britain be ever so flagrant and unjust, would interpose for our relief; or at most they would do it with a cautious reluctance, and upon conditions most probably that would be hard, if not dishonourable to us."

The commissioners to carry out these provisions remained for some time in America, but finding all attempts at conciliation use-

less, retreated in despair. The King of France recognized the independence of the United States,—a most shameful violation on his part of the laws of European nations,—a foul treason to the interests of monarchy. Equal in treachery to the espousal of the cause of Corcyra by Athens, and attended with evil consequences too justly merited to the monarchical institutions of that country. The British had now taken Philadelphia; but the necessary arrangements to form a descent on the French West Indian settlements prevented General Clinton, who had assumed the command on the departure for England of Sir W. Howe, from remaining there, and he proceeded to New York. He marched out with an available force of simply 10,000 effective troops. Washington followed him with a much larger body. After a trifling battle, Sir H. Clinton succeeded in reaching New York, but from desertion and other causes, with the loss of 1200 men. Many incursions were made at this time on New Jersey by the British, and in spite of one of the noblest monuments of modern oratory extant, Lord Chatham's speech, the Indians were called in to extend the horrors of war by the tomahawk and the scalping knife. A most ill-judged measure; which contributed immensely to the British unpopularity. Their devastations at Cherry Valley and Wyoming, ennobled by the muse of Campbell, excited universal detestation. Sir H. Clinton, by the instructions of his government, remained in New York, sending forth occasionally skirmishing parties. Washington confined himself to attempts at regaining several positions which had been taken from the Americans, and were reserved as outposts, in which he was successful. Clinton tried to bring him to a general engagement, but Washington maintained himself in a strong position, and bided his time. When reinforced, Clinton made an attempt on South Carolina. Washington also received assistance from France, consisting of eight ships of the line, two frigates, and five thousand troops. This was called the first division; a second was detained for want of transports, but was then at Brest ready to sail. But it never did sail, and remained there under close blockade. The naval superiority of the British enabled them also to keep the French ships perfectly close to harbour at Newport, and the French general Rochambeau was compelled to remain on the spot to take care of his ships. At this time Arnold commanded at West Point, and maintained all the strong positions in the highlands. This general conceived the notion that it would be to his interest to join the British, and he engaged in a system of re-

fining treachery, by which he intended to place all the strong posts in their hands. He had been publicly reprimanded by Washington, and was unquestionably an embarrassed man. He accordingly entered into a secret correspondence with Major André, Adjutant-General of the British army. Arnold had obtained his command at West Point purely with a view to deliver it into the hands of the enemy. Arnold and André had accordingly an interview on shore, André quitting the Vulture sloop-of-war for that object.

Arnold here detailed the exact state of things at West Point, the strength of the garrison and works, and the proceedings of a secret council of war. André wished to return to the Vulture, but this not being practicable, Arnold furnished him with a pass as John Anderson. André was seized, although disguised, when riding towards New York, searched, and papers from Arnold, containing the information just stated, were found on his person. After his arrest he wrote to Washington, revealing his real name and character. Arnold, in the meantime, to whom the officer who had arrested André had written stating the fact, immediately mounted a horse standing at the door, rode to the river, entered his barge, and ordered the men to row down the river. At King's Ferry he held up a white handkerchief, and by this means passed as a flag boat without interruption. He proceeded instantly to the Vulture, which was still at anchor in the river where André had quitted her. The case of Major André was considered by Washington as not one of ordinary warfare, and accordingly André was sentenced to death as a spy. Clinton used all possible efforts to save him. The circumstances attending the last moments of André evinced a fine and noble spirit, and to this day his death is regarded as the strongest instance of severity exercised by Washington. As to the right of Washington to occupy the post he did, there always must be doubts, but conceding that, André suffered justly. At this period the British general conceived the notion of transferring the seat of war to the Chesapeake, and possibly Pennsylvania. It was presumed that Cornwallis would be able to make his way through North Carolina, and General Philips with 2000 men was sent to co-operate with Arnold in Virginia. During this portion of the campaign Washington's own possessions were visited by the enemy. Sir H. Clinton however had not calculated on the arrival of the Count de Grasse, who reinforced Lafayette with 3000 men. Cornwallis had taken possession of York Town and Gloucester, expecting aid



from Sir H. Clinton. Here he was immediately invested, and after a strong siege, surrendered to the superior force opposed to him. 7000 men laid down their arms to Washington, 500 were killed in the siege. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted to 800. Were such things written of any modern General as are of the rash Burgoyne and Cornwallis, the wonderment would be, that the one should return home and write plays as coolly as if nothing had happened to the British arms of deep and foul dishonour through him, and that the other should ever have received a fresh command, and been enabled, as the conqueror of Tip-poo, to efface the taint of York Town. It must be however remembered that Clinton charged Cornwallis with blame, and Cornwallis Clinton. Blame lay between them certainly, and a tamer surrender, with so inconsiderable a loss under the circumstances, never disgraced the British arms. The surrender of the lieutenant-general of the British forces in America was regarded as ominous of a speedy termination of the war. It was so felt, and the spirit that led the Prætorian guards to become arbiters of empire, and in one instance *salesmen*, induced many of Washington's officers to offer him the sovereign power. To the organ of the communication, a colonel in the army, Washington replied as follows:—

"Sir—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my powers and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself or any one else a sentiment of like nature.

"I am, &c. &c.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In this view of his character, contrasting also the future President with our ambitious 'rotector, his character is resplendently lus-

trous. 'The uncrowned brow of Washington, though we are no friends to American views, we freely own a glorious spectacle. But moderation and modesty were his distinguishing characteristics. Sir H. Clinton had been superseded by Sir Guy Carleton. This general, acting on the instructions of his government, stated that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, in which America would be included. After a short period, Sir Guy Carleton communicated the receipt of official communication that the treaty of peace was signed, and the British forces then evacuated New York.

With the termination of the war, Washington had also bid adieu to all his companions in arms; we extract the following description of this event from Marshall's Life:—

"This affecting interview took place on the 4th December; at noon the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances's Tavern, soon after which their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' Having drunk, he added, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest, turned to him. Washington, incapable of utterance, grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. The tear of manly sensibility was in every eye, and not a word was articulated to interrupt the dignified silence and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving them, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus Hook, the whole company followed in meek and solemn procession with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled."—*Marshall's Life*, Second Edition, vol. ii. p. 57.

He then proceeded to meet Congress, amid the blessings of the nation. Public addresses of all kinds were presented to him from the several legislatures of the States. When arrived at Annapolis, the seat of Congress, he informed the president that he was ready to resign into his hands the commission he had held for the service of his country.

"At the close of his address on this occasion, he said, 'Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate adieu to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.'"

He then advanced, and gave his commission into the hands of the president, who replied to his address. The ceremony being ended, he withdrew from the assembly divested of his official character, and sustaining no other rank than that of a private citizen.

Comparing that scene with the retirement of Sylla, how does Washington rise by the contrast!

Having now completed the military portion of Washington's character, most painful to an Englishman to record, since in strife, save against ourselves, we have our fair share of success, we have only to review his quiet exercise of civil and domestic duties. He retired to Mount Vernon, and there this mightier than Cincinnatus amused himself with rustic pursuits, and seemed to consider his brilliant public career ended. The epithet of "Cunctator," had been conferred on him by his countrymen, and it was well deserved, for he had done more by delay than action. This policy pursued with any foreign powers must prove successful. A country must either at once be conquered under such circumstances, or it will by simply reposing its energies, and even faintly using them at intervals, destroy all opposing force. Washington rested from his labours like the sun at his setting, and glorious indeed to the remotest hour of his existence, as calmly beautiful though not so lustreously grand, was the course of the agriculturist warrior. Pecuniary compensation for his invaluable unmatched exertions he declined, and his feelings on retiring from military duties are beautifully depicted in the following letters to his idol, La Fayette:—

"At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

Having preserved, he afterwards set about beautifying the land he had saved, and his suggestions led to the survey of the Potomac and James Rivers with a view to internal navigation, which should connect them with

the western waters. A company was immediately formed, and that company assigned him fifty shares in the former, and one hundred in the latter. At his death he bequeathed the fifty shares in the Potomac company for the purpose of founding an university in the district of Columbia, and the one hundred in James, to an institution then called Liberty Hall Academy, but now Washington College. The attachment of one of the greatest warriors of the last century, and unquestionably of the mightiest in this, to collegiate institutions, is a somewhat remarkable coincidence. Washington was Chancellor of William and Mary College, Wellington is (may he long continue such!) the beloved and revered Chancellor of Oxford:—

"Cedant arma togæ, cedat laurea lingui."

Many a quiet deed of Washington of a charitable nature has escaped commemoration, few indeed were the schemes to benefit mankind to which he did not lend aid and attentive consideration. The Countess of Huntingdon had formed a scheme for civilizing and christianising the North American Indians. Descended from Earl Ferrers, who was in the female line connected with a remote branch of the Washington family, she claimed Washington as a kinaman, and imparted to him her project. It was in the first instance to effect missionary settlements, where the emigrants might assemble on wild lands and exert themselves to benefit the wandering tribes. Policy led to the rejection of the scheme, but Washington offered to let settlers occupy his lands, and to render them available to her ladyship's purposes. Like Scott, Washington took great delight in planting; the beauty of his grounds, the just intermixture of trees, shrubs, and evergreens, rare varieties of fruits and flowers, were subjects on which he showed intense interest, as his diary evinces. Pruning afforded him the same pleasure as it did the northern minstrel. But retirement, tranquil retirement, was with him nearly impossible, for visitors from all parts of the globe were constantly at Mount Vernon. The unsettled constitution of Congress at this period of his life, now fifty-four, must also have given him some uneasiness. Washington became appointed at this time one of the delegates to settle existing differences. He was at first unwilling to accept the office, wishing to make retirement from public life final, but the entreaties of his friends prevailed over his own personal feelings. To be fully prepared to meet the convention, he had analyzed nearly all the ancient confederacies, the Lycian, Amphictyonic, Achæan, Helvetic, Belgic, and Germanic. He sought

to detect all possible evil in the constitution of the United States, and to infuse good from any channel which the experience of ages might suggest. A somewhat different notion of republicanism to that which modern advocates for this system press forward, who think themselves fooled of the *past*, whereas they should read *present*. Washington's first visit on arriving at Philadelphia was to Franklin, President of that state. All the states were represented in the convention, Rhode Island excepted, and Washington was unanimously elected President. The result of their deliberations was the consolidation of the United States—a most difficult piece of legislation, since thirteen states had to be consulted and to assent to it, all varying in interests, wealth, and habits. Franklin said of it, "I consent to this constitution, because I expect no better and because I am sure it is not bad. The opinions I have of its errors I sacrifice to the public good." Washington also thus expresses himself:—

"It appears to me little short of a miracle, that the delegates from so many states, different from each other in their manners, circumstances, and prejudices, should unite in forming a system of national government so little liable to well founded objections. Nor am I yet, such an enthusiastic, partial, or indiscriminating admirer of it as not to perceive that it is tinctured with some real though not radical defects."—p. 403.

Each state convention transmitted to Congress a testimonial of its consent, signed by all its members. One day was appointed for the people to choose electors of a President, and another for the electors to meet and name the first President. Public sentiment was instantly directed to one and one only. Hints were thrown out to Washington that could not be misunderstood as to the general sentiments. To a member of congress he wrote his own thoughts on the subject in the following words.

"Should the contingency you suggest take place, and should my unfeigned reluctance to accept the office be overcome by a deference to the reasons and opinions of my friends, might I not, after the declarations I have made, (and Heaven knows they were made in the sincerity of my heart,) in the judgment of impartial world and posterity, be chargeable with levity and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition? Nay, further, would there not be some apparent foundation for the two former charges? Now, justice to myself and tranquillity of conscience require that I should act a part, if not above imputation, at least capable of vindication. Nor will you conceive me to be too solicitous for reputation. Though I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet as I know myself I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue. While doing what my conscience informed me was right as respected my God, my country, and myself, I

could despise all the party clamour and unjust censure, which might be expected from some whose personal enmity might be occasioned by their hostility to the government. I am conscious that I fear alone to give any real occasion for obloquy, and that I do not dread to meet with unmerited reproach. And certain I am, whensoever I shall be convinced the good of my country requires my reputation to be put to the risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude. If I declined the task, it would be upon quite another principle. Notwithstanding my advanced season of life, my increasing fondness for agricultural amusements, and my growing love of retirement, augment and confirm my decided predilection for the character of a private citizen, yet it would be no one of these motives, nor the hazard to which my former reputation might be exposed, nor the terror of encountering new fatigues and troubles, that would deter me from an acceptance, but a belief that some other person, who had less pretence and less inclination to be excused, could execute all the duties full as satisfactorily as myself."

His scruples yielded to the general acclamation, and George Washington, then fifty-seven years of age, was chosen, as Mr. Sparks rightly says, "probably without one dissentient voice in the whole nation, the first President of the United States."

He took upon him the severe duties of the presidency with decided reluctance, and simply from a sense of duty yielded to the voice of the nation. Jefferson was appointed by him to the state department; or, as we should term it, foreign secretary; Hamilton to the treasury, and Henry Knox secretary of war. Randolph was attorney-general, and Jay chief justice. All appointments of a subordinate character were filled up with more regard to the fitness of the individual for the office, than to any interest which might be made on his behalf. Washington travelled throughout the States to inspect their trading and agricultural interests, in order that he might not be unduly swayed by reports unfounded on fact. He recommended, in his speech to Congress, laws for naturalizing foreigners; a uniformity in the currency, weights and measures; the encouragement of agriculture, commerce and manufactures; the promotion of science and literature, and an effective system for the support of public credit. The national debt of America was of two kinds, foreign and domestic. The foreign debt amounted to twelve millions of dollars—the domestic to forty-two millions. The States also, for works of defence and other matters, had individually contracted debts to the amount of twenty-six millions. It was proposed by the secretary to treat all these as one debt and to fund them. All persons were of one opinion with respect to the foreign debts, but on the other two there existed considerable difference of sentiment. The funding sys-

tem was adopted, and there is no doubt that it received the sanction of Washington both in his private judgment and public capacity. War with the Indians, of a most expensive and protracted character, soon became inevitable, but was undertaken with deep regret by Washington. A national bank, somewhat famous in modern days, not to use a worse epithet, was commenced, and taxes were laid on ardent spirits distilled in the States. In all the above measures Hamilton is to be looked upon as the great mover, since they were nearly all opposed by Jefferson. Between him and Hamilton differences of a nature wholly irreconcilable soon occurred. The next great measure was the regulation of the number of electors to each member of congress, and after some discussion, and one bill being thrown out on the authority of Washington alone, it was fixed at the ratio of one member to 33,000 electors. These measures being achieved, Washington's first presidency of four years terminated. But the unsettled state of the public mind induced Jefferson, Hamilton, and Randolph, all to concur in representations to Washington of the immense importance of his re-election. He had prepared a farewell address, and obviously designed to quit office for ever. He accepted it, however, in consequence of the judgment of his friends, who united in one common sentiment as to the expediency of his retention of office. War ensued at this period between France and England. America decided on a strict neutrality. But for this measure, probably, however it may be branded by the democrats, the political existence of America had terminated, save as matter of history. Hence arose the two great parties of America, the Federalists and the Democrats. The French ambassador at this time, Mr. Genet, fitted out privateers under the American flag for reprisals upon England, a circumstance which drew down the remonstrance of Great Britain. These proceedings were forcibly suppressed by the President. Genet lost all command over himself, accused the President of usurping the powers of Congress, and talked of an appeal to the people. Particulars of all these matters were drawn up and forwarded to the French government, with a request that they would recall their ambassador. Genet, however, was the cause of the formation of associations, the curse of any land—democratic societies, in imitation of the Jacobin clubs of France. Their object and influence are thus described by Washington.

"That these societies were instituted by the artful and designing members (many of their body,

there is no doubt, mean well, but knew little of the real plan), purposely to sow among the people the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the government, by destroying all confidence in the administration of it, and that these doctrines have been budding and blowing ever since, is not new to any one who is acquainted with the character of their leaders and has been attentive to their manoeuvres. Can any thing be more absurd, more arrogant, or more pernicious to the peace of society, than for self-created bodies [Read this, Precursors and Repealers!] forming themselves into permanent censors, and, under the shade of night, in a conclave, resolving that acts of Congress, which have undergone the most deliberate and solemn discussion by the representatives of the people, chosen for the express purpose, and bringing with them from the different parts of the Union the sense of their constituents, endeavouring, as far as the nature of the thing will admit, to form their will into laws for the government of the whole; I say, under these circumstances, for a self-created body (for no one denies the right of the people to meet occasionally to petition for or remonstrate against any act of the legislature) to declare that *this act is unconstitutional, and that act is pregnant with mischiefs, and that all who vote contrary to their dogmas, are actuated by selfish motives, or under foreign influence, nay, are traitors to their country?* Is such a stretch of arrogant presumption to be reconciled with laudable motives, especially when we see the same set of men endeavouring to destroy all confidence in the administration, by arraigning all its acts, without knowing on what ground or with what information it proceeds?"

Our author, though a republican, does not appear to hold the democratic party in high estimation. We extract, for the benefit of Mr. O'Connell, his description of this pest of nations.

"Demagogues are the natural fruit of republics, and the fabled Upas could not be more poisonous or desolating to the soil from which it springs. Envious of his superiors, panting for honours which he is conscious he can never deserve, endowed with no higher faculties than cunning and an impudent hardihood, reckless of consequences, and grovelling alike in spirit and motive, the demagogue seeks first to cajole the people, then to corrupt, and last of all to betray and ruin them. When he has brought down the high to a level with himself, and depressed the low till they are pliant to his will, his work is achieved. The treachery of a Catiline or Borgia may be detected by a fortunate accident and crushed in its infancy; but the demagogue, under his panoply of falsehood and chicane, may gradually sap the foundations of social order, and his country may be left with no other recompense for the ruin he has wrought, and the misery he has caused, than the poor consolation of execrating his name."

The British cruisers also, as well as the French, at this period, were considered as violating the neutrality observed by America, in seizing vessels bound to any French port and sending them to some convenient port where the cargoes might be purchased. This laid the foundation for the American navy, and a system of maritime defence became absolutely necessary. An ambassador, Mr. Jär-

was despatched at this period to arrange all existing differences with Great Britain, and active preparations for war were carried on, to be ready in the event of the failure of the negotiation. Great Britain had, since the establishment of the constitution, sent an envoy to the United States. Mr. Jay negotiated the treaty, and it arrived in America in March, 1795. Washington, after a minute examination, determined on its acceptance. The constitution provided that all treaties should be ratified by the senate and the president. He summoned that body in consequence, and laid before them the draft. Violent discussions ensued on the subject, but the treaty was assented to by a constitutional majority, and Washington signed it as president; and to the ratification on the part of the senate, which made one exception only, assent was given by the British government. The great points urged by the opponents of the treaty, and reported by them to have been neglected, were, the imprisonment of seamen, neutral rights, and colonial trade, which, as our author says, "have never yet been settled, and are never likely to be settled satisfactorily while England maintains the ascendancy she now holds on the ocean." But popular excitement was not yet at an end. When the treaty was presented to Congress as ratified by the British government, a large majority of the members requested the president to lay before the house the instructions of Mr. Jay, and other memoranda connected with this proceeding. Washington knew that by the constitution the power to form treaties rested simply in the chief magistrate and the senate, and he considered this attempt of the representatives as an encroachment on that power. However suspicion might dog his conduct, Washington determined on doing his constitutional duty, and he refused to furnish the required documents. He gave, however, reasons for his refusal, and powerful and energetic were his remonstrances. He said the power of making treaties rested exclusively in the president, with the consent of the senate; that, as a member of convention, he knew this was the impression of the founders of the constitution; this construction, he urged, had hitherto been embraced by the representatives, and also that resistance to a novel principle in the state was equally the duty of the president and every well-wisher to the constitution. He further pointed out the vacillating policy that must result from the change, and the want of confidence in the ratification of treaties that must ensue. After violent debates, a majority of the representatives passed the treaty. The termination of Washington's second presidency now approached,

and though earnest remonstrances were made that he would still continue his public services, he was now fully determined to retire from public life. His farewell address was published six months before his term of office had expired. It is regarded by Americans as unrivalled in soundness of views, wisdom of policy, and benevolence of intention. If the composition is to be ascribed to Hamilton, there can be no doubt that the strong sense it embodied is to be traced to the clear mind of Washington. It was incorporated into the laws of most of the States, both from affection to the author and admiration of its contents. His last words to Congress were as follows:

"The situation in which I now stand for the last time in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced; and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler and Sovereign Arbiter of nations that His providential care may still be extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may still be preserved; and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

His administration has never been equalled by succeeding presidents. Credit was restored, the national debt secured, and means for its ultimate payment provided; commerce prodigiously increased; tonnage in American ports doubled; imports and exports both augmented; a larger revenue produced than had been calculated on; the Indian War terminated; foreign treaties, all honourable and advantageous to American interests, ratified. Even the election of his successor, Adams, a federalist, like himself, proved the magic of the name and measures of Washington. He retired to his beloved Mount Vernon, but he was not even then to bid adieu, even at sixty-five, to the arduous duties that unquestionable ability entails on its possessor, he was fated to die—

"Like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him."

An open rupture with France appeared at hand. France herself being in a state of revolution, and disposed to violate wantonly, every moral, social, religious, and political principle. The instant war appeared necessary all eyes were turned on Washington. Hamilton immediately wrote to him to apprise him of the sacrifice that he would again be compelled to make, and a letter from the president Adams intimated to him their intentions: "We must have your name if you will permit us to use it. There

will be more efficiency in it than in many an army." Before receiving any reply, the president had nominated him commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. It was unanimously confirmed on the 3d July, 1798. From this time to the close of existence, Washington busied himself in military matters, and in supplying from his veteran experience information to his raw recruits. France, however, never seriously contemplated the invasion of America from the instant she saw the nation bestirring herself. Buonaparte then came into power, and settled all matters with America amicably.

This adjustment of differences, however, Washington never lived to witness, dying in command of the army destined to operate against her ancient allies. On the 12th Dec., 1799, he had ridden round his farms as usual, and returned late in the afternoon, wet and cold from the rain and sleet. The waters had penetrated through his clothing to his neck. A sore throat and hoarseness on the next day soon gave evidence that he had taken cold. He did not seem to apprehend any danger, passed the evening with his family, and after some pleasant converse retired to bed. He was seized in the night with ague, and on Saturday, the 14th, his breath and speech became impaired. One of his overseers bled him at his request, and a messenger was sent to his friend, Dr. Craik, who lived ten miles off. Dr. Craik and two other physicians arrived on that day. Their united efforts proved useless. Towards evening he said to Dr. Craik, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to die. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." He thanked the physicians for their kindness, and requested them to give themselves no further trouble, but to let him die quietly. He kept sinking gradually, and almost the instant before dissolution felt his own pulse. His countenance then underwent a change. His hand dropped from his wrist, and he expired. His country paid to his memory,—all that then remained to her of her Washington—every possible tribute of gratitude and affection. France, then a republic also, paid due honours to the republican chief; and England, as far as the example of Lord Bridport, then commanding the fleet, may be given in proof, tendered a sincerer tribute still, by lowering her flag half-mast on the news of Washington's decease. He had commanded during life the applause of many distinguished men, Fox and Erskine may be adduced among others. The former said of him, "Notwithstanding his extraordinary talent and exalted integrity, it must be considered

as singularly fortunate, that he should have experienced a lot which so seldom falls to the portion of humanity, and have passed through such a variety of scenes without stain and without reproach. It must indeed create astonishment that placed in circumstances so critical, and filling for a series of years a station so conspicuous, his character should never have been called in question;—that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. To him it was reserved to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career."

Erskine wrote to Washington as follows:—

"I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which will be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted class of men; but you are the only human being for whom I have felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world."

Washington certainly combined materials that wonderfully fitted him for the position he had to occupy. As a leader he appears calm, calculating, brave as his own sword, yet free from the general accompaniment of personal bravery—reckless hardihood. It is possible that all this might not have told in a wider scene of action, and his mind certainly does not seem to have possessed so much reach as many men of inferior note have shown; but nature had well mixed ingredients in her cauldron when he was formed, and, taken in a whole, his powers must be considered large. As a writer his style is greatly defective in succinctness and elegance, and coherence of sentences; but a fine broad line of common sense and judicious reasoning is discernible throughout all he wrote. There are strong affinities of character and disposition between him and Scott; yet was he neither imaginative nor loyal, like that distinguished writer. Still, in the gentle placidity of their natures, there is a wondrous resemblance. They did not think alike on many subjects, save on the immutable forms of moral law, on which they were both agreed, and of which they were punctually observant. Probably the Bard of Cavaliers might not have considered this comparison complimentary, but a resemblance there is both in habits and intellect, and piety. On this latter point we think it fitting to say a few words. Washington, never appears, in the latter years of his life, to have taken the sacrament of the Lord's

Supper, though a constant attendant at church, and always advocating the cause of religion. We are inclined to think that he was rather a latitudinarian in his religious notions; since it is difficult to conceive a churchman, when dying, not outwardly testifying his faith, and uttering prayers for his soul.

Possibly the character of Washington led him to much internal musing and inward untraced supplication of God. His character possessed great moral goodness, his life was free from reproach, and his external devotions were constant. Still it is difficult to reconcile such a death with the holy and ennobling hopes of Christianity. Something of such a system, if held deep at the heart, must have evinced itself. We do not say this reproachfully over the warrior's bier, but to us it would have been most satisfactory, and to the world more strongly evidential of a firm indwelling hope, had there been even a slight development of the holy bodements of futurity. Still, in the duties of his public station, in his charity to the poor, in the constant ascription of all his successes to the Divine Being, in the offices of son, husband, and brother, in his warm and generous friendship to his military associates, and especially La Fayette, in his love to his country, there are no points of reproach, but in all these offices he appears to merit the highest commendation. "Non omnia possumus omnes."

In this combination of qualities is to be found the power of Washington. On him we conclude our remarks, in the language of his latest biographer.

"It is the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the splendour of any one trait which constitutes the grandeur of his character. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice, who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country, who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honour, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle, this title will not be denied to Washington."

The laborious and accurate work, to which the life we have reviewed, is prefixed,

we are happy to learn, has been extremely successful in America. It is stereotyped, and more than 6,000 complete sets have been already sold. It is still selling with considerable briskness in the Southern and Western States, where literature permeates with slower course than in those bordering on the Atlantic, by reason of the distance from Boston, the place of publication, and the difficulties of conveyance. In the remaining eleven volumes Mr. Sparks has adopted an arrangement of his multifarious materials into five parts; the first embracing official letters relating to the French War, and private correspondence before the American Revolution, from 1754 to 1775, two volumes; second, correspondence and miscellaneous papers relating to the American Revolution, from June, 1775 to 1783, six volumes; third, private letters from the time Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the army to his first presidency, from 1783 to 1789, one volume; fourth, letters official and private from the beginning of his presidency to the end of his life, from 1789 to 1794, two volumes; fifth, speeches and messages to Congress, proclamations and addresses, one volume; laborious indices follow. If Washington has not found a Homer to give to actual exploits ideal glory, he has at least obtained a faithful and affectionate biographer, who has given him to the world as he was, and few are the spirits that could have so well withstood its scrutiny, or have less needed fiction to embellish them. Whether we look on the private correspondence or the public documents of Washington, he appears (reserving the question of his allegiance to the British Crown) to merit equally the position he attained. To his biographer it must have been deeply gratifying to trace in his writings "no line which, dying, he might wish to blot;" in his actions no moral intemperance to be extenuated or defended by the force of circumstances; but a singular faultlessness, a wondrous freedom from all the vices that have stained, degraded, and dimmed the lustre of many a helmed chief, many a crowned king, and many a mitred sovereign.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES

### OF RECENT CONTINENTAL PUBLICATIONS.

ART. IX.—*Les Barbares, Byzance et Rome*, par Christian Müller, Dr. (Barbarians, Byzantium and Rome, by Dr. Müller.) Geneva, 1889.

THE work before us contains a most ingenious and beautiful statement of the oriental origin of the German nation. It is written in a spirit of fair inquiry, and well calculated, from the multiplicity of topics embraced in it, to reward amply the time consumed on the interesting work. By various singular stages of induction the author contrives to establish abundantly the Indo-Germanic origin. Language, mythology, common rites, customs, and etymons, are all called to his aid, and when adduced are generally conclusive. The word *German* he conceives to be of Roman origin, from *Germanus*, brother, and to have relation to the wild and careless freedom of the early tribes who, in independent clanship, acknowledged no superior. His etymon of Wehrman, or Herman, from which the Roman name Arminius is derived, together with the Persian Irman, implying a brother in arms, are all evident marks of common origin in some primitive tongue. He is here quite at issue with the celebrated Lipsius, who derived the word *Germanus* from *gera*, war, war-man. Equally singular and striking, it must be owned, is the analogy between *runah*, the Arabic for *magic*, and *Runes*. But though apparent traces exist of tribes springing near the ancient Getæ, and the Goths being one and the same nation, yet does the character of the people vary extremely, for the Goths, however we may feel inclined to the contrary opinion, from the early misapplication of the words Goth and Barbarian as synonymous, certainly did not injure, to any extent, the monuments of ancient Rome, if we give credit to Orosius. Theodoric the Goth, Boethius and Cassiodorus, we well know, used their united efforts to teach Gothic and

Latin, and Byzantine habits naturally induced Theodoric to infuse some portion of Greek science and literature among his people; and while the Goths occupied Italy it was very differently circumstanced to what it afterwards became under the sole sway of the cultivated but effeminate Byzantines. In effect, the mythology of the Goths must have possessed great influence over the passions of a barbarous age—and how cold does the semi-philosophic legend of Greece look by its side! The Goth and the Greek had each his superstition, but the striking boldness of outline of the first, in all its pure orientalism, before men philosophized on the ancient legend, or Socrates and Plato had ennobled mythology by making it speak out with more than the words of the maddened Pythoness, with some infusion of the super-sensuous, must have had wondrous charms for the wild and singular people among whom it had flourished in their own clime, and been transplanted thence in their settlement in the land of the conquered stranger. Valda, the Valkyrs, Elfs, Undines, Dwarfs, Giants, Odin, Thor, the Intermediate State, the mysterious Hölle, the abode of Balder, all these were sung before Theodoric and his chiefs, and the bold Goths preferred the rough minstrelsy of the Scald, embodying, as it did, their earliest associations, to the more polished tones of a music, however fine, still less free than the wild and bold descendant that the harp of the north rung forth. The most celebrated version of the Bible also, it must be remembered, the most glorious literary monument of the time, the version of Ulfilas,\*

\* Ulfilas took the ancient alphabet and the Runic letters for this version, and by this means succeeded in getting his work into a shape in which the Goths could read it. By the translation he made an immense step towards the civilisation of his people. It is the noblest monument of the Teuton extant, and the first writing of the middle ages. The university of Upsal preserves the frag-



owes its origin to this people, and the rise of the chivalrous ballad may be traced probably to the court of Theodoric long before the Troubadour had poured forth his blended Paganism and Christianity, as we trace them in the Fabliaux of Le Grand. The Frank and the Saxon occupied certainly, at this period, an inferior position to the Goth. Yet does the whole spirit of the British Church of that age partake of the independence that characterized the Goth. The Anglo-Saxon Church certainly manifested an anxious desire to proselyte all surrounding nations to its faith, and to maintain this perfect independence of Rome, which only tardily canonized these early diffusers of the Word from this very circumstance. Anglo-Saxon convents produced the celebrated Boniface, the venerable Bede, the learned Alcuin, and many others. Boniface, though unjust to Virgilius, who was, like Galileo, too philosophical for his age, was unquestionably a great character, a man of a single object, to which he sacrificed himself in the issue. Our readers may possibly thank us for transcribing the form of the baptismal confession of his period, which is curious:—"Ik forsacho diable end allum diabolgelde end allum diaboles werkum end wordum, Thunach ende Woden ende Saxnote, ende allum then unholdum the hira genatas sint." "I renounce the devil and all devil's money, and all devil's works and words, Thunder and Woden and Saxonism and all devilries." This form, which is still nearly intelligible, though of the seventh century, to the British student, retains a strong affinity to our present language. Anglo-Saxon has not, however, stronger affinities with English, as at present spoken, than German possesses with respect to Sanscrit, the Zend and Greek.

ments of a precious MS. which in the thirty years' war was carried by the Swedish soldiers into Bohemia. It is on purple parchment, with gold and silver letters, and has received the appellation of the Codex Argenteus. It is bound in silver, set with precious stones. Another MS. of this translation existed in the Wolfenbützel library, the Codex Carolinus. We are indebted to the indefatigable researches of the celebrated Angelo Mai, when Ambrosian librarian, and now guardian over the treasures of the Vatican, for the identification of these MSS. with the labours of Ulfilas. The rescuator of Cicero discovered a MS. in perfect preservation under the name of Ulfilas, containing entire books of the version in question, an epistle of St. Paul, and fragments of the Old Testament, taken from Ezra and Nehemiah. Who will give up in despair all hope of the lost treatise "de Gloria" extant in the time of Petrarch, the defective decads of Livy, or eleven elder MSS. of the Scriptures than the present, while these discoveries are making in our own time, while the mummy pits remain unexhausted, and Herculaneum and Pompeii still buried under that crust of ages, that science continues daily to penetrate?

In taking German, it must be remembered we seize on a language of the widest possible separation from the great common type of languages in Asia, and if the analogy hold here, it is scarcely necessary to observe that it will be greatly more observable in those languages of apparently easier affinity, and later separation from the common father-land, at the first glance.

Sanscrit and German—Bhrater, Bruder; Hrti, Hertz; Lobhi, Liebe; Nama, Name; Tura, Thür; Bhara, Bahre; Sam, Zusammen; Sevara, Schwur.

Zend and German—Hechle, Eichel; Frem, Freund; Heso, Heiss; Jare, Jahr; Geie, Geist; Dogde, Tochter, Daughter (A).

Between the German and Greek the analogy becomes yet closer, as we should naturally expect from the later subsistence of that tongue, and also from the intercourse of the Greek with all countries, which has evidently been far greater than is generally supposed, and on which a most interesting paper might be framed.

Greek and German— $\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma$ , light;  $\phi\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho$ , Vater;  $\sigma\kappa\alpha\tau\iota\omega$ , schmirren;  $\phi\alpha\upsilon\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma$ , faul;  $\alpha\lambda\eta$ , Helle;  $\kappa\iota\sigma\tau\eta$ , Kiste;  $\kappa\alpha\tau\epsilon\sigma\tau\omega$ , Ich kräusche;  $\chi\epsilon\iota\rho$ , Heer;  $\kappa\rho\alpha\chi\omega$ , Ich krachze;  $\alpha\lambda\epsilon\gamma\gamma\eta$ , Klang.

In these powerful instances the native force of the German is never lost, and though we contend against the authority of Tacitus, who gives to them the honour of being indigenous to their land, we still argue that they retained more vividly their oriental originality than any other tribes from the same common stock. Tacitus of course was not enabled to judge them save from very loose grounds of conviction to the philologist. His words, "Ipse eorum opinionibus accedo, qui Germaniae populos nullis aliis aliarum nationum connubiis infectos propriam et sinceram et tantum sui similem gentem extitisse," are confirmed by very weak physical arguments. The German language evidently possessed some of its present roots, which are cited by Pliny, even in the first century. Ulfilas, in his version of the four Gospels, gives us a fair specimen of the Gothic branch of this tongue, which bears an extraordinary affinity to the modern German.

#### GOthic.

Alter unsar thu in himmam,  
Werthnai namo thain.  
Cimai thin dinassus thaina, &c.

#### GERMAN.

Vater unser du im Himmel  
Geweit sey Name dein.  
Komme zu uns Reich dein, &c.

The language and nation fell together.

Gothic was spoken even in the ninth century, and all traces have since been lost save in the Crimea and Basque provinces. Anglo-Saxon fell with its cognate language, and on this head we cannot but regret that so little attention has been paid by us to this interesting study, even in the bare connection with our own annals. The parruck, the croft, the lease, the summer-lease, the ox-lease, the mead, the warth, the plash, the hanging, the lynch acre, as a distinguished modern scholar remarks, still mark the ancient affinity with our present language. Anglo-Saxon shares the fate of all oriental languages, which are not in fashion at our universities, and the only recent attempts at orientalism evidently do not tend to produce more than a low kind of smattering, to give a moderate fitness for judicial respectability in India. To fix scholarship examinations, as has been recently done in Greek and Hebrew, is the sure method to obtain no student good for anything in either, since either pursuit is quite adequate to occupy the attention *per se* of a youth of seventeen. The Anglo-Saxon of the fifth century offers, in the following extract from the Lord's Prayer, a very close analogy to our own language:

"Fæder ure thu tha eart on heofenum,  
Si thin nama gehalgud.  
Tha he cume thin rice."

While upon the subject of Anglo-Saxon, to which we regret we cannot afford more space in the present number, we have to direct the attention of our readers to a recent work on the "Progress and Present State of Anglo-Saxon Literature in England," by Petheram, published by Lumley. Our present limits do not enable us to do more than to recommend it, as furnishing a complete analysis of the subject, indicating to the uninitiated in Anglo-Saxon the correct sources of information, and pointing out, even to the learned in that tongue, many points which they might neglect to notice or pass by in the course of rapid investigation. It is also without any portion of that extreme self-sufficiency which so peculiarly characterises the lucubrations of one gentleman on that subject, exhibiting superior accuracy, and the best test of genuine acquirement—modest pretensions.

After this period, the Latin being used for devotional purposes, gradually produced a disease of the northern languages; and those modelled on it, or who admitted this dialect most largely into their own tongue, became the circulating medium of the world. But German stood aloof from all admixture in its original purity, and it awaited only the powers of Lessing or Goethe, or similar

masters of their own tongue, to throw before the world its yet untried powers, and to exhibit the wondrous gems that lay rough in the quarry until worked into brightness by men of hardihood, equal to the material elaborated. Yet around this language hangs still the Runic spell. The German can say nothing, can think out nothing as other nations do, and he aims at what his people did of yore ere his Runes became letters. Words fail to convey his meaning, and he would fain unite in his style symbols of mysterious bodement as the Runes. Giant in conception, his ideas are as vast as that Runic inscription carved by the Danish king, now extant, occupying a space of ninety feet. Yet were it doing him foul injustice not to grant him, even when unsuccessful, the praise of the luckless charioteer of old:

"Magnis tamen excidit ansis."

His work is yet to be cut out for him, and his giant strength limited to the possible; and what may not be his influence on civilisation. If the effeminate sunk before him, who dwelt in the gay palaces of Byzantium, who shall stay him save by a manliness of spirit equal to his own. And though the German mind will never approach the unattainable elegance of the Greek, yet it will closely resemble its own glorious Gothic, which though defective in many points, is yet unequalled and amply mates by rival excellences even the purity of the school of Athens. We may have much of Byzantine extravagance, much of the monstrous, much of the unattainable attempted, but still shall we see the grand, the glorious, the dimly-shadowed but pure outlines of graceful tracery, the vague, the vast, the infinite, and in these glories who will more exult and strive to emulate them than that nation, both the love and imitation of the Germans, kindred in Saxon spirit, kindred in common manliness, kindred in all the noblest affections of the heart, aping no merit that it does not possess, and claiming the high vantage-ground of leading Europe in arts, in science, and religion.

ART. X.—*Catholska Ligan och Huguenoterna. Historisk Tidskildring*, af ABE. CRONHOLM. Lund, 1839. pp. viii. 510. 8vo. (The Catholic League and the Huguenots, an Historical Sketch, by Cronholm.)

CRONHOLM is a young and very promising Swedish author, already distinguished for

his "*Wäringarne*" and *Forn-Nordiska Minnen*." His situation of additional assistant-lecturer on history in the university of Lund, has naturally tended to preserve the direction of his mind to historical researches.

The work before us is full of merit. It is terse, energetic, and laboriously worked out. The best sources have been indefatigably made use of, and a satisfactory completeness pervades the whole. But in this, as in his other productions, we recognize the annalist, rather than the historian. We have none of those philosophical views of the causes and bearings of historical facts, without which history falls back into a *journal des événements*. We find no grouping, no painting, no chiaro oscuro. A uniform monotony, and a short stiff style of composition, inform us indeed of what happened, but without either lighting up our understanding, so that we see and grasp the whole historical horizon, or affecting our passions, so that we quickly individualize and eagerly follow the characters brought before us. Towards the close of his work, indeed, the author seems to have warmed a little with his subject, and we read this portion with greater pleasure and interest. As we have nothing in English on the whole so complete, we shall give one or two extracts of passages likely to interest our countrymen. Thus the following description of the Huguenots, under Henry II., during the residence of the young Mary Stuart at the French court, is clear and instructive :

"If we turn to the interior of France we shall discover, it is true, the seeds of inward ferment and warlike movements, but still as yet neither remarkable nor developed, nor possessing that character of force and bitterness which was gradually produced by persecution and opposition. In Paris the mass, the immense majority of the inhabitants, were Catholic. Such men of science and members of the parliament as thought differently from the Church, for the most part disinclined to embrace the whole system of the Reformation, wishing in general only the abolition of abuses, and in so far as these abuses regarded the State rather than the Church, their opposers bore the name of Politici. Next to Paris, the Reformed were strongest in Meaux and in Orleans. In Burgundy the Reformation had penetrated only to the eastern border. Lyonnais was warmly attached to Catholicism. The castles of the nobles along the banks of the Rhone had been thrown open to the doctrines of the Genevan priests; so also were the cities at the foot of the Alps. Provence was as orthodox as Spain. The Holy Virgin and the saints had still their zealous worshippers, and spiritual brotherhoods excited the fanaticism of the masses as a shield against all attempts to introduce dangerous novelties. In Languedoc were still found some recollections of the Albigenses. Many of the noblesse, enraged at the multitude of the estates of the nobles which had been bequeathed to churches and cloisters, supported the Reformation. The nobility were also not disinclined to oppose the royal au-

thority, which was exalted on the fragments of the abolished feudal rights. The court was wanton and debauched; the reformed provincial nobility endeavoured therefore to create a contrast thereto in their own life and morals. Brittany was Catholic; Anjou was so in a less degree; Normandy was divided between the two churches, and Picardy was acted upon by Flanders, where the new doctrines had been extended together with civil liberty. The country masses were under the influence of the Catholic priesthood; the lower bourgeois in the towns, partaking in the changeless uniformity of their habits and occupations, and with a circle of ideas, the more obstinately defended as it was limited to a very small range, were reckoned among the hottest defenders of the Catholic Church. No municipal rights were threatened by a government attached to the old belief; very different was the case in the Netherlands, where the cities embraced the Reformation, which they defended in conjunction with their civil freedom. The guilds in the French towns had their patron saints and their religious festivals, and their manners consecrated, and upheld a religious persuasion undoubtedly in many things confined to superstitious traditions, but which in this petrified form so much the more obstinately opposed every attempt at improvement. The higher bourgeois had weight and influence through the considerable sums they paid to the public taxes, and through divers rights which they still retained, and which they extended during the existence of the League; such, for instance, as being freed from foreign garrisons, themselves electing their president (the *Prevot des Marchands* was the only civil officer named by the king), their forming a citizen-guard, and their right to barricade the streets and shut the gates of their town even against the king himself. We may easily see the very great consequence gained by the bourgeois of Paris, from the information communicated to them by Henry II., respecting his campaigns. Marseilles, Toulouse, and Lyons, had almost the same privileges.\* But when whole corporations, towns and provinces, both from persuasion and self-interest, embraced the principles of the Catholic Church, the numbers friendly to the Reformation could only have constituted a trifling minority. Nor were they reckoned to be more than the seventieth part, or, according to another statement, the hundredth part, of the population of France.† No outward advantages were promised by apostacy; only an inward longing and the force of religious persuasion could increase the members of a Church threatened with confiscations and death at the stake."

The second chapter, which commences at the death of Francis II., contains several valuable passages. One in particular, on *France and the Council of Trent*, we would willingly extract. But its length forbids us. We prefer giving a description of the battle of Jarnac and the death of the great Condé.

"The reformed troops had reckoned upon avoiding a battle, under the protection of the towns of which they were in possession. But success in this was only possible on one condition, that they should not be surprised before their separate corps had united. This union however never took place, in consequence of the delay of the troops for which

\* *Capefigue*, Hist. de la Ligue, t. iii. p. 22—30.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Cronholm*, pp. 14, 15.

Coligni had been waiting for three hours. At a brook near Bassac, Coligni was attacked by the Catholics, who at first were stoutly opposed, but at last, headed by Brissac, forced the passage. La Noue, who has immortalized himself as a warrior and a tactician, was here taken prisoner. He had shared in the battle, notwithstanding a fever had been for four days upon him; it was with difficulty he escaped the bloody sentence of Montpensier, who had said to his prisoner, 'My friend; the trial of yourself and your friends is over. Attend now to your soul.' La Noue's deliverer was Martigni.

"In the mean time Coligni had driven back the enemy, and fortified himself behind another stream, where he was also protected by a morass. In this position he requested and received support from Condé. The evening before the prince had fallen with his horse, and carried his arm in a sling. When he met Coligni, one of his legs was broken by a blow from an unruly horse. Nevertheless the prince was undaunted, and enlivened his soldiers with the following short speech:—'Forward, nobles of France! This is the battle we have desired so long! Remember in what a situation Louis of Bourbon partakes in this contest for Christ and for his country!' On his banner was inscribed 'Doux le peril pour Christ et le pais.' The Catholic forces had attacked Dandelot, who was posted by a village in the neighbourhood; but the defence was gallant, and they were driven back. Their whole force was now assembled, and against this two battalions of cavalry could not hold their ground. Coligni made the first charge, and the Prince of Condé the other. At first nothing could withstand the violence of their attack, but the corps stationed near the morass was thrown into confusion by the foreign cavalry. Further opposition was impossible against such superior numbers. Portant, the slayer of Charri, fell from his horse and was taken prisoner; he was recognized and cut down on the spot. Stuart, who had wounded Montmorency on the field of St. Denis, was also taken prisoner, and died of dagger-stabs. Several other Protestant nobles shared the same fate. The Prince of Condé fought with his usual bravery, but it was impossible to contend against so many. His horse fell under him, but he still had defenders. The nobles of his camp gathered round him, and exerted themselves to the utmost to save or free the prince. In this dauntless band was La Vergne, already an old man, surrounded by his sons and nephews, all young men, to the number of twenty-five. Fifteen of these, besides La Vergne, fell fighting sword in hand. The rest were taken prisoners, and the prince's sauvegarde was gone. Condé, who had sunk upon his knees, now fought till he had strength to fight no longer; he then stretched out his glove to Tison, Lord of Argence, whose life he once had saved, and gave himself as his prisoner; Argence assured him that no danger threatened his life. But a Gascon nobleman, Montesquieu, captain of the Swiss Guard, shot the prince through the head dead upon the spot. Condé had foreboded this result, as soon as he saw that Montesquieu was there. The Duke of Anjou gave free vent to his joy at his enemy's death" . . . "which gave the battle of Jarnac a distinction it did not otherwise merit, as the loss did not amount to more than four hundred men, nor had the victory any important results."\*

The third chapter, which closes with the death of Charles IX., is full of important passages. The sketch of Coligni is emin-

ently successful. But we must hasten to the next chapter, from which we borrow the following account of the excommunication of the Bourbon princes:—

"The Guises had more success in Rome. Sixtus V. excommunicated Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. Both were declared rebels and apostates, protectors and chiefs of the heretics, and worthy of the punishment appointed by the canon law against heresy, besides losing their principalities and lands, with all the rights attached thereto. They had forfeited their claims to the inheritance of the throne of France, and the Pope released their vassals from the oath of allegiance they had taken to them. The French Parliament declared this bull to be a violation of the sovereign rights of the princes and kingdom of France. The latter also protested, and caused their protest to be fixed upon the gates of the Vatican, the most frequented churches in Rome, and opposite the statues of Pasquin and Mortorio. They appealed to the court of the peers of France from Sixtus, 'soi-disant Pape de Rome,' declared that he himself was a heretic, which they would prove at a free council; and asserted that he was still a heretic and Anti-Christ, in case he should refuse to submit to its decision. The kings of the olden time had known how to tame 'le témérité de tels galans, comme est ce prétendu Pape Sixte,' whenever they had dared to go beyond their rightful powers. The king will revenge the injustice he has suffered; and in hope to obtain satisfaction he turns to all Christian princes, kings, and towns, whom this insult equally concerns.

"Another defence, written by a French jurist, named Hotmann, contained bitter attacks against the Pope, who was called by several disgraceful nicknames. An anathema from Rome, and a defence so unmeasured, removed all thoughts of a peaceful reconciliation. Sixtus V., however, was just; he could not refuse his esteem to great qualities wherever they were found. 'Only one man and one woman were worthy to govern,' said he, 'if they were not heretics.' He afterwards named them, Henry of Navarre and Elisabeth of England."\*

One good quality of this work is, that it abounds with extracts from contemporaneous writers and scarce tracts and pamphlets. The last chapter especially, which carries us down to the edict of Nantes, derives additional interest from this source.

ART. XI.—*Minnesinger. Deutsche Liederdichter der zwölften dreizehnten und vierzehnten Jahrhunderten; aus allen bekannten Handschriften und früheren Drucken gesammelt und berichtigt, mit den Lesarten derselben, Geschichte des Lebens der Dichter und ihrer Werke, Sangweisen der Lieder, Reimverzeichnisse der Anfänge, und Abbildungen sämtlicher Hand-*

\* Cronholm, p. 141-3.

\* Cronholm, p. 300.

*schriften.* Von Friedrich Heinrich von der Hagen. Vier Theile, 4to. (Minnesingers. German Song Writers of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries; collected and corrected from all known Manuscripts and former Editions, with the various Readings: the History of the Lives of the Poets and of their Works, the Tunes of the Songs, the first Lines arranged according to the Rhymes, and Fac-Similes from each of the Manuscripts. By Frederick von der Hagen. Four volumes, 4to.) Leipzig, 1838.

THIS truly national work, so long looked for by all lovers of ancient German literature, has at length appeared in a form equally honourable to the editor and publisher. In the present age of shilling parts and steel engravings, it is matter of congratulation to meet with four goodly quarto volumes, embodying the lyrical treasures of three centuries, rich in poetical feeling and expression, from the prince to the peasant. The labours of Beneke, the Grimms, Lachmann, the editor of the work before us, Graff, Wackenagel, Haupt, Hoffmann, Massmann, Schmeller, and others, who have devoted themselves to their patriotic studies with quiet but untiring enthusiasm, together with their rich stores of multifarious learning, have gradually formed a numerous and constantly increasing circle of readers, who take a lively interest in the by-gone literature of their country. The critical editions which have appeared within the last years, have established the laws of Middle German, (*mittelhochdeutsch*.) and traced the historical progress of the language in many of its gradual changes and subtle varieties of dialects.

When we look upon what has been done by our neighbours, we cannot but reflect with regret that so much remains to be done by ourselves. We by no means undervalue the merits of those scholars who have recently distinguished themselves by their honourable attempts to direct public attention to the language of our ancestors; yet a vast field remains still unexplored. To say nothing of the Anglo-Saxon, the laws and structure of which rest by no means on so sure a basis as were desirable, the breaking up of that language into middle English; the influence of the Danish, particularly in the northern counties, which is observable in the common language of the peasantry even of the present day, and the gradual process of the formation of our modern language, remain still to be investigated. We have, it is true, some works on the dialects; but hardly one composed by an

author of the necessary philological acquirements, or in a philosophical spirit; and the language of our writers from Chaucer to Spencer, has attracted hardly any attention. Let us hope that the taste for our ancient literature which is now spreading, may call forth scholars, gifted with knowledge and critical powers, which may enable them to throw light upon a subject in which elucidation is so desirable.

But to return to our Minnesingers. These volumes contain the lyrical productions of nearly two hundred poets: of one hundred and sixty-nine, the indefatigable editor has given us the lives in 753 quarto pages of double columns, a work of immense difficulty and labour. This list contains names of all ranks—the Emperor Henry, the young King Conrad (the last Minnesinger of the lofty race of the Hohenstauffen, who was beheaded at Naples,) and a long range of dukes, counts, margraves, knights, and other nobles. Nor is it to be assumed that these poems were written by the court poets, and given to the world under the names of the sovereigns or princes whom they served. “The proudest and hardest mind has its youth, its spring of poetry and love;” and, in the general spirit of those fair and lofty-minded times, lyrical poetry formed as essential a part of education as chivalry itself, although both were learned more from living example than from school discipline.

Thus, Ulrich of Lichtenstein, as page, was taught the art of poesy as well as the science of arms, by Duke Henry of Austria; and if the poets of those times could neither read nor write, they could hear and speak the better. We know that Richard Cœur de Lion, whose name history and tradition invested in poetic colours, like his favourite Blondel, wrote verses; and even Charles of Anjou, the gloomy executioner of the last Hohenstauffen, has left us a tender song, as if in proof of a better Charles within him.

The term Minnesingers, in its narrower signification, is employed to denote the lyrical poets of the chivalrous middle ages; but it is likewise employed in a more extensive meaning to include all those who have written in strophic measures. Taken thus it will even include some of the narrative poets; nor is the German epic, or heroic song, so far removed from lyric measure as its more ancient predecessors of Greece or Rome, and some of the more simple epic measures, such as the stanza of the Nibelungenlied, were often adopted by lyric poets. The present work, intended as a complete collection of all that has been composed in the lyric

measure or strophe, includes besides the pure lyrical compositions, spiritual and profane songs; in short, all that in the various directions alluded to above can be included in this description, with the exception of such narrative poems as are not composed in strophic rhymes. The editor has limited himself in point of time to the period comprised between the first beginning of the twelfth, through the rich development of German lyric poetry during the thirteenth, to the termination of the Minnesingers in the fourteenth century.

During this period the princes and nobles, as we have seen, took the lead in singing the praise of "God and of their Lady;" but in this last-named century, the citizens in the towns (and in some places, as in Switzerland, even the peasants) attained greater influence, and the corporate master-singers (*Meistersänger*) gradually rose into existence and renown. They first followed the example and adopted the measures of their chivalrous predecessors; but the difference of position and of circumstances soon produced a deviation from the ancient forms, and with the forms the spirit likewise died away. With the more general diffusion of literature and the changes of society, the master-singers gradually declined; and if we mistake not, it was in the spring of the present year that the four surviving members of this ancient corporation bequeathed their relics to the Liedertafel of Ulm. The art of printing has given another direction to lyrical poetry; yet, perhaps, the Liedertafel (literally, song tables), which are so numerous throughout Germany, may be considered as a weak reflection of the traditionary national feeling.

In point of fact, they may be compared with our madrigal societies, &c.; we believe, however, it is necessary in some of these to compose a song to be admitted as a member. Occasionally several of these unions form one larger society, including all the Liedertafels of a district or province; and we read in the paper of song-singing feasts, in which several hundreds assemble. These are, of course, not to be confounded with the great musical festivals, in which instrumental music forms the chief attraction.

The principal materials from which the present work is composed are to be found in the celebrated Manessian manuscript, containing from fourteen to fifteen hundred lyrical compositions, by about one hundred and forty poets. It takes its name from Rudger von Manessa, a counsellor of the city of Zurich, who formed this collection at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the fame of the Minnesingers was drawing to a close. In the year 1607 it was at Heidel-

berg, and afterwards, most probably during the thirty years' war, when the German manuscripts were carried off to the Vatican, it was brought to Paris, where it still remains. After the occupation of the French capital by the allied armies, it was already in the hands of General Gneisenau, but was given back, under a promise that it should be exchanged for other manuscripts.

In 1823, M. Von der Hagen was sent to Paris by the King of Prussia (the munificent patron of the present work, to whom it is very properly dedicated), in order to compare the manuscript with Bodmer's previous publication. He was at the same time empowered by the city of Breslau to offer in exchange very valuable old French and Netherlandish manuscripts; but the French government, notwithstanding the stipulation with General Gneisenau, refused to part with it, so that its illuminated portraits and initials remain an object of idle curiosity to the gaping visitors of the Parisian Library, and of deep regret to the German literati. The collation proved that Bodmer had not only left some insignificant parts unprinted, as he has asserted; for at least one-seventh, and that by no means the least valuable parts, is now given for the first time to the public; but his edition was found to be in other respects very inexact; and the editor has taken the trouble of publishing a list of errata, contained in all former editions of various parts of the different manuscripts. Professor Rassmann, at the request of M. Von der Hagen, and Dr. Koller of Zurich, independently of both, collated the Manessian manuscript, a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the work. With respect to the other manuscripts of Weingart, Heidelberg, Jena, Vienna, &c., and the numerous contributions of friends from all parts of Germany, who, with the characteristic generosity that distinguishes the eminent men who stand foremost in the prosecution of the historical development of their national literature, vied with each other in assisting the editor in his arduous undertaking, we must refer our readers to the Preface to the first volume. The ancient Melodies, with a dissertation by Professor Fischer, will be welcomed by all lovers of ancient music. The rhymed classification of the first lines of each strophe is a very valuable addition, as the Minnesingers were very strict in attending to the prosody of the language.

This short and imperfect account is merely intended to make our readers acquainted with the contents of a work which is indispensable to every German scholar, who does not limit his investigations to the study of more modern German literature. We shall

probably ere long review it at greater length; but at present we cannot devote more space to the subject. The universal approbation with which the work has been received in Germany, is the best proof of the manner in which the editor has executed his task.

ART. XII.—*Godofredi Hermannii oratio in quartis secularibus Artis Typographicae.* (Oration in honour of the fourth Centenary Anniversary of the Invention of Printing. Delivered in the Hall of the University of Leipsic, on the 25th of June, 1840, by Godfrey Hermann.) Leipsig.

THE Gutenberg Jubilee, which was on the point of celebration as the article in our last Number went to press, has been celebrated from Christiana to Strassburg and Basle with becoming splendour. A few rubs have taken place; the Literaten of Leipsig (the term gentlemen of the press hardly expresses this new-coined German word) were angry that the printers would not allow them to deliver an oration in the market-place, and withdrew in sullen dignity from all participation in the festivities; but except this trifling difference, and the difficulties which the Berlin committee experienced in arranging the program for their celebration (which is to take place in the course of the present month) every thing has gone off very pleasantly. The speech of Professor Hermann, however, has excited in many quarters an unpleasant feeling, which was the more painful in consequence of the high respect for his attainments as a scholar, and the manly independence of his personal character. We shall, therefore, make a few extracts from it, to put our readers in possession of the opinions of this eminent person. They are by no means flattering to the present state of things, but we think that his complaints of the position of the German Gelehrten, are not altogether ill-founded. The very opening is inauspicious. It is not to be wondered at, that the invention of printing, "which, like a torch, was destined to diffuse light, should sometimes be accompanied with smoke, or cause a conflagration. For great things have the faculty of injuring, which is the test of power (?), and what is not feared, is despised."

After lauding the invention of writing, in comparison with that of printing, he gives the following characteristics of the present period:

"The principal object of the age is to turn every thing to present profit. The education of boys and youths is hastened, that they may learn as much as possible (and much of what they learn is useless), in as short a time as possible, acquiring only so much knowledge as is necessary to carry on the

common affairs of life. But they are as sparing and circumspect in the cultivation of true learning, as they are lavish and profuse in what is deemed of more consequence. For, although in some few cases, letters are encouraged with a just liberality, not on account of their usefulness to the state, but for their own sake; yet in general the condition of the learned is such, that they cannot devote themselves to their avocations, because they hardly enjoy the necessaries of life. And yet we see their slender income not only not increased, but diminished and cut down. Thus many of them pine away miserably in labour and care, whilst wretches, worthy of capital punishment, are not only munificently provided for in wholesome dwellings, but find themselves well off, and laugh at the clemency which they will afterwards abuse, to the detriment of good citizens."

We suppose that these strong expressions allude to the questionable tenderness and humanity displayed in the discussions on criminal law at some of the recent Landtags.

"Admirable humanity of the age! which is liberal to the profligate, but sparing in those things which form the soul and vital spirit of the state." This neglect of the learned, he continues, is of pernicious influence on the book trade. None but books of ephemeral interest are published; those which require long study and labour do not find a publisher. He concludes this part of his oration with some severe remarks on the critics, whom he pronounces to be "venal, and of the number of those frivolous writers, who, even if they would, are unable to decide what books are good, and what are bad." He blames equally the demand for the liberty of the press, and the timid spirit which pervades the censors.

But does it not stand to reason that the severity with which the thoughts are restrained, must excite that desire for a free press which is now so ardent throughout Germany? We confess that, although the subject is attended with great difficulties, owing to the peculiar composition and connection of the German states, we do not despair of success, as many of the German governments show a praiseworthy liberality, and a sincere wish for the welfare of their subjects.

The tone is very different from that usually employed on such occasions, but the sentiments of such a man as Hermann are always entitled to serious and respectful attention.

ART. XIII.—*Völkerschau auf Reisen von Theodor Mundt.* (Travelling Sketches in different Countries, by Theodore Mundt.) Stuttgart, 1840.

WE have read this little volume with more pleasure than any of M. Mundt's former

works. The preface, or rather dedication, is, indeed, somewhat redolent of mawkish sensibility, and we really imagined it was addressed to some loved fair one, till we were undeceived by the conclusion, which we translate for the edification of the reader.

"But thou knowest, better than myself, what I wish and strive after, for in my life thou livest, and thy life constantly fires me on to fairest deeds. Accept then these scattered sketches of popular life, as the necessary steps to more connected poetic deeds, and dear *Kumpas* and *Wanderbursch*, where I have succeeded, let me read in thine eyes thy praise, the only praise that I desire."

This is indeed sad stuff, and the style is in general too florid. But as we read on, we found ourselves interested in the contents. Omitting his sketches in France, although containing several topics of interest, we pass immediately to the most valuable part of the book, the details respecting the so called free city of Cracow.

By the treaty of Vienna the city was declared free, independent, and strictly neutral, and she was richly and generously portioned, for the year 1815 was a year of generosity; "*all its pockets* were full of national happiness and liberty. Words and ideas were called into existence, which afterwards had an unpleasant sound." England and France signed the treaty, the other three great powers assumed the gracious title of protectors, but it is Austria that really rules over it.

"Instead of being the first protecting power, Austria has become the first and only coercive power of Cracow. Of the other two, Russia perhaps interferes occasionally in secret, but with its usual prudence it throws the brunt of public ill-will on the shoulders of its imperial neighbour, reaping in secret for itself the advantages of their common policy. Prussia behaved with mildness, and it was regretted that she did not take a more active part."

After alluding to the debate in the French Chambers, "and when was French policy any thing more than a debate," M. Mundt mentions in more respectful terms the good will displayed by England.

"Should an English resident be appointed at Cracow, the Austrian policy would be reduced to no little perplexity, and that power would then receive a wholesome lesson, reminding her that she is a German power, and that her devotion to Russia ought never to seduce her to risk the honour of the German name."—pp. 131, 132.

But leaving for a while the gloomy theme of politics, let us turn for a moment to one of the great departed—the hero Kosciuzko. Omitting the biographical notices, as known to most of our readers, we will introduce them to his monument, the hill of Kosciuzko.

"The method, peculiar to the Slavonic nations, of erecting a hill to the memory of their great men,

deserves, in many respects, the preference above our statues, on which our age has squandered so much pious coquetry and sentimental beggary. (This hit at the Germans is by no means undeserved.) These natural monuments have not only a duration that defies the elements, and every variety of taste and form, but they are more truly national, inasmuch as they annex in the most simple manner the memory of a great man to popular tradition. The people themselves undertake the work of the artist. . . . In the erection of the Kosciuzko monument, the whole nation co-operated in the most affecting manner. As soon as the work was resolved upon, at the proposal of Vincent Monkolaski, the President of the Civil and Military Tribunal, all, without deference of rank or sex, hastened to offer their assistance. Ladies of noble birth took the spade in their tender hands, and the poor journeyman worked by the side of the proud countess, weeping for her country. Mothers led their un-grown children to take part in the last honours rendered to him, whom all Poles looked upon as their father. Old and young, the senator, the warrior, and the peasant, dug together; and even a magnanimous foe, the late Emperor Alexandria of Russia, with those noble feelings that distinguished him, sent a considerable subscription. Thus the Mogila Kosciuzko gradually arose, the earth was sent from all the different provinces, nay, it is said, even from America, where Kosciuzko began his martial career, and from Solothurn, in Switzerland, which had been the last asylum of the dying hero. The hill crowns the mountain of Bronislawa, so called after the daughter of one of the ancient Polish kings. The name is well suited to this patriotic monument, for it signifies the defender of renown."—pp. 138–140.

The 11th of September, the anniversary of the day on which the constitution, 1818, was proclaimed, is still observed as a day of festivity. The speeches of the ambassadors "would not, at the present time, be allowed in either of the protecting states, nor be printed in any in which the censorship exists." In consequence of the changes in 1833, which were such that hardly a trace of its original liberty remained, the senate of Cracow proposed that the celebration of the anniversary should be abolished, but it was officially announced that it should be continued with all possible demonstrations of joy.

A public procession, which becomes less numerous every year; a grand parade without spectators; a ball, which was put off, because there was reason to fear there would be no dancers; an illumination to empty streets, were the festivities which our author witnessed. A fire-work, however, proved an irresistible temptation, and commanded a respectable crowd. The ball, too, was given on the succeeding day; the police went to the shops of the merchants and tradesmen with subscription lists, and as the proceeds were to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundation, one hundred and thirty persons, of whom, however, only a few attended, subscribed. The



people revenged themselves by a satire, giving a poetical description of the sickness and death of the free state of Cracow. The dissection is performed with professional gravity, and the political history of the city interwoven in the medical dissertations. The result of the consultation was, that the deceased departed this life in consequence of the exertions of the many physicians who undertook her cure. Of this satire many copies were in circulation in manuscript.

M. Mundt gives us in detail an account of the gradual curtailment of the privileges of the Senate, and as the subject is likely to come again before Parliament, either through Sir Stratford Canning or Mr. Ellis, we think that his book might be translated with advantage.

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ART. XIV.—*Opere complete del Cujacio, con un nuovo metodo Distribuite et Ristampate.* In 13 vols. in 8vo. grande, dai Fratelli Giuchetti di Prato. (Cujacius's works complete, newly arranged and reprinted.) Florence.

In this country, save to members of the legal profession, the name of *Cujacius*, a man of gigantic information, is scarce known. Italy furnishes us with a reprint of his entire works in 13 vols. They contain a complete course, embracing the whole of the ancient Roman law; *Salvius Julianus*, *Ulpian*, *Scaevola*, *Justinian* (*Pandects*, *Institutes* and *New Code*), together with the *Feudal Law*, the *Decretals* of *Gregory*, and the cases, private practice, and opinions of *Cujacius* himself. One of the cases given, "*Si quadrupes pauperiem fecisse dicatur*," might furnish ample matter for discussion to our special pleaders at the present period, as well as labour for our critics, on the sense of the word *pauperies*. But in charity to both we define *pauperies* in the words of *Cujacius*: "*Pauperies est, si quadrupes hominem aut quadrupedem occiderit vel vulneraverit. Pauperies est damnum sine injuria facientis datum.*" The reprint of a work of this character, filled with much ancient learning, reflects great credit on the publishers; and it is obvious to all that profit cannot be their motive, but simply the supply of a desideratum in literature.

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ART. XV.—*Nuovo Dizionario dei Sinonimi della Lingua Italiana di Nicolo Tommaseo.*

(*New Dictionary of Synonyms of the Italian Language.*) Vol. I. Imp. 8vo. Florence. 1840.

THIS work, which enjoys the patronage and especial favour of the Grand Duke Leopold II., who has granted the editor fresh literary privileges, is of great utility in drawing those necessary distinctions which remove from language much of its perplexity and difficulty. These works do not necessarily spring, as is imagined by some, from the superior need which moderns have of exactitude of expression, from their progress in the varied sciences, since as early as the time of Aristotle there was evidently felt, as is manifest from the writings of that philosopher, a necessity for close diction between affinities. It is a branch of study that we are pleased to see is becoming fashionable in this country. We extract, by way of specimen of the work, the following:—

"Marino, Marittimo. *Marino* ch' è nel mare, del mare; *marittimo* ch' è presso al mare, che riguarda le cose di mare. Dei marini, sale marino, acque marine; città marittime, diritto marittimo."

"Marito, Sposo.

"*Marito* riguarda l'unione corporale (*Max.*) *Sposo* (qui non si tratta delle sponsalizie precedenti alle nozze), il vincolo sociale (*Spondeo*.) *Marito* risponde a moglie, come uomo a donna, sposo a sposa, come congiunto a congiunta. *Sposo* e perciò parola più gentile (in our language it is quite the reverse), ed esprime l'unione d'uguali; *marito* l'autorità del maschio sulla femmina. Al marito s'appartengono più specialmente i diritti e i doveri; allo sposo gli affetti. Gli uomini dimenticano prima d'essere sposi che d'esser mariti."

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ART. XVI.—1. *La Storia Fiorentina dai Tempi Etruschi fino all' Epoca attuale, scritta da Giunio Carbone.* (History of Florence, from the Etruscan to the present period, by Giunio Carbone.) 6 vols. 4to. Florence. 1840.

2. *Storie Fiorentine scritte da Giovanni Cavalcanti, con Annotazioni.* Vol. Due. (History of Florence, by Giovanni Cavalcanti, with Notes.) Florence. 1839.

3. *Documenti di Storia Italiana, da Giuseppe Molini.* (Documents of Italian History, by Giuseppe Molini.) Florence. 1839.

THE first of the works at the head of this brief sketch was announced for publication in 1837. Few states have been so graced by historical writers as Florence. The present writer, however, takes up her history from the conquered province of Etruria to

modern times. The influence of Etruria on Rome, which was mighty though not acknowledged by the Romans, who adopted all her mysticism. Etrurian rites obviously pervaded her entire worship. Rome fell, Etruria remained, still preserving her distinctiveness. Even under the feudal system she maintained it still, and when Fiesole fell, Florence rose. Matilda fostered Florence into an independent state, and she now forms an imperium in imperio, not Austrian, though ruled by Austria, and cherishing the appellation of Toscana, which she will never alter for Tedesca. Few histories can be made more interesting, if deeply probed, and Signor Giunio Carbone has bestowed years upon the question. The second work introduces to our notice the history of Florence by the celebrated Giovanni Cavalcanti, from whom Machiavelli borrowed to no small extent. The work has remained inedited in Tuscany. Lami had promised to publish it, deeming it a work of the highest importance to illustrate the period it described. Germany, ever watchful Germany, had expressed a similar feeling. There is appended to this edition a "Treatise on Politics" by the same Giovanni Cavalcanti, full of facts and circumstances illustrative of the period, and also a series of documents as yet unpublished, extracted from private and public libraries.

"Godi, Firenze, poi che se' sì grande  
Che per mare, e per terra batti l'ali,  
E per lo 'nferno il tuo nome si spande."

The third work before us is the result of the author's labours over 1200 Vol. Fol. MS., relating principally to the political relations of France, and the other European states, from the reign of Charles VI. to Louis XIV. A chronicle of Pisa of the 12th century is also inserted. The documents in question consist of the letters of popes, kings, princes, ministers, generals; and Francesco Vettori, to whom we have alluded in the article of Ranke, is given at full length, in his narrative of the sacking of Rome by Bourbon's forces. It is scarcely necessary to add that even Sismondi might derive fresh stores from such a plenteous source.

ART. XVII.—1. *Opere Architettoniche di Raffaello Sanzio. Firenze.* (Architectural Works of Raphael.) Florence.

2. *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli 14, 15, 16, 17. Del Dott. Giovanni Gaye. Tom. 1. Firenze, 1839.* (Description of  
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Artists of the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. Florence, 1839.)

3. *Il Sepulcro dei Volunni scoperto in Perugia, nel Febbrajo del 1840. Perugia.* (The Tomb of the Volumni discovered in Perugia, in the February of 1840. Perugia.)

THE first of the works before us is intended to exhibit Raphael in his architectural might. Raphael in England is viewed simply as a painter. But as a sculptor and architect, and an archæologist, his merits were of the highest order. To illustrate the splendid architectural designs of Raphael in the Palazzo Pandolfini Uguccione, and Stoppani, his design for the church of St. Peter, the Vatican, &c., is the object of the present work. The Italians live in the past, since in the present they have no political life. The second of the works at the head of this article forms a valuable pendant to the Documenti di Storia Italiana, and Le Storie Fiorentine del Cavalcanti, of which we have already treated. The third contains an account of a recently discovered monument at the Monastery of St. Lucia. The seven beautiful urns, and bas reliefs and inscriptions are given, together with a collection of all Perugian, Etruscan, and Roman inscriptions of the epoch of the tomb.

ART. XVIII.—*Storia dei Papi da San Pietro a Gregorio XVI.* (History of the Popes, from St. Peter to Gregory XVI.) Turin, 1840.

THIS compendium, which embraces an immense sweep in two small volumes, is obviously written to maintain the untenable position of the Pope's infallibility. There is a most atrocious instance of Romanist unfairness in the very motto: "In cielo, e per conseguenza in terra, v'è un solo legislatore, un giudice solo, che può salvare e può perdere." S. Giacomo, Ep. Cattolica, iv. 12. "In heaven, and by consequence in earth, there is one only legislator, one only judge, who can save and destroy." But St. James does not use the words "in heaven, and by consequence in earth," this is entirely foisted in the text for the purpose of his book by Signor Henron. The passage in St. James says simply, "There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy." This lawgiver is evidently God from the context, since, at the tenth verse we have, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." To ascribe

this passage to the Pope, or any mortal, is the height of blasphemy, and proves both the ignorance and presumption of the author, to whom we recommend to learn to make accurate quotations before he occupies the ground already partially covered by one distinguished historian, and certainly, whatever be their defects, by men of some learning, in his predecessors, Artaud, Hurter, and Voigt.

**ART. XIX.—*Monumenti del Genio Letterario d'ogni Nazione.*** (Monuments of the Literary Talent of all Nations.) 24 Vols. 8vo. Florence, 1840.

THERE exists at Florence an Editing Society, of which Eugenio Albèri, whose work on Catherine de' Medici we have noticed in the present Number, is the founder. This society has sent out a notice to the world of its intention to publish the voluminous work before us, as a tribute from Italy to the intelligent of every place and nation. We extract their address: "Venite cittadini del

mondo; venite, noi vi salutiamo fratelli; noi vi diamo riconoscenza, ed amore perchè avere giovato all' universo." Italians are different from us, "The cold in clime are cold in blood," and we therefore abstain from any comment on this fine peroration, and we have only to thank our southern Brethren for their ardent invitation. The first volume in the series is the Bible, according to the received Romanist version, which is not the Bible, any more than it is the Breviary. Greek and Latin poets and orators are to follow. The Greek and Latin Fathers next; of course, an abridgment. Early poetry, the Edda, Ossian? and the Nibelungenlied. The Cid Romances, and the Lays of the Troubadours and popular songs; Oriental, Sclavonian, Chinese, Arabic, Persian and Indian poetry. The elder Italian poets, prose, tragic, and comic writers. Spanish, French, English, and German literature follows next, embracing the tragic, comic, and romantic writers of these nations. The work of a life is before the Florentine Editorial Society, and to them, when their work is done we shall exclaim in their own language, "noi vi diamo riconoscenza, ed amore perchè avere giovato all' universo."

## MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

### ITALY.

Only four new operas have been produced in Italy during the past spring and summer. They were—*Cristina di Scozia*, by Nini, produced at Genoa, (which was more successful than any new opera has been for some time.) *Lini*, by Pedrotti, at Verona, proved a failure; and the same may be said of *La Modesta*, composed by Lillo, and brought out at the "Teatro Pergola" at Florence. The remaining opera, by Gulio Alary, entitled *Rosamonda*, met with somewhat equivocal success.

The four great theatres in Italy, the Fenice in Venice, the Scala in Milan, the San Carlo in Naples, and the Apollo in Rome, have been chiefly engaged in the representation of Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*, and *Roberto d'Evereux*.

The compositions of Donizetti continue far more attractive throughout Italy than those of any other composer, however vastly superior. No less than thirteen of his operas have been produced at thirty-four theatres in Italy, during the last three months. *Gemma di Vergy* was produced at eight distinct theatres. The next composers whose works have been chiefly performed in Italy, have been Bellini and Rossini. Four operas, composed by the former, were produced at 14 theatres; his *Beatrice di Tenda*, at 6; while seven of Rossini's operas were performed at 12 theatres, *Giuglielmo Tell* proving the most attractive. Four of Mercadante's, and the same number of Luigi Ricci's operas were also produced during the same period.

**NAPLES.**—The Teatro Fondo has been engaged for the production of comedies, while

the Teatro Nuova opened with Coppola's *Nina*, and Bellini's *Puritani*; in both of these operas, and in Mercadante's *Giuramento*, which was afterwards produced, Giovanni David excited the utmost enthusiasm. The San Carlo has engaged an efficient winter company, consisting of Pixia, Maray, Gruiz, and a host of talent. The "Maestri Compositori" engaged, are Pacini and Lillo.

GENOA.—The season at the Carlo Felice commenced with Nicolai's *Templario*, which, with the aid of a new grand opera by Nini, entitled *Cristina di Scovia*, continued throughout the whole season. The Maestro Nini has proved himself, by this opera, worthy to be placed in the second rank of composers. The composer's prima donna (Marietta Spinach), and tenor Salvi, were, of course, called forth to receive the usual boisterous compliment.

MILAN.—The season at La Scala has not been attended with the production of any novelty, although the company has been exceedingly powerful and effective. The opera of *Odda di Bernauer*, by Lillo, which has been so frequently before the English public, as *Agnes Bernauer*, *The Secret Tribunal*, and under various other titles, was performed for a few nights. Rossini's *Nuova Mosé*, and Speranza's *Due Figaro*, were afterwards produced with more success.

Miss Kemble's singing has greatly improved, and her voice is very powerful. Raumer says, "People, nevertheless, complain that her voice is not strong enough for the Scala; but where is the human voice that can, for any length of time, fill so vast a space, and rise above such an orchestra, and such a clamour of tongues. All that with us is most extravagant in this respect is a mere trifle, in comparison with what is here the order of the day."

FLORENCE.—In this town no less than seven theatres have been open. At the Teatro Pergola, under Lanari's management, Bellini's *Somnambula* and Rossini's *William Tell* were rendered highly attractive by the valuable aid of Ivanoff, Taccani, Bertolini, and Ronconi. A new opera by Gulio Alary of Milan, a Frenchman by birth, and entitled *Rosamonda*, has been produced with considerable effect, but although the composer was called forward, it has not had a long run. At the Teatro Cocomero Ricci's *Espositi*, and a new opera by Lillo, entitled *La Modista*, have been the recent favourites. The new musical journal, *Revista Musicale*, has ceased.

VERONA.—A new opera by Carlo Pedrotti, and entitled *Lina*, was produced at the Filarmonico Theatre, but as there were

no striking beauties in the whole performance, it was soon withdrawn for Ricci's *Prigione di Edinburgo*. Pedrotti, who is but twenty-four years of age, has another opera, *Clara del Mainland*, nearly ready.

VENICE.—Our fair countrywoman, Miss Mary Shaw, has been delighting the Venetians at the "Teatro alla Fenice" by her performance of Arsace, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*. The new opera of *Ida*, expressly composed for this theatre by Nini, was also produced, but after a few representations it was withdrawn for Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*.

ROME.—The Argentina Theatre has been more successful in the production of its operas than the great Apollo Theatre. Ricci's *Prigione di Edinburgo*, Donizetti's *Elisir*, and Rossini's *Inganno*, have all proved highly attractive, by the aid of the two prima donnas, Secci and Cresci; their voices are both described as very perfect and beautiful. Teresa Cresci is scarcely twenty years of age, and she is besides a distinguished pianist.

BOLOGNA.—Mercadante's *Giuramento* has been an attractive feature at the little Contavalli Theatre. Mdlle. Dumont, from Pesth in Hungary, the prima donna, has been delighting the audience. Rossini's *Semiramide* was afterwards produced, but in this delightful opera she was less effective.

SICILY.—A new collection of Sicilian airs has been arranged by Signor Molitino, an amateur. He has been at some pains to travel through the island to collect them, and they will shortly be published.

#### DENMARK AND NORWAY.

COPENHAGEN.—The new Danish opera *Ravnen*, by a native composer, J. P. E. Hartmann, continues to attract great attention. The opera is in three acts, and contains many brilliant passages. A march in Bellini's style, and a song by Jennaro, commencing "*Dort durch die Kirchenfenster klar*," are evidences of the existence of superior musical power in the young composer.

The present King of Denmark is exceedingly fond of music, and has secured the services of Schneider, Marschner, and Hartmann, three very efficient composers.

The progress, or increasing taste, for music in the northern nations may be shown by the fact of the publication of a musical journal in the remote town of Bergen, in Norway. This periodical is entitled *Apollo en Sammling af Originale Compositiones norike Fieldmelodies, og et udoalg af Udlanets meest yndede musik*, and is edited by Rudolph Willmers.

## RUSSIA.

In the most ancient Russian vocal music there are no lines, but the notes are placed above the words, in two, three, or four rows, according to the number of voices. To avoid confusion, these are written in red and black ink, which alternate regularly for each row. This appears to be a more ancient method of notation than our six-line books in England.

Peter the Great, in 1710, besides the introduction of kettle-drums, hautboys, bassoons, horns, also brought a carillon named Foerster\* from Silesia, who was furnished with a set of keys and pedal to his carillons, as they do in most of the Dutch towns. Towards the close of his reign the Czar introduced German music through the means of his son-in-law the Duke of Holstein.

## SPAIN.

The Drama is much cultivated in this country. M. Breton de los Herreros, who is the "Scribe" of Spain, has two new pieces in nightly representation. His new comic piece of *Una Vieja* has been a favourite with the public; his romantic Drama of *Velucto Dolfos*, founded on the murder of Sancho II. before the walls of Zamora, has obtained still greater success. *El Conde Don Julian*, a tragedy having for its object the conquest of Spain by the Moors—the production of a young writer named Principe—produced quite a sensation and furore at Saragossa (the author's birth-place), where he was obliged to make his appearance night after night before the audience, and was sometimes called for more than once in the course of the same evening.

Mercadante's *Elena di Feltre* and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* have been highly attractive at Barcelona; the chief favourite at Lisbon has been Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*.

## GERMANY.

VIENNA.—The operatic company has been exceedingly strong in talent, consisting of Mds. Unger, Frezzolini, Rita Gabussi, Luigia Abbadia, Marietta Brambilla, Napoleone Moriani, Catone Lonati, G. Roppa, G. Ronconi, C. Badiali, P. Novelli, G. Frezzolini, A. Benciolini, and G. Visanetti. Ten grand operas have been produced during the summer season commencing at Easter; of these, five were the compositions

of the prolific Donizetti—*Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated twelve times, *Lucia di Lammermoor* eleven times, *Parisina* eight, and *Gemma di Vergy* four times; of Mercadante's, *Elena di Feltre* was produced eight times, and *Il Giuramento* five times; Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* was repeated eight times, and his *Montecchi et Capuleti* but once; Ricci's *Prigione di Edinburgo* was repeated four times, and Fioravanti's *La Cantatrice villane* five times.

*The Drama*.—The most attractive dramatic performances have been Raupach's *Miller and his Child*, interspersed with music by Proch; *The Faithless One*, and the *Legacy Hunter* by Nestroy; and a burlesque on the Huguenots, entitled *The Siege of the Eleventh with the Twelfth, or Half-past Eight until a Quarter to Eleven*, by J. Schickh.

BERLIN.—The long-continued mourning for the late king, added to the departure of most of the nobility for the baths, has had considerable influence on both musical and dramatic performances. Mademoiselle Schebert has been prima donna at the Opera; her voice is sweet, yet by no means powerful: as Romeo, in Bellini's *Montecchi et Capuleti*, she was warmly received. Mademoiselle Schultze was the Giulietta, but her recent illness has prevented the repetition of the opera. Rossini's *Otello*, and Goethe's *Faust*, with Prince Radziwil's music, have also been successful productions. Herold's *Zampa*, and Bellini's *Norma* and *Puritani*, have been among the most recent performances. Mozart's Requiem was performed at the palace under the direction of Spontini, on the anniversary of the death of the Queen Luise, and received especial marks of favour.

Ernest Raupach is engaged in the translation of Racine's *Athalie*, by the express desire of the King of Prussia, who has also engaged M. Meyerbeer to set the chorusses to music, with a view to the production of this favourite tragedy at the Theatre Royal, Berlin. In this, as in numerous other instances, the king has shown himself a great patron both to music and the drama.

An exceedingly interesting work, entitled *Die deutschen Volkslieder mit ihren Singsweisen*, has been collected and brought out by E. and W. Irmser at Berlin. The fifth part has just appeared, and contains sixty-nine songs, published by Plahn in Berlin.

BRESLAU.—Mademoiselle Fanny Lutzer has been the leading musical attraction. Her performance in *Robert le Diable*, *Norma*, *Puritani*, and in *Figaro*, called forth the most enthusiastic applause—flowers, wreaths, and the attendant mummeries, were

\* A set of these was erected in the garden of the Imperial Palace, which were played by water.

liberally showered upon her. A fair debutante, Mademoiselle Dickmann, is likely to divest her of some of her laurels, being by far the best *dramatic performer* of the two.

**PRAGUE.**—This city has been very fortunate in securing the talents of a first-rate operatic singer, Madame Hasselt-Barth. This lady possesses a powerful voice, over which she exercises the most perfect control: she sings with great taste and naïveté, and is moreover exceedingly happy in the delineation of dramatic action:—her Donna Anna, in Bellini's *Norma*, Antonina, in Donizetti's *Belisario*, and Giulietta, in Bellini's *Montecchi et Capuleti*, were all perfect performances.

**The Drama.**—The new farce by Nestroy in four acts, entitled *The Legacy Hunter*, recently brought out in Vienna, was introduced to the public in this city, and met with considerable favour. A new piece in two acts by Kaiser, *Dienstabotenvirthschaft*, has also been successful. Saphir's new drama, *Gutenberg's Nachfeier*, is in active preparation.

**LEIPZIG.**—The Italian operatic company, under the direction of Morelli, gave Donizetti's *Belisario* to a small but fashionable audience. This company finding but little encouragement in this musical city, will take their departure for Pesth immediately.

**MUNICH.**—Gluck's *Alceste* has been brought out under the direction of the composer Lachner, and proved eminently successful with Madame Mink as *Alceste*.

1678.—**HAMBURG.**—The first opera exhibited on a public stage here was *Adam and Eve* by Theile, and *Orontes* the same year. In many of these early operas, sung in the Italian manner, the recitative was in the German language, and the airs generally in Italian—an absurdity practised in England—and, as Burney very properly mentions, for the honour of our nation it was not English audiences alone who tolerated it.

1704.—Handel's opera of *Almira* was performed. Mattheson, Telemann, and others, contributed to the entertainment of the city of Hamburg, where six operas were sometimes produced in a year. (See the list in Marpurgh's *Historisch-Kritische Beyträge*.) The Emperors, from the time of Ferdinand II. to Charles VI., seem to have had an invariable partiality for the Italian language and music. Triani, Conti, and the two Bononeinis, were in the service of Leopold and Joseph.

The Musical Society (Musikverein) of Heidelberg have offered a prize of twenty ducats (9*l.* 10*s.*) for the best trio for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, consisting

of the usual four parts—allegro, adagio, scherzo, and finale; the score music to be sent to the Secretary, A. Schüssler, at Mannheim, before the month of December, 1840. The music score of each is to bear a motto on the title page, but the name of the composer must not be mentioned, except in an accompanying letter bearing the same motto, wherein his name, residence, and profession are set forth.

The new musical annual, *Orpheus*, for 1841, published by Dr. Schmidt, contains several original compositions by Fischhof, Lachner, Meyerbeer, &c.

**DRESDEN.**—The doors of the Opera House are still closed, but the company, consisting of Schroeder Devrient, Tichatscheck, Pauli, and Baner, are expected to assemble in a few days.

The German National-Verein for the advancement of musical science, who recently offered a prize of twenty ducats (9*l.* 10*s.*) for the best score to the 120th psalm, have just decided, that of the thirty-five works sent in, that of F. Heitsch, of Heidelberg, should receive the promised reward. The judges were Dr. Spohr, Dr. Schröder, Reissiger, von Seyfried, Schnyder, von Warthenberg, von Rinck, and Dr. Schilling.

The celebrated musical library of the late Professor Thiebaud, of Heidelberg, has been purchased by the government of Baden. This library contains 1500 volumes of theoretical works,—a collection of the masterpieces of modern and ancient writers,—and a large collection of the national airs of all countries.

A host of talent remains concentrated in Baden and Frankfurt:—Moscheles, Ole Bull, Thalberg, Ghyss, and Miss Clara Novello—the three first named have excited the greatest enthusiasm in Frankfurt and also in the principal towns on the Rhine.

**WEIMAR.**—Miss Clara Wieck, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso, had the honour of performing before the Empress of Russia, the Grand Duchess, and the Princess Maria. Holding the most complete command of her instrument, and combining an exquisite delicacy of touch, she executed some of the finest compositions of Bach, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg, and Schumann. This distinguished performer will shortly leave for St. Petersburg, whither she has been invited by the Empress. In the meantime, Dr. Robert Schumann, the indefatigable editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, will most probably lead her to the hymeneal altar.

The number of musical publications which have appeared in Germany during the second three months of the present year continue

in excess of those published during the corresponding period of last year (1839). Of 758 musical compositions, there were—40 Orchestral pieces, 41 for the Violin, 20 Violoncello, 23 Flute, 18 other wind Instruments, 11 for the Guitar, 3 for the Harp, 351 Pianoforte, 10 Organ, 25 Church Hymns, 13 Concerted Pieces, 181 Songs, and eleven works on music, exclusive of musical newspapers, and of seventeen complete operas.

### FRANCE.

PARIS.—The Italian Opera opens this day (October 1st) with Bellini's *Puritani*. The company will consist of MM. Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Mario de Candia Mirate, Campagnoli, and Morelli; and of Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Albertazzi. Though Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia) has returned to Paris, she does not appear to have been engaged at the Italian Opera; negotiations have been entered into between her and the Académie Royale de Musique; but the terms required by her are said to be such as to leave little hope of their ending in an engagement. At this latter theatre Mademoiselle Heinefetter is engaged for three years at the rate of 800*l.* for the first, 1200*l.* for the second, and 1600*l.* for the third.

The stamp duty on music having been repealed throughout France, the proprietors of the several musical journals are petitioning for the remission of the stamp duty on all publications devoted to the "divine art."

Meyerbeer's new opera, *L'Anabaptist*, is to be produced in Paris early next season. Madame Stoltz will perform the principal character. It is in five acts, like *Robert le Diable*. His *Les Huguenots* have been performed upwards of 200 nights. Donizetti has left for Rome.

The Académie Royale has been newly decorated, and the opera of *Joconde*, by Isouard, has been revived at the Opéra Comique for the development of Mademoiselle Anna Thillon's talents. The *Stradella* of Niedermayer has been reduced to three acts.

Berlioz's Funeral Symphony is spoken of as the finest composition that has yet proceeded from his pen. Perhaps the Directors of the London Philharmonic will let the public hear some of this writer's composition next season.

At the Vivienne promenade concerts an overture in F minor, the composition of Mr. H. B. Richards, of the London Royal Academy of Music, has been received with the most enthusiastic applause; when this overture was first performed at the Royal Academy it was very coldly received, a

proof that the academicians do not appreciate good music.

### GREECE.

ATHENS.—The government have voted the sum of 5,000 Augsburg gulden for the establishment of an Italian opera in this city. Bellini's *Norma* and *Sonnambula* have been recently produced with considerable success.

### AMERICA.

At St. Jago, in the island of Cuba, in South America, Bellini's *Capuleti et Montecchi* and *Norma* have been performed by an Italian company in a very effective manner, but Rossini's *Barbiere de Sevilja* has proved by far the greatest attraction.

### LONDON.

The opera season has terminated, and the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre are once more closed, we trust never again to open under the same management. With the attraction of the unrivalled Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, the theatre was nightly filled, but what were the entertainments set before the public? *Torquato Tasso*, *Beatrice di Tenda* and *Inez de Castro*, with old stock pieces of Donizetti and Bellini, not one of which presented the slightest claims to merit. The only real gain to the musical public was the introduction of Signor Coletti, Mademoiselle De Varney and Signor Ricciardi; the former is decidedly an artist of first-rate ability, and will assuredly meet with that success on the continent which his talents so fully merit. The two latter were equally unfairly treated by those who are unable to distinguish merit from reputation. Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Rossini's *Figaro* and *Barbiere*, were the only revivals really commendable. It is, however, due to the band of this theatre to say, that they have by their unequalled execution succeeded in exciting and refining the public taste for music.

Mons. Fétis, editor of the *Revue Musicale*, in one of the letters he addressed to his son during his residence in London, where he came some time ago for the purpose of ascertaining the state of music here, made some sensible remarks upon the mischief occasioned to the art by musical soirées:

"The London season is a sort of fair, or casual assemblage of society; in fact, it does not last more than three months and a half. It is during this short period that every thing must be done. The higher classes of society, who live for more than two-thirds of the year on their estates or on the continent, come for the remaining time

to furnish food for the industry of artists and speculators of all sorts. Then all kinds of professors must gain in a few days wherewithal to defray their whole expenses in that country, in which it is most expensive to live. Then concerts multiply in a manner most incredible. Every one thinks he has a right to have a benefit. Those whose talent is not sufficiently attractive speculate on the talent of others and pay for it.

During the last two months nearly eighty concerts of different kinds have been given; sometimes four in one day. Now the greater part of the singers at the Italian Opera are engaged to sing at these concerts, at from 15 to 20 guineas each. If to these be added the musical soirées which are given in private houses, some idea may be formed of the vortex of music, and chiefly bad music, in which one lives during some months. These concerts and soirées, which are in some sort the chief objects of the singers who visit London, are destructive to the proprietor of the King's Theatre, and more especially to good music. As the soirées are always very late, it is impossible to rise early, and the theatrical rehearsals cannot, therefore, begin before noon. At two o'clock the concerts begin, they have hardly reached the finale of the first act, when the fashionable prima donna, the tenor, or the bass, who cannot lose the 20 guineas at which they are engaged, start for the concert, in spite of the entreaties of the conductor. In vain does he employ all his eloquence to show that the piece is not known, and that the representation will be imperfect the next evening. 'Sir, I know my part.' 'Very good, but Mademoiselle — does not know her's!' 'Let her learn it.' 'The band has no acquaintance with the pieces.' 'They must study.' 'But how can they if you go?' 'That is not my affair; I repeat, I know my part, it is all you can exact from me.'"

This is a complete picture of the musical transactions going forward in this great metropolis, with this only difference, that every season it becomes worse and worse. The trash which the public are made to endure in the way of vocal music at these concerts, songs, duets or trios, effective enough on the stage probably, but torn from the scene and the dramatis personæ becoming perfectly ineffective, quite unfit for a concert-room, which demands a rather subdued style of singing; these things disgust the educated amateur, and annoy every musical mind. While the sterling music of their own country, the works of *Bishop, Webbe, Callcott, Beale, Stevens, Horsley, Elliot, Lisley*, and a host of talented writers now living, are

entirely and carefully secluded from their fair share of the public favour by the very parties who ought to be the first to bring them forward. However, this department is now to be taken out of their hands; it has become a determination among the ladies of *haut-ton* to encourage and patronize *English Music*, sung in the best style and by the first artists in the metropolis; and it will soon be seen how much better every society will be pleased with music *they can understand*, than with an enormous expense incurred for the Italian singers, who walk in on opera nights at the eleventh hour, half exhausted, to sing over and over again the worn-out pieces of such feeble writers as *Donizetti, Mercadante, &c.* A note of *Rossini*, who is really a man of genius, we seldom or never hear. Well may he say with an experienced writer, who was extremely well acquainted with the subject upon which he was touching:—

"There is no other such vast tomb as London for swallowing up illustrious names. It is an all-devouring ocean. The celebrity of a man in London sparkles and vanishes like a firework. There are great throngings round him, great invitations, great eulogiums, great exaggerations for a few days, and afterwards perpetual silence."

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Another season of these concerts has closed, and what have the directors done? This question so often asked, must be answered: they have done *nothing* to attach the musical public to them. It has been justly said, that none but our best friends will venture to give us advice; we entertain the best feelings towards the society, and therefore we speak frankly and openly for their benefit. A strong opposition is erecting its head in the *Società Armonica*; then there is the *Carino Society* in Leicester Square, and the *Concerts d'Hiver*, where Beethoven's symphonies are played by the same band (with few exceptions) as at the Philharmonic. The countless number of musicians turned loose from the Royal Academy will shortly furnish another formidable band if they are not employed *there*; and the demand for *good vocal music* cannot much longer be waived. Where are the symphonies of *Berlioz* and *Kalliwoda*, of *Mehul* and *Keber*? Let them at any rate be tried; if report has spoken of them too highly, let their adverse fate be sealed. We understand new directors have been appointed, and among them some active person, we trust, who will see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, and have manliness enough to cast off the old lady-ishness that has rested like an incubus upon what ought to be, and might be, the finest musical society in Eu-



rope ; for their means are great, they can afford to be liberal, but they continue (under the baneful influence to which we have adverted) to mismanage and misappropriate ; however, reform must come, and if it does not come *gently*, perhaps the pressure from without may induce a healthier state of things. The subscribers and the members will both benefit by such change.

**Covent Garden.**—The fair lessee has opened this theatre nearly one month earlier than usual, with a company exhibiting a long array of talent in comedy, tragedy, and burletta. Madame deserves great praise for having catered so well for the public taste. Her opening piece was Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Madame and Mrs. Nisbett were the merry wives, and Miss Rainforth was "sweet Ann Page," and beautifully she warbled forth the songs allotted her. "I knew a bank," was exquisitely given by Madame and Miss Rainforth, and has on every evening of performance called forth a well-merited encore. The only novelty hitherto produced has been Sheridan Knowles's play of the *Bride of Messina*, in which Mr. Moore, as the delineator of John di Procida, fully realized all the expectations that had been formed from the talents he displayed last season in *Hamlet* and in Leigh Hunt's "*Legend of Florence*." He combines good declamation with graceful action. Mr. Anderson played Fernando most effectively, and Miss Tree exhibited the utmost tenderness, but she has scarcely sufficient physical power to embody the author's conception of Isoline ; if she would also amend the fault of dropping her voice too low and being somewhat too petulant in her manner, she would unquestionably be the most perfect actress on the English stage. No small portion of the success of this play must be assigned to the splendour of the scenery, and the taste displayed in the dresses and general getting up of the piece. A new musical drama, entitled the *Greek Boy*, will be the next novelty produced.

**Haymarket Theatre.**—The lessee of this theatre, ever mindful of the public taste, has made an invaluable addition to his company in Mr. James Wallack, a performer of known talent, but who has hitherto never been sufficiently appreciated in this country. Mrs. Stirling, a valuable acquisition to this company, has now an opportunity of exhibiting her talents before the public. Mr. David Rees, a son of the facetious Tom Rees, the actor and mimic, is gaining on the town, while bursts of laughter bear testimony to his success. The new play of *Master Clarke*, by Searle, has been received with the most unequivocal marks of success.

Like the *Bride of Messina*, it will require considerable curtailment. The conclusion is far more satisfactory than Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play at Covent Garden, but the plot is far less interesting, for it contains no soul-stirring scenes ; and had the respective parts been allotted to other hands than Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit, *Master Clarke* would probably have shared the fate that has usually attended Mr. Serle's productions. As it is, this play (with judicious pruning) will become an established favourite.

**Drury Lane.**—That an operatic and ballet company could not have been formed at Drury Lane is not to be believed, while Phillips, Templeton, Wilson, Manvers, Allen, Leffler, Franks, Miss Shirreff, Miss Romer, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Croft, and a host of singers remain disengaged ; nor will it be believed there was any *real* intention of forming such a company when Mr. H. Phillips was offered the paltry sum of 10*l.* per week for three nights. Mr. Eliason will be more in his element as leader of a concert band, and the blame will rest entirely on the managing committee of the Drury Lane proprietors. What will Mr. G. Robins, who complained so loudly and justly of Bunn's mismanagement, say now ? What Bunn says of Covent Garden may with more justice be applied to Drury Lane: "The theatre stands where it did, but the days of its glory are altogether passed away." The present state of the two national theatres is this, Drury owes about 280,000*l.*, Covent Garden, 256,496*l.* To pay five per cent. on the debts, Drury should let for 11,500*l.*, and Covent Garden for 12,800*l.* per annum ! The theatre opens on the 5th inst. with promenade concerts under the direction of Mr. Eliason and the celebrated P. Musard, of Paris ; the known talents of the latter will ensure the performance of good music and an orchestra complete in every department.

**English Opera House.**—The promenade concerts, with all the old favourites, have recommenced their harmonious career at this theatre. The band has received a valuable addition in Monsieur Tolbecque their leader, while the committee have evinced no less judgment in the selection of the following novelties for their opening :

A Quadrille, entitled *Moments de Folie*, composed expressly by Mr. Balfe for these Concerts.

A new Waltz, by Strauss, entitled *Wiener Gemüth*, and a new Quadrille, *Les Martyrs* (1st set), by Musard.

**Olympic.**—The doors of this delightful little theatre will be re-opened in a few days

under the able management of Mr. Butler, whose merited exertions last season secured him a fair share of public favour. He has engaged as much talent, under existing circumstances, as could well be secured.

The new theatre (*Princess's*) in Oxford Street, opens with promenade concerts, on 30th September, under the guardianship of Mr. Willey, the late leader at the English Opera House. This speculation will no doubt be warmly supported by the local inhabitants, as well as by the good citizens of London, with whom he has long been an especial favourite.

The *Strand* is open, and that is all that can be said.

The rebuilding of the *Adelphi Theatre* is nearly completed. Mr. Yates has been travelling in the provinces seeking theatrical talent;—he could certainly find more disengaged at home.

*Queen's Theatre*.—This little theatre has been entirely remodelled and beautified—certainly not before it was needed. The taste and skill of Mr. J. C. James, the lessee, has been the means of raising this theatre considerably in public estimation.

In the provinces theatricals have declined to a fearful extent.

The Bath Theatre has ceased to pay for years.

The proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre resigns this season; and the York circuit, confined to Hull, Leeds, and York, barely pays its expenses.

The Norwich manager is forced to close some months in each year. Mr. H. Bennett manages to make Shrewsbury, Coventry and Worcester pay. Munro does the same at Birmingham, but lost money at Leicester. Beverley extracts with difficulty a living from Sunderland and Shields; while Barnett does wretchedly in all his towns save Oxford. Dover, Rochester, and other towns in Kent, do not pay their expenses. Shalders scrambles on at Southampton, Portsmouth, &c., but scarcely lives. Ternan, on the contrary, has done tolerably at Newcastle.

The Birmingham festival promises to be one of the most flourishing that has been given for many years. "The most brilliant feature in the festival was Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," or "Hymn of Praise," consisting of an introductory symphony in three movements, followed by a full chorus. It was really beautiful to witness the great Maestro conducting the band, over which he held the most perfect discipline and command; and this was more with the spell of an enchanter, than with any energy of

gesture or severity of tone. The playing was magnificent, and the delights and plaudits of the audience enthusiastic in the extreme. Not the least pleasing sight was to see that great composer ascend the orchestra and shake hands with the principal performers, thanking them at the same time for their valuable support. Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, with its delicious slow movement obligato for violoncello and tenors, was also exquisitely played.

IPSWICH.—Miss M. Brooks, of this town, who has taken lessons in singing from first-rate London professors, gave two concerts recently at the new Assembly Rooms, both of which were extremely well attended. Her voice is a pure soprano, of considerable compass and correct intonation. She sang a variety of Italian and English songs, and was loudly encored in Handel's "Let me wander;" also in poor Malibran's plaintive air, "There is no home like my own." Miss Brooks also took a part in some concerted pieces, and sang several duets with Mrs. A. Toulmin.

HULL FESTIVAL.—A musical meeting on a grand scale will take place at Hull, under the direction of Sir George Smart, on the 6th instant, and will be continued for four days. The following artists are engaged:—Mesdames Dorus Gras and Albertazzi; Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Bennet, Pearsall, Machin, Phillips, and Coletti. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. As the selection will be made by Sir George Smart, we may confidently look forward for a rich treat. Sir George is almost the only director who is not prejudiced against English compositions.

Miss Vining, daughter of Frederick Vining, of Drury Lane Theatre, has been recently playing "Pauline Deschâpelles," with Charles Kean, in the *Lady of Lyons*; and has performed the characters of *Lady Anne*, *Jane Shore*, *Juliet*, &c. at Brighton. Report speaks highly of her performances, as giving great promise of future excellence. She has just appeared as Julia, in Sheridan Knowles's play, the *Hunchback*, and elicited well deserved plaudits for her beautiful personation of the character, and will doubtless pave the way for a popularity on the London boards.

One of the sweetest and most attractive singers of the present day, Miss Louisa Vining, who, though scarcely four years of age, is enabled to overcome all the most difficult modulations and chromatic passages of Italian music, with the most apparent ease. She keeps time with her tiny foot so perfectly, as to excite the wonder of her admiring audiences. Her Italian, English,

Scotch and Irish melodies she produces in such mellifluous tones, as to call forth the most enthusiastic plaudits.

One of the best works for the study of harmony, which has appeared in this country for many years, is C. Rudolphus's translation of Antoine Reicha's *Treatise on Practical Harmony and Composition*. Reicha is well known to the musician by his celebrated *Cours de Composition musicale*.

*Life of Beethoven, translated from the German of Schindler, with Notes by Ignace Moscheles*.—This celebrated musician was a man of extraordinary sagacity; bold, fearless, impetuous, and possessed of the greatest number of original ideas in his art of any writer who ever lived. Coming after two such great composers as Haydn and Mozart, who had enjoyed so long and so properly the public favour, Beethoven, as a reflecting writer, probably thought he had better not attempt competing with them upon their own ground; but strike out a path for himself. Of close study he knew nothing, but seems to have acquired all his powers of composition by continual practice. His symphonies, which are his greatest works, are proofs of the amazing results of this habit. The only fault that can be alleged against them is, that they are too long. This is even the case with the Pastoral Symphony. He studied greatly in the open air. It was on a hot summer's day that Beethoven sat upon a stile in the environs of Vienna, and caught from nature those imitative sounds in the Pastoral Symphony. How admirably do the violins represent the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer's day!

His vocal works were not numerous; but *Adelaide*, "*Tremati*," and *Fidelio*, suffice to show what he could have done in this department. M. Schindler's book will be very acceptable to the amateur; he has collected together all the information that intimate friendship with the great composer enabled him to preserve relative to his mode of life and habits of composition. In every way Beethoven was one of the most original men of his time. As a symphonist Mendelssohn seems to follow the nearest in his track. Let us hope he will set about a reform in this class of music, and curtail the movements. We have hardly yet recovered the sitting out of Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Philharmonic; *an hour and twenty minutes*. This sapient experiment of the directors proved a positive infiction, and was the cause of many subscribers leaving. At Vienna, the birth-place of the composer, they never give any of his works entire, but a movement or two.

This is the sure way to increase the wish for more. Spohr has tried this change of style in his last symphony; the idea is good. Bach, Handel, Weber, and the modern Italian school, were points of variety capable of still more extension than he has given them.

"*God save the King*."—It has been for some time disputed among musicians to what composer we are indebted for the National Anthem "*God save the King*." Mr. Richard Clark has come into possession of the original manuscript book of Dr. Bull, who left this country in disgust in the year 1613, as Queen Elizabeth did not encourage English composers. This air appears, together with others of Dr. Bull's composition, in his own handwriting, thereby settling his claim as the author of this fine melody. The book was formerly in possession of Dr. Kitchener.

1693.—The invention of *Da Capo*, (or the return to the first strain of a song after a second part, generally in a minor key,) is ascribed to Scarlatti the elder, who first used it in his opera *La Theodora*, though not in all the songs. Afterwards it became general. Handel used it most unfairly and unsparingly. It is a musical anomaly that ought to be entirely banished. The only thing we can compare it to, is the exhibition of Signor Gagliardi's wax figures, which present us with a little scene of a lady fainting away, being revived by her attendants, and then beginning again, and fainting away once more. John Christopher Bach was the first composer who discarded the *Da Capo* about 1798.

The origin of the word *Symphonia*, or *Symphony*, has often been disputed among musicians. The following is the opinion of a good judge:—The Padre Martini. "After lamenting the insufficiency of his materials, and the paucity of early records, the Padre turns to the music of the Babylonian, and he fixes upon the following passage in Daniel, as calling for an explanation of two instruments never before mentioned; 'That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship,' &c. These two are the *dulcimer* and *sackbut*. The Latin name (obviously however derived from the Greek) for the former, is *symphonia*, which word has been interpreted in various ways. It would be superfluous to enumerate the different descriptions given of it as an instrument. The Padre discards the opinion entirely, and is inclined to understand *symphonia* as signifying the united music of the instruments previously enumerated. In support of this opinion

he quotes a verse from the parable of the *Prodigal Son*, where the same words are used to denote *music*. '*Et cum veniret et appropinquaret domi, audivit symphoniam et chorum.*' This, in the Syriac version, is translated, '*Audivit vocum concentus multarum;*' and in the Arabic, '*Et audisset voces consonas;*' and this concordance, together with the many different conjectures as to the form of the *symphonia*, as an instrument, the Padre thinks a sufficient reason for concluding that it signified a *concert of instruments or voices*.

"With regard to the *sackbut*, (*sambuca*) the same variety of opinion prevails; but the Padre, adhering to that of St. Jerome, and some others of authority, describes it as a wind instrument formed of the root of a tree, and played upon by stops like a flute. The possession of these two instruments, together with the reference of several passages in the sacred writings to the subject, are sufficient proofs of the cultivation of music amongst the Babylonians; and the Padre naturally supposes that as this people were every where celebrated for luxury and splendour, their music partook of the same character; amongst other nations also it was not neglected, and new instruments were invented. The *Phœnicians* used one, which was called after their country (*Phœnices*), as also one called *Nāubium*, which was played on at the feasts of Bacchus, and a kind of flute used at funerals, which was about a palm's length, producing a wailing mournful sound, and was called in their own language *Gingre*. The Assyrians were the inventors of the *Triangulum* or *Trigonum*, an instru-

ment of a triangular shape. According also to Juvenal, players on stringed and wind instruments were to be met with in Syria. The Assyrians are likewise said by some ancient writers to have invented the *Pandura* or *Syrinx*.

"The invention of the drum and bells is claimed by the Chinese." (See *Weston's Adalla of Beyza*.)

*Modern Symphonies*.—Sir John Hawkins, in his work on music, makes the following observations upon this class of composition:—

"The general uproar of a modern symphony or overture, neither engages attention, nor interrupts conversation; and many persons, in the total absence of thought, flatter themselves that they are merry. To assist this propensity, and as much as possible to banish reflection, the composers of music seem now to act against a fundamental precept of their art, which teaches that variety and novelty are ever to be studied, by reprobating, as they uniformly do, the use of all the keys with the minor 3d, upon a pretence that they tend to excite melancholy."

Beethoven has taken away the reproach respecting the use of the minor key, but still the point concerning the *total absence of thought*, alluded to by the above musical historian, is to be guarded against by all symphony writers. No composition of this kind should consist of a mere bundle of movements, there should be a sort of story like the *Pastoral Symphony*. *The Tournament*, for instance, would be a good subject; something to fix and keep people's attention alive must now be studied.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### GERMANY.

THE present number of the German Quarterly Review, "*Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift*," maintains the reputation this periodical has already so justly acquired. The most interesting articles, are Political Economy, present, past, and future; on the Celebration of the Discovery of Printing, and on Modern Literature.

Moritz Retzsch has been for some time engaged on his Outlines to Shakspeare's '*Tempest*.' Several of the plates are already finished, and promise to vie with those of his celebrated etchings to '*Schiller's Song of the Bell*,' and '*Goethe's Faust*.' The introduction and explanatory remarks are from the pen of Professor Ulrici of Halle, whose recent work on Shakspeare's Dramatic Art (*Ueber Shakspeare's Dramatische Kunst*) has been favourably received by the public. The '*Tempest*' will appear in the course of next month.

The schools of Germany attract the attention of all nations interested in the subject of education. Mr. Dallas Bache has just published a volume containing an account of his visit to Europe, for the purpose of investigating the merits of the different schools, previous to the establishment of Gerard's College at Philadelphia, and Rector Bugge, of the Drontheim Gymnasium, has just published three octavo volumes, under the title '*Det offentlige Skolevæsens Forfatning, i adskillige tyske Stater tilligemed Ideer til en Reorganisation af det offentlige Skolevæsen i Kongeriget Norge*.' (The Constitution of the Public Schools in different German States, with Ideas for a Reorganization of the Public Schools in the Kingdom of Norway). These books, although valuable, must only be considered in the light of statistical contributions, and we rejoice to find that several Englishmen have recently visited the German schools, to make themselves acquainted with the spirit and working of the system.

The translation of Byron's works by Joseph Emanuel Hilscher, a common soldier in the Austrian army, is mentioned in the German journals in terms of great commendation. The unfortunate author, who published his original poems, full of melancholy and bitter experience, died a victim to the struggle between his consciousness of superior mental powers and his obscure situation in life.

The popularity of Schiller is greater in his native country than ever. Several jour-

nalists who formerly held up Goethe as the glass of fashion and the mould of form, have deserted their former Coryphæus in favour of his great cotemporary. These two writers are so different, that it is hardly fair to compare them, and we prefer to enjoy each, without an undue and unjust comparison with the other. Wolfgang Menzel, who enjoys such great popularity in England, but who in reality is a most prejudiced writer, has always been one of the most violent antagonists of Goethe. Gustav Schwab, the poet, has just published a new Life of Schiller.

Heinrich Steffens and Moritz Arndt have just published autobiographies. That of Arndt, who (after many years of constant opposition to the tremendous power of Napoleon, for which he was obliged to wander an exile) was, in consequence of the reaction after 1815, deprived of his professorship, is remarkably interesting. After a long lapse of years he has been restored to his position; and the patriotic veteran has just been elected rector of the University of Bonn, to the great satisfaction both of professors and students.

The press teems with books relating to Frederic the Great, as a jubilee offering to his memory, he having died in 1740. There can be no doubt that Lord Brougham, in his *Statesmen of the Time of George the Third*, has not done justice to the merits of this distinguished monarch. His lordship has visited rather too severely his sins against political ascendancy, in which he was not more behindhand than Europe in general. Some alleged instances of Frederic's ingratitude have been publicly contradicted by Professor Preuss, his somewhat too eulogistic biographer. One of the most interesting tributes to his memory, is the '*History of Frederic the Great*,' written by Kugler, with numerous illustrations by Adolph Menzel, which are remarkably beautiful. The work is published by Weber, of Leipsic.

Professor Mädler, the author of the great map of the moon, has received the appointment of Director of the Observatory at the University of Dorpat.

HEIDELBERG.—The University of this town consists of 40 professors and 21 private tutors. During the last half year 622 students matriculated; of these 195 were Germans, and 427 from other countries, and were thus divided—22 theology, 364 law, 148 medicine, 59 mineralogy, and 29 philology and philosophy.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Captain Bannasch has been

giving a series of lectures on navigation, which were well attended.

Raden Salik, the prince of Java, is studying painting at Dresden, and evinces considerable skill and talent in the art.

The King of Prussia has ordered that the "Life and Writings of Frederic the Second of Prussia," which the late minister, Von Altenstein, had been instructed to prepare for publication, should be given to Dr. Preuss, who will be assisted by Dr. Schulze. The historical portion of the work will appear in seven volumes quarto.

The Botanical Society at Regensburg, on the celebration of their jubilee, the Society having existed 50 years, elected the celebrated Martius as president of their body; the Crown Prince of Bohemia was also appointed patron to the society. They intend shortly to publish their "Repertorium Botanicum," of the last 50 years.

The Historisch Theologisch Gesellschaft at Leipzig have been instructed by a gentleman of property to announce a prize of 15*l*. to the best and most satisfactory work, proving the truth or falsehood of the "Chronicon Corbejense." All works must be sent to Dr. Illgen before 30th June, 1841.

#### FRANCE.

A work, entitled "Paris and its Environs," is now in course of publication in that city. It will consist of 200 numbers. The views are all taken by the Daguerreotype, and are really beautiful. Equal care is taken in the historical and descriptive portion of the work.

Several unpublished letters of J. J. Rousseau have been found in an old castle in Normandy. They are principally on the subject of music, and will shortly be presented to the world through the medium of the press.

#### BELGIUM.

Count J. Coghern has been commissioned by King Leopold to offer 2000 francs, 80*l*. for the best work on the History of Belgium, during the reign of the House of Austria, from the marriage of Maximilian I. with Maria of Burgundy, to the abdication of Charles V. The work must be written either in French or Flemish, and sent in before the end of July, 1841.

#### ITALY.

The dukedom of Lombardy contains 1,235,480 inhabitants, and 2633 schools, in which 124,328 boys are instructed, and 1929 schools, in which 79,395 girls receive the rudiments of education.

The University of Padua contains 1400 students, and that of Pavia 1500.

It affords us great pleasure to observe that Italy is attempting something like a centralization of all its literary works at a single bookseller's, Vieusseux, of Florence. This, the only centralization of which that unhap-

py country is susceptible, may lead to mighty results. It is the unquestionable policy of England to see Italy one independent kingdom, freed equally from its own petty princes and German absolutism. In the monthly series of works published, or in the course of publication, which Vieusseux puts forth, many of which are included in the above sketches, the following are the most remarkable:—Universal Geography, by Mar-mocchi, embracing, 1st, the relations of the Earth to the Universe, or Cosmology. 2d. Natural History of the Earth, or Physical Geography. 3d. The divisions of the Human Race into States and Nations.

The next remarkable production is by Eugenio Alberi, containing the narrations of the Venetian Ambassadors to their Senate, extending from 1296 to 1796; it is aided by an Italian literary association, and will be of immense extent. Ranke has availed himself largely of this laborious undertaking.

A Dictionary of Mathematics, pure and mixed, is making its appearance from the same quarter. Surely this must shame our countrymen. We have no work on this extensive subject, so connected with our Naval Empire, save the slight sketch by Barker, and the old Dictionary of Hutton, which is not adapted to the calculi. The French have Montucla, continued by La Lande, a very superior production, and extended to modern analysis; but the English booksellers, who hold the copyright of Hutton, make no effort to improve the work, nor to extend it, nor to bring forth a production suited to the high requisitions of analysis, and to the vast modern improvements in physical or mixed mathematics. Why do not Airy, Peacock or Whewell attempt something that really would be a national benefit? All the foreign and Italian literary journals may be obtained at Vieusseux's. The restriction of the discussion of political topics in Italy seems to have necessarily driven the public mind into the only channel left open to its course.

#### SWITZERLAND.

POOR WILLIAM TELL.—The poetical history of the Swiss patriot has dwindled away under the merciless hands of the German critics. His very existence has been denied, and it has been proved by extracts from documents, that no such landvogt as Gessler existed, and that the war had its rise from very different causes from those assigned in the popular tradition. The philosophical faculty of Heidelberg proposed a prize for the best work on the Swiss confederation, and for an investigation into the history of William Tell. Dr. Hausser was the successful competitor. He is of opinion that Tell really existed; that he performed actions which attracted attention in his own little circle, but that he has no claims to poetical importance, nor to be considered as the deliverer of Switzerland. The admirers of Tell, however, have not quitted the field; Mr. Hsley promises us a work, entitled "Guillaur-

Tell, Examen critique de son Histoire et des esprits qui en contestent Authenticité."

### SPAIN.

Though very far behind that of the rest of Europe in fertility and activity, the literature of the Spanish peninsula, at least of Spain itself, is not altogether in a state of actual torpidity. On the contrary, periodical literature is on the increase, and in a comparatively flourishing condition. Last year there were no fewer than sixteen journals, literary and scientific, in existence; and to them may now be added "La Revista Gaditana (The Cadiz Review), a monthly publication; "La Espana Maritima," and "La Mariposa (The Butterfly), which last appears every week.

Drama and poetry are the branches most cultivated; and among those who have of late distinguished themselves in the former, is Breton de los Herreros, who has been called by some the *Scribe* of Spain, on account of his fertility and talent.

"El Pelayo," an epic poem, in two volumes, by Huiz de la Vega, is chiefly remarkable for the correctness of its language and versification, and has accordingly been rather coldly received. Novel writing is gaining ground, though very slowly; and though there has yet been scarcely an attempt at any delineation of manners and society, much less at that development of individual character, feelings, and opinions, which elevates that species above mere narrative of adventure. Among the recent productions of any note, in the shape of novels, are José Augustin Ochoa's "El Huerfano de Almoguer," and Miguel Santos Alvarez's "La Proteccion de un Sastre;" after which, the most remarkable is one entitled "Moros y Christianos," by a young writer who had previously distinguished himself, by a volume of poems, under the assumed title of El Solitario. The second volume of Martinez de la Rosa's historical romance, "Isabel de Solis," has appeared; as also another volume of the same author's philosophical and political work, "El Espiritu del Siglo."

History may be said to be almost wholly neglected, the chief exception being a volume of memoirs, illustrating the reign of Charles III. and the administrations of Aranda and Floridablanca. One or two historical works, however, have been translated into the language; viz. Coxe's Memoirs of the Kings of the House of Bourbon, and Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella. A translation of Sir H. Parnell's work on Finance, has also been made by Victoriano de Eucina y Piedra. Besides these, there have been several other recent translations from the popular literature of France and England, including one of Lamartine's poems, by the Marquis of Casa Java. Much also has been done in bringing out new editions of standard and classic Spanish authors, both poets and prose-writers.

Two literary institutions have been established, "El Liceo," and "El Ateneo Científico,"

or rather the latter has been re-established and re-organized, after having been broken up for several years. It possesses a library, cabinet of medals, a mineralogical collection, &c; and lectures are delivered weekly on subjects of science and economy; by which means it has contributed very much to disseminate a taste for information, and to eradicate prejudices and bigotry. The Liceo is conducted with equal spirit, but confines itself more to literature and the fine arts.

Don Francisco de la Cueva, the best Spanish historian of the present day, is busily engaged on a continuation of the "History of Spain," written by the Jesuit Masden, in 29 volumes. This work will be considerably enlarged and improved, and brought down to the death of Ferdinand VII.

### SWEDEN.

The number of journals published in Sweden at the beginning of 1839, was 87, and of periodicals 14. Thirteen of the former, and seven of the latter, are published at Stockholm. Seven are devoted to politics, four being opposition and three ministerial journals. The "Meinert," principally supported by Atterbom, and the "Palmblad," contained an interesting article upon Swedenborg's æsthetical views, and an attempt to explain the nature of his visionary theology. Count Adelssparre, assisted by Tegner, Franzen, Atterbom, and several other esteemed writers, is the founder of a periodical on conservative principles, called "Läsning blundade Amner," (Readings on Miscellaneous Subjects); it contains some beautiful poems, but has hardly equalled the expectations formed from the known talents of the contributors. In addition to these, 7 journals are published at Gottenburg, 5 at Upsal, and 4 at Lund. J. Thomens has published a work which throws considerable light on the ecclesiastical history of Sweden, under the title of "Skandinavien Kyrkshälder ecclesiastical," "Chronicles of Scandinavia."

The municipality of Reichstag, the town in which Linnæus was born, has bought the estate on which the great naturalist first drew breath, and has decided on laying it out as a botanical garden. M. Heurlin has also engaged to erect a simple monument on the spot.

### DENMARK.

The Danish Society for the right use of the freedom of the Press ("Selskabet for Trykkefrihedens rette Brug") was founded in March 1835, for the purpose of publishing prize works interesting or instructive to the people. In three years the number of subscribers amounted to more than 5000. The society had published eighteen works, besides a weekly popular paper at a low price. Christian Molbech, the author of the Danish Dictionary, has written a Danish History for the Society, in three volumes, under the title "Fortællinger og Skildringer af den Danske Historie (Tales and Descriptions

from Danish History),” which effects much more than its modest title promises.

#### RUSSIA.

Two new Russian Journals have appeared; the one entitled “*Leuththurm der gegenwärtigen Aufklärung und Cultur*,” is supported by contributions from some of the first literary men in Russia. The other is the “*Pantheon für Russische und Europäische Dramatik*.”

Smirdius, the publisher, has just issued the second volume of his *Lives of the 100 Russian Historians*. The volume contains the biographies of Schichkow, Soyesskin, Krulow, Panajew, Kamensky, Massalsky, Radeschdin, Weltmann, and Bulgarin.

#### GREECE.

Skarlatos Byzantios has just published the first part of his “*Ancient and Modern Greek Dictionary*.” He is a very learned scholar, and fully competent to undertake the task of supplying this desideratum. The work will be printed and published by Koromilas, who has become the first printer and bookseller in Greece. Since his visit, in 1834, to the celebrated printing establishment of Didot Frères in Paris, he has printed upwards of 200,000 volumes.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Two societies have been recently formed in London. One for the advancement of Oriental literature, by the publication of various standard works in the original texts, for it is known that the whole literature of Asia, with the exception of China and Tibet, exists in manuscript; copies, therefore, can never be very numerous, and must always be expensive; indeed, ancient manuscripts are rapidly disappearing in the East; and it is to be feared that in another half century the few literary treasures preserved in the libraries of Europe will be the only relics saved from the wreck of Eastern literature.

Every branch of Oriental literature will thus be preserved, and the study will receive a greater impulse when the task of translating has been rendered comparatively easy, by the publication of a sufficient number of original text books. The Society proposes to print the most approved works in the Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Sanscrit, and Zend languages, and in those of India, Tartary, Tibet, China, and the countries that lie between China and Hindustan. A subscription of two guineas per annum will entitle each subscriber to a copy of every work published by the Society. The Earl of Munster has been elected President; Lord Prudhoe, Sir Gore Ouseley, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir George Staun-

ton, and Horace Hayman Wilson, Vice-Presidents; and a committee of twenty-four members, composed of the Professors of Oriental Languages at the different Universities, as well as of distinguished scholars, has been appointed to report as to the value of the works offered to the Society for publication.

The other is entitled the Percy Society, and has been formed for the purpose of publishing old Ballads, Plays, Tracts, &c. connected with the lighter branches of our ancient literature. The Society is flourishing, and promises much amusement at a cheap rate. The following works are in progress, printed uniformly in 8vo.

1. A Collection of Old Ballads anterior to the reign of Charles I.

2. A most pleasant and merie new comedie, intituled a Knack to knowe a Knave. With Kemp's applauded Merriments of the Men of Goteham, in receiving the King into Goteham, 1594.

3. Songs of the London Prentices and Trades, during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Elizabeth and James I.

4. A Selection of the Miscellaneous Poems of John Lidgate.

5. ‘The Complainte of them that ben to late maryed.’ From a very rare copy from the press of Wynkyn de Worde.

6. A Collection of Christmas Carols, from the 12th to the 15th Century.

7. ‘The Payne and Sorowe of evyll Marriage.’ From a copy believed to be unique, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

8. A Collection of Lyrical Pieces contained in plays of a date prior to the suppression of Theatrical Representations in 1647.

9. ‘A search for Money: or the lamentable Complaint for the losse of the wandering Knight Monsieur l'Argent.’ By William Rowley, 1609.

10. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished.

11. A Collection of Old English Ballads, from the reign of Henry VI., to that of Edward VI.

12. ‘A Treatise shewing and declaring the Pryde and Abuse of Women now-a-days.’ From a copy printed in the reign of Edward VI.

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16. ‘Pleasant Quippes for Upstart new-fangled Gentlewomen,’ 1596.



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THE  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LII.

FOR JANUARY, 1841.

ART. I.—*Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften*, von K. A. VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. 4 vols. 8vo. Mannheim: Hoff. 1837–8. Neue Folge, 1ster Band. Brockhaus, 1840.

THE Germans, who write everything, cannot write memoirs. Let them not be ashamed. NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES. Neither let them despair. Time, which in so many cases brings roses, and has even been accused latterly (though strangely in the face of recent notable facts), among other *mirabilia mundi*, of threatening to make Frenchmen sensible, may also succeed, by a succession of reasonable efforts, in making Germans witty. We have known very solemn persons by constant and conscientious endeavour (aided perhaps somewhat by a favourable change in their digestive system) learn to make very proper puns. "*J'apprends d'être vif*," as the old baron said when he jumped over the tables: why should not that heavy lumbering German transport, laden with sand-bags and wind-bags, and all expressible bulky things innumerable, by the aid of carpenters and shipwrights and other skilful persons, be shaven down and trimmed and painted into a neat pleasure pinnace, such as those in which English and French wits delight to sail?—Meanwhile Varnhagen von Ense has only done the half, and the least important half, of the work: he has trimmed the vessel neatly enough, painted it gaily, and licked it passing smooth: but it is still the bulging junk that we knew of old in German dis-

course, not the light limber canoe that prances friskily amid the twinkling phosphorescence of babbling waves. Or say it is a piece of Mosaic put together with exceeding skilfulness, and presenting here and there some pretty, even playful pictures; but as a whole, formal, systematic, stiff, failing to please remarkably by an over-zeal not to offend, infected considerably with the unavoidable dulness of studied decency and prudish propriety.

But there is another screw loose in the matter. Quiet humour may be an apt surrogate for nimbleness of wit, and purity of feeling for brilliancy of idea: that magical undefinable German GEMÜTH may turn the scale favourably against the redoubtable French *esprit* any day, we are assured. Jung Stilling's autobiography, and other books of that sort which have been uncommonly popular in England, are remarkable instances here; but when instead of mystical young men and old charcoal burners, village pastors and sensible housewives, statesmen and diplomatists,—a Metternich, a Gentz, a Talleyrand, and even such "high persons" as a Francis, an Alexander, and a Frederick William are brought upon the carpet; when, instead of pots and pans, *Säuerkraut* and *Butterbennen*, Berlin "small white" and brown Bavarian, congresses of Vienna and holy alliances are discussed—in this case another power and a mightier one comes into play; there is a CENSORSHIP in Germany: and it appears true beyond reach of exception that a good literature of public memoirs



never can flourish under that fatal restriction.

No one can have entered into the historical and biographical literature of Germany with any small spirit of discrimination, without having had frequent occasion to make this remark. It is not that this or the other instance of reticency or false delicacy requires to be pointed out by a minute and curious criticism of detail, but there is a general tone in the whole handling which strikes the free Briton instinctively as something strange. The political institutions of Germany bear the same relation to those of England that Popery does to Protestantism; and the political literature of the two countries is necessarily affected in the same way by the civil institutions as the theological literature of the two religions is by the ecclesiastical. There is in despotic countries a sacredness felt to surround the characters of kings and officers of state, similar to that which separates the ecclesiastical from the layman in countries where Popery is the predominant religion; and this feeling in either case produces the same result; viz. even when there is no formal censorship, a virtual extinction of all freedom of individual remark on the character of persons who are the objects of unconditioned public reverence. No doubt this is becoming and beneficial in many respects; to "speak evil of dignities" habitually, as is the common trick of all free countries, is a double sin, once because of the speaking and again because of the person spoken at; but it is manifest on the other hand, where the follies, frailties and absurdities of persons in high places are not and cannot be freely exposed, anything like truth of history, much more anything like character and nature in biographical detail, is hopeless. Varnhagen, for instance, in his account of the congress of Vienna, to be presently noticed, tells us that to relieve the monotony of the waltz, the acted charade and the *tableau vivant*, some of the diplomatic wits proposed the problem—who is the most laughable figure at the congress? and that this question should be answered according to the forms of process of the congress, by protocols, notes, statistical tables, committees and other known machinery of diplomatists. The proposal was agreed to; folios were blotted, and tape was wasted past reckoning, and the result—*parturiunt montes*—was that the prize of ludicrous externality was after much deliberation allotted to the two individuals who—"natürlich lassen wir dergleichen Geheimnisse auf sich selbst beruhen."—"But these mysteries of course," says our memoir writer, "must be left in their own obscurity"—and thus the

gossip-greedy reader finds himself deceived and disappointed again and again through the volume; till when we begin to count our gains in that sort of merchandise which we had expected specially to find in memoirs (since it can be found nowhere else), we perceive that they are for the most part very small indeed, and that names, names, names—mere names—or things as unsubstantial as Banquo's kings or Justinus Kerner's Ritter, are all that we have got for real and natural men that eat and drink, talk, laugh, ride, walk, and sometimes trip and stumble like ourselves.

We are informed, for instance, in this same account of the congress of Vienna, that the Emperor Alexander and Eugene Beauharnois, viceroy of Italy, were seen daily walking arm in arm on the *Bastei* "in bearing and carriage two of the most beautiful phenomena (*die schönsten Erscheinungen*) that one could set his eyes on." What a respectable and very proper generality is this! Why did not the writer tell us how Alexander was dressed; whether he wore on the *Bastei* the same "blue coat and breeches that he used to wear when galloping on a large grey horse on the *Prater*;"\* and how beautifully his round, smiling face contrasted with the dark military moustachio'd countenance of Eugene? But no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and as all kings and princes are heroes to Varnhagen, it is not surprising that he should abstain from going into such minute details as might prove that they also are mortal. Not so, however, with "high persons" (*hohe personen*) beyond the immediate reach of German and Russian influence. If Lord and Lady Castlereagh, like their own nation, given to bodily neatness, walk the *Bastei* as "primly rigged as if they were going to a masked ball," this is sure to be noticed; and with the neat observation appended, "not remarking how much they were remarked." Varnhagen is indeed by no means deficient in an eye for those apparently insignificant externalities which are the surest index to character; he is only so thoroughly infected with the true German reverence for titled dignities, that he never dares to speak of them in their vulgar capacity as men. Therefore he tells us nothing of "a thin figure with sallow shrunken features, of mild expression, with a stiff neck, bending a little forward, and walking badly,"—that struck Dr. Bright particularly among the notables of the congress. But this figure wore a German crown; and characteristic as the man-

\* Bright's Travels in Hungary, 1818. We get no such picturesque particulars from Varnhagen.

ner is in some respect of the man (*Kaiser Franz*), Varnhagen's memoirs contain no such notices; throughout the entire work we are constantly cheated of truth, nature, and reality, by the vague reverence of loyal, and the nice propriety of diplomatic phrase.

For Varnhagen von Ense, we must here observe, is not only a German and a courtier, but also a diplomatist—a sort of small Prussian Gentz—and for this reason also, not the most fit person to write good memoirs of public persons and public things. A memoir writer should be, inwardly, of the most free and gossiping humour, and outwardly, quite uninfluenced by political or other considerations. But Varnhagen is, at this present moment, or has, till very lately, been living in the service of the Prussian government as a diplomatic scribe; the congress of Vienna is but of yesterday; Gentz, and Frederick William, and Talleyrand, and William Humboldt, and so many other famous persons of that assemblage, only died the other day; Metternich is still alive, and his policy with him is alive also, not in Vienna only, but further north; and in these circumstances, what could a prim, proper, prudent, Varnhagen von Ense be expected to do but to bring forth his gather-all of public reminiscences, licked into smoothness by the political *Αγύρις*, that rules the etiquette of the council that sits at Frankfort, and to deal forth his small parcels of politico-personal facts with measured neatness, as a select spirit of the select society of *la crème* at Vienna, with delicate fingers, deals cards? Not, however, that our memorialist has suffered any real bodily violence to be done to his soul in this matter. Not he. He has been in long training—like poet Goethe at Weimar—and by an instinctive sympathy, by an unconscious wisdom of pretty words, says on every doubtful occasion precisely that thing that no wise man in Berlin or Vienna could have better said, being paid 100 dollars for every line. He is the very picked man of proprieties; the beautiful genius of glazed paper, gilt edges, and crow-quills. He is the apostle of moderation; the living incarnation of all the decencies; the complete orthodox body of all the respectabilities. And yet he is not a common man in any sense; he is a man of uncommon neatness and tact, and bearing about with him, even when he says the severest things, (as he can do, when kings are not in the case), an air of candour only to be equalled in the critical writings of Goethe, or in that calm, classical, diplomatic aspect of Prince Metternich, which bewitched Mrs. Trollope into the worship of continental despotism, and before his trip into Italy, metamorphosed, most opportunely, the

rough, unmannerly, English Whiggism of Herr von Raumer. He only wants what Metternich and Goethe also want—a broad gush of jovial human feeling, and a certain rough manliness of character, which, when wisely tempered, never fails to please, even amid the most artificial smoothness of a fashionable saloon. He, on all occasions, prefers the manageable regularity of polished weakness, to the occasional eccentricity of rude strength. He makes an idol of Gentz, a man who, notwithstanding his European celebrity, was little better than a skilful stylist; in other respects scarcely a man at all, less than a woman,\* a mere “eunuch of the portfolio.” He sneers in his delicate way (for he has not pith enough to give a muscular Gibbonian sneer) at Jahn, Von Gagern, Werner, and other rude and uncourteous, though honest and true developments of manhood. He sins in the same places where his *Magnus Apollo*, Goethe, sinned; fingering often where a brave man would strike; painting where an honest man would cut. He is, indeed, a walking cabinet edition of Goethe, in all the externalities of manner and style; elevating neatness almost into sublimity; witching prettiness that it looks like beauty.

Von Ense's memoirs have been much praised—not a little overpraised, we think, in Germany. But there are reasons for this. In the first place, the Germans, though the most systematic book-makers in Europe, know nothing, properly speaking, of style. As a nation, they cannot write. They roll on their heavy carriages of heaped erudition, their ponderous gasometers of a flatulent philosophy, like the lumbering motions of some half-created antediluvian megalotherion, through bogs and sea-marshes portentous. Of this they have become of late sensible; and though they will not allow, perhaps, when the question is bluntly put, that, as a nation, they are most clumsy handlers of their own proper instrument and “national symbol,” (as Menzel will have it,) the goose quill, yet they betray their secret consciousness of the weak point, by the multitudinous cackling instantly raised round this or that singular individual, whom nature or art may have gifted with the rare talent of saying what he means to say clearly and naturally, without embarrassment. So it has happened with Varnhagen. He can write smoothly and prettily, and intelligibly; he has studied the craft of turning sentences; and straightway, with our honest Teutonic critics, there

\* He says this himself in a letter to Varnhagen's wife, the celebrated Rahel.

is no end to the noise of general wonderment and laudation. "*Dieser SCHÖNE Styl! dieser VORTREFFLICHE Styl!! diese Klarheit und Reinheit! diese ruhige Würde! diese edle Einfachheit, die nicht nur an Goethe stets lebhaft erinnert, sondern Goethe selber lebhaft ist!*"—And so forth, in a strain that, in England, would appear ludicrous, and even childish. In the second place, Varnhagen is, and has for a long train of years been, in close connection with the periodical press, and has proved himself a most active and intelligent member of the noble brotherhood of reviewers in Germany. The literary productions of men so situated are generally, and in the nature of things must be, apt to be overpraised in all countries.

We have only one other remark of a preliminary kind to make. We have now before us five considerable volumes, not of *Denkwürdigkeiten* only, but of *Denkwürdigkeiten* and *Vermischte Schriften*—"Memoirs and Miscellaneous Works." What are these Miscellaneous Works? The veriest imposition upon the credulity of an unsuspecting public that we have seen for some time—a very prime specimen of the grand modern art of book-making. One-half, or one-third of a volume, contains the proper memoirs—the bait by which the public is caught. The rest is a mere bundling together of loose ephemeral criticisms, that, if Scott or Coleridge had written them, might have merited posthumous publication in a separate work; but, in their present connection, can only be regarded either as a piece of most egregious vanity on the part of the writer, or as a vulgar trick of the trade, to swell three volumes into five, and make every dollar count two. We should not have made this observation on Varnhagen's account, had he been a sole offender, but it is a national sin of the German people; they print all that they scribble; they scribble all that should have been riddled out of the brain with shame, instead of being hashed up into a dessert with much pretence: and in that broad brown bowl of beggars' soup—thin and yet muddy—for which you have paid three Prussian dollars currency, (a genuine English gull), the Christian student is very lavish of vision who will be eager to search out the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, of German wit and German intellect, which inhabit there.

These remarks concern our German readers more immediately. Our English readers will be more pleased that we proceed to glean from these multifarious pages of contemporary record such passages as may seem to possess the most permanent and general interest. For this purpose we cannot do better than prefix

the general table of contents—of such part of the contents, at least, as, taken together, form a connected historico-biographical whole.

1. Memoirs of Justus Erich Bollmann.
2. Graf Schlaberndorf.
3. My Young Days, and the Friends of my Youth.
4. The University Halle. 1806-7.
5. Studies and Interruptions. Berlin, 1807.
6. Rahel. 1807.
7. Visit to Jean Paul Richter. Baireuth, 1808.
8. Tübingen, 1808-9.
9. The Battle of Deutsch-Wagram. 1809.
10. The Fête of Prince Schwartzberg, at Paris. 1810.
11. The Court of Napoleon. 1810.
12. Steinfurt. 1810-11.
13. Hoping and Waiting. Prague, 1811-12.
14. Tettenborn.
15. Hamburg in the Spring of 1813.
16. The Campaigns of 1813-14, in Germany, Denmark, and France.
17. The Congress of Vienna, 1814-15.

The intelligent reader will see at once from these headings of chapters what a comprehensive interest the volumes before us are calculated to command. No well-informed person who takes a common interest in the extraordinary events by which the present busy century was ushered into existence, will read this bead-roll with indifference. In any hands memoirs of such a diameter could not be blundered into utter uselessness; and Varnhagen von Ense, bating the weak points which we thought it our duty to notice prominently, is no vulgar artist. We shall therefore proceed hopefully on our survey, and point out with as little commentary as possible what appears most remarkable.

Our author has thrown an agreeable variety into his memoirs, by writing part of them in his own person, and part of them in the shape of separate biographical notices of remarkable individuals with whom the fortune of life brought him into contact. With two such biographies he commences, and they are among the most interesting and characteristic in the whole work. Justus Erich Bollmann, an Hanoverian by birth, by profession originally a physician, by practice afterwards a merchant in America and England, was one of those intelligent and energetic persons whose merits are always in the inverse proportions of their prominence, and who only want the spur of ambition or the itch of vanity to make them play a great part in human affairs. But the instinctive modesty and wise moderation that tones their nature generally keeps them in the back ground; their soul works in many places where their hand is not seen, their presence by the many never suspected; as the impetuous eloquence of

a Mirabeau publicly thunders with the quiet wisdom of a Dumont. Bollmann, however, had, in addition to great good sense and a very nice sensibility, a cast of enterprise and romance in his temperament, which brought him on several occasions in his early years much more prominently before the public than the quiet course of his latter years would have warranted us to suppose. Those who are conversant with the early history of the French Revolution, and particularly with the memoirs of Lafayette and the works of Madame de Staël, will perhaps recognize an old friend in Bollmann. He distinguished his youth by two notable exploits, the one the bringing of Narbonne successfully from Paris to London in 1792; the other the endeavouring and almost succeeding in bringing Lafayette out of the state prison at Olmutz in 1794. Bollmann was also at Paris during the hottest ferment of revolutionary excitement in the spring of 1792; and his reflections on the great drama, or horrific melo-drama rather, that was acting before him, prove an interest very similar in character, and distinguished by the same prophetic good sense and instinctive right feeling, that render the recently published memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly so valuable. We regret that we cannot extract some of these graphic pictures. The French Revolution has hitherto been known to us exclusively from French or English portraiture. The future historian, even when he finds nothing new in matters of fact, will not return unbenefited from the participation of German views also. As in a trial by jury it is not the number of witnesses generally, but the number of distinct and independent witnesses on which a sound verdict is returned. We extract Bollmann's estimate of Narbonne and Madame de Staël; both of which, from the intimate relation in which he stood to these distinguished individuals, are valuable. The date of the extracts is 1792.

"NARBONNE is a rather tall, stout-built, strong man, but there is something striking, great and commanding about his head. He is inexhaustible in wit and richness of ideas. He is perfect in all the social virtues. He spreads grace over things most dry. He carries everything along with him, and when he pleases can intoxicate an individual or a whole company equally with his conversation! There was only one man in France who was compared with him in this respect, and a man who, in my opinion, is certainly far his superior—his own friend Talleyrand. Narbonne pleases, but in the long run also wears: to Talleyrand one could listen for years. Narbonne is evidently working, and betrays the intention to please; but pleasant things glide without effort from Talleyrand, and he is al-

ways surrounded by an air of unimpassioned comfort and quietude. What Narbonne says is more brilliant. What Talleyrand says is more graceful, more delicate, more neat. Narbonne is not for everybody; very sensitive persons cannot away with him. Talleyrand, without being less morally corrupted than Narbonne, can bring tears even from those who despise him. I know several remarkable instances of this.

"All Frenchmen, especially those who move in the great world, are more or less distinguished by these social qualities; and I think they 'put their best foot foremost.' They are sadly deficient in grand simplicity and in soundheadedness. They can never do a thing in a natural and straightforward way; and by continually endeavouring to show uncommon dexterity and infinite tact, they generally over-work the business whatever it is, and work themselves to the devil. On every subject their first care is to talk cleverly, and with the alacrity of lightning they dart into the most remote and unlikely views, which are however the best for their purpose if they be only striking; meanwhile the substantial reality, lying before their nose, is overlooked, and after the most immense preparation of logic, the most miserable practical conclusion comes forth. They have no firmness, and no power of endurance. Bating these defects, I have mostly found them good-hearted, and when they act wickedly, it is generally from weakness. During my residence at Kensington, I had frequent opportunity to make and verify these remarks. One who has not seen it will hardly believe how totally different the English character is from these type-specimens of the great nation."

Thus Bollmann, as a true German, cannot conceal his aversion from the Celtic, and his sympathy with the Anglo-Saxon race.

On Madame de Staël, of whose character Bollmann appears to have entertained a very high opinion, we have the following—

"De Staël is a genius; an extraordinary eccentric person in whatever she says or does. She sleeps only a very few hours, and continues during the remainder of the day in a state of uninterrupted terrible activity; she does not know what rest is. I never saw her without a piece of paper, which she kept rolling between her fingers; her conversation is a series of treatises, or a piled-up mass of whim and wit. What she hates most is to have any commonplace person near her. While her hair is being curled, when at her breakfast, at an average a third of every day, she is employed in writing; she has not quiet enough to revise what she has once written, to file and to improve it; but even the readiest out-pourings of her soul, crowded as it is literally with thronging ideas, are of extreme interest, and contain fragments full of the finest acumen, and the most living energy. She has several works of the most grave contents ready for the press, and writes ever on. I have read many of her pieces just as she writes them. She has not a few faults, but of these there are some, that (inexcusable in any other person) her

genius has the power to convert into beauties; she demands a measure for herself alone.

"She is pretty well built, but her face is not beautiful; she is somewhat coppery (*kupferig*), and her mouth is a little turned up; but she is not in the least vain. She has nothing of the appearance of a learned lady; she has a frank, open, unconstrained manner, and an air of honesty and truth not easily resisted; she is not in any wise puffed up about her knowledge; and I have heard her say with great *naïveté*, 'Against a man who is only clever I will maintain my position; also against a man who is only well informed; but he who unites both wit and learning soon makes me feel that I am a woman.'"

These remarks were written in England in 1792. After a long residence in America, Bollmann returned to the west in 1814; attended and assisted at the Congress of Vienna, and in 1815 was again in London, engaged in extensive manufacturing speculations. In his letters of this period, he gives some remarks on the English character, which we shall extract. It may be said generally, that the Germans, as a nation, estimate and understand us far better than the French.

"In England reason and consideration have a strong sway, order and rule triumph over whim and arbitrary will. There is a law here for a maltreated horse, or a misused goat (I have just seen two such processes), as well as for a great lord insulted; and even in the streets you may see the most insignificant foot-passenger along-side of the most splendid equipages, walking with the conviction expressed in his gait, that he also is somebody: in all this, in the pervading prevalence of rule over arbitrary will, is the substance of true liberty. You make essays, sublimely blundering to attain the same thing beyond the seas also; but such liberty as the English boast is a growth, and has been developed naturally out of the past. This, however, in France they will not comprehend. Accordingly we see, on your side of the channel, the despotism of prescriptive dotage succeeded by the despotism of magnificent conceptions, bordering for the most part on sheer madness; while this again is undermined by the yet stronger despotism of vulgar intrigue and unprincipled consistency. And after much noise and trumpeting, everything ends where it begun, because your great political geniuses insisted on beginning where they ought to have ended. A common boor here understands the science of government better than a whole corporative academy of continental philosophers. *England is the native country of freedom, sound reason, manliness, magnanimity, and comfortability.*"\*

But Bollmann was far from being a blind

\* The word we translate here is *Behaglichkeit*. It is well known that the Germans complain of not being able to translate the English word "comfortable." *Behaglich* certainly comes near, but it is not quite the thing; it applies more to the mind.

admirer of everything in England. Despite the fine language just quoted, he seems not to have found himself quite at home amongst us; he seems to have loved the country more than the people; to have respected the people more than he loved them. To a friend in Vienna he writes,—

"You in Vienna are famous for order, would only that worthy old Pouthon were here! he would fall into an ecstasy to observe how great a man can be in *work*, and how magnificent in the useful! At the same time the English are *narrow-minded, cold, stiff*, if you will. It is difficult to be everything good. I love the English much, but more in the mass than as individuals. For this or that stray travelling coxcomb, one gets no idea of the nation. Their nationality is a part of their existence. England is a noble nation, but France is more pleasant to live in, because Frenchmen are more agreeable. I can never look upon an Englishman but as a part of the English nation, to which I do not belong. An individual Frenchman or German, to me at least, is loveable as an engaging totality. Altogether there is something more kindly and friendly in the society and manners of the continent."

These remarks have their truth doubtless; but, as in all cases of national character, the weak points which strike the stranger most forcibly are generally precisely those which are most closely in-grown with the substantial strength and real greatness of the people.

Grab Schlaberndorf, the next character whom Varnhagen sketches, was a most singular person, a sort of strange German Coleridge, more however of a philosopher and a politician than a poet, living like a hermit in the midst of the bustling history of revolutionary Paris; miserly in small things, the lord of a garret, slovenly in his attire, and cherishing a beard; but generous, even magnificent on a large scale, and actuated in all things by motives of the purest patriotism, and the most disinterested benevolence, a character ready made for Sir Walter Scott. This man, as a foreigner and a German aristocrat, and also as the esteemed friend of Condorcet, Mercier, Brissot, and the unfortunate Girondist party, naturally enough during the reign of terror was more than "suspected of being suspected," and sat for many days, first in the Conciergerie, and then in the Luxembourg, in constant expectation of the guillotine. He escaped, however, after all; strangely enough, *saving his life by losing his boots!* Varnhagen relates the circumstance as follows:

"One morning the death-cart came for its usual number of daily victims; and Schlaberndorf

dorf's name was called out. He immediately with the greatest coolness and good-humour prepared for departure; presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, were common in those terrible times. And Schlaberndorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure, when the unavoidable *must* of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed, only his boots were missing; he sought, and sought, and sought, and the gaoler sought with him in this corner and in that; but they were not to be found. 'Well,' said Schlaberndorf sharply, 'this is too bad: to be guillotined without my boots will never do. Hark ye, my good friend,' continued he with simple good-humour to the gaoler, 'take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday.' The gaoler agreed. The waggon, full enough without that one head, went off to its destination; Schlaberndorf remained in the prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned; and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day was ready, boots and all, waiting the word of command. But behold! his name was not heard that day; nor the third day, nor the fourth; and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed that he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day; in the multitude of sufferers no one could curiously inquire for an individual; for the days that followed there were enough of victims without him; and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when with so many others he recovered his liberty. He owed this miraculous escape, not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution, partly to the kindness of the gaoler, partly and mainly to his good temper. He was a universal favourite in the gaol."

Schlaberndorf was, we have said, though he lived all his life in the same street and the same garret, a hermit in Paris, no Frenchman in heart, but a pure patriot, and cherishing habitually the warmest interest in German politics. It will be interesting to the historian in this regard to know, what Varnhagen tells us, that he was the author of the famous pamphlet—"Napoleon Bonaparte und das Französische Volk unter seinem Konsulate," which appeared in Germany in 1804, and was translated into English the same year; a worthy precursor to the publication which two years afterwards appeared in Nürnberg, and for which, as is well known, the unfortunate publisher, Palm, was shot by order of Napoleon. All the world knows how pitilessly that "equestrian Robespierre" hunted poor Madame de Staël over Europe, because she had dared to say in print that the Germans were many of them better philosophers, and all of them more honest men than the then corrupted French. Schlaberndorf, had he not lived in that strange, retired, anchoretic fashion, had cer-

tainly also received a polite hint from Fouché or Savary, that "the air of Paris was not good for his health;" for he burned inwardly, like a very Stein or Blücher, with honest German hatred against the splendid despot. In a letter to Klinger (quoted by Varnhagen), the philosopher Jacobi writes of him as follows:

"A German in every view, a most remarkable man, who has lived through the whole stages of the revolution at Paris (I made acquaintance with him first so early as the year 1786, in London); this man said to me, 'For eight years here we had nothing but a regular topsy-turvy in public affairs, a confusion as in a country inn, where boors are drinking, every one outroaring his neighbour, and one affair of blows and cudgels succeeding another. Then came Bonaparte on the stage with his holla! Holla! cried he, and all he did was to cry holla! His first necessity was to blow out all the lights. He brought no decision, but only an end of all questions. At the same time he cried aloud, freedom or no freedom, religion or no religion, morality or no morality; it all comes to the same thing; *liberté, égalité*, so be it; only let no man open his mouth more, or move in any direction otherwise than he is ordered; for as things are now, so ought they to be, and so must they remain. This same speech, changed a little of course according to circumstances, the great man addressed to the whole of Europe. *That one only remaining nest of Jacobins, England, shall be destroyed, and then the impudence of independent thought and independent feeling will soon come to an end, and everything without will straightway become as pliant and obedient as the internal might have already shown themselves. Of the German frowardness there is no cause to give one's self particular concern; a visible threat with the cudgel will quiet that beast in a moment.*"

These words, especially the last which we have printed in italics, are remarkable as written by a German in Paris, amid all the fair promises and rising glories of the consulate. That Napoleon was actuated mainly during his whole life by the steady and unrelaxed purpose to prostrate the power of the English nation, and that he was ruined mainly by the false estimate he had formed of the patriotic energies of the "stupid Germans," is a matter (now that party hostilities on this subject are gradually settling down to a *juste milieu*) patent to every open eye.

These two biographical sketches, of Bollmann and Schlaberndorf, are the only ones that lead us back to the early period of the French revolution. Von Ense's own personal memoirs do not become in any way connected with important political changes till the era of the battle of Jena (1806), and the battle of Wagram (1809). He was born

in the year 1785, at Düsseldorf, and boasts descent from an "ancient, famous, and noble" family of Westphalia. This, however, and the young days and youthful friends of the future Prussian diplomatist, concern us in England little. In Berlin, 1803-1804, and in Halle, 1806-1807, while pursuing ostensibly the study of medicine, he came into contact and fellowship with many of the most celebrated literary characters of that time, and of those who have since acquired celebrity. The student of German literature will not read the part of the autobiography that embraces this era without profit. We can only afford to insert one or two notices of individuals who, either by chance or merit, have acquired a certain firm ground even in English literature. The following notices of William Schlegel's lectures, delivered in Berlin during the winter of 1803-1804, will be read with interest.

"AUGUST WILLIAM SCHLEGEL's æsthetical lectures were of the greatest use to me. He helped me to bring some order and connection into the heap of unorganized knowledge that I dragged about with me, and in reference to my own small productions I learned from him to follow more confidently the right path, and eschew the thousand wrong ones with greater certainty. I must confess, however, that even at that time we saw plainly that *Schlegel was more a man of ambitious talent than of great natural genius*; and though Neumann and I were still inclined to put confidence in him, the other members of our coterie spoke disparagingly even of his best efforts,—not a little impertinent as I thought. But they were strongly supported by Fichte, who, on one occasion, openly declared that '*the elder brother wanted depth and the younger clearness*, that both were animated by a strong hatred of mediocrity, but also by a strong jealousy of such high excellence as they could neither attain to themselves, nor gainsay; in which case they generally out of their despair fell into a strain of excessive eulogy, witness himself and Goethe.' Such remarks were anything but welcome to me, revealing as they did the inward hollowness of those literary relations which I had hitherto looked upon as most substantial; but I was willing to believe that the natural severity of Fichte's character had here played a trick upon himself, or, that at all events, whatever liberties he might take, men of my own standing were by no means entitled to assume such a condemnatory tone. Fichte was Fichte, and he was entitled to certain privileges merely because he was Fichte."

We have always been of opinion that Schlegel's lectures, great as their merit undoubtedly was, have been generally over-estimated in this country, for the very obvious reason that they supplied a manifest want in our critical literature, and particularly in respect of the Greek drama soared so high

above the mere grammatical and metrical pedantries where the school of Porson delighted to pry. Our readers may compare Goethe's estimate of the Schlegels, F. Q. R. vol. xvi.

As a Düsseldorf man, Von Ense was naturally brought into contact with JACOBI, and the Pempelfort coterie, of whom Goethe in his campaign of 1792 speaks not in the most complimentary style, as indeed his large and catholic spirit was decidedly opposed to all sorts of seclusion and self-containment, however specious. Our memoir-writer paints Jacobi's personality by no means unfavourably.

"The noble impression of his beautiful tall figure, his features instinct with mild intellectuality, his address pleasantly urgent, his delicate and dignified manners, I can never forget. He seemed to possess an imposing aristocracy of mien compounded of the sage and the statesman; there was however also to be discerned by the narrow observer, a certain sensibility on occasions which indicated that he did not always or altogether possess that perfect clearness of intellect, and perfect poise of emotion, which it was his constant endeavour and instinctive striving to exhibit. His manners indeed were so winning and attractive that even his most decided opponents, as Tieck and Schleiermacher, in the face of their own ripe literary judgments, returned from visiting him in Munich as his most devoted admirers."

At Halle, in 1806-1807, Von Ense met with Wolf, Steffens, Schleiermacher, Von Raumer, and other names, some of which have since grown (for a decade or two at least) to an European reputation. Of Wolf he speaks as follows:

"FREDERICK AUGUSTUS WOLF appeared as a king among the learned of Halle. His tall, comfortable (*behagliche*) figure, his dignified calmness, his energy that seemed to move the most multifarious details by a simple command, gave him the splendour of a dignity which he did not seem to require; for he never assumed any air of superiority, but rather, like the great Frederick, casting aside the trappings of public character, delighted to appear among men merely as a man; amid the sportive play of wit and jest more triumphantly asserting his intellectual superiority, than if he had stood apart in the grand attitude of what he truly was to Halle—a Napoleon. He possessed all the common tools and materials and appendages of pedantry, but he had thoroughly spiritualized even the barrenest of them (*alles hatte er durchgeistet*), while at the same time his immense knowledge, communicated to others, gave their loose roving fancies a sure basis of historical fact on which to rest."

And in the following passages, WOLF and SCHLEIERMACHER and STEFFENS are well compared and contrasted.

"The lectures began; and more diligent and more enthusiastic than we were at this period, no auditors can be conceived. The course of ancient history by Wolf was uncommonly rich and also stimulant; he delivered less a narration than a continuous criticism,\* and from the most cold and indifferent outset, transported his hearers by degrees into a state of the most energetic mental activity. At the end of the hour I rose from the hardest antiquarian investigations full of a cheerful glow of feeling, and most pleasurable intellectual excitement. My philosophical leaning induced me also to hear Schleiermacher's Exegesis of the Epistles of St. Paul; and my medical intentions were satisfied in the meantime by Steffens's two courses of lectures, one on philosophical physiology, the other on experimental physics. I had not yet mustered resolution enough to attack formally Reil or Kurt Sprengel. From Schleiermacher I soon experienced great benefit; his handling of the subject, his sure criticism, his fine dialectic, were profitable to the hearer beyond the mere occasion on which they might be displayed; and I had occasion to observe then, how the sympathy with clear and orderly intellectual energies exercises a powerful influence in soothing and regulating the feelings. Steffens, again carried his auditors away with him at the first sentence. It was impossible to resist the swell of profound thoughts, grand combinations, and blooming phraseology, that billowed on from his eloquent tongue. I transplanted myself with ease into his philosophical views and expressions; I saw with astonishment the enthusiastic teacher hold with firm control amidst his wildest flights the details of so vast a subject; I rejoiced in the amiability of an eloquence that, whatever else it might express, always revealed a warm and a pure heart; and even in the continual struggle of the Dane with a language of which he was not yet fully master, I discerned a secret charm. These lectures were indeed a feast continually repeated, and yet ever new; they appeared however then only in their full value, when they were taken along with Schleiermacher's, and woven with them, as it were, into a whole. This calm self-possession and that winged enthusiasm supplemented one another: and both teachers being agreed in essentials, beheld with pleasure the singular co-action which arose out of this intellectual contrast; for the natural philosophers heard Schleiermacher, and the theologians heard Steffens. It were well for the two sciences that they never were separated."

One must have studied at a German university thoroughly to sympathize with these notices. The university *cathedræ* are to the Germans what the hustings are to us, all life and animation, and bold intellectual rivalry.

Our next extract, written at the same period, has a political interest. In the foolish

words of a single scholastic individual, the temper of the whole Prussian people before the battle of Jena is too truly delineated.

"During the whole summer, rumours of war and movements of troops had alternated with prospects of peace; but now that Napoleon, by the completion of the confederation of the Rhine, (aimed manifestly at Prussia,) had planted himself firmly in Germany, all hope of peace vanished, and whosoever in Prussia had a voice, gave that voice vehemently for war. Reichardt tried his hand among the rest, and published a few war-songs, that smacked rather strongly of the Prussian grenadier; the Austrians received a pretty broad hint that had Prussians been at Ulm in the previous year matters would have gone differently. Prussian troops, marching to the south and west, appeared in and around Halle, and fanned by their presence the already strong flame of war. Some hot-heads went straightway into a passion when peace was mentioned even as a possibility, or any doubt was thrown upon the assumed superiority of the Prussian soldiery. I remember well walking with Geheimrath Schmalz across the market-places, when another professor came up to us with the news that war was now finally determined on, and *that nothing now could save the mad Bonaparte from destruction*. We replied with some observations about French generals. 'Generals!' cried he, interrupting us vehemently, 'where should they come from? *We Prussians have generals that understand war*, who have known service from their youth; these tailors and shoemakers beyond the Rhine, who never knew that they had legs to stand on before the Revolution, in presence of our practised captains can only take to their heels. I pray you, in God's name, speak not to me about FRENCH GENERALS!'"

There is not in the whole of history a more extraordinary event at first sight than the sudden fall of Prussia in 1806. But on a nearer examination, it becomes evident that the military system of Frederick, in itself far from perfect, had acquired a name in Europe more by virtue of his genius than by a permanent in-dwelling strength in the mass of the people; under Frederick William II., corruption and vain confidence succeeded; necessary reforms were neglected; and it was only the pressure of terrible calamity calling into public prominence such men as Stein, Blücher, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, that could enable the Prussians to stand up again as a great nation in the face of Europe, acquitting themselves like men, more than they had ever done before, at the Katzbach and at Dennewitz, at Leipzig, Ligny and Waterloo.

In 1808-1809, Von Ense transferred his place of study, after the migratory fashion common in Germany, to Tübingen. Here he made acquaintance with the celebrated poet

\* Much in the style of Niebuhr's Roman History, we suppose. It is a style peculiarly calculated to develop the immense erudition and profound critical powers of the German scholars.



Ludwig Uhland, and with another brother of the fraternity of Swabian poets, a most singular and original being, half-poet, half-magician, himself living habitually in a state of semi-magnetism. As Justinus Kerner's works on Mesmerism have been (more than once) noticed in our English periodicals, the following curious personal notices with regard to him may not be unacceptable.

"KERNER follows medicine, not from any particular preference, but because it was thrown in his way. He has indeed a strange indifference towards the external world. Something, he says, a man must do for his bread: there is drudgery wherever we go; so it is best to drudge at what comes foremost. But with all this professional indifference he has been a hard student, and has made great advances in medical science. For his thesis, he has chosen the function of hearing, and with this view he is making quite new experiments with animals. He lives in his room with dogs, cats, hens, geese, owls, squirrels, toads, lizards, mice, and more bestial, God knows what, on the most friendly footing; and his only concern seems to be that his guests may not take occasion to creep out at the door, or fly out at the window; as for his books and his clothes he lets them be used or abused as the animals please; neither if they snarl or howl him out of his sleep, or even bite him, does it seem to discompose him in the least. His experiments are ingenious and cunningly devised; but on all occasions he takes special care to avoid anything that may cause pain. He lives indeed generally in a state of intimate communion with nature, and knows it well, especially on its mysterious side. His eyes have something ghost-like (*geisterhaft*), and pious; he possesses the singular power of making his heart beat quicker by an act of mere volition, but he cannot stop the motion when it is once begun; the observations which Ritter recently made on Campetti—the pendulum-movement of the ring on the silk thread, and other such like magico-magnetical phenomena, are exhibited also in his case in remarkable force. He himself is decidedly somnambulist. He will sit for a long time musing and dreaming, and then suddenly starting up, laugh heartily at the fright he has given the bystanders. He has a most wonderful trick of imitating madness; and though he generally begins this in a humorous style, one can see that it is a serious enough matter, even with himself, before he ends. In poetry, the popular romance and ballad are his natural element—the simple voice and rude strength of nature; compositions of a higher order of art he tolerates, but he does not enjoy; it is impossible indeed to make him speak the language of books; his familiar phrase is caught up from the country people. He has no well-developed taste for the plastic arts; in music he has made the Jews'-harp his own, and can witch from this strange and imperfect instrument the tenderest and most touching tones. Imagine now the simplest and most careless apparel, a forward leaning in his carriage, an uneven gait, a constant inclination to,

lean on something, or to lay himself down (he will on all occasions prefer lying in an awkward to sitting in an easy position,) and with all this a slim, well made, and by no means ill-looking young man. So you have a perfect picture of my Kerner."

We add a story of a singular kind.

"It was deep in winter, and Kerner was sitting with a friend, an enlightened and sensible person. The candle was burning, and a guitar lay on the table; he commenced playing. As he was fingering the instrument he felt suddenly a feeling of constraint come over him, which quickly increased; he was in a state to himself undefinable, and such as he had never before experienced; he had neither measure nor expression for what he felt; and his condition rose to a climax of perplexity on his perceiving that his friend, who sat beside him, evidently over-mastered by a similar emotion, was looking in terror over his head. He now felt as if a terrible weight was pressing upon him from above, and in the same moment, when the painful feeling had mounted to a crisis, his friend sprang up, and cried out full of terror, 'Oh, Jesus, Kerner!' and rushed out of the room. Kerner fell down, and lay for a time unconscious, not from the fright however, as he expressly asseverates, but from the continued action of the exciting cause, whatever it might be, within. (*Steigerung seines inneren Zustandes.*) When he came to himself, he left the chamber hurriedly, and walked about for a little in the open air; the clear starry winter-night refreshed him, and when he came in again he could quietly lay himself to sleep. Early in the morning he met his friend—both were embarrassed; but at length his friend, still shuddering at the recollection, narrated how while Kerner was playing on the guitar the preceding evening, suddenly a figure appeared to form itself above Kerner's head, and then drew away along the wall. Kerner knew only, that as he was playing a feeling of anxiety came on him from above; then suddenly he became very cold, and everything around unusually light and clear. Neither of them could find out any external circumstance that could have caused this apparition: when Kerner returned, he found the light burnt out, and no closeness in the air. They could find no words to express the strangeness of the feeling each had experienced. Kerner can never tell this story without a most unpleasant feeling; and he almost repents that he has told it me. The feeling, he says, was so terrible, that he felt as if instant death or madness should have seized him: before the fit, he had been very merry and in excellent spirits; but the next day he felt himself unwell, was seized by an affection similar to St. Vitus dance, and was obliged to continue many days under medical care. Even now he insists that the whole was a matter of bodily disease, and rejects any theory of ghosts as applicable to the case; but he still persists in the reality of the wonderful apparition, and can in nowise talk himself out of the belief that such a thing actually was seen."

In our opinion this apparition is one of a series of most interesting psychological facts

which have not yet been sufficiently investigated by our physiologists and philosophers. The facts of Mesmerism, in so far as they are really facts, come under the same category.

We regret that we cannot accompany our author to Bayreuth, where he holds a very pleasant *vis-à-vis* with Jean Paul Richter in 1808. As little can we afford to give an English echo to his extraordinary praises of his extraordinary wife Rahel—a woman unquestionably of high talent, but who, though, like Bettine Berentano, a Goethe-worshipper, having had the chance to marry Varnhagen von Ense, instead of writing love-letters to Goethe, has not been so fortunate in acquiring a literary reputation on this side of the channel. It is our duty, however, to refer the student of recent European history to this Berlin lady: her correspondence, published at Leipzig in 1836, contains letters to and from some of the most distinguished public characters of the age which is just dying out. The correspondence with Gentz will be found particularly interesting. Meanwhile we are pressed by more important matter from Varnhagen's own portfolio. His account of the famous ball given by Prince Schwartzberg after the peace in 1810, will be read with interest by those whose memory extends to those times. Younger readers will be more pleased with the account of Napoleon's court in the same year, from which we make a considerable extract. After describing the impatience, confusion and not very courtly manners of the ante-chamber, our author proceeds to describe the audience as follows:—

"At length the moment of audience arrived, and on a signal given the whole assembly rushed in disorder to the door, crushed and squeezed right and left without any ceremony. Pages and guards filled the passage and ante-chambers; petty bustling importance was eager here also to fix the general eye on itself, and the soldiers seemed the only ones in the crowd who appeared to know how to perform their part in a decent and orderly manner—a virtue, however, which they had learned not at court, but from their corporals.

"After a semi-circle had been formed in the hall of audience, and the expectants had arranged themselves in several close rows, the call of *L'Empereur* announced Napoleon, who came in from the far end of the room. In simple blue uniform, his little hat under his arm, he advanced heavily (*schwerfällig*) up to us. His manner indicated the inward struggle of a mind that wishes to attain an object by means of certain persons whom he is inwardly compelled to despise. On this occasion he would have wished to appear as favourably as possible; but it seemed as if he thought it not worth the trouble of the effort; for naturally his manner was anything but pleasing. He was

accordingly in some things too intentional, and in some things too careless; in every word and gesture restlessness and dissatisfaction were visible. He turned first to the Austrian embassy, which occupied the one end of the half-moon. The unlucky *fête* afforded matter for various inquiries and observations. The Emperor evidently wished to appear sympathetic; he even used words of emotion, but in this tone he did not succeed at all, and he accordingly dropped it. He was much less polite to the Russian ambassador Kurakin; and as he went along the circle some look or thought must have strangely disturbed him, for he fell into a terrible fit of ill-humour, and let out his passion violently on one of the persons present of less note, whose name I do not recollect; was displeased with every answer, rated and threatened, and kept the poor mortal for a short season in the most painful state of suffering. Certain persons who stood next to this victim, and were themselves in no small apprehension lest the thunder might also break before them, assured me afterwards that there was no cause whatever for this volcanic outburst. The Emperor only took the nearest object on whom he could safely let out his ill-humour; and that he was accustomed to do this even intentionally, that others might be kept in due terror and submission.

"As he passed further on, he sought to speak in a more moderate tone; but it would not do. He spoke in short, hasty and abrupt sentences, running over the more indifferent subjects with a passionate celerity; and even when he meant to be kind, there was always something of anger in his tone. A more rough, untamed voice indeed I have scarcely heard.

"His eyes were dark-vaulted (*dunkel unvölbelt*), fixed straight before him on the floor, and turning only backwards quick, and then to the individuals whom he successively addressed. When he smiled, it was only with the mouth and a part of the cheek; forehead and eye remained immoveably dark. When he, as I once or twice observed, forced his whole countenance into a smile, the effect was yet more forbidding. The unnatural union of playfulness and seriousness had something truly terrible in it. I know not what to think of those persons who have found grace in the expression of these features, and captivating friendliness in these manners. However much of plastic beauty his countenance might boast, it was hard also and severe as marble, far from all confidence, of anything like heartiness incapable.

"His conversation, when I heard him, was commonplace both in matter and manner, without soul, without wit, without power, nay, even now and then, altogether low and laughable. Faber, in his *Notices sur l'Intérieur de la France*, has discoursed at length on the interrogatories which Napoleon used to put to so many parties, and which have been often so unreasonably lauded; on the occasion of which I am now speaking I had not yet read the book; but I have since found everything in it confirmatory of my own experience. His questioning frequently resembled the lesson of a school-boy not quite certain of his game, and continually repeating to himself what he fears otherwise

may not be ready for the moment when it is required. This is literally true of a visit which Napoleon, a short time before, had made to the great library, on which occasion even when going up the staircase he was continually asking for the celebrated passage in Josephus where the historian speaks of Christ, and appeared to have no other object for his present visit than thus to make a display of this scrap of classicism which he had just acquired; it seemed quite as if he had learned his questions by heart. No man was fonder of displaying his knowledge, even when it was of the most general and superficial kind. He happened to ask a respectable gentleman from the north of Germany to what country he belonged, and when the gentleman named a district bordering on Holland, Napoleon, turning on his heels with an air of triumph, interrupted him—*“Ah je sais bien, c'est du Nord, c'est de la Hollande!”* To the many French who heard this, the Emperor's minute geographical knowledge on this occasion would no doubt appear admirable; those who possessed the requisite local information might not be surprised at the Emperor's ignorance of the border districts of North Germany, but could not but smile at his ridiculous affectation of knowledge. Not so happy was he, however, with Lacepede in the museum; he took the giraffe for a bird, and as such praised it to his consort, who with Lacepede became quite anxious about Napoleon's blunder; which the Emperor observing, broke off the conversation roughly, and went away in evident ill-humour. The petty zeal with which Napoleon endeavoured to shine in the social circle—a sphere for which he was altogether unfitted—was on occasions perfectly ludicrous; here he failed in every attempt, as in other more serious matters, to our deep sorrow, he had uniformly succeeded. One cause of his bad success as a conversationalist lay no doubt in the habit he had of saying severe and unpleasant things; but even when he wished seriously to make himself agreeable, he seldom could bring it beyond the trifling and insignificant; and I was myself witness to an occasion in St. Cloud, where to a whole row of ladies he could say nothing but the same sentence twenty times over—*Il fait chaud.*

“It is true that not a few energetic phrases are current from Napoleon's mouth, and his commands are for the most part short and severe; but in these it is more the might of the mind that speaks than the speech itself that compels attention. It is always the Emperor who speaks, and in him, not in the orator, lies the charm. Several happy ideas, again, that are commonly ascribed to him, belong properly to other persons, who were too politic to revindicate the intellectual property which the Emperor had neatly pocketed. When on the other hand he spoke continuously in greater fulness of communication, as he loved to do, and let himself out in an infinity of phrases, heaping facts and arguments with the greatest fluency on one another, on such occasions one missed very much order and continuity, clearness, and precision of ideas; at the same time he never lost sight of his purpose; but it was not by his words so much as by his superiority as a general,

and by the iron might of his will, that he was wont so surely to attain that purpose. In these latter qualities indeed consists his true greatness; and there is no necessity for decking him out in excellences which he did not possess; as the incarnation of victory and the instinct of command he remains one of the greatest men that ever have been. Alexander, Cæsar and Frederick possessed the gift of eloquence; Napoleon could never acquire it; his intellectual constitution, and yet more the tone of his feelings, would not admit of it.

“This is the true reason why Napoleon was so sensitive to all attacks with the weapons of wit; he was utterly naked here, and could not return the thrust; a clever song or a well-pointed lampoon could make him perfectly rabid. At that time there was current in Paris a song on his new marriage, written in the tone of the commonest street ballads, but without doubt composed by some of the higher classes. The Emperor saw his splendour and his power stained by a vulgar rhyme, and snorted revenge; but the police knew as little of the writer as of the distributors. I had received a copy by the penny-post without name and badly written, and had repeated the words so often to my intimate friends that I could now say them by heart. Strangely enough, as these things will happen, at the very moment when the Emperor, frowning and out of humour as I have described him, was passing the spot where I stood, what should come into my head but this same song, words and melody in full incarnation to my fancy, and there the little devil began to work so busily that I was on the point of yielding to the temptation and humming the fatal stave audibly, when suddenly, to my great relief, the levee broke up, and repeated deep bows from all sides accompanied the departure of Napoleon, who had aimed none of his harsh words but only a single penetrating look at me, on the withdrawal of which however I felt as if I had escaped from imminent bodily danger.

Such is a thorough German account of Napoleon's court. The French of course, as we all know, is to a different tune:

“Tous les cœurs étaient contents :  
On admirait son cortège ;  
Chacun disait—Quel beau temps !  
Le ciel toujours le protège ;  
Son sourire était bien doux.”

As Beranger sings. Both accounts are true.

We have said nothing of the battle of Wagram in 1809, where Varnhagen served in the Austrian army, because having been wounded on the first day, which was a mere overture, his account of the main action is necessarily a mere redaction of the statements made by the original authorities. With great pleasure, on the other hand, do we refer to his notices of Baron von STEIN, with whom he lived seemingly in terms of great intimacy in the year 1811 at Prague, immediately previous to that great man's departure for

Russia. Wherever hatred to Napoleon and hope for Germany was, there was Stein—the rough and rude, but fiery, noble-minded, and indefatigable patriot. His peculiar polemical fashion of conversation is well described in the following passage :—

“Stein lived at Prague in a very retired manner ; for, though he was on the most intimate footing with the first families of the place, he was accustomed to make claims upon his associates such as very few were in a condition to satisfy. Real German honour and firmness were indeed with him the first and indispensable requisites : but he demanded also a certain polish and scientific culture, decision, energy, and, if possible, also wit and soul. I had no pretensions in myself to be made one of the select few whom he honoured with his society ; but I had travelled about much in Germany, had been in Paris, and studied Napoleon ; and these accidental accomplishments were sufficient to procure me admission into the envied circle. He received me evidently with purposed friendliness ; but, notwithstanding this, there was something abrupt and altogether unceremonious in our first meeting. It was indeed easily to be read in his whole bearing that he was an enemy to all sorts of roundabout. He was without pride or pretence of any kind—simple, plain and natural. In discourse he was uncommonly vivacious. We differed on many points : but every doubt on my part only served as a new spur to his zeal, and he did not shun to enter into the most extensive details, in order to correct any errors into which he thought I had fallen. When he discoursed on Prussian affairs, and began to criticise the conduct of the various public men who had distinguished themselves by wisdom or folly on the late trying occasions, there was something both in his matter and manner that on the opposition side of a British parliament must have produced a wonderful effect. When his zeal was at full gallop a sort of tremulous movement seemed to seize voice and gesture ; he would shut his eyes, and scarcely be able to bring out his words articulately. But immediately he recovered himself ; and with the calm self-possession of triumphant intellect, he scanned the listener, reading with keen and commanding eye every secret objection in his face, and then storming upon him with new hard and irresistible onset of truth ! To enter into conversation with him was certain battle ; a continual danger by some sudden turn to be drawn into violent altercation, because it was his pleasure to turn every one present in imagination into an antagonist ; and this without any hostile feeling, without personal intention or any permanent impression on his own mind. This gave to the intercourse with Stein a peculiar charm : and the irritation which it produced was of a kind that sensible men sought rather than avoided. Even persons in the most elevated social position, (towards whom Stein only tempered his usual manner by a slight admixture of humour), were captivated by his blunt and straightforward character. So afterwards the Emperor Alexander.”

The energetic, boldly practical character of this great statesman (if not a *statesman* generally, at least one, and of the best, for those stirring times,) is also well caught from the account of his favourite characters and authors given in the following passage :—

“SCHARNHORST and GNEISENAU were the men of his heart. After them he expressed the highest esteem for NIEBUHR, no less as a practical statesman than as a profound scholar : his history of Rome he admired both for its learning and its ingenuity ; but he had one objection, that with these high qualities Niebuhr *did not write German* ; but that through his native language, English always peeped, he having spoiled his style by too exclusive an enthusiasm for English literature in his early years. Of German learned men generally he had no very high opinion : but he perused and recommended HEEREN as thorough (*gründlich*) and practical, and spoke also in the highest terms of Fichte, on account of his *Reden an die Deutsche Nation* (Discourses to the German People.) For the philosophers, however, generally, he had small toleration, and pronounced the most celebrated of the then heads of schools in plain German—Mad. Schleiermacher's philosophical religion also was beyond his reach (*war ihm zu geistreich*.) and in respect of orthodoxy more than suspicious.”

No wonder that with these sympathies Stein assigned the first place in the political eloquence of the time to the celebrated Arndt :—

“When the great preparations for the Russian war, in 1812, were going on, Stein remained in a state of the most violent excitement. Anything like calm consideration with him was now out of the question. He had got hold of the proof sheets of Arndt's ‘Spirit of the Age.’ I called on him one morning, and straightway he began to read out to me long passages with increasing enthusiasm, but he seldom made out a page continuously, so vehemently was he pressed by the necessity to express his own feelings. ‘Since Burke,’ cried he, ‘nothing of such true political eloquence has appeared, nothing of such urgent truth. He recommended this style to my imitation.’ ‘On this road,’ said he, ‘you may expect to write something to the purpose, the truth of facts, not metaphysical phrases ! Do you understand me, Herr Metaphysicus ?’”

These passages are dated 1811-12. In May of this latter year Stein received an invitation from the Emperor Alexander to make his head-quarters St. Petersburg ; and looking on himself as always a stranger where Napoleon was, and always at home where his enemies were, he did not long hesitate. “Think not my conduct strange,” said he to a friend, “that, like a young man, at my time of life I expatriate myself, and enter upon a new and unknown career. *The war*

who has lost his fatherland is necessarily an adventurer. There is no choice: I must seek freedom and fatherland at the end of the world." Varnhagen thinks it was shortsighted in Napoleon to allow Stein (*"le nommé Stein of 1808,"*) thus to slip through his fingers; and there is no question that such a man could not live in the capital of the Czar without exercising a most important influence on the mind of Alexander, and through him affecting the whole character of the war. It is well known that in the spring of 1813, Kutusoff and a strong party with him, having driven the French across the Vistula, were unwilling to change a defensive patriotic war into a war of aggression against France. Had this narrow policy prevailed, Napoleon certainly never could have been beaten by the Prussians alone, or even by the Prussians and Austrians combined. Among those whose burning hate against Napoleon contributed to the adoption of that more liberal policy, which found a glorious issue in the battle of Leipzig, Stein deserves to be named the first.

Our limits forbid us to accompany Von Ense through the German-Danish campaign of 1813, and the French campaign of 1814; in both of which he served under the famous Cossack captain, Colonel Tettenborn. His notes on this part of his career are a valuable addition to the history of the time. We cannot say, however, that we are much pleased with his portrait of Tettenborn. We cannot believe that he has shown us the whole man. The picture is as neat, pretty and smooth as one of Felix Neff's Cathedrals. It is impossible to paint a Tettenborn or a Blücher to any purpose in the cabinet or fancy style which Varnhagen affects.\*

We have already expressed our general dissatisfaction with the account of the Congress of Vienna, given in the first volume of the new series of these memoirs. It is altogether uninspired by those bold and familiar glances into character that pierce through the specious proprieties of high life, and behind the stage-dress of the court and the cabinet teach us to measure and value the man. True enough it is, indeed, that diplomatists, like comedians, lawyers, and other actors of all kinds, behind the public mask, have often no private character to show; but this occurs only with the narrower class of minds. At Vienna, in 1814-15, there were subjects

enough for the bold brush of a Rubens—had Varnhagen not been a paper-curler.

Should the volumes that follow of this work possess any peculiar interest, we shall not fail to acquaint our readers. For ourselves we expect but little. The nearer he approaches the present, the more will Von Ense's courtly soul be anxious to finger and carve down the great broad truths of nature into a mere cabinet catalogue of diplomatic decencies. We expect more from the memoirs of Arndt and Steffens which have just been published. Arndt at least is a man of muscle: and when he speaks at all will speak out—if he can. Whether he can or cannot in any particular case depends upon the censorship.

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ART. II.—*Piesni Ukrainskie, wydane przez P. Maxymowicza, w Moskwie, 1834.*  
(Songs of Ukraine, published by Maxymowicz, at Moscow, 1834.)

DURING that period of the middle ages when the west and the south of Europe were studded with Gothic castles, and when Rhodes and Malta were the asylum of the military religious orders—the scanty wrecks of the great armies that had marched into Palestine—it was not so much as surmised that, behind the rampart which Poland opposed to the barbarians of the East, there existed a powerful confederacy of warlike men, who, occupied incessantly in the pursuit of arms, lived only by war and for war. By a strange fatality, these men, though they struggled in a sacred cause—in the defence of their religion, nationality, and homes—gained ultimately, however, only a name of opprobrium, that of Cossacks, equivalent, in the opinion of civilized nations, to that of robbers and savages. Notwithstanding their name of reproach, the history of these men occupies an important place in the annals of south-eastern Europe. The military system of the East, like a mighty tree, soon overspread with its branches the Dnieper, the Don, the Black Sea, the Sea of Azoff, the Volga, the Yaik, the Caucasus, and the Ural. Numerous and wide-spreading as were these branches, they must nevertheless be viewed only as forming a perfect whole, springing from the same stem, and animated by one and the same principle of vitality.

Few subjects of historical investigation have had the ill luck to be worse comprehended than the Cossacks; and yet they have been written of, and commented upon, by authors of all the nations of Europe. The

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\* Von Ense has written a life of Blücher. The present writer has not seen it. It is certain, however, that such a work, to be written well, should be written by Arndt, or a man of that calibre.

cause of this seeming anomaly will be found on the one part in the ignorance of the Sclavonic language which prevails universally amongst these authors, and on the other, in the multifarious incorrect reports circulated by travellers, the great majority of whom seem to have adopted as their rallying word, "whatever differs from our own customs, is bad." Add to these, the national jealousy with which the Cossacks have ever been regarded by their neighbours. Who those Cossacks were, who, after having entirely lost their independence and their freedom, have yet bequeathed to posterity the indestructible marks of nationality, their original customs and manners, and their poetry, is a question therefore that yet remains to be solved. Our present purpose being to say somewhat on the latter subject, we cannot do so satisfactorily to our readers without first endeavouring to give a sketch of the early history of this remarkable race. We shall, however, refrain from entering upon etymological and other learned disquisitions as to the original signification of the name "Cossack," and proceed at once to relate some facts connected with their history, taking as our guides, two able writers, a Russian and a Pole, whom we rejoice to find meeting, on this ground at least, in the character of friends.\*

The vast steppe extending between the Lower Don and the Lower Dnieper had been from the remotest antiquity traversed by many a nomadic people. The tracts where the Scythian once wandered, were successively occupied by the Samaritan, the Ostrogoth, the Polovtzy; there the Tatar and the Cossack subsequently tended his flock, or sallied forth from thence on his plundering expeditions. So late even as the sixteenth century, travelling was as unsafe in those regions as it is our days in the country of the Bedouins. During the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, whilst the duchies of Southern Russia were in a flourishing condition, her boundaries on the left bank of the Dnieper did not extend beyond the river Sula; and the city of Kaniow formed her bulwark against the Chosars, the Pietchingues, the Polovtzy, the occupants of the above-named steppe, who were incessantly fighting either for or against Russia, or amongst themselves.

Let the reader constantly bear in mind the internal condition of Southern Russia, the only country at that period permanently in-

habited, which was situated in the immediate vicinity of the roaming savages of the steppe. The various small duchies of Russia were studded with *grod*,—small boroughs protected by walls,—in which were the locations of the dukes themselves or their lieutenants. In the midst of these *grod*, small villages lay thinly scattered, which bore the name of *grodek*, and in these the bulk of the people lived, or rather sheltered themselves on the approach of a foreign enemy or one of the native dukes carrying on war against another. The want of such places of refuge was daily felt more and more. The villager on his return home from the *grod*, usually found only a heap of ruins where he had left his hut; he built another, and was again compelled to desert it for the *grod*. Consequently, no where except in the *grod*, did there exist security for life, peace, for the fruits of labour, or for any kind of liberty. The chief of these *grod* were Kiow, Czernichow, Pereaslaw, Belgrad, &c.

To fill up the measure of distress came the great invasion of the Tatars. That which had formerly been of one or two years' duration, now lasted for a century. For more than that period the sword of the Asiatic robbers was suspended over the necks of the wretched people who could not look forward with hope even for a single day. No respite was granted them, no peace long enough to allow of their leaving the *grod*, and building huts which they might inhabit at least for a year whilst they should gather in some of the fruits of the earth. We can give no better picture of these scenes of devastation and woe, "made visible by the palpable darkness," than that drawn by Gnorowski in the work to which we have already alluded.

"Amidst tombs, which, rising like mountains, marked the bloody passage of the multitudinous nations, whose names, as Chateaubriand says, are known only to God; amidst walls raised by unknown hands, and cemeteries whitening with the bones of Varangian Russians, of the Polovtzy, Hungarians, Lithuanians, and Poles, the Tatar still discerned the several tracks along which he carried desolation from his maritime steppes to the flourishing abodes. One of these tracks led from Oczakoff through Podolia; another followed the right bank of the Dnieper, and passed through the plains of the Ukraina to Volhynia; a third proceeded from Valachia into Galicia and all met at Lemberg. Flights of rapacious birds arriving from the south, announced the approaching scourge, and the true omen was quickly confirmed by the glowing sky that reddened in the glare of burning villages. The barbarian hordes in their sudden attacks, overpowered the inhabitants and seized the fruits of their toil before the warlike proprietors of the adjacent castles could descend to their defence. Prompt

\* Polewsky's History of the Russian Empire; Gnorowski's Insurrection of Poland in 1830—31. We should also advise our readers to peruse the Article on Sclavonian Antiquities in the last number of this Review.

in aggression, prompter still in flight, they dragged into infamous captivity the youth of both sexes, driving off the herds, and leaving behind them only heaps of ashes and the corpses of the aged. Notwithstanding this immense havoc, the population still renewed itself upon that beautiful soil, 'cut up,' as says a Sclavonian poet, 'by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones, where sorrow grew abundantly,'—and that population, like the soil, never ceased to be Sclavonian.

In the breasts of men thus circumstanced the desire naturally arises rather to go forth and meet sword in hand the threatening danger, than to await its coming in inactive terror. Such was the case in Southern Russia, where during the oppression of the Tatars, two classes of men, or rather two kinds of existence arose, the one,—if the expression may be allowed,—*grod-like*; the other, *co-sack-like*. In the north of Russia, where the independence of the various states, though greatly shaken, was not yet destroyed, the *grod-like* frame remained as before. But in the south, where the dukes, their lieutenants (boyars), and companions, had been nearly exterminated by the sword; where the power of the Church had been annihilated, and the Tatars had a fixed abode; where the *grod* were either reduced to ashes, or, despoiled of walls, stood defenceless with their terror-stricken population in the midst of wild deserts;—there the *co-sack-like* existence manifested itself in its utmost extent.

This mode of existence, therefore, signified in fact the condition of a wanderer bereft of his home, and separated from his penates. It was the very reverse of the *grod-like* existence; and its origin may be dated from the middle of the thirteenth century.

But where could these fugitives seek refuge from the bondage of the Tatars? With the exception of the district on the right bank of the Dnieper, the whole of the vast steppe between that river and the Don was overrun by the latter. The city of Kaniow, the former bulwark of Russia, had now become the advanced post of the Tatars, and this constantly recurring destination of Kaniow suggested a beautiful line to a Polish poet—

"To limits wild her hardy breast was guard."\*

A century later, Olgerd, Grand Duke of Lithuania, drove the Tatars from the bank of the Dnieper. In consequence of his conquest, only two corners of land at the southern extremity beyond the Don, by the Sea of Azoff, and beyond the *porogues* or islands of the Dnieper towards the Black Sea, remained

as places of refuge for the fugitives; these two corners were, in fact, the cradle of the Cossacks; those of the Don, and those of the Ukraine or Zaporogues (the dwellers beyond the Islands).

The fugitives, however, from the Russian duchies, which were subjugated by the Tatars, whilst seeking a shelter in these sequestered places, found them already occupied. These original settlers were partly the wrecks of nomadic tribes driven from the steppe by the Asiatic invaders, and partly fugitives from the Caucasus, whither also the Tatars had penetrated. Their numbers had subsequently been increased by individuals who had escaped from captivity amongst the Tatars and Lithuanians. In reference to this subject we again quote Gnorowski's words:

"About sixty miles below Kiow, the Dnieper forms a variety of isles, upwards of seventy in number. The banks of the river, here fringed with wood, there steep and marshy—the deep caverns in the rocky islands, concealed by spreading trees or tangled thorn-bushes, offered a favorable place of refuge, whilst the open country lay exposed to the barbarians. At the epoch of the first general invasion of the Tatars, and again during the Lithuanian war, many persons found shelter there, and their number was subsequently increased by the arrival of adventurers, guided by necessity or pleasure; by deserters from the Lithuanian, Polish, Hungarian and Valachian ranks; by fugitives from Tatar bondage, or by the poor escaping from the oppression of the rich; sometimes also by criminals flying from merited punishment. The motley community was at first held together by a rule enforcing celibacy, fishing and hard labour. Gradually they ventured upon secret excursions to the neighbouring countries, which by degrees they extended into daring expeditions down the Dnieper, and along the Black Sea as far as the very walls of Constantinople. In more peaceable times they condescended to inhabit the plains, there to cultivate the soil, and enjoy domestic comfort in the bosom of their families."

This *colluvies gentium* consolidated into one body, although, owing to local causes, the two races predominated respectively more or less in certain districts. Thus, amongst the fugitives of the Don, the Asiatic element prevailed; amongst those of the Dnieper, more of the Sclavonian blood was infused. Thence originated a difference in language, character, and customs; both, however, generally adopted the Russian language, and the creed of the Eastern Church. The cause of this is obvious. The Russian fugitives born in the grand duchy of Kiow were superior in intellectual acquirements to their companions of other origin, and the Christian faith was with them a pledge of enmity to—

\* "The Castle of Kaniow," a poem by Goszczynski, has been reviewed in a former number of this Journal.

wards their Mussulman oppressors. A higher degree of civilisation and a more ardent faith ultimately prevailed. They all assumed the name of Cossacks, which meant, and does so still in the East, an *independent warrior*.

The primitive condition common to them all at the time of their first settling, has been thus sketched by the pen of an anonymous author, himself born on the banks of the Don:

"From the mouth of the Aksaya up to the government of Voronez, in the depth of forests, in the midst of inaccessible marshes, were scattered small fortified spots, the only colonies of the Cossacks, called *grodzisko*. In these, composed of a few huts built of clay, the Cossacks led quite a life of passage, being only mindful to provide shelter of some kind or other from bad weather. 'Let the flame of invasion,' said they, 'consume our huts; in a week we shall plant new hedges: fill them up with earth, cover their tops with reeds, and a *grodzisko* shall arise. Sooner will the foe be wearied with the destruction of our wretched abodes than we with their erection.'

The necessity for flight in order to preserve life was the source of Cossackism. The wished-for security once obtained, a desire for vengeance on the foe arose together with a consciousness of absolute independence. Independence, booty, increase of power, and a permanent settlement, taught the former fugitives to value the charms of Cossack existence. The wretched slave, who once trembled before the whip or the sword of the Tatar, insulted and degraded, now a warrior, a sword in his hand, and mounted on a swift charger, free as the wind of the steppe, famed in song, and on an equality with his companions, cherished with his whole heart his Cossack-like condition. A beautiful captive became his wife, the richest stuffs his attire, and the foe's best weapons his arms. Generations grew up amid the clashing of swords and the roar of battle. Singing the song of his native wilds, the Cossack was wont to leave his home on a cruise to Azoff, Trapezond, Synope, Constantinople, &c., to *get himself a new coat*; dying on the field of battle he kissed the handful of that native soil which he had borne on his breast, and sent a *parting report* to his wife, and his benediction to his children and chosen companions; or returning victorious, he distributed his trophies, feasted, and took no care for the morrow. His child was accustomed to play with the sword, and his wife fought with him against the invaders of the *grodzisko*.

"Thou writest to us," so replied the Ataman (supreme chief) of the Cossacks to the Chan Girey of Crimea, "thou writest to us, Chan  
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Girey, that if what we have seized beyond Perecop and elsewhere, we do not give back, thou wilt march at once with thy people, and invade our thirty-two *grodzisko*, and will grant us no peace either in the spring or the summer, or the autumn or the winter; but that thou wilt come thyself with a multitude of thy men in the winter upon the ice, to destroy our *grodzisko*: well, we acquaint thee that our unprofitable *grodziskos* are hemmed round by hedges, are bristly with thorns, and must be purchased at the price of heads; besides our stock of horses and cattle is scanty. It were pity therefore for thee to trouble thyself so far!"

Such was the existence and such the spirit of the Cossacks. As has been already observed, they may be considered as forming two principal bodies; the Cossacks of the Don and those of the Dnieper. From the first were derived various branches of eastern Cossacks; from the second sprang the people of Little Russia or the Ukraine. The former were a mixed race of Russians, Tatars, Circassians, and Kalmyks; the latter were composed of Russians, Polovtzy, Turks, Moldavians, Poles, and Lithuanians. The difference of these compounding elements created corresponding variations in the character, language, and general civilisation of each respective body. The Zaporogue Cossacks were the nucleus of the Cossacks of the Ukraine. Their Sicza, or chief commandery, transferred for a time to the banks of the Dnieper, was first established in the island of Hortyca, and from this nest the *grodziskos* were gradually multiplied along that river. Their permanent settlement induced the abandonment of celibacy, and the female captives became the wives of the Cossacks. Still no married Cossack was allowed to settle in the sicza unless he left his wife behind him in the *grodzisko*. From this circumstance originated the division of the Cossacks into married and unmarried; the former being called Cossacks of Ukraine, the latter Zaporogues. The Cossacks of Ukraine gradually extended northwards, making settlements in devastated places, or in such as had never before been inhabited, and in progress of time multiplied into a numerous people, known at the present day as the inhabitants of Little Russia. The Zaporogues never abandoned their primitive seat, and as they were originally the nucleus, so they have hitherto remained the prototypes of the Cossacks of the Dnieper.

The Swiss historian Müller thus speaks of the Zaporogues about the middle of the last century.

"The Sicza was a heap of houses and huts, surrounded by a wall of earth. There everything was in common. When a new year came,



the ataman of the Zaporogues used to put to them these questions: 'My brave fellows, you must cast lots as to where each division is to fish. Perhaps you may like to choose a new ataman?' 'No,' replied they, 'thou art good; command one more year, and let us cast lots.' But if a different answer was given, the ataman took off his cap, placed it upon the ataman's staff, and bowed to the people, saying, 'Now I am your brother, a private Cossack.' The people then met, feasted, elected a new ataman, led him into their assembly, and after the interrogation whether he accepted the office, they handed to him the staff, put earth on their heads, and saluted him their chief. A Cossack who should murder another was put alive into a grave; a coffin, with the corpse, was put upon him, and the grave was then filled up with earth."

Savage grandeur of mind was a prominent feature in their character, associated with an absolute contempt for riches, produced no doubt by the precariousness of their existence, which they were daily liable to be called upon to risk for their freedom. The following is an instance of their wild humour, an accompaniment, it is said, of true genius. The people of Ukraine can still remember the time when the Cossack, wishing to enjoy a frolic at a fair, would hire singers, go round with them to every shop, entertaining whomsoever he met, and scattering money amongst the crowd in order to cause a scuffle. Then to complete the jest, he would seat himself in his rich crimson dress upon a sack of tar, to show his contempt for riches, and finally put on his old sheep-skin and return gaily home.

Both the Zaporogues and the Little Russians became the subjects of Poland in the beginning of the fourteenth century. For upwards of two hundred years they formed the bulwark of that country and of Christendom against the Muscovite, the Tatar, and the Turk. During the two succeeding centuries they struggled to regain their independence, but failed in all their efforts. Their revolt, which occupies one of the most sanguinary chapters in the annals of Poland, was excited by three domestic pests, the Jesuits, the Jews, and the stewards of the great land proprietors, who were always absentees. Menaced in their religion by the first, injured in their mercantile pursuits by the second, and oppressed by the third without being able to obtain any justice by their appeals to higher authority, they rose in despair, and massacred the three orders of their tyrants. Emboldened by this first success, and by the encouragement they received from Muscovy, Tatar and Turkey, they now demanded that the privileges of the Polish nobility, namely, that of taking part in the election of the kings, and of having seats in the senate,

should be individually bestowed upon them all.

The proud Polish nobles, who had refused to admit into their order the Dukes of Prussia and of Courland, as well as the Hospodars of Moldavia and Valachia, drew their swords in answer to the exorbitant pretensions of the Cossacks. The flames of war raged for more than a hundred years, and it was not until both parties were exhausted that they became reconciled to each other, only to be involved in one common misfortune by the partition of Poland. It is impossible to sketch here the history of the Ukraine, so interesting in every point of view; but our readers may easily conceive that an infinite variety of characters and richness of colour must be its distinguishing features. Let them but recollect the concluding chapters of the history of ancient Russia, and think of the savage warriors of Gengiskan pitching their tents under the walls of the majestic temples of Kiow, while the desponding fugitives gathered on the islands of the Dnieper, amidst marshes covered with impenetrable thickets, and surrounded by caverns and glassy lakes. Again, let them call to mind their bold navigation, daring even to madness; their adventurous expeditions both on land and water, guided only by the flight of birds, the current of winds, and the aspect of the stars; let them figure to themselves the appearance on the banks of the Dnieper of the Lithuanian Dukes Olgerd and Vitold, in caps of wolf-skin, and clothed in the fur of bears, armed with bundles of arrows and monster guns; and then let them contemplate the growing connection of the Cossacks with Lithuania and Poland, and their subsequent civilisation; their settlements on both banks of the Dnieper, the appearance of their new enemies the Tatars of the Crimea, the separation of the Zaporogues and their cruel supremacy over the Ukraine, their long series of famous chiefs from Ostafieff Daszkowicz down to the great Chmielucki and the mysterious old Mazepa; the singular education of the clergy of Kiow under Polish influence; the something at once chivalrous and pedantic in the aristocracy of Little Russia; the savage Lithuano-Asiatic tinge in the character of the people, this motley compound of Asia and Europe, of nomadic and settled life, of servility and independence, of weakness and energy; and finally the contemporaneous political intercourse of Poland with Muscovy, Turkey and the Crimea. From such elements arise the colouring and composition of this most singular of historical groups.

The five centuries, during which this drama was acted, passed rapidly away, but

not so the remarkable people who to this day still retain their original nationality. M. Polewoy has beautifully painted the peculiar physiognomy of the Ukraine and her inhabitants.

"Under a pure and serene sky," says he, "are spread out the boundless steppes of Ukraina, of which it was long ago said, 'In this Ukraina the sky is extraordinarily tranquil, and bad weather is never seen nor heard of there.' One who has been accustomed to see the gloomy forests, the dark sky, the sands and marshes of the north, cannot picture to himself the boundless fields waving with corn, the vallies strewn with the fresh down of blooming vegetation, the meadows where luxuriant grass conceals from the eye the waters of the river and the stream. Even the habitations of the people in Great Russia will fail to convey an idea of the cottages in Ukraina, which are built of curved trees covered with white-washed clay, and have for floors the earth itself well beaten down, instead of a wooden pavement. The dirty peasant of Great Russia with his long tangled hair reminds you of the Tatar rule, and the villager of the north shows his pure Sclavonian blood in his clear blue eyes and light brown hair, a true son of the snow, friendly, kind, and hospitable; and how much do both these differ from those plastic countenances (figures de bas relief) which you meet in Little Russia. In the thoughtful and serious countenance of the man, in his tall frame, his half-shaven head, long moustaches, in his secretly working soul, his gloomy look, abrupt speech, you will discover the ancient Russian mixed with the savage Asiatic. His dress at the same time bears marks of the Lithuanian and Polish rule of four centuries' duration. The Ukrainian is slow, taciturn, difficult of speech, does not bow himself as does the native of Great Russia, does not promise much, but is shrewd and intelligent, and respects the word both given and received. Whilst the one lives entirely in the present, the other lives all in the past. Would you gain the friendship of the Ukrainian, be not pressing, for he is suspicious; but rather take part in his Cossack-like existence, for he is proud of the events of past times. Remind him of these, let him see that you admire his ancestors, and his countenance will brighten, his vivacity will be called forth, his heart will beat stronger; then you may converse with him enough. You will be admitted into the sanctuary of his joys and sorrows, you will at length hear his song of the steppe, and be astonished at the cheerfulness of his disposition."

These songs still resound on both banks of the Dnieper, though ages must have rolled away before any heed was given to them. They were distasteful to the Poles, for these songs were wet with their blood, and the Russians have only of late begun to take interest in letters. It was not till after the passions which had so long divided the Ukrainians and the Poles had been quenched in the blood of several generations, that the latter

turned with sympathy to their former subjects, and to this sympathy, the offspring of their common misfortune, the people of Ukraina will be indebted for the preservation of their history and literature, the two strongholds of their crushed nationality. Lach Szyrma was the first Pole who drew the attention of the public to these subjects, by printing two songs of the Ukraine, in a periodical edited at Vilno in 1824. The Russian Prince Certelev followed his example, and collected and published several others. Some time afterwards a large collection of Polish and Russian popular songs was printed at Lemberg, with their respective melodies, arranged by the celebrated composer Lipinski. A still richer contribution was expected from Chodakowski, a Pole who devoted his life and fortune to the subject. His premature death cut short these hopes, but the songs collected by him fortunately fell into the hands of M. Maxymowicz, who, assisted by some Russians, at length effected the publication of nearly three thousand songs of the Ukraine, at Moscow, in 1834. These songs, some of which might more properly be called epic poems, if skilfully arranged in proper order, joined to an ancient poem on the expedition of Igor, a Russian Duke, the work of an unknown author, might fairly take place by the side of the Niebelungen, if not indeed by that of the Ilias itself.

We do not enter upon our task of delivering a critical opinion of these songs, without feeling, in some degree, perplexed; since certainly none of the rules laid down by Aristotle can be applied to them, and yet it is no less certain that they must be admitted within the domain of poetry. In this dilemma, without pausing to discover where lies the fallacy, we will merely ask, what, in fact, is poetry? Volumes have been written on this subject, but they have not, in our humble opinion, given any satisfactory answer to the question. It has been affirmed, and even poets of great merit have held the opinion, that expression and rhythm constitute the essence of poetry; whilst others have shown that it may exist without either measure or rhyme. Byron has pronounced that every poet must be his own Aristotle, and thus it appears that no advance has yet been made towards the solution of the problem. It would seem that poets are still liable to the charge brought against them by Socrates, of being unconscious of what they utter. We are then reduced to say merely, that poetry is not prose. And what then is prose? Prose is altogether of the earth, transient, mortal: poetry, on the other hand, is everything that is of heaven, perennial, immortal, that which

enables us even here, in this planet of our exile, the sport of time and space, to live yet in eternity. The dynamical, not mechanical, imagining of this perennial, is a poetic composition. If we should be required further to demonstrate the utility of poetry, we would say that she follows in the footsteps of religion, her divine prototype, and carries peace into the hearts of men. In this opinion we are supported by the authority of "the master" Goethe, the poet of our age, whom Socrates would not have included in the general censure just alluded to.

"True poetry," says Goethe, "manifests itself in that like a secular gospel, by its internal serenity, by its external ease, it is able to deliver us from the earthly burthens which press upon us. Like an air balloon it raises us with the ballast which clings to us, into higher regions, and makes the most intricate mazes of earth lie unravelled before us in a bird's eye view. The most cheerful, as well as the most serious works, have a similar aim, that of moderating, by a happy and ingenious representation, both pleasure and grief."<sup>\*</sup>

We therefore believe the elements of poetry to be dynamics, feeling, and thought; which, by combination, produce only two kinds of poetry: the one compounded of dynamics and feeling; the other, of dynamics, feeling, and thought. The first, liable to the reproach of Socrates, is a secondary order of poetry; the second is perfect, and may be likened to a plant that brings forth not only leaves and blossoms, but also fruit. Byron, no doubt, meant the former, when he affirmed that feeling makes a poet; it is poetry, but, as we have already said, poetry of an inferior kind, and is to be found in all nations during the second period of their existence, that of their youth. Goethe well defined this state of man in his tragedy of Iphigenia, when he made her say: "I do not think, I feel." It is hardly necessary to observe, that we here use the word *feeling*, to express that un-reflective, self-unconscious thought, which, in special reference to poetry, may be called inspiration, the seeing of visions. Amongst all nations this second stage in their existence is usually a period redundant in symbols—a period of religious, poetic and moral myths. Man then holds direct converse with nature; he is embosomed in her—initiated into her secrets; all objects reveal to him their mysterious virtues; and from them all he extracts "emotions sweet, beautiful, and true." It is then that the cuckoo bewails the death of the Ukrainian in the ab-

sence of his mother and sister, or forewarns him of approaching danger. The "brother eagle" receives his last breath, and carries his parting report to his family. Ravens, hawks, magpies, larks, and even the winds, all join in chorus to mourn over a fallen warrior. The sun does not refuse to send down rays, nor the air, quickening dew on his tomb, that it may not blacken, nor wither, but that the grass may grow ever green around it. The milk which mingled in the sweet blood on the cheek of the innocent maiden, is curdled by a witch, when she becomes guilty, and the blood is sucked by a vampire. The forsaken one ploughs the field with her thoughts, and waters it with regrets. Bright Hohliks (a kind of angelic beings) encircled with rosy light, and sailing on a white cloud, bring down comfort in an hour of misfortune!

The variety, however, of such images being limited to palpable objects, cannot, of necessity, be very great, and a poetry of this kind can only reach a certain point, beyond which does not commence a perfect harmony of the spheres, but only a monotony. Such is the case with the poetry of Ossian, and such also with that of the people of Ukraine.

The songs published by M. Maxymowicz may be divided into the *Duma*, and the songs proper.

"The *Duma*," says he, "are poems usually sung by the *Badura*. They differ from the songs by their narrative or epic character, and in their rhythmical construction, consisting of an indefinite number of syllables. It often happens, however, that, owing to the lyric turn of the people, a *Duma* assumes the character of a song, as well as its rhythm and measure. The verse of the *Duma* is usually rhymed, its subject historical."

To complete this definition it must be added, that the *Badura* are, or rather, were, (for they are now becoming scarce,) professional singers in Ukraine; a kind of bards or minstrels, or rather, of rhapsodists, for everything there points to a beautiful Greece. Some of the *Duma* are, in fact, fragments of a regular epic, whilst others are mere rhymed chronicles, similar to those found amongst all nations, as their first essays at recording the events of their early history. As a specimen of the former, we select a *Duma* relative to a victory gained by the Cossacks over the Poles at Czechryn. It opens with serious and pious reflections.

"Oh! in our famed Ukraina there has been many a terrible moment, many a season of unhappiness; there have been plagues and broils of war; there were none to help the Ukrainians; none sent up prayers for them to God; the holy God alone, he did not forget us; he assist-

\* Autobiography of Goethe.—*Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Fiction and truth).

ed us to arrest the mighty armies, to drive back the enemy. The fierce tempests have passed away; they have sunk into stillness; none have been able to conquer us!—Not for one day, nor for two, did the Lachy (the Poles) plunder Ukraina. They did not grant a moment's respite; day and night their homes stood bridled; they trod the paths to our Hetman Nalevayko; and what does the brave Hetman meditate and design? What is the fate he prepares for his companions? Only the holy God knows—the holy God who assists him with his might.”

The Duma thus alludes to the approach of the Poles:

“From beyond the mountain a cloud rises—it rises, it comes forth—it thunders towards Czechryn; it sends forth its lightning over Ukraina; it is the Poles, who have thrice crossed three rivers.”

The Polish army takes position, and the trumpets sound; the Duma thus proceeds:

“Those are not clouds thundering with sacred thunder in the heavens; those are not saints being led into the presence of God. They are the Lachy, beating their drums and sounding their pipes and trumpets.”

The Polish army is then assembled to hear the harangue of the Hetman; after which it crosses a river, makes an encampment, and places guns on the ramparts. In front of the guns are erected three crosses, upon two of which hang two Cossacks; the third seems to await some other Cossack, for the Duma says:

“It awaits, it looks for whomsoever the gun shall not reach, whom the bullets shall not strike—he shall find the cross of ash-tree.”

The Cossacks, on their part, also display their banners in sight of the Poles; on the banners are inscribed these words:

“To faithful Christians, peace; to the Lachy, foes, the infernal banquet. For him who erects the cross, the cross awaits.”

Having given a panoramic view of the battle, the Duma relates, in rapid succession, the subsequent events:

“Then our hosts marched on four tracks; they marched on four tracks, and on the fifth field. [This expression is very frequently repeated in the Duma.] They vanquished the Lachy on all sides; they vanquished them on all the cross ways. The Lachy begged for mercy, and did not obtain it—the Cossacks do not give quarter—the Lachy do not forego an invasion.”

The Duma concludes, as it began, by grave religious remarks, overcast with gloom, as though prophetic of the misfortunes which

even victory was destined to bring down upon Ukraine.

“And our people too shall be unhappy, as the cuckoo has sung. She sang what she heard amongst the saints. What she has sung will surely happen. May God protect us! He knows the issue, as he knows what our Hetman meditates, what he designs—our Hetman, whom he will assist with his might. It is not for us to know it. It is our part to pray to God to be resigned in his presence.”

The following Duma has neither the simplicity of popular poetry, nor is it flowing like a song, nor yet continuous as a tale: it is dithyrambic, Byron-like—reminding us in some respects of the poetry in his *Giaour*. Three troops of Cossacks go forth on their way. The chiefs of the two first are filled with gloomy thoughts and ill-boding presentiments. The third chief, who according to tradition was a drunkard, and was buried by his companions in a brandy cask, sings a drinking song. These images, two dark and one bright, follow each other in the Duma without any apparent connection. Some of our modern poets, lovers of sanguinary and gloomy pictures, might envy the standard-bearer Samko his dark train of thought.

“On! the Cossacks marched on four tracks—on four tracks and on a fifth field. But one track Samko followed. And the standard-bearer was accompanied by nearly three thousand men; all brave Zaporogues. They wheel their chargers; they brandish their swords—they beat their drums, pray to God, and sign themselves with the cross. But Samko? He wheels not his charger, he checks his steed, he reins him up with the bridle. He meditates; he thinks. May hell confound his meditations. Samko meditates; he thinks; he utters these words—‘What and if the Lachy burn our Cossacks as though they were in hell? And if they make them a banquet of our Cossack bones? What if our Cossack heads be scattered on the steppe and washed too with our native blood, and strewed over with our broken swords. It shall perish like dust, this Cossack fame of ours which thief-like has overrun the world, which stretched like the steppe and spread over the world with a sound like the roaring of the wind—it echoed through Turkey and through Tatar, and here it has caught the edge of the Lachy foes.

“The raven will croak, flying over the steppe; the cuckoo will mourn in the grove; grey hawks will moan, swift eagles will droop, and all this for their brethren, for the dauntless Cossack companions! What! did the whirlwind bury them in sand? or did they sink into hell, those dark men? They are no more seen; they are neither on the steppe, nor on the Tatar plains, nor on the Turkish mountains, nor upon the black hills, nor on the fields of Lachy. The raven will mourn, will scream, will croak, and fly over the stranger's land. And then lo! bones lie strewn about, swords are flashing—

bones crack, broken swords clash, and the black magpie looks grim and stalks over the plain. And the heads of the Cossacks? They are as though the boot-maker Semen had lost one of his twisted skins. And their long tresses? As though the devil had made wisps of straw—and all are grown stiff with clotted blood. Lo! verily they have earned fame enough."

The Duma, strictly speaking, is an heroic elegy, consecrated to the memory of some distinguished chief. The following, remarkable for simplicity and pathos, commemorates the death of the Hetman Swiergowski:

"When the Hetman John Swiergowski  
To the Turks became a prey;  
There they slew the gallant chieftain,  
They cut off his head that day.  
Their trumpets they blew, and his head on a spear  
They set, and they mocked him with jest and with jeer.

Yonder see a cloud descending,  
Ravens gathering on the plain,  
Gloom above Ukraina spreading;  
She mourns and weeps her Hetman slain;  
Then fierce o'er the wide plain the mighty winds blew,  
'Oh answer, what did ye with our Hetman do?'

Then black eagles soared past, screaming,  
'Where did ye make our Hetman's grave?'  
And larks rose up, to heaven streaming,  
'Where did ye leave our Hetman brave?'  
'Where by Kilia's fair city the tomb stands high,  
On the Turkish line doth your Hetman lie.'"

Another Duma of this kind terminates by two truly poetic lines. They are supposed to be the words uttered by the Cossack Morozenko, as he is on the point of being quartered by the Turks or the Tatars, after having been flayed alive, or, as it is expressed in the Duma, "despoiled of his red shirt." The dying captive desires to look toward his native land, and exclaims:

"Oh, could I go into the pure field on the high mountain,  
I would look, I would gaze on my Ukraina."

This aspiration after the pure field on the high mountain whence to look upon his country, contrasted with the deplorable situation of the warrior, is deeply touching; and the succession of firmness under torture, as exhibited in the following line, addressed to his executioner,

"Bind, bind these hands back, damned Tatar!"  
and of sensibility at the remembrance of his

native land, is an admirable stroke of art. It is true to nature and to the character of the speaker.

The following lines present a popular picture of a battle-field in that Ukraine where "the air breathes sorrow."

"The field in darkness lay,  
A Cossack there did ride;  
Up the mount he bent his way,  
Up the mountain's rugged side.  
And he spake to the mountain, 'Oh, high mountain, say,  
Wherefore didst thou not burn at the breaking of day?'

'Oh I did not burn that day,  
But when the morning rose  
I boil'd with blood.'—'Ha! mountain, say,  
Was it blood of friends or foes?'  
'Oh fast ran the torrent of that red flood,  
And 'twas Cossack half-mingled with Polish blood.'"

The next Duma shows us a Cossack dying on the field of battle, and needs no comment to illustrate the train of feeling in the warrior's mind, to which it introduces us:

## I.

"The wind is sighing, the grass makes moan,  
There a Cossack dying lies;  
His drooping head rests on a stone;  
A banner shades his closing eyes.

## II.

His sable steed is standing near,  
And at his head an eagle grey;  
His claws he twists in the Cossack's hair,  
And fiercely eyes his human prey.

## III.

The warrior spake to the eagle grey;  
'Eagle! let us brothers be—  
'When from my head thou hast torn away  
'These eyes, then go and speak of me.

## IV.

'Go, speak to my mother dear of me,  
'And, eagle, now mark what thou must tell,  
'To that mother dear, I no more shall see,  
'When she shall ask how her warrior fell:

## V.

'Tell her, he warred for a chief of fame,  
'Who blessings shed on Crimea's land;  
'Tatar Chan was his master's name;  
'His meed might have been a royal hand,  
'But oh! 'tis a mound on the plain.'"

The following lines form a good pendant to the foregoing, and are picturesque characteristics of the locality:

"Oh the tomb in the field to the wild wind spake,  
And that lonely tomb to the wind spake so;  
'Blow over me, wind, lest I withered be,  
'Blow over me fresh, lest I blackened grow.

'Blow, that the young grass may spring up upon me,  
'That the young grass upon me may ever be green!'  
No sun lights that tomb, and no breeze bloweth there,  
And far, only far off, the green grass is seen."

The next Duma exhibits the Cossack leaving his home for the battle field, and well portrays the hardships of his condition. It may be considered as the prototype of many others, and is probably very ancient. The style is more allegoric, and the transitions more frequent, abrupt and bold, than is usually the case:

"The storm shakes the forest, and fierce winds are striving,  
Thick gloom overshadows the plain;  
The mother her son from his youth's home is driving—  
'Away, my son, turn not again—  
Hence! let the Turks take their prey.'  
'Oh mother, the Turks are right friendly to me,  
With a gift of fleet horses I welcome shall be.'

The storm shakes the forest, and the fierce winds are striving;  
Thick gloom overshadows the plain;  
The mother her son from his youth's home is driving,  
'Away, my son! turn not again;  
Let the fierce Tatars seize on their prey.'  
'Oh mother, the Tatars are friendly to me,  
With gold and with silver I welcome shall be!'

One sister brings his steed from stall,  
Another his arms proffered then;  
But weeping said his sister small,  
'Say, brother, when wilt thou come back again?'

'Oh! sister mine, gather the sand of the plain,  
And the grains of sand on the bare stone sow;  
And water it well with thy tears for rain,  
And to visit it daily, at grey dawn go;  
When the sand shall spring up like the grass of the plain,  
Then, sister mine, look for thy brother again!'

The storm shakes the forest, gloom darkens the plain,  
The mother cries—'Oh, my son, turn thee again;  
Let thy mother's hands wash thy long hair!'

'Oh mother, my hair will be washed by the rain,  
The wind of the desert will dry it again,  
And to comb it, thorn bushes are there.' "

From amongst the songs proper we select one called *Sentrava*, a flower of the species *Anemone patens*. The Anemones, according to the Greek mythology, sprung from the tears shed by Venus over Adonis. In Ukraine, prophetic qualities are ascribed to this flower.

#### SENTRAWA.

"The aged woman went weeping, weeping,  
Sadly she made her wail;  
The aged woman about her dwelling  
Went mourning like an old quail.

The young sister plucked the *Sentrava*,  
The flower foreshadowing doom;  
'O mother, what does the *Sentrava* say?  
Does it tell of the Cossack's tomb?'

'The *Sentrava* grew in the field, my dove,  
Sorrow plucked it and gave it to thee;  
There is sorrow enough, for thy brother John  
From the tomb cannot wakened be.' "

The passions among this people, ever restless, ever agitated, seem to have reached their highest pitch. The next song offers a specimen of this, combined with a wild and savage humour singularly characteristic.

## I.

"Oh do not then go to their feast by night,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
There are witches amongst the maidens bright,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## II.

Beware of the maid that has the dark brow,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
For her fatal spells she will o'er thee throw,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## III.

She dug up the plant when the Sunday came,  
Alas for Gregory !  
And on Monday morning she washed the same,  
Alas for Gregory !

## IV.

On the Tuesday the baleful plant boiled she,  
Alas for Gregory !  
On Wednesday a poisoned man was he,  
Alas for Gregory !

## V.

When Thursday came he breathed no more,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
On Friday they him to the church-yard bore,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## VI.

Then her mother beat her on Saturday,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
Thou evil one ! why didst thou Gregory slay ?  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## VII.

Mother, oh mother, grief recks not of right,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
Why did he false vows to two maidens plight ?  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## VIII.

Now he is neither for her nor for me,  
Gregory, false Gregory !  
With the cold damp earth he shall nourished be,  
Gregory, false Gregory !

## IX.

There hast thou the meed thou hast merited  
well,  
Gregory, false Gregory !  
Four oaken planks and a dark narrow cell,  
Gregory, false Gregory !

## X.

So let young men learn what reward they gain,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
Who offer their false love to maidens twain,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## XI.

Now 'tis thy doom to lie rotting in earth,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
'Tis mine to enjoy the world in my mirth,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

## XII.

Ha ! Jewess, come hither ! the wine cup bring,  
Gregory, oh Gregory !  
False Gregory's funeral dirge I'll sing  
Gregory, oh Gregory !

The following lines sung by young men, as if in retaliation, and which are literally translated, record the fate of a maiden who has lost her innocence, and form a suitable counterpart to the foregoing ill-conditioned song.

"Maiden, oh thou maiden fair,  
Thy cheeks, why are thy cheeks so pale ?  
The milk was curdled there.

What became of the sweet blood, say,  
That bloomed in the milk ? A vampire came,  
Sucked from those cheeks the blood away,  
And a foul witch the milk curdled she."

Many of these songs complain of the rapid flight of time, and sometimes the fruitless regret for by-gone years is beautifully expressed.

"Whither are ye fled, days of my youth ?  
Have ye hidden yourselves in dark woods ? are ye wandering in groves ? Young years of mine, whither are ye gone ? Did ye fold yourselves in a leaf, and take your flight into the steppe ?"

This vain longing after the unreturning past is most usually expressed thus :—

'He (she) overtook his (her) young years upon the bridge of Holly, but could not recall them.'

The Holly is a symbolical tree in Ukraine. Again, how simple, life-like, and energetic is this picture of the irreparable loss of life. A mother is speaking at the tomb of her son.

"'Reach me, my son, thou eagle, reach me but thy right hand.' 'Oh ! my mother, both hands would I reach thee, but the damp earth lies heavy on me ; I cannot raise them.'"

The following too is a beautiful image :—

"A maiden threw a flower into the rapid stream.—Her mother went with a bucket to fetch water, and she drew up the flower out of the stream, and it was withered. Then she knew that her daughter would be unhappy."

These few quotations justify the conclusion that it is in the power of man to ascend on the rays of feeling to that elevated sphere, whither we are borne on the wings of thought whilst listening to the lyric strains of Schiller. It is not, therefore, the delusion of a vain enthusiasm to believe that there is a spiritual life peculiar to *unlettered* nations, which is more sympathetic, quickened, and plastic. Within the sphere of that existence generally

dwells inspiration, the clear vision of the beautiful and true, to which in our days it is only given to a genius of high order to attain by the complete mastery of his art. The people of Ukraine still retain that high degree of clear right-feeling; they are ever magnetised by unceasing sorrow. Their parents thus bewail the loss of their children:—

“Fathers and mothers go, they go to ask after their sons. Eagles no more accompany your sons. Your sons refused to be soldiers; they made themselves a settlement in the River Boh!”

That is, they drowned themselves to avoid being taken as recruits. How many similar settlements are now annually made in Russia! But let us turn from such subjects, which, according to Schiller's,

“Was unsterblich in Gesang soll leben  
Muss im Leben untergehen;”

must first die in reality to live in song—to the times when the inhabitants of Ukraine, however otherwise unhappy, still enjoyed freedom—man's greatest earthly boon. We shall conclude our extracts by a Duma, entitled “*The Flight of the Three Brothers from Azoff*,” a composition which may be read with pleasure without any reference to time or locality.

“Dark clouds give not forth those specks in the sky

That rise up, Azoff, o'er thy city so fair;  
But brethren three, and in secret they fly  
From their cruel captivity there.

The eldest they ride on their coursers fleet,  
But the younger brother he has no steed,  
The roots and the stones wound his Cossack feet,  
And they redden the ground as they bleed.

To his horsemen brothers then thus spake he:  
‘Brethren, my brothers, now list what I say,  
Give rest to your coursers, and wait for me;  
Then to some Christian city direct your way.’

And the second horseman then heard his cry,  
And his heart was moved at his brother's pain;  
But the first reproved him with stern reply,  
And said, ‘Dost thou yearn for thy bondage again?’

‘Shall we listen now to our brother's word,  
Although the pursuers are on our track,  
Fierce bent to slay us with gun and with sword,  
Or to bear us with them to bondage back?’

‘—If ye will not stay for me, my brethren twain,  
Then turn your fleet steeds to the right at least;  
And bury my corse in the open plain,  
Nor leave me the prey of the bird and the beast.’

But the second said, ‘Brother, that may not we,  
Such a deed has never been heard of yet;  
Shall the thrust of a lance our farewell be?  
And our swords in our brother's blood be wet?’

—‘Then, brothers, since me ye refuse to slay,  
When ye reach the wood do this thing for me;  
Cut off the thorn branches, and strew on the way,  
And a guide to my wandering steps they'll be.’

The brothers speed fast to the forest grey,  
The second wails sadly as on they ride;  
And he scatters the thorn branches all the way,  
That they to his brother may ‘serve as a guide.’

They passed the thick forest, and on they went,  
To the open track where no thornbushes grew;  
Then the lining red from his vest he rent,  
And scattered the fragments the path to show.

When the younger brother the thorns had past,  
He saw the red fragments all scattered there,  
He gathered them up, and his tears fell fast,  
‘Ah! not without cause are these fragments here.’

‘Now alas, alas, for my brethren twain!  
For surely no more in the world are they!  
Their cruel pursuers have found them again,  
And me they passed in the thorns as I lay.’

‘My brothers with sword and gun they have slain,  
May the merciful God but show me where!  
I'll dig their graves in the steppe's pure plain,  
And I'll bury their Cossack bodies there.’

On his first day's journey no bread he eats;  
The next without water to drink he has past;  
On the third, the desert's fierce wind he meets,  
And his weary limbs bend to the furious blast.

‘Oh, enough have I followed these horsemen fleet,’

He said, as he reached the Sawar mountain high:  
‘Tis time to give rest to my Cossack feet,’  
Then he laid him down by the mount to die.

Then swiftly, swiftly, the eagles flew down  
And they fiercely stared in his dying eyes;  
‘Now welcome guests are ye, ye eagles brown;  
Oh fly to me quickly,’ the Cossack cries.

‘Oh eagles, pluck ye these eyes from my head  
When God's fair world I no longer shall see;  
The expiring Cossack when thus he had said,  
His soul to the merciful God gave he.

Then the eagles flew down, and they plucked away

His eyes from his head, as he bade them do;  
The small birds also came down to their prey,  
And the grey wolves gathered around him too.

They tore off the flesh from his yellow bones,  
They feasted high midst the thorns by the way,  
And with mournful howls, and with fierce low moans,  
The dirge of the Cossack was sung that day.



Whence came the brown cuckoo that sat by his head,  
That sat by his head and sang piteously?  
As a sister bewails her brother dead,  
Or a mother her son, so wailed she!

And the horsemen twain still sped on their way  
To a Christian town where they hoped for rest:  
But a heavy grief on their hearts now lay;  
'Ah not without cause are our hearts opprest.

'Alas, and alas, for our younger brother!  
For surely no more in the world is he;  
What, when we've greeted our father and mother,  
And they ask of him, shall our answer be?'

The second thus spoke; then the elder said,  
'Say, he served not the same Lord as we;  
'Twas night, and he slept when from chains we fled,  
We could not awake him with us to flee.'

The second then answered him, 'Brother, nay,  
'T w'd ill beseem us to say such a thing;  
If that which is false unto them we say,  
Their prayers upon us will a dark doom bring.'

The brothers on to the Samar field ride,  
They stop to rest by the river Samar;  
They water their steeds at the river's side,  
When down came the Moslem riding from far.

The impious Mussulmen slew them there,  
They quartered their bodies, and over the plain  
Strewed their Cossack limbs; their heads on a spear  
They raised, and long mocked o'er the brethren twain."

We regret our inability to preserve in the translations the beauty, harmony and energy of the originals. Those only who understand the language of the people of Ukraine can appreciate the richness of its grammatical construction, and the almost countless and delicate gradations of meaning of which the same word is made susceptible by a slight change in its termination. The sonorous strains of these songs can perhaps best be conceived of, by imagining the ancient Greek combined with the modern Italian. We will not here speak of their melodies, since mere description would fail to convey a just idea of them. Of this species of music we have amongst us no prototype. The strains seem to flow like long-protracted gusts of wind resounding over their own steppes. When they sing them on the banks of the Dnieper, with their faces turned towards the Karpats, one might believe that their voice passes over all that wide space between the river and the mountains, and that the mountains themselves must one day be moved by the majestic grandeur of their sorrow.

Many of the songs published by Maxymowicz were composed by Polish nobles settled

in Ukraine. Even at the present day one of them, Padura, promises to become the Macpherson of that country; his compositions are universally popular, and well deserve to be so. Perhaps we may at some future opportunity return to this subject, and notice them more at length.

As it is an unalterable truth, that "revenge recoils upon itself," so yet more does every good intention, every good action of man sooner or later bring its recompense. This remark is especially applicable in the present instance to the Poles, than whom none have derived greater benefit from the popular songs of Ukraine, since they have begun to take interest in them. Their own venerable Niemcewicz modelled upon them his "Duma," which sing of the famous monarchs and heroes of Poland, and which have become a complete national work.\* The element of Ukrainian poetry has since been transfused into modern Polish literature, to the very great advantage of the latter. Four Polish poets of no ordinary genius have divided amongst them the spiritual domain of Ukraine; Zaleski and Olizaroski are singing her beauty and ancient freedom: Goszczynski has pictured her horrors, whilst Maczewski chose the widest field for himself—that of her sorrow. With the exception of the last-named poet, who is dead, the others, Niemcewicz included, are tuning, in exile, their harps to foreign ears.

*Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

ART. III.—1. *Lettera di Nicolò Tommaseo ai Librai Italiani sulla proprietà Letteraria.* Venezia, 1839.

2. *Atti della prima Riunione degli Scienziati Italiani tenuta in Pisa nell' Ottobre, 1839.* 4to. Pisa, 1840.

3. *Italian. Beiträge zur Kenntniss dieses Landes,* von Friedrich von Raumer. (Raumer's Italy.) 2 vols. Leipzig.

EVENTS have recently taken place in Italy which seem likely to lead to the most important results. A mutual compact has been entered into by the Sardinian and Lombardo-Venetian governments, providing for the security of literary property within the limits of their respective dominions. The privilege of copyright thus extended over a country inhabited by nearly ten millions will soon

\* See the article on Polish Literature in the 49th Number of this Review.

bring about in Piedmont and Lombardy the cessation of an evil of which the Italian authors have hitherto so justly and bitterly complained. We have recently indicated how severely writers and publishers suffer in England from the systematic republication of their works in America; the French complain with equal reason of the frequent encroachments of the Belgian press. But in Italy no works of literature could be turned to any profitable account. Booksellers and publishers followed the maxim—"homo homini lupus." Copyright was secured to the author or editor only within the narrow district in which his work was published; he knew full well that at the distance of twenty or thirty miles there were a number of piratical printers lawfully entitled to seize upon his property as soon as it attained any degree of popularity; and as the sale of books, except in the kingdom of Naples, where they pay a very heavy duty, was commercially free, those piracies were put forth and circulated under the very eyes of the author. A name of the highest standing was no protection against this impudent system of depredation. Botta, an exile, was obliged to sell in Paris, as waste paper, the splendid French edition of his *History of Italy*, while Swiss and Italian booksellers were making their fortunes by an uninterrupted series of its republications. Manzoni received from his publisher a trifling sum for the manuscript of his "*Promessi Sposi*," and that only as a present; and in vain did Pellico, at every new work he produced, urge the moral duty of respecting a privilege which constitutes now-a-days a part of the rights of nations, and request the gentlemen of the press not to defraud him of the honest recompense of his labours.

Such an evil, however, was not unattended by some salutary effect. Literature in Italy was never reduced to the level of a trade. It could only be cultivated by men of independent fortune. The Italian princes were no longer in a condition to hire the pen of mercenary writers, and upon the maxim of the Republic of Venice, they wished their governments never to be spoken of even in praise or censure. The "*Voce della Verità*," and similar organs of government, by dwelling too freely on topics of national interest, had already to a great extent served the cause they were intended to oppose. The rights of absolutism are best advocated by absolute silence; consequently all court poets and historiographers had long ago been silenced. Even had there been writers in Italy willing to sell their productions, it would not have been easy to find a purchaser. Flattery was

a merchandize equally discredited by power and public opinion, and literature in consequence, although comparatively more sterile and silent, was yet more pure and dignified than in many free countries. It was more oppressed and fettered, hence less apt to grow licentious and insolent; it followed not the capricious opinions and passions of the multitude, but it marched at the head of social movement, a stern censor, dictating and ruling with an authority which the consciousness of its irreprehensibility gave it a right to exert.

Since the year 1814 no immoral book of any note has issued from the press in Italy, all have been directed to one leading object—the severe reformation of moral principles. This is, no doubt, the consequence of the censorship, which is exercised with equal vigilance in all Italian states, and which, in a political point of view, every freeman must cordially detest. But as it is in the secret ways of Providence to turn an instrument of evil into an agent of good, we cannot doubt that Italian morals have benefited by that restriction; and however true may be the descriptions of Italian profligacy given every day by French and English travellers, still it is consoling to think that the Italian people have no such teachers of morals as Bulwer or Ainsworth, Paul de Kock or Victor Hugo.

Italy, moreover, possessed no centre of literature, no such literary metropolis as Paris, London or Edinburgh; no literary fair, such as is yearly held in Leipzig or Dresden. The journals, which ought to exercise a general influence upon the whole country, have been successively suppressed, and the numberless literary periodicals appearing in our days in every town, generally supported by free contributions—no less than seventy-two are daily received at Viennese's Gabinetto Scientifico e Letterario in Florence—all have hitherto been conducted with that timidity and narrow-mindedness which could alone, in the present state of things, secure their existence. Consequently, every town or province in Italy has been kept in a state of perfect ignorance of the progress of its immediate neighbours. All efforts tending to establish an Italian periodical bibliography have been void of effect. Travels and correspondences were subjected to the most disheartening vexations. It will therefore be no wonder to hear how many years it took for the most popular works to make the tour of the peninsula. The poems of Grossi never crossed the Apennines for the space of three years. "*Ettore Fieramosca*," a Milanese book on a Neapolitan subject, was translated into English and French before it had fairly

made its way into Naples; and the "Romanze" of Berchet printed in London, and afterwards at Lugano in Switzerland, literally fought their way into the country. Those poems were circulated for many years in manuscript, learned by heart and transmitted from town to town by enthusiastic admirers, ere a single printed copy could obtain admission into that iron-fenced garden of Europe.

These very impediments, however, thus thrown in the way of publication, frustrated the intent of those who created them. The works that government proscribed had, like all other forbidden fruits, a peculiar relish. The censure of the Tuscan police has made the fortune of Guerrazzi's "Assedio di Firenze." By their jealousy and suspicion the governments showed where lay their vulnerable side. Literary reputations, confirmed by so many years of struggle and trial, were based on a more solid ground. The writer in Italy was oftentimes looked upon as a hero and martyr, and his words went forth like the fatidical notes of an oracle. The want of free circulation and literary commerce had also the advantage of deterring mediocrity from forcing itself into public notice. All modern productions underwent a process which nothing but the purest ore could withstand.

If we appear willing to look on the better side of the national calamities of Italy, it is because we now hail with pleasure the approach of a better state of things. The yearly meeting of Italian scholars—we have before us the report of their first session at Pisa—and the treaty of literary alliance to which we have alluded at the beginning of this article, seem to manifest a springing up of better feelings on the part of the Sardinian and Austrian rulers; they seem to imply by those acts that, re-assured by the long continuance of peace, and prevailed upon by the overwhelming force and unanimity of public opinion, they begin to feel compelled to acknowledge that there is an Italy; that, if by right of self-preservation, they are entitled to quench all insurrectional spirit tending to bring about a national political unity, they can no longer prevent their subjects from uniting to aid and encourage each other in the promotion of public welfare, and in the diffusion of intellectual culture.

On the other hand the Italians, wearied out with repeated failures, forced to recognize the universal peaceful tendency of the age, convinced that every revolutionary scheme of emancipation would be a declaration of war not only against Austria, but, in fact, against every other power that feels interested in the maintenance of peace, seem

to have, at least for the present, relinquished every thought of an armed vindication of their national rights; they have ceased to lend a willing ear to the perfidious insinuations of France; and, with the tactics of a general who changes his siege into a blockade, they turn all their efforts to the regeneration of the national character, and hope, by a general diffusion of knowledge among the lowest classes, by a forcible rehabilitation of their name in the opinion of their neighbours, to enable themselves better to take advantage of such future European convulsions as Providence in its inscrutable designs may be slowly maturing.

This undeniable improvement in the social and moral condition of Italy has been rather wilfully overlooked by foreign visitors, and more especially by our British travellers, who notwithstanding their usual discrimination and liveliness of description, yet, in their hurry to get over the widest space of ground in the shortest possible time, have too often relied on the accounts of previous writers, and unscrupulously sacrificed accuracy of statements to the wantonness of playful satire. What evil impressions they might thus insinuate into the minds of their readers, how far they might contribute to keep alive the national ill-will that is rankling in the bosom of all European families, they probably never stopped to consider. Accustomed to abuse the privilege of a free press, writing through very idleness and publishing through vanity, they forgot that Italy is not even allowed the right of self-defence. Thus we must confess that when the no less amiable than learned Mr. Walter Savage Landor charitably states "that an honest man is not to be found in Italy for every forty in England," or when the modest and not less witty author of "Pencilings by the Way" asserts "that a *cicisbeo* is a *sine qua non* among the written articles of a marriage contract of the Italian nobility in our days"—the Italians cannot help being reminded of that generous animal that administered the last kick to the lion brought down by his rivals and lying wounded and helpless in his death throes.

We have recently visited Italy, and it was with some misgivings, naturally arising from so many evidences, which would have almost induced us to disbelieve what we had already seen ten or twelve years ago, and what we fondly and rationally anticipated.

We found Italy apparently busy (as usual and yet less than usual) with masquerades and monkish processions, plunged into languor and misery, forgetting herself among effeminate pleasures; and yet anxious and restless, perplexed with vague but intense

longings for greatness, aiming at high but impracticable undertakings, striving by fits and starts to follow the movement of European civilisation, but falling mid-way, sinking under the weight of a thousand shackles which she must drag along in her progress. New or long abandoned roads had been opened or restored, some across the Appennines, one from the gulf of Spezia, another from Sestri to Lombardy, a third between Florence and Forli, and again one along the shore of the Mediterranean, across the Tuscan marshes from Leghorn to Civitavecchia. Turin and Naples were lighted by gas, and the last of these towns boasted a rail-road to Castellamare. The coasts of the peninsula were circumnavigated by a number of steamers bearing Tuscan, Sicilian and Sardinian colours, and new rival lines of steamboats were soon to ply on the Po and Adriatic. Many of these undertakings arose from private associations, and were reluctantly sanctioned by the mistrusting governments.

Truly, spirit of innovation and ardour of enterprise is more often consulted than either expediency of purpose or plausibility of plan. Many of the sugar houses and iron foundries, of the silk and cloth manufactories opened in Tuscany and Lombardy, obliged as they are to reckon on the consumption of a small state, and overwhelmed by the competition of thriving establishments in other countries, are easily exploded; but even that incompleteness of success goes far to demonstrate that there remains still in Italy more life than can materially be turned to useful purposes, and that Italian inactivity is not wholly to be laid to the charge of the too often alleged indolence and enervation of a southern climate. But, as it is literature especially that falls within the province of our inquiry, we must be allowed to express our opinion that the new understanding between Austria and Sardinia concerning a mutual guarantee of literary property is to be merely considered as an emanation of that universal want of life and activity irresistibly felt throughout the country, and having power to bend to its views even the inflexibility of the god *terminus* that presides over the weighty deliberations of the Aulic Council at Vienna.

We candidly confess that we have always hitherto believed in a social and moral improvement in Italy, which we attributed exclusively to the energy of the soundest part of the population; we always thought that it would be obvious to every impartial observer that powerful and immortal elements of cohesion and vitality must remain in a country doomed to bear so long an hour of trial:—we wondered what other nation might have

been able to withstand the combined evils of long division and thralldom,—the repeated calamities of invasion and war,—the constant influence of a crafty, bigoted, and powerful priesthood, and yet preserve all the outward aspect of growth and prosperity, and closely follow their more fortunate transalpine and transmarine neighbours in science, in letters and arts;—we looked at Spain not earlier than three centuries ago the mistress of both continents, the ruler of the destinies of the globe;—Spain, always preserving its integrity and independence, and yet without any external impulse, by only one of the many calamities which she had in common with Italy—popery, brought down from her height of power and plunged into such a depth of ignorance and misery, that it may be doubted whether any constitution will ever redeem her. We then turned to the dignified behaviour of the Milanese in presence of their foreign rulers, and of their mute but firm protest against that time-sanctioned infringement of their natural rights, by a jealous and obstinate avoidance of all intercourse with the hated Austrian soldiery; and we were reminded of the twice subdued and thrice fermenting Romagna, and of the imposing apparatus by which Austria finds it necessary in the midst of peace to turn the whole of the Lombard plain into a vast casern,—when we considered all this, we suspected there could be no good mutual understanding between the people and the government; we thought that the genius and energies of the nation must be severely checked by that rigid system of suspicion and force, and that such a state of things must have the most pernicious effect on the real interests of society.

M. von Raumer, however, in his late publication on Italy, seems to entertain a widely different opinion. From the vast amount of statistical facts and of elaborate arguments brought forward by the Prussian traveller, it would seem that the Austrian government is a blessing of heaven to civilize and humanize Italy; that by a comparison between the administration of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom and that of the so-called independent governments, it is evident that the Italians are unfit to govern themselves, and that every attempt at social or literary improvement invariably receives its first start under Austrian auspices. Von Raumer, being a German himself, as well as one of Metternich's confidants, and by him directed to his most efficient lieutenants and agents in Italy, is likely to have had a better insight into the secret working of Austrian policy than ourselves.

But, as it has been, perhaps not very cha-

ritably, observed, "a German is not content to take an airing on his hobby in a steady old gentlemanly sort of way. He gives it a double feed of metaphysical beans, jumps on its bare back, throws the bridle over his ears, applies his lighted pipe to its tail, and does not think he is riding till he is run away with; at last the horse comes to some obstacle where there is a great gulf fixed. He naturally refuses to leap, but not so his master. No true German would give a doit for a ditch with a further side to it; so down he gets, takes a mile for a run, swings his arms, springs off with one bound that overleaps all bounds, and alights on his head quite insensible, somewhere 'beyond beyond.'"

Many and various are the hobbies on which the "author of the Hohenstaufen" took his ride over Italy. Many are the extravagant all-sweeping notions under whose tyranny he voluntarily submits himself; some of them are quite of a harmless ingenuous nature. His fond conviction of being a connoisseur judge in matters of art, his elaborate discriminations on naked Venuses and German housemaids, his long invectives against the music of Donizetti and Bellini; his jokes on the opera dancers' drawers, &c. resemble that ponderous fun described by Milton—

"The unwieldy elephant  
To make them mirth used all his might, and  
wreathed  
His lithe proboscis."

But when he starts from Berlin under a full definite impression that "the King of Prussia is the greatest reformer of our age," when he launches forth into a transcendent encomium of the "Russian constitution," when in short he adopts for his device the maxim of Casti:—

"Che assoluto, despotico governo,  
E buono per la state e per l'inverno;"

we must be allowed to hesitate before we take him as an arbiter of the differences existing between Austria and her subjects of Italy. For instance, we cannot agree with him, though he seems to take it for granted, that the rights of the Kaisers on their provinces beyond the Alps are founded on their succession to the throne of Charlemagne and Otho I.; and we have been rather surprised to hear so much from the historian of the house of Swabia, who ought to know better than any other by what hard-won struggles the Lombard and Tuscan free towns had shaken off their allegiance to the empire, and asserted their independence. It is but justice to say that Austria herself never thinks of having recourse to such far-fetched historical demonstrations to strengthen her claims on

the sovereignty of Italy. She relies on the incontrovertible arguments of her cannons and bayonets, on the active vigilance of her police, and above all on the division and helplessness of the petty states which she holds under her control, on the ignorance and insensibility of brutified masses, and on that anxious and jealous love of peace which very justly opposes the propagandism of liberal opinions, and prevents the powers of Europe from espousing the cause of the oppressed. Austria rules and reasons not;—and she would be so very far from feeling any obligation to her learned advocate, that we cannot doubt but that she would never suffer Von Raumer's work to be translated and printed in Italy.

As we cannot admit that Austria has any other right to her supremacy in Italy than that of force, or that indeed any nation is entitled to hold another under its sway, except in so far as the other cannot help it, so we are not to be easily persuaded that the political system now followed by Austria is likely to enlighten or ennoble the Italian race, or much less reconcile them to their doom. Austria, by confession of Von Raumer himself, is yet far from his beau-ideal of a social edifice—the drilling and drumming Prussian system of military government. Austrian tardiness, obstinacy and stupidity, are proverbial even among their brothers of Germany. That the heavy rule of such a government may act as a dead weight to subdue the effervescent spirits of a lively but passionate nation, after the same principle that Mount Ætna was laid on the breast of the giant of antiquity to prevent his doing mischief, we could have easily understood; but that censorship, espionage, conscription, popery, convents and Jesuits, and all those shackles and fetters and vexations of every kind of which Austria is either the promoter or the staunch supporter, may be considered as the elements of a "slow but sure system of civilisation and culture," is more than we would take upon ourselves, in England at least, to demonstrate.

At any rate, however we may be willing on any other subject to submit our opinion to that of the learned professor of Berlin, we must be permitted to make at least one exception in favour of the Italian people, and repeat that the advantages that are ready to result from the decree establishing the privilege of copyright in the north of Italy are not altogether the result of that beneficial ascendancy of the Austrian rule to which he is willing to ascribe all mental and moral progress in that country.

We read among a large number of similar

addresses from every part of the country, a letter by Niccolò Tommaseo from Venice (a name universally respected), to the Italian booksellers, on the necessity of adopting some measure to secure to all writers and editors the possession of their literary productions. We find in the last April number of the "Bullettino Bibliografico" of G. B. Viessieux of Florence, the remonstrances of "Librai e Letterati" from every part of Italy, and even from France and Switzerland, loudly asking for laws and treaties for the protection of this same literary property. A vast association had meanwhile been entered into by almost all booksellers of any credit in the country, of which the centre is at Florence, and which, under the name of "Società Editrice Fiorentina," is to take upon itself the promotion of the interests of literature, and put an end to the disgraceful system of literary piracy. Then and only then did Austria and Sardinia feel the expediency of their beneficial decree. This mutual compact, which the Italian, the last of all civilized governments, has been finally shamed into, is only a first step, and one apparently of mere commercial importance. But the Italians are not perhaps wholly wrong when they expect from it more momentous consequences than it was given to the authors of that measure to anticipate.

"The King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany," as may be seen from one of the August numbers of Galignani's Messenger, "have at last acceded to the treaty recently concluded between Austria and Sardinia for the protection of literary property. The Court of Rome has been applied to, and has declared that it will take the matter into immediate consideration."\*

It may appear strange that this revolution (for such it certainly is under a moral point of view,) should originate with those governments which have hitherto shown themselves most hostile to any spirit of innovation; more strange still that the minor potentates, which are, in point of fact, scarcely allowed to have a will of their own, and especially the descendant of that great innovator Peter Leopold,—the "mild and benignant" grand Duke of Tuscany,—should have needed any remonstrance to induce him to join that literary confederacy. That apparent illiberal reluctance is, however, to be referred to that

very mildness and benignity with which that wise and enlightened prince watches over the welfare of his subjects. It is well known that, since the extinction of the Medici and the accession of the House of Lorraine, Tuscany has been like "an oasis in the wilderness," secure against the disasters of Italian proscriptions and banishments. Filled with the idea that their mild and somewhat effeminate subjects would in those political convulsions fare no better than the lamb in the company of wolves, the rulers, we should rather say the shepherds, of Tuscany have been careful to isolate themselves from every social or commercial connection, in order to establish a permanent quarantine against political contagion. To this system of isolation and exclusiveness the present Grand Duke clings with all the fondness of hereditary predilection; and his vigilance and activity are redoubled in proportion as the name of Italy, with all the prestige of its ancient associations, is gaining ground around him. Everything in Tuscany is eminently Tuscan, and the care with which every allusion to the rest of Italy is dexterously avoided, would induce you to believe that the Apennines and the Tyrrhenian sea are the boundaries of the known world. Thus all the banking and insurance houses, of which the centre for all the rest of northern Italy is at Milan, have never been fairly enabled to extend their flourishing operations to Florence. While Piedmont, Parma, and even Austria, have introduced a uniform, decimal system, the Tuscans are still condemned to reckon by their "florins, lire, paoli, and crazies,"—the most awkward system of numeration and the most wretched coin in existence. The lines of public conveyances, which, under the names of *messageries*, *diligences*, or *velociferi*, have crossed Italy in every direction during the last twenty years, and by the correspondence that they have established with French, Swiss, and German lines, have powerfully contributed to afford an easy and speedy communication throughout the continent, have been constantly stopped at the Tuscan confine; and this, only because the paternal solicitude of the Grand Duke always apprehended in that public comfort the utter destruction of his *vetturini* and *calessieri*,—one of the numerous classes of his beloved populace, privileged to starve their horses to death, and to harass, waylay, and abuse the travellers that have the misfortune to fall into their hands, with every kind of ill treatment short of cutting their throats. Diligences have however been at last established in Tuscany; for the "march of intellect" proved stronger even than the Grand Duke's providential inten-

\* We understand from the last letters of our correspondents, that after mature deliberation the pope has definitively rejected the proposals of his allies, and issued new decrees to prevent his subjects from entering into any literary association with the neighbouring states. Foreign notices, since writing the above, give an account of the accession of the Dukes of Lucca and Modena to the treaty.

tions. But faithful even in that extremity to his ideas of patriotism, he called them *Diligenze Toscane*, and by interdicting their intercourse with the Roman and Lombard lines, he completely frustrated the main point for which they were instituted.

Deprived nearly of all commerce and industry, Tuscany, naturally a barren, mountainous, marshy region, would soon sink from the state of prosperity for which it is generally extolled, were it not for the pains taken by its ruler to render it the favourite resort of foreigners, by fitting up the whole country, but especially its lovely capital, as a large hotel. Hence the comparative ease and civility of the Tuscan police,—hence the aversion of government to capital executions, and to those political arrests and prosecutions which might have the effect of spreading a gloom over the face of society, and inspiring with mistrust or antipathy the thoughtless tourist who travels in quest of amusement. Hence also the numberless religious and popular festivals—flattering and pampering an idle populace in their lazy propensities, and impressing the short-sighted observer with notions of a contentment and plenteousness which cause him to exclaim in the words of the court poet—

“Deh! ch  non   tutto Toscana il mondo!”

Hence the public banquets on Ascension day, when the *cascine* are turned into a vast dining-table, and the meanest subject becomes, at his own expense, his sovereign's guest, and all those *pallii*, *corse di bighe*, fireworks and illuminations, with which people are regaled to satiety from April to August, and which make one feel what an arduous task royalty must be for a prince who considers it his duty to countenance all the sports of his subjects, lest, deprived of his presence, they should wax tired of their happiness. Hence also that meeting of Italian *savants* at Pisa, which soon proved to be an event of greater moment than was at first intended, as the Italians only saw in it an occasion for national reunion, notwithstanding some attempts of the *Gazetta di Firenze* to call it the “Congresso degli Scienziati Europei,” as if anxious even in that occurrence to avoid all allusion to an Italian association.

Yet the strongest opposition to literary unity in Italy is, as we have seen, to be apprehended from the obstinacy of the Papal government. The Pope alone, it will be remembered—for we consider the Duke of Modena as a non-entity—refused countenance to that Italian or European Congress

of Pisa. Gregory XVI. is now pursuing a system of policy which is likely to give a better opinion of the strength of his character than of the soundness of his understanding. Disturbed by political commotions on the very day of his elevation to the chair of St. Peter, he has been ever since violently struggling to secure his rebellious provinces in his grasp. He has mustered troops around the Vatican, he has garrisoned the towns of Romagna with many thousand horse and foot soldiery, as different from the loose and clumsy bands that were once proverbially called “*Soldati del Papa*,” as a flock of tame geese from the pilgrims of the air with which they claim their kindred. This papal armament is yet far from being a sufficient support to the Pope. The spirit of sedition is spreading fast among their ranks, and the garrisons on the northern side of the Apennines, whence danger is chiefly to be apprehended, are quite ready to espouse the cause of the malcontents. The newspapers have given alarming accounts of the effects that the first rumours of war had on that priest-ridden population. The Roman police, well aware of this disposition, take care to keep the minds of the people in a constant agitation by frequent arrests, generally of a sudden and mysterious nature, which scarcely allow the most innocent citizen in the papal dominions to rest tranquilly under his roof. A startling effect has been produced in the country by the unlooked for imprisonment of Signor Enrico Mayer of Leghorn, a man favourably known, in England no less than in his own country, for his eminent talents and high character, and for whose misfortune no one was able to account, unless by supposing that the Pope, like the Athenian who voted for the ostracism of Aristides, was weary of hearing him spoken of as the most virtuous of men.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, importuned by supplications and remonstrances, made some semblance of interfering in behalf of his subject, and, as we learn from private letters, the police at Rome was sensible that they had ventured too far, so that M. Mayer was liberated from the Castel St. Angelo, and sent to Leghorn in a government vessel. The Grand Duke, however, can scarcely censure the Pope's arbitrary conduct, at least if he had any part in the indecorous search made by his *sbirri* at Leghorn, in Guerrazzi's cellar, for the manuscript of his “*Assedio di Firenze*,” a novel, which, in spite of the vigilance of the authorities, was already freely circulating in every town of Tuscany.

While the Pope and cardinals are thus entirely engrossed by the worldly cares of

their temporal government, religious toleration and freedom have made some progress in the north of Italy and Tuscany.

A new and handsome building for the service of the English Church has been erected at Leghorn. Protestant service in Italian is performed, once every three weeks at the Swiss chapels, both in that town and in the capital. A new translation of the Bible has been announced by the Società Editrice Fiorentina on a very cheap plan of publication. The Oxford edition of Diodati's Italian Bible is freely offered for sale in every book-stall in Tuscany, the police wisely and liberally winking at the open infraction of its regulations. Conversions to Protestantism, though rare, are occasionally heard of. A young couple at Leghorn, whose marriage the Pope refused to sanction on account of their relationship, were married by the Swiss Protestant minister, and continue to join his congregation without molestation on the part of government, or, much less, censure of public opinion.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, wiser on this account than the King of Sardinia, who seems to shrink from no violent and arbitrary measure, seems determined to rely on the influence of example to enforce religious devotion. Always acting a prominent part in all religious ceremonies, and fearing lest the zeal of his people for their old saints might in this age of scepticism relax, he contrived to introduce a new saint into the calendar, who, under the protection of his pious Neapolitan Grand Duchess, created a temporary but lively sensation in Florence.

Every one has heard of the virtues and miracles of Santa Philomela, whose history has been made known to the world through the visions and revelations of a highly-gifted Neapolitan priest, who brought her relics from the Roman catacombs under special grant of the Pontiff, and erected himself into a minister of her altar and interpreter of her oracle.

In consequence however of prevailing incredulity, or perhaps in accordance with the ancient adage "that no prophet is heeded in his own country," the new saint was but coldly welcomed at Naples, and would soon have been lost in the crowd of deities of the Catholic Olympus, had she not found favour in the tender heart of the betrothed princess, who brought the little idol—an unheard-of dowry—to her future lord and husband in Tuscany. Everything was soon made ready for Philomela's apotheosis. Priests and monks were made to preach up the young martyr's wonderful history. The effigy of the little goddess for which, it is said, a beautiful pro-

stitute—most probably a *modello*—sat, was exhibited at the church of the Santa Annunziata, and the most notorious haunts of old-fashioned superstition were deserted for her sake. It was soon evident, however, that the charm of fashion and novelty alone attracted the curious Florentines to the new shrine. Times are, even in Tuscany, deplorably averse to modern canonisation, and the old saints need no trifling exertion to keep their seats. So that, after a short interval, scarcely any one in Florence seemed to have any recollection of the saint that had driven them mad, always excepting the meek and gentle Grand Duchess, who, during her last confinement, never lost sight of her patroness, and with true maternal devotion christened her new-born child with her name.

No one has, however, reason to wonder that Santa Philomela is looked upon with more lasting attachment by the sovereigns than by the people of Italy, if we credit the assertion of Father Gatteschi, who, in a sermon publicly delivered at Florence, confidently attributed the extinction of all revolutionary attempts in 1831 and the restoration of peace, not to the timely interference of Austrian bayonets, but to the intercession of the loyal saint.

Nor are these the only religious efforts by which the Grand Duke of Tuscany is striving to counteract the perversity of the people, or at least of the enlightened classes who seem inclined to wish for a reform of the most absurd superstitions of the church of Rome. He has surrounded, or, at least, according to an ancient and general practice, he has allowed the priests to surround even his imperial and royal lottery with the august apparatus of religious ceremony. The lottery, a system of kingly munificence and innocent popular amusement, of which the worldly wisdom of French and English legislators has deprived the people, is in full vigour in all the Italian states, but nowhere is it kept up in all its splendour as under the auspices of the Grand Duke, who is said to derive from it an annual income of several millions of Florentine *lire*. That system of utter isolation, which opposes in Tuscany even the establishment of a stage-coach to Rome or Bologna, is however laid aside with the provident view to give the Tuscan people the chances of a Roman extraction. Every trick and delusion is resorted to that can allure the ignorant people to the *botteghino*. Pamphlets and volumes are published intended to direct the inexperienced in their interpretation of omens and dreams. Such books need not fear the frowns of censorship, while works



intended for the suppression of this voluntary tax—witness, a popular poem written on that subject by Enrico Mayer, which could only be published at Lugano—are strictly forbidden. A scaffold is erected under the Portico degli Uffizi, decked so as to resemble either a temple or stage. The Gonfaloniere and other officers are in attendance, and a priest in his robes is summoned to invoke the blessings of heaven, and to sprinkle holy water on the urn on which the hopes of the confiding multitude are centred.

It can no longer be a matter of wonder that a people whose morals the government takes such care to improve should need no more severe restraint than the mild and benignant laws for which the code of Peter Leopold has been long celebrated. The Tuscans are a gay inoffensive people: it is of them that as early as the middle of the fifteenth century Lorenzo de Medici said (to quote Alfieri's words:)

“La scure in Roma  
Silla adoprò, ma quí la verga è troppo—  
A far tremarli della voce io basto.”

Yet petty transgressions, and at times even startling crimes, are not unheard of even in peaceful Florence; and Leghorn, time out of mind the refuge of vagabonds from all the ports of the Mediterranean, continues to be what it has often been called—a den of rogues. It certainly sounds very pleasant to boast of the good effect of easy and lenient laws, when it is not safe to be out of doors after dusk, and it is easy to point exultingly at empty jails and moss-grown gibbets, when pick-pockets and cut-throats are seen walking about in perfect security.

We have stated these facts to show that we were not blind to the evils with which even the happiest parts of Italy are afflicted, though we deemed it an act of justice to attribute them for the most part to what Alfieri calls her often wicked, always improvident governments. We have dwelt on topics apparently extraneous to our subject, in order to enable our readers to see what obstacles oppose in that country every attempt at social amelioration, and we insisted the more on our account of the moral condition of Tuscany, as few even of our optimists entertain very favourable opinions of the Austrian or Sardinian governments, whereas the smiles of a Tuscan police officer, or, at the most, a ticket of admission to a court ball, has often proved so mighty a spell to dazzle the judgment of some fashionable tourists that their reminiscences of Tuscany have all the glow of a description of the *Pays de Cogne*. Tuscany, where

criminal debates have only yesterday been opened to the public, whilst such a practice has been in vigour at Parma and Naples ever since the Restoration!

The establishment of copyright in Italy, besides the obvious effect it will have of encouraging the production and diffusion of the works of genius, will also greatly contribute to bring about that literary unity which the most zealous patriots have hitherto vainly endeavored to promote. The Italians seem, after so long a lesson of hard-won experience, to be finally made aware that the calamities of foreign vassalage, as well as their state of social and moral degeneration, are to be principally ascribed to that fatal spirit of division which they inherited from the municipal dissensions and jealousies of their forefathers in the middle ages, and which the usurpers of their republican liberties never afterwards ceased to foment. Not, indeed, that the resentment of republican grudges, or even the narrow-minded feeling of mutual mistrust and contempt between the different provinces, can be said to exist to any great extent, in our days, whatever may be the notions of prejudiced travellers on the subject. But the Italians have so long been estranged from each other, the name of their country has been so long buried in oblivion, their local interests have been so artfully directed into different and opposite channels, that their patriotic ideas—we speak of the unenlightened classes—have still something vague and undetermined; the natural boundaries of the country seem to shift from one district to another, so as to induce the traveller to conclude that, geographically as well as politically, there is no Italy.

Thus the Piedmontese still call the eastern road “Strada d’Italia,” and the Neapolitan points to the north to what he improperly calls “L’alta Italia”—Piedmont and Lombardy—and the inhabitants of those provinces are by him designated by the appellation of Italians. It cannot be denied, moreover, that the different provinces have reached a higher degree of civilisation in proportion as they were more favourably situated; that there have been facts—such as the insurrection of 1820, and the naval expedition to Tripoli—which, uncharitably judged of from the event, have reflected on the military character of the Neapolitans a disgrace, which the Lombards and Piedmontese, proud, as they have perhaps some reason to be, of the laurels they reaped during the Napoleonic campaigns, are less inclined, even for the sake of nationality, to share.

This ugly stain of cowardice, by which

the Italian name has been so freely branded by foreigners, has given full scope to the witticisms of Von Raumer, who has been anxious to collect the idle *bon mots* of worthless monarchs, such as the "fuggiranno sempre" of Charles Felix of Sardinia, and the "son Napolitano anch'io" of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and who might be asked whether the Italians fled at Raab and Malojarslavetz, under Eugene Beauharnois or Murat? But it is remarkable that in our age, when the example of Napoleon showed how soldiers could be made out of every nation, and of the vilest recruits, when every political sign seems to point to a universal peace, and martial prowess is likely to become a quality of the least consequence,—so much stress should be laid on the aptitude of any nation for war, and the Italians or Neapolitans should be so unexceptionally stigmatized as an unwelcome and dastardly race.

To efface from the mind of the people these last remnants of illiberal provincialism, which they think are rather fostered by ignorance than by ill-will, the intelligent classes in Italy are actively employed; and they think nothing can be, in peaceful times, more directly conducive to that happy result than the assimilation of their national language—the centralisation of science and literature—and the compilation of the history of the country.

To bring about the reform, enfranchisement and diffusion of the national language, the works of Perticari, Monti, Cesari, and many other philological writers, have, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, mainly contributed, when they hastened the downfall of that old edifice of pedantry by which the Academy Della Crusca had brought the Italian language to a dead stand. The Tuscans have recovered from their provincial prejudices, and are willing to admit, that, by assiduous study and superior culture, Italian can be written or spoken at Turin and Naples as purely and elegantly as on the banks of the Arno. On the other side, the Lombard and Roman universities, no less than the primary and infant schools, recently disseminated wherever they did not, as at Rome, meet with a strong opposition on the part of the governments, have left nothing unattempted to bring the uncouth dialects to the level of the best Tuscan standard. The Piedmontese above all, who, by their immediate contact with France, and by the example of their bastard court of Savoy, knew in the time of Alfieri no human language but French, have, by a laudable effort of unanimous will, laboured to vindicate their Italian origin, and the copious supply of lite-

rary works published at Turin are a sufficient evidence of their steadiness of purpose. The vocabularies of the Venetian, Sicilian, and of almost every other Italian *patois*, printed with a view to aid the people in their acquirement of the written language, and the republications of Italian dictionaries at Bologna, Verona, Naples, and Padua, announce a new fact, about which foreigners never entertained a doubt, but which had, however, never been sufficiently established since the age of Dante:—that there is an Italian language.

The annual meeting of eminent scientific men at one of the several universities of the country, of which the second session has been lately held under the patronage of his Sardinian majesty, at Turin, will have a most salutary effect on the progress of science, by enabling the most active scholars to meet, to understand and mutually appreciate and encourage each other by the assurance of the reward of national suffrage which awaits the result of their efforts at every reunion of that kind of scientific diet.\*

\* We thought it might be agreeable to our readers to have some particulars of the first of those scientific meetings, of which we have received the official report, published under the inspection of the secretary-general at Pisa in August last.

The honour of having first promoted this important association is due to six eminent gentlemen residing at Florence—the Prince Carlo Bonaparte, the Commendatore Vincenzo Antinori, the Cav. Prof. Amici, an eminent man of science, and an exile from the Duchy of Modena, in consequence of the revolution of 1831, the Cav. Gaetano Giorgini, the Professors Paolo Savi and Maurizio Bufalini, a renowned physician. The permission of publishing an invitation to the literati of Italy, and to hold their first session in Pisa, was granted by the Grand Duke Leopold II., on March 28, 1839. Before the first day of October 421 *savants* had arrived at Pisa, and were inscribed as members of the congress. Admission was granted only to the members of the faculty, or to those that could present their diploma as having received the degrees of A. M. in any of the European universities. The different colleges, academies, and other learned institutions of all Italy—those of the Papal states always excepted—sent their representatives. Many of the Italian and foreign *savants*, among others, Herschel and Babbage from England, sent their letters of thanks and their excuses.

The first day was spent in religious ceremonies. High mass was celebrated in the cathedral of Pisa: in the afternoon the members proceeded to the election of their president. The choice unanimously fell on Signor Rainieri Gerbi, the senior professor of the philosophical faculty at Pisa, a man well known in his country for his works on natural philosophy. The venerable president did not live to see the anniversary of his elevation to his dignity; he died only a few months after the first meeting was over, in December, 1839, aged seventy-six.

The president next appointed as his secretary-general the Professor F. Corridi. On the second day the members of the congress proceeded to the election of the presidents of the sections into which

The labours of the "Deputazione Reale," of Turin, and similar private associations in other cities, have already powerfully contri-

buted to illustrate the national annals, by publishing such historical materials as the "Monumenta Historiæ Patriæ," the "Docu-

the meeting was to be divided, and their choice was fixed upon the following gentlemen:—

Sect. I. Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mathematics.—Pres. Cav. Prof. Configliachi.

II. Geology, Mineralogy, Geography.—Pres. Prof. Sismonda.

III. Botany, and Vegetable Physiology.—Pres. Prof. Savi.

IV. Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.—Pres. Prince Bonaparte.

V. Agronomy and Technology.—Pres. March. Ridolfi.

VI. Medicine.—Pres. Cav. Pros. Tommasini.

On the same day, October 2, took place a public solemnity in honour of Galileo, the greatest of Italian philosophers, born, as it is well known, at Pisa, and who held for some time the chair of professor of mathematics in that city. The whole association of the Italian savants assembled in the courtyard of the university, where they attended the ceremony of inauguration of a colossal statue of that illustrious man, the work of a Pisan sculptor, Demi, which was on that day first exhibited. At the moment that noble monument was first opened to the public gaze, Professor Rosini recited an oration in praise of Galileo.

The discourse of the learned professor, and a very able engraving of the statue, are to be found in the report of the secretary, to which we have alluded above. We have seen the statue at Pisa, and gladly joined in the universal applause with which it was first received, though we think that its situation is far from being favourable to the sculptor's performance.

On the third day the first solemn assembly took place in the hall of the university. In the midst of a large crowd of the learned of Italy and all other countries, the aristocracy of the mind of all Europe, cheered by the presence of many of the fair sex, the aged president delivered an oration on a subject well suited to the occasion—the influence that Italy had in all ages on the promotion and progress of science.

This was of course a repetition of the great claims of Galileo and his illustrious school of Viviani, Toricelli, Redi, Castelli, Magalotti, and others, on the gratitude of posterity. The lecturer dwelt with peculiar fondness on the successful labours of the short-lived but illustrious academies "dei Lincei" at Rome, and "del Cimento" at Florence. Hence he proceeded to trace the progress of physical sciences in the following ages, and paid due tribute of honour to the memory of such men as Cassini, Cavalieri, Piazzi, Maecheroni, Paoli, Mascagni, Scarpa, Vacca, Volta, Nobili, and of the still living and flourishing Libri, Melloni, Orioli, Rasori, Tommasini, etc., endeavouring to demonstrate that science in Italy is certainly neither in a backward nor yet a stationary condition.

The oration being at its close, the members then present voted that a deputation should be sent to the Grand Duke, with solemn thanks for the munificence and benignity with which he was pleased to countenance their association with his royal patronage. Equal thanks were given to the municipal authorities of Pisa, and to the Prince Charles Bonaparte, the first promoter of the meeting.

It was then voted that an equal meeting should take place in the month of October, next year at Turin, and that the second anniversary should be

celebrated in Florence. We hear, however, that these dispositions have been partly altered, and that the congress of October, 1841, in compliance with the wishes of the members from Lombardy, is to be held at the University of Padua.

On the fourth day, the six sections for the first time withdrew to their several apartments. Each of them held eight sessions during the days—4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14.

Two other general assemblies were held; one on the 8th, in which several papers of considerable importance were read by some of the most conspicuous members, and the last on the 15th, in which the secretaries of each session read the result of their proceedings, and the secretary-general gave a report of all the transactions which had taken place since the first opening of the congress, and afterwards promulgated the regulations that were to be observed by the members during their future reunions. The meeting was finally dissolved by another oration of the president.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Leopold II. honoured the last assembly with his august presence, and repeatedly attended the meetings of all the different sections. He was everywhere received with thundering applause—so easy is it for a prince, whenever he chooses, to acquire popularity.

The Grand Duke did not fail also, during his stay at Pisa, to invite the presidents and secretaries, and the most distinguished members of every section, to join his dinner party; and on the 10th he ordered a public banquet for all the members of the congress, and all distinguished strangers, to be given in his royal palace, where the sovereign's health and his royal family's, the good city of Pisa, and the university, were proposed, and received with the most enthusiastic cheers.

Similar banquets were equally celebrated every day at the expense of the community of Pisa and of the members of the congress, for the entertainment of distinguished guests of both sexes.

Every evening the library of the university was opened for a literary conversazione. Among other agreeable topics of friendly intercourse, the famous traveller Professor Rosellini entertained his colleagues with lively descriptions of the remote regions he had visited.

The good old melancholy town of Pisa dressed herself in her gayest attire to welcome her illustrious visitors. Among other spectacles by which the grave pursuits of the learned were enlivened, the most interesting proved to be the "Pallio delle fregate," a kind of regatta on the Arno, celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendour—an ancient popular amusement, now for the first time revived in Pisa, since the palmy days of that ill-fated republic. Had not the dangers attendant on that manly exhibition been too much in contradiction with the peaceful object of that scientific congress, the Pisans could have afforded their guests a more stirring spectacle by their "Battaglia del Ponte."

Before taking leave of each other, some only for a twelvemonth, some for life, the members of the scientific congress voted that a Latin inscription should be placed in the hall of the *Sapienza*, in commemoration of the happy event of their first meeting, and another on the entrance of the leaning tower of the cathedral, to inform foreign visitors that from the height of that fine monument of art, Galileo made his first experiments on the gravity of bodies.

menti di Storia Italiana," and the "Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti," recently printed in Piedmont and Tuscany.

But the privilege of copyright, which, after the example set by the master of masters, the Lombardo-Venetian government, must eventually triumph over the scruples of his Holiness, and of every other opponent, is to be the soul of every literary enterprise. It will bring the interests of the different petty literary centres of Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Parma, &c., to a common understanding, secure the free circulation, at least, of all the works published in the country, whilst the increase of daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, will hasten and extend their diffusion and lay the basis of a universal Italian bibliography. By the combined influence of all these agents, science and literature will be brought to such a state of concord and unity as it now exists in Germany—that country, which, in its political condition, Italy most closely resembles. Deprived of the dignity and privilege, and equally free from the cares and burdens of the so envied and so dearly paid for political existence of France and England, the minor states of Italy and Germany have leisure to turn their active and enterprising minds to

They ordered also that a medal should be struck in honour of the great philosopher, an engraving of which is also given in the "Atti della Prima Riunione," etc.

The medal represents on one side the head of Galileo; on the other, the four wonderful edifices of republican Pisa, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanile and Campo Santo, with the following inscription:—

A ONORE DI GALILEO  
FISA  
MEMORE DEL PRIMO CONSENSO  
DEI NATURALISTI ITALIANI,  
AUSPICE LEOPOLDO II,  
OTTOBRE MDCCCXXIX.

It may perhaps appear that too great an importance has been attached to an event which in itself is of so little consequence to the rest of Europe; but if we reflect that this is the first time that the Italians of every province have been called together even for so innocent a purpose, we shall be able better to sympathize with so exaggerated a demonstration of enthusiasm.

The first time, we say, ever since that famous phoenix of geniuses, Pico della Mirandola, moved by immoderate thirst for fame, published at Rome in 1486, his daring challenge to the learned of Europe, promising to maintain his 900 "conclusiones," or subjects for scientific controversy, against all opponents whatever, when he caused his propositions to be circulated throughout Italy, and offered to defray out of his own purse the travelling expenses of every scholar who accepted his challenge. But calumny and persecution arose against the accomplished champion—he was accused of heresy—the meeting never took place—and he had to fight for it against the Church of Rome during all the rest of his life!

the happier pursuits of letters, science and art. Nor do we believe that the creative powers of that southern land of genius would be yet so utterly exhausted, as to yield without a struggle the supremacy of literature to her transalpine neighbour, but for that ungenerous system of constraint, division and suspicion by which the Italian governments have hitherto endeavoured to stand forth as the champions of ignorance, and which, in presence of the broad day-light glaring over the meridian of Europe, seems now happily forced to give way.

It would be a manifest injustice to deny that the Austro-Italian police have hitherto been guilty of the most nefarious no less than gratuitous attempts against the real advantages of literature; and of such abuses, the new decree establishing the right of literary property, ought, we believe, to prevent the recurrence. It is painful to hear, for instance, by what scrupulous inquisitorial tyranny the efforts of the worthy Niccolò Bettoni for a compilation of a "Biblioteca Storica" have been to a considerable degree frustrated; because the history of Botta could not be printed, nor those of Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, Giannone, republished at Milan, without the most vital mutilations; notwithstanding the numerous previous editions freely circulating throughout the country, and the new republication contemporaneously issuing from the press of Molini at Florence. In the like manner "Ettore Fieramosca," and "Le mie Prigioni," were freely printed and sold at Turin, and strictly prohibited at Milan. The "Assedio di Firenze" was received without opposition at Naples, but was strictly proscribed at Florence, and put to the Index at Rome. The Italian despots did not even agree in their system of oppression, or rather they were sometimes pleased to flatter their subjects by a little display of comparative mildness, and indulge in the specious illusion of their precarious independence. But the equitable intercourse of literary commerce, necessarily attendant upon a mutual guarantee of copyright, will soon bring a beneficial uniformity in the police regulations of the different states, and the Italians are not, perhaps, too sanguine in their expectation, if they hope that the decree on literary property may be considered as a first step towards the establishment of a moderate freedom of the press.

A higher tone of daring opinion and free discussion, is already, we believe, apparent in some of the periodicals that enjoy the greatest degree of popularity, especially the "Progresso" of Naples, and the "Rivista

Europea" at Milan. It is a melancholy spectacle to see how many evasive, elusive devices those unhappy writers are compelled to resort to, in order to baffle the watchfulness, the obstinacy, the extravagance of these ignorant turnkeys of public opinion!

Meanwhile, Italy is now, or has already been, prematurely reaping the fruits of that literary union which the perseverance of her people has wrenched from the hands of her governments. Besides those historical publications which we have mentioned above, and which could not have been sent into light without some indulgence and latitude on the part of the censor; we have before us the announcement of several vast and important undertakings, which only a few years ago would have appeared utterly impracticable in Italy; at the head of these editorial labours is the Società Editrice Fiorentina, to which, as we have said, the country is greatly indebted for the newly obtained establishment of copyright. This society offers to the public in twenty-four large volumes in quarto, the "*Monumenti del Genio Letterario d'ogni Nazione*," a work which is to embrace the standard productions of every age and country. The first volume, according to the good maxim "*ab Jove principium*," is to be a new translation of the Bible, lately undertaken by an eminent and liberal divine at Florence.

A second and equally gigantic enterprise of the editing society is the "*Biblioteca Storica*," of which the translations of Leo, Niebuhr, Prescott, and Macintosh, are already announced as a first series of publications. The same society is also preparing the material for a universal Cyclopædia on a larger scale than any in existence. Equally important, if not equally voluminous works are also in progress under the successors of Bettoni, at Milan, at the "*Tipografia del Gondoliere*," in Venice, and at the printing establishment of Pomba, at Turin. Cesare Cantù, a poet of some reputation in Lombardy, has ventured on a new work on universal history, which is likely to engage his attention during all his lifetime. Niccolini, the greatest of living tragedians, has also abandoned the drama for a very important work on the history of the house of Swabia; and Rosini, a successful novelist, has changed the lively style of romantic narrative for the more serious task of a history of painting.

Everywhere this preponderance of grave and useful pursuits over the works of imagination, is observable in Italy. It seems as if the natural fecundity of that gifted land were for the third time exhausted, as it was evidently the case in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries; when national poetry and

eloquence was either plunged into a deep sleep, or corrupted by extravagance and bombast, to give way in the first instance to the classical researches of Bracciolini and Valla; in the second to the physical discoveries of the school of Galileo. It seems as if to every age of active and creative life, a period of comparative repose must necessarily ensue, to be consecrated to the toils of erudition, to prepare the soil on which, in more fortunate circumstances, a new vegetation is to germinate. Such an epoch of rest and transition Italy has reached in our days, and the efforts of the scholars of that country seem rather directed to search into the monuments of the past, to collect materials for the future, than to provide for the wants of the present.

Meanwhile it is the duty of every honest friend of humanity to send a word of sympathy and encouragement to a people placed in so strangely different a situation from our own land of freedom; a people where the meeting of a few professors and scholars, or a convenient provision for the inviolability of literary property, is hailed as a national triumph, and made a subject of universal rejoicing.

But it is not literary commerce alone that suffers in Italy from the fetters of a jealous, pusillanimous, short-sighted despotism. The irksome vexations to which every traveller is subjected at every distance of twenty or thirty miles; the passport, the douane, and octrois, and, at times, the long-protracted quarantine; the complicated systems of coin, weight and measure, the absurd and contradictory laws, navigation acts, and police regulations; the negligence, the tardiness, and not unfrequently the shameless bad faith of the post-office; the rare, slow and imperfect condition of commercial conveyances, engender a universal discouragement, an apathy, a listlessness, which is rather too hastily ascribed to a natural indolence of the people. The most active mind feels confined, and, as it were, dwindles within the close boundaries of those petty states. It sinks under the consciousness of its insufficiency. It yields before the well-experienced invincibility of the obstacles it has to contend with. It is thus that trade, industry and even agriculture are, at the best, stationary in Italy, especially in the smaller states, in this age of European progress; nor is there any hope of durable amelioration, unless the governments are prompted by their own interests to come to a generous understanding, and establish a commercial, as they have been obliged to sanction a literary and scientific, confederacy.

Meanwhile the vain-glorious menaces and bravadoes of France, and the sudden rumours

of war, have found the Italians, even after so long a school of fond illusion, though disenchanted from their false conceptions, still ready to lend a willing ear to new deception and perfidy; and thousands of well-meaning hearts have beaten with transport at the first hope of foreign invasion. It would be vain to deny the fact, that even the soundest minds in Italy, notwithstanding the contrary sentence of Von Raumer, think that under no change Italy can ever fare worse than under the rule of Austria and her worthless lieutenants. Let the Italian governments look well to it, lest, when the invader draws near, and they appeal to the feelings of the nation for support in their struggle, they be answered in the words of the beast of burden in the fable, "The French cannot force us to carry two loads."

ART. IV.—1. *Anleitung zur Kupfer-Stichkunde.* By Adam Bartsch. 8vo. Vienna. 1822.

2. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true Principles of the Daguerreotype, with a new Method of Dioramic Painting, Secrets purchased by the French Government and by command published for the benefit of Arts and Manufactures, by the Inventor, L. S. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies.* London. 1839.

3. *Excursions Daguerriennes; collection de 50 planches, représentant les Vues et les Monuments les plus remarquables du Globe.* Paris. 1840.

AMONGST the various arts which have been practised by man, and which have tended to his civilisation and welfare, engraving has the earliest claims to antiquity. It has been handed down to us from the remotest ages, the earliest specimens being in the form of engraved gems and signets, ornaments closely allied with ancient royalty. The stones usually used for these were cornelian, chalcedony, jacinth, onyx, and sard; to these we may add opal, beryl, and emerald. It would naturally happen that the country whose soil yielded these riches would be the one to take the earliest opportunity for exercising such an art, and India, that land of precious stones, was considered the first country to set the example. Not only is this country rich in engraved signets and talismans, but we have in the Royal Asiatic Society remarkable spe-

cimens of engraved characters upon copper plates coeval with the seventh century of our era. These are called in the country "copper leaf," and some of them are found to contain certain privileges given by the natives to the earliest Christians. Many are contracts entered into for conveying grants of land. They are curiously connected by large copper rings joined together by immense round seals of lead having characters stamped at the bottom.\* Egypt, whose antiquities have been so successfully explored, everywhere gives evidence of the labours of the graver, and as early as the 18th dynasty, during the reign of Amosis, or about 1575 B. C. (four years after the birth of Moses), hieroglyphics and various devices were commonly engraved by the Egyptians on their glass vases and beads. Sir J. G. Wilkinson mentions one of these latter being found by Capt. Henvey, R. N., at Thebes, which had engraved on it a king's name who lived at the period of 1500, B. C. At that early age the manufacture of glass was carried to great perfection. Not only was it employed in manufacturing articles for the social purposes of life, but also to a great extent in the imitation of precious stones.

The power the ancients possessed of diffusing colours into their glass was very great; and some of our readers will perhaps recollect the curious account given by the learned Winkelman, of a piece of glass not quite an inch in length, and about a third of an inch in breadth, which exhibited, on a dark and variegated ground, a bird similar to a duck, with plumage of the most bright and varied colours, formed by the alternate introduction of opaque and transparent glass—a remarkable circumstance was, that on the reverse was the same figure, and so exactly similar in all its delicate pencillings to the other, that Winkelman could only suppose that the colours were infused through the entire piece.

The Chinese have ever been celebrated for their patient ingenuity in the more ancient practice of the art. They exemplified their skill and industry, not only in the hardest materials, but in hollowing out perfect bottles from rock crystal of about two inches in length, and, through the very small opening in the neck they engraved minute and delicate characters in the inside, so as to be read through the crystal.

A curious circumstance is mentioned by

\* For a curious and interesting account of the last, which were sent over by Dr. Burns of the Bombay Medical Service, we refer our readers to the 7th volume of the Calcutta Journal, published in that city.

Sir J. G. Wilkinson, of some Chinese bottles being found in the tombs of Thebes, mingled with others of native manufacture. They are made of a kind of porcelain, about two inches high, one side presenting a flower, and on the other an inscription, which, in two of them, consists of five characters—*ming, yue, soong, choong, chaou*; which is a line taken from one of the poets, and has the pretty interpretation of "the bright moon shines amidst the firs." On the other was a different inscription, "The flower opens, and lo! another year." The tombs in which these were found were of the earlier dynasty of Thothmes III., who reigned about the time of Joseph. How great a proof, therefore, is this of the early attention which the Chinese paid to the cultivation of various arts.

We need not remind our readers of the frequent allusions made to the use of signets and engraved gems in our sacred books. The Old Testament abounds in them. In Genesis, (chap. xxxviii. v. 18.) Tamar desires a pledge from Judah by which she might know him, and he said, "What pledge shall I give thee?" and she said, "Thy signet," *וְחֶסֶד*; and in Exodus we have the circumstantial account of the twelve stones which were engraved according to names of the children of Israel, "like the engravings of a signet." And we must not forget the remarkable expression of Job, (chap. xix. v. 23, 24,) "Oh! that my words were now written, oh! that they were printed in a book—that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"

As a more immediate introduction to the present subject, we will call the attention of our readers to the two forms of engraving entitled *Camaieu* and *Intaglio*. The *Scarabæus* of the Egyptians, a type of immortality, and an object mixed up with their religious ceremonies, is one of the earliest specimens of this kind, not only engraved on precious stones, but from the extensive circulation they met with, manufactured in porcelain. There seems to be very little doubt that the ancients knew the use of the diamond in cutting glass and stones, though some have contended that Gaspar Lehmann, at Prague, who obtained a patent from the Emperor Rodolph II., was the first who succeeded in it. From the authority of Pliny, however, we may conclude that the diamond was well known to the lapidary,\* and he particularly remarks that it was used "for all gems." From Egypt the art was gradually introduced, as Strutt tells us in his

Dictionary of Engraving, into Phœnicia, and thence to Greece. Few of the names of the gem engravers of the time of Pericles have descended to us, but our readers will remember that Alexander gave his royal privilege to Lysippus and Apelles, and also to Pyrgoteles, who alone was authorised to engrave the royal portrait. Appollonides and Cronius were next in reputation, as Pliny informs us.\* At the earlier periods of Grecian art, many of the Egyptian divinities are curiously mingled with the heroes of Greece, the former being often engraved on one side, while the latter occupied the reverse. We refer our readers to Winkelman's interesting account of the celebrated cameos which are handed down to us, particularly the exquisite one of Perseus and Andromeda.

Intaglios or gems in which the figure is sunken (called by the French "*en creux*") were more particularly in vogue as seals or signets. Herodotus mentions that the Ethiopians were well acquainted with the art, and their knowledge most probably was derived from the Egyptians. And we have already mentioned the numerous instances of the practice of the art in the Scriptures, probably obtained in this branch from that nation, since their hieroglyphics are generally of this character. It was supposed that the idea of an intaglio or seal suggested itself from a piece of worm-eaten wood, and Winkelman mentions a gem in the Stosch collection which was engraved in imitation of wood eaten by the worm.

The collections of the ancients were extremely beautiful and curious, and it will be sufficient to recall to our readers the name of Dioscorides† in evidence of this, who flourished under Augustus, and whose eminent talents recommended him to the notice of that Emperor, in the same way as Pyrgoteles to Alexander the Great. The portrait of Augustus, engraved by him on a precious stone, was used by Augustus himself and succeeding emperors as a signet. Pliny gives an interesting description of the various tools used by the artists, and mentions one which he calls *tornus*, and which has been supposed to mean some sort of turning lathe; but Natter, Raspe, and other more modern authors, will furnish further information on this subject. In the fifteenth century the art recovered from the state of obscurity into which it had fallen, and this regeneration may be in a great measure attributed to the Medici family at Florence and Rome, whose love of the arts induced them in every way to uphold talent and

\* Plin. xxxvii. 4.—"Expetuntur (adamantis crustæ) a sculptoribus ferroque includuntur, nullam non duritiam ex facili cavantes."

\* See Sillig, Dict. of Artists of Antiquity.

† Vide Sillig.

learning. The most extensive and beautiful works, however, were in the *Camei*, as these allow of far more richness and expression than in the graving of the *Intagliatore*.

The process of die engraving assimilates very closely to that which we have already mentioned, but it bears a higher place in the art, as it was upon steel that the talent of the graver was exercised. The same kind of tools were employed, however, as upon the cameo and intaglio. The artist having executed the intended figure upon the piece of steel called a punch, this was tempered so as to bring it to a great degree of hardness, and under it was placed a piece of soft steel called the die, (*talus*), which being made red hot receives the impression of the figure in relief on the punch, by the latter being smartly struck with the hammer, and thus the matrix is formed from which the future medallions are struck.

Skinner gives a curious interpretation of the word talon, (the claw of a bird of prey,) which he derives from *talus*, quia *præcipuum istarum avium robur in talo seu calcare constitit*, or because the chief strength of that bird lies in its heel or talon; and another author has ingeniously conceived that the derivation of the Italian words *intaglio* and *intagliare* may be derived from "the action of the bird's foot *clawing* the earth, or scraping, scratching and *cutting* into any object."

We must now call the attention of our reader to a more important part of the subject, namely, that portion of the art which was termed working in *niello*, or the practice of filling up the lines of a subject engraved, by a different coloured metal from that of the plate. The goldsmith's art is one which has been practised from the remotest ages, and we are constantly reminded in the Old Testament that it was united with the talents of the graver; and no inconsiderable skill must have been displayed where we read the description in Exodus of the mercy-seat, with its cherubim and the various adjuncts to the altar. Evelyn amongst other authorities for the antiquity of engraving, quotes the word *niello*, which is used in 1 Kings, ch. vi. ver. 35, and more particularly expresses the hollowing out of the carved work on the cherubim and the sanctuary, *which carved work* was afterwards filled up with gold. On the valuable authority of Sir J. G. Wilkinson, we find that it was a common practice with the ancient Egyptians to ornament their small gold figures by letting a vitrified composition into the engraved metal. The ancient goldsmiths probably were early accustomed to the use of the

burin, or kind of chisel, whose extremity is a rectangular steel bar in the shape of a lozenge. The Italian word *bolino* or *bulino* for the graving tool, as a diminutive, is derived by some etymologists from the Teutonic *beyel*, *beil*, a bill, which Skinner renders *securis rostrata*, meaning a woodman's *bill-hook*. The burin being held firmly in the hand, cuts out a small thread-like portion of the metal which is being engraved, and which varies in depth more or less according to the angle of the burin and the force applied to the instrument. We have very little doubt that this tool was familiar to the ancients, for Strutt, in alluding to the Egyptian alto-relievo in brass in the British Museum, says:

"The flat part or ground of the relief, together with the bottom, edges and back part of it, are ornamented with figures and symbolical characters, executed entirely with the graver without any other assistance. The backs of the crocodiles and the heads of the four-footed animals are also finished with the same instrument in a very careful manner."

The following description of *niello* engraving by Count Serratti will perhaps convey to the reader a just impression of this art:

"The intended object was covered over with the *niello*, (*niegellum*), which was a metallic substance or black kind of enamel reduced to powder, composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur and borax, so that it was more easily fusible than silver, and of a dark colour. The necessary degree of heat was then applied, which melted this metallic compound without affecting the silver plate, and occasioned it to run about until it had filled all the strokes of the engraving. Lastly, the superfluous part of the *niello* which rose above the surface of the silver plate was removed by scrapers, files and pumice stone, until the even surface of the plate appeared in every part, so that the *niello* only remained in the strokes made by the burin, thus giving to the engraved design its true effect."

This was the art which was so extensively practised by the goldsmiths of Europe in the age of the celebrated Maso de Finiguerra, and from these were produced the *niello* impressions. We are indebted to Mr. White, a member for many years of the Company of Goldsmiths, and whose exquisite taste is well known to the cognoscenti, and especially in the print department of the British Museum, for some valuable memoranda on this subject made during the reading of the *Essai sur les Nielles*, by Duchesne Aîné; and which, as the result of a long experience in the art of engraving, will be duly appreciated by our



readers. In speaking of a niello impression in the Binda collection, he says,

"The lines on the bodies of the figures are so closely engraved as to be much blurred in the smelting, which was evidently *rubbed off*; I have used this technical term in order that I may state in this place the experimental process of the old goldsmiths. I should here premise, that having been in the practice of silver engraving for more than ten years in the early part of my life, I have taken off perhaps tens of thousands of impressions by the very process used by the Italian goldsmiths from the earliest period of the art. Its simplicity and efficacy is such as to prevent any alteration to the end of time. Drawing and engraving were at first a very material portion of a goldsmith's education, to which was added modelling and chasing. The life of that most splendid and eccentric genius Benvenuto Cellini, shows to what an extent the elements of a goldsmith's education might be improved and applied. But the division of labour in this, as in other trades, leading to expedition in the execution of orders, has withdrawn engraving and chasing from the hands of the goldsmith; and silver engravers, as they are now called, perform one portion of the original employment of the first goldsmiths, and chasers are exclusively engaged upon the other. Working in silver at present is entirely separated from the art of the goldsmith, but in the guild or company of goldsmiths, all the working branches are considered in the trade. The small silver or gold plates which require to be engraved, such as the nielli were upon, are fastened by means of a cement, composed of rosin and brick-dust, upon a flat piece of wood, by which means a sufficient rest is obtained for the thumb of the engraver, which in this species of engraving sustains and steadies the hand. The burin or graver is grasped by all the fingers of the right hand, and by a full pressure on the thumb the artist is able to perform any operation with steadiness to the extent of a circular line of about six inches in length. The engraver, elevating his hand, has an entire control of the instrument, and works with equal certainty as upon a flat or a convex surface. Indeed a surface of much convexity is only safe in the hands of a skilful and experienced engraver, and no tyro would dare to attempt a bread-basket which is required to be engraved at the bottom, because the hand has to be elevated so as to place the graver almost upright, while the thumb solidly serves as a supporting pillar to the hand, round which the tool ploughs out the metal as the skill of the workman directs. The instruments generally used for this work are square, but are varied to different angles, and are termed the square graver, half lozenge and lozenge graver, the flat scoop and the spit-sticker. The practice I have described is, generally speaking, as much unused, perhaps unknown, by those who are now called historical or landscape engravers, as the art of chasing is unknown to, or not practised by, silver engravers. The plate being engraved, we must suppose impressions to be required from it. The plate is first rubbed in with ink with the tip or under surface of the middle

finger, by which means the ink is pressed to the bottom of the incised lines; it is then wiped off by a bit of rag, and cleared of that which remains on the surface with the fleshy part of the hand under the thumb, or that under portion of the palm at its outer edge. When thus cleaned, all the lines are filled up with ink, which is, when delivered on the paper, to form the print. A piece of paper, moistened with saliva on each side, is now placed over the plate, and another piece of paper not so damp, or even dry, is laid on the first. A double paper perfectly dry is next placed over the two former ones, which being stretched out and kept tight and firm by the second finger and thumb of the left hand, a point-handle or stick, called a rubbing-stick, is rubbed over every portion of the outer paper where the engraving is underneath, and by this simple process I have taken thousands and thousands of prints from forks, spoons, tea-pots, milk-pots, bread-baskets, waiters, sugar-tongs, snuff-boxes, knife-handles, &c. &c. &c., and of every variety of size, from half an inch to ten inches. I could print any plate of the largest niello I have seen, or which has been described, and as well as any impression I have ever seen, by this simple process. I am entirely satisfied by the conviction which has been produced by knowledge and experience, that in this way and by this process did Maso de Finiguerra and all the primitive goldsmiths produce the impressions which are now denominated nielli from the subsequent process of filling them with the substance described by Vasari and others. I am certain that hundreds of silver engravers now living can corroborate every word I have written, and perform the operation I have described with almost unerring certainty."

These observations show how greatly the modern practice of engraving must have been assisted by this ancient process. Strutt, in his frontispiece to the first volume of his Dictionary of Engravers, gives two curious specimens from the Hamiltonian collection of Etruscan antiquities in the British Museum; one of them is part of the sheath of a parazonium or dagger, the original being about eight inches and a half long, and gradually tapers from three inches wide at the top to an inch and a quarter at the bottom. Two historical subjects are graven upon the flat side, but of very rude workmanship. The other specimen is a patera, and underneath the two figures engraved upon it is an inscription in Etruscan characters. The ornamental parts of the drapery are exceedingly beautiful, and it is altogether a most valuable remnant of antiquity.

We will now examine the earlier history of modern engraving, as an art, which, has reached such a pitch of excellence that the student may acquire at home the works of the greatest masters of painting, their forms and almost their colouring being perpetuated through thousands of impressions. There is

nothing perhaps so satisfactory, after thoroughly acquainting ourselves with a beautiful picture, as to possess an engraving of it; the roundness of form displayed in the figures, the adjustment of the drapery, the distant background with its clear sky and fleecy clouds, under the skilful hand of the graver present all the beautiful and striking colouring of the master. Adam Bartsch, in his valuable work of *Peintre Graveur*, enumerates thirteen different classes of engravings, viz. ; 1. Chalcography, or engraving; 2. Engraving with the dry point; 3. Etching; 4. Etching finished with the graver; 5. Dotting or stippling performed with a punch and mallet; 6. Scraping, or the dark method, called mezzotinto, practised chiefly in England; 7. Engraving in different colours, or Le Blou's method; 8. Chalk engraving, or French method; 9. English method by dotting; 10. Aquatinta, or the method for giving effect of bistre or Indian ink; 11. Method by coloured washes; 12. Xylography, or wood engraving and its varieties; 13. Lithography and its varieties. The education of the engraver must be in the same school as that of the painter, for he must have a perfect acquaintance with anatomy and perspective, and a just conception of drawing and of chiaroscuro. The painter devotes himself to delineating the pictures formed in his own mind, and conveys to the spectator the same impression of colour, form and texture which he has conceived, as also all the varied changes which light and air produce in a landscape. The engraver, by a judicious arrangement of certain lines, studies to produce a fac-simile, not only displaying all the vigour of form, but also all the innumerable modifications of feeling displayed by the artist in his picture.

The materials spoken of in the above enumeration by Bartsch are wood, metal and stone; and the art in general is usually divided into three branches, Xylography, Chalcography and Lithography. The first three processes are employed in engraving on metal, 12 and 13 upon wood and stone, and are termed simple processes, while the intermediate ones, from 4 to 11, are entitled mixed or compound. There is besides a compound process of wood engraving where one or more blocks are used, and the print may be completed by stencilling. Any of our readers who have amused themselves with oriental tinting will be familiar with this last process; it was much used by the Briefmalers or card colourers.\* Adam Bartsch significantly observes, in his "Anleitung zur Kupferstichkunde," "that a description of all the various

ways adopted by judicious engravers for the purposes of their art would in words only be a task impossible," and more especially do we feel the truth of this observation in our limited article. We cannot however pass over this interesting part of the subject without giving a few of the general rules to which the art is subjected. The chief study, then, of the line engraver, as we have already partially observed, whether in wood or metal, is to make such an arrangement of lines as shall mark the character of the various objects, whether they stand forward in bold relief, or are mellowed by reflected or borrowed light, in short, to convey to the eye the various gradations of colours which have been expressed by the artist on his canvass, and finally to preserve the whole in its proper keeping, or such a disposition of the various lights and shades (termed chiaroscuro) as shall leave no doubt as to the intended place of any object in the plate; for although the lights and shadows of nature are continually varying in direction and intensity throughout the day, still all objects preserve their relative value in the landscape.

In giving smoothness and polish to any object, the lines are parallel, and sharp and clear in their course. To throw an object into the shade, and to give it a dull appearance, lines crossing each other perpendicularly are used, and are termed square hatchings, but where an intermediate state is required, the lozenge hatchings are employed, or lines crossing each other at an angle less than a right angle. Where a waving or flowing effect is to be produced, the hatchings will be slightly curved; but when an object is brought prominently in relief, various intervals in the shadings will produce the required effect. M. Bartsch gives some valuable information of the arrangement of lines technically termed handling.

"Although an engraver," says the author, "has not the painter's power of characterizing different bodies by the appropriate colours of each, he possesses abundant means of representing their surfaces so intelligibly, that hard bodies shall be distinguished from soft, smooth from rough, shining from dull, and that the copper-plate may often rival, in truth, fidelity and beauty, the coloured painting. For this purpose attention must be given to the different modes of handling, as well with regard to the choice of strokes (fine or broad, deep or shallow) to be engraved, as with regard to the judicious direction and distribution of them. If this handling be entirely of the same sort throughout the plate, such a work will evidently possess less distinctness, and strike the eye less forcibly, than a work in which each substance of the composition is appropriately executed, leaving us in no doubt of its individual character. An engraver is always defective when, through the unintelli-

\* Vide Singer, in "History of Playing Cards."

gible handling of the graver, certain bodies represented are only to be guessed at by their outline, or merely by the light and shadow thrown upon them. The various substances and objects engraved, such as carnations, cloths, silks, metals, stones, &c., ought, with very few exceptions, to be distinguishable from each other by the handling alone."

He further remarks, that the strokes or dots used to mark the surfaces of different bodies must be placed in that systematic way, and being filled with more or less colour, will judiciously express the varied forms of the different surfaces, whether raised or hollowed. With regard to the subject of hatchings, he draws a comparison between the works of Gerard Edelinck and Scheltius von Bols-wert, and conceives that the latter is certainly superior in his dexterity of handling the graver, and declares that he has executed some plates with the most perfect freedom and lightness: "but this freedom," he says, "has its origin in a judicious direction, union, and ultimatum of the lines; important particulars in which Edelinck was remarkably deficient." The most important surface to represent is that of the human skin and complexion, next ranks drapery and other bodies. Raffaëlle Mengs, in his "Rules of Painting," alludes to five tints of colour for representing all the appearances in nature, which are divided into extreme light, half light, middle tint, half dark, and extreme dark. The half shadows in the human skin are expressed more frequently by dots than lines and strokes, and there are sometimes conical holes made by the instrument called the dry needle, punch, or etching point; and they have another form, which is angular. Wood engravers frequently adopt this process with the burin, for representing the delicate carnations of females and children. In portraits, where great accuracy is required, dots made by the graver have a very good effect, and M. Bartsch mentions the eminent works of J. G. Willer, the Drevets, G. F. Smidt, and one or two others, as examples of this. The figure of Hymen, engraved by Bartolozzi, in his "Clytia," after Annibal Caracci, is a beautiful specimen of soft carnation. Hair is generally expressed by lines running parallel together, the undulating surface of the curls being expressed by the greater or less depth of the shading, but in larger works single hairs of many curls are left white, and, being placed in contradistinction to darker masses, give a rich and luxuriant appearance. The representation of drapery requires a great deal of judicious and far different handling on the part of the engraver. Flaxman, in his valuable lectures,

says that drapery, being subject to the laws of gravity and motion, is affected in its form like all other objects in nature, according to its lightness or weight, acted upon by the repose or action of the wearer and the force of the wind. The succession, therefore, of any folds which are broken into various lengths, must be most carefully treated by the burin; "but it is evident," says M. Bartsch, "that no expertness in the artist can enable him to represent with the burin such draperies as have been badly painted, and are imperfect either in respect to shading or outline. Defects in many engravings are unjustly charged upon the engraver, whose only fault, perhaps, is a too faithful copy of his original."

Clear blue sky is represented by very fine parallel lines, no cross hatchings being allowed; but where clouds are introduced, they are imitated by a series of strokes running together, and following the shape of the cloud. In those which are dark and stormy the hatchings are considerably strengthened, and for this portion of his art the engraver must be as attentive an observer of nature as the painter. In speaking of the representation of soft earth, M. Bartsch says, "two or three series of hatchings, the strokes of which, like those of the foundation over which they cross, must be crooked; must be somewhat angular; must be here and there broken or discontinued, and must have abrupt endings." Our limits do not allow us to make further observations on the various modes adopted by the engraver for representing the rough bark of the forest tree, or the light and fragile stem of the plant waving in the breeze; and again, the calm and still waters gleaming with the passing light. All these are subject, more or less, to the same rules, and their beauties and truth depend on the choice handling of the engraver. Harshness in every way should be avoided, and the utmost attention should be paid to keeping and harmony. A great deal depends on the strength of the lights introduced by the graver, for the action of light and shadow has been considered in four different manners: 1, as giving strong relief to the prominent parts of an object; 2, as giving relief to some detached portion of an object; 3, the various changes which it receives in passing through different media; and 4, the consideration that the light and shadow of any object is influenced by the local colours of the illuminated object. The great study, therefore, of the engraver is, to avoid any harshness in his strong lights, as all shadows occasioned by them terminate abruptly.

These observations are equally applicable

to the operations of line engraving upon wood, metal or stone, yet they apply more especially to highly finished works; and we find these nice distinctions but very indifferently observed in the earlier specimens of the art. The common distinction between wood engraving and engraving on metal is, that the impressions obtained from the former are termed *cuts*, while those from the latter are called *plates*. Again, the wood engraver executes his work in cameo or relief, but on the metal plate, the lines are intagliate or hollowed, and the impressions from the former are produced by the pressure of the prominent part of the block on the paper, while those of the latter are obtained by the paper being pressed *into* the lines of the metal; the consequence of which is, that a corresponding prominent or indented effect is communicated to the paper by these two processes.

The art of producing impressions from wooden blocks is one of extreme antiquity, and by this, the archives of nations which have passed away or merged into others have been handed down to us. The Chaldeans were evidently acquainted with the process, as it seems pretty clear that they impressed their mystic characters upon their burnt bricks formed of clay and reeds, from some carved block of wood or stone. Some passages in the Old Testament, especially one in Isaiah (ch. xxx. v. 8), "Now go write it before them in a table," &c. seem to refer to the process of carving characters on wooden blocks. Baron Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicae*, quotes several passages from a History of China written by Abusaid in Persian, A. D. 1317, in which the perfect knowledge the Chinese possessed of the art of engraving on wood is made matter of especial observation. In Egypt it would appear that various *stamps* of wood were employed to produce impressions on bricks and clay; and the Romans were quite familiar with the art. Box is the wood which has been mostly employed by the old Xylographers, and is now in general use. The more ancient masters engraved on the longway of the wood, but the modern execute their designs on the cross section. The only preparation that is necessary is rubbing over the smooth surface a little powdered Bath brick or some analogous substance. In the ancient practice of the art a compound system was in vogue, that is to say, two or three different blocks were used on one cut, for the purpose of producing the impression in *clair obscur*, as it was called. One block was employed in impressing the outlines with half tints, and the other in completing the print. Adam Bartsch mentions several "*clair obscur de deux planches*"

by Albert Durer. The various tools used in the art are gravers, tint-tools, gouges or scoopers, and flat chisels. There are various sizes of each kind. Another marked distinction in the practice of the workman in wood engraving and copper-plate engraving is, that in the former he *pushes* the tool from him, and in the latter he *draws* it towards him. The subject is pencilled on the smooth block, previous to its being cut out, and then the artist's power of drawing must be firm and correct, for unlike painting or even engraving on metal, a line once marked cannot well be obliterated. One of the finest effects is produced by *overlaying* and *lowering*, which is a system of considerable antiquity, and was practised so early as 1538. It consists in the block being scraped away from the centre or towards the sides in any parts of the picture which require lightness of expression. Upon the paper being pressed upon the block, the ink is but faintly received upon it, and is thus termed *lowering*. *Overlaying* is an opposite process, in which pieces of paper or even small pieces of woollen cloth are put on the back of the outer tympan, over those parts of the block which express the darker outlines or shades, and a greater pressure being therefore applied in those parts produces the desired effect. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the experienced and judicious printer is a most valuable and necessary assistant to the fame of the artist.

Our space will not allow us to trace the various links of the chain, nor can we dwell on the conflicting opinions respecting the introduction of the art into Europe by way of Venice; but we will recall to the memory of our reader the probable hypothesis of Papillon, which has been supported by Lani, Ottley and others (but to which Hubert, Bartsch and Jackson assign no credit), respecting the first commencement of the art in Italy by Alessandro Alberico Cunio and his twin-sister Isabella, born about A. D. 1270. These young people, born for a better age, passed the sunshine of their youth in storing their minds with all kinds of knowledge, and perfecting themselves in various accomplishments, until they arrived at the age of sixteen, amongst which they acquired the art of designing and engraving on wood. They are supposed to have obtained their knowledge in drawing from some monkish illuminist. However this may be, they composed and jointly executed, during their leisure moments, a series of cuts, eight in number, giving "the heroic actions represented in figures, of the great and magnanimous Macedonian king, the bold and valiant Alexander," which they dedicated to Pope Hono-

rius IV. Mr. Ottley saw a set of the impressions, and says they appeared to have been printed by the friction of the hand, and that the impression was granulous, as if the paper had not been damped, a common omission of the early wood engravers. These young people met with a sad and untimely end. The brother possessing all the noble ardour of the age, followed his father to the wars, and was knighted, on account of his gallant conduct, in the field which received his first blood. He was ordered to Ravenna, where he was tended by his sister, and during his convalescence they again pursued their peaceful amusements. But civil warfare drew him again from her side, and in his fourth campaign the brave young knight fell on the battle-field. The affectionate Isabella, broken-hearted for his loss, remained not long to mourn him, but soon joined her kindred spirit.

Mr. Jackson, in his "Treatise on Wood Engraving," says, that there is reason to believe that towards the end of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, the Germans adopted the mode of taking impressions on vellum or paper with prominent lines, and then filling up the figures with some colour by means of a stencil. It seems uncertain whether the card-makers of Augsburg adopted that process in their trade. The monks, however, availed themselves of the art in multiplying the figures of their saints and holy persons. These were known to the people of Swabia by the name of Helgen or Helglein, an apparent corruption of "Heiligen," saints. The well-known remarkable woodcut of St. Christopher, bearing the date of 1423, now in the possession of Earl Spencer, is the earliest specimen we have of the combined arts of the Formschneider or wood engraver, and the Briefmaler or card colourer. The figures are done with much spirit, but with regard to the perspective there is rather a touch of the old Chinese masters in it.

We have next to direct attention to the "Block Books," the most celebrated of which are the "Apocalypsis seu Historia Sancti Johannis," the "Historia Virginis ex Cantico Canticorum," with two or three others, which Mr. Jackson places between the years 1430 and 1450. Albert Pfisters's "Book of Fables," published by him at Bamberg in 1461, is the first on record which was illustrated with wood-cuts. This and his "Four Histories," dated 1462, exhibit some very good attempts in the art. In our own country Caxton was the first who essayed to diversify his work, "Game and Playe of Chesse," date about 1476, by some illustrations. The figure of the worthy knight, Sir

Bob Gros-tête, exhibits a clear outline, but there is an absence of knightly symmetry in his seat, which, by the bye, is not to be wondered at when we look at the short, stumpy, little horse beneath him. In Ptolemy's "Chronology," printed at Ulm in 1482, by Leonard Holl, we have the first example of maps engraved on wood. Very numerous are the early specimens of German Xylography, and for that period it had attained much perfection, as may be seen in Breydenbach's Travels, first printed by Erhard Renwich at Mentz in 1486, and in the celebrated Nuremburg Chronicle, printed in the same city in 1493. There is no doubt that Albert Durer was the greatest promoter of the art; "not however," as Mr. Jackson says, "as is generally supposed, from having himself engraved the numerous wood-cuts which bear his mark,\* but from his having thought so well of the art as to have most of his greatest works engraved on wood, from drawings made on the block himself." Durer's earliest work was that of sixteen cuts illustrating the Apocalypse, and published in 1498.

Mr. Jackson remarks, that in most of the wood-cuts supposed to have been engraved by Albert Durer, cross hatchings, or lines crossing each other diagonally, are very freely introduced; and he concludes from this circumstance that Durer, had he engraved his own designs, would have attained his effect by easier means of execution. Many people have imagined that there is superior talent shown in the process of cross hatching, but it is one very easy of execution, and only requires time and patience. Durer's History of the Virgin, consisting of nineteen large cuts, with a vignette on the title-page, appeared in 1511. The position of the Madonna in this vignette, seated on a crescent, is most effective. The ample drapery which is drawn around her, the Child quietly receiving its food, give a happy expression to the easy and natural attitude of the nursing mother. "Bearing the Cross" is another example of the great genius of Durer; and to these we may add some of his remarkable single subjects, such as God bearing up the body of Christ to Heaven, in 1511; a portrait of Ulric Vambuler, 1522; Siege of a Fortified Town, date of which Bartsch is inclined to doubt, but which Ottley places in 1527. Another striking cut is a caricature, a satire of the times, and most probably directed against Luther. An admirable devil, partaking in appearance of his satanic majesty,

\* It was the custom of the old engravers to distinguish their works by affixing their mark or monogram, consisting most frequently of their initials or some quaint device.

and a large turkey-cock, is pursuing the avocation of a bagpiper, and is blowing into the ear of a fat monk who acts as the bag—the nose is elongated into the form of a “chanter,” and the devil is fingering away upon it.

In Augsburg, Hans Burgmair approached his master in the power and spirit of his works. The admirable figure of Conrad Von der Rosen, the jovial leader of the professed jesters of Maximilian’s court, is an admirable example; but his merits are more particularly shown in his *Triumphs of Maximilian*.

Lucas Cranach, Hans Schauflein with his little shovel as his monogram, Lucas van Leyden, and others at the same period, have handed down their names, through their excellent works. At the same era the Flemish school contributed its efforts most successfully to *Xylography*. Heineken describes a very old print, published at Antwerp, bearing a curious inscription in Flemish characters: “Ghe print t’Antwerpen, by my Phillery de Figeranider,” printed at Antwerp by me Phillery, engraver of figures. Christopher Jegher of the same city particularly recommended himself to Rubens by the admirable manner in which he engraved his designs. Strasburg gave birth to the Stimmers, who executed some cuts for a Bible, published by Thomas Guarin, at Basle, in 1586.

The celebrated *Dance of Death*, published at Lyons in 1538, is commonly ascribed to Hans Holbein, though upon doubtful authority according to Mr. Jackson, as from the similarity of style to some well-known works of Hans Lutzelbruger, he agrees with Von Mechel in placing them amongst the happiest efforts of that artist. This opinion seems to be rather borne out by the circumstance of the letters H. L. being on some of the cuts.

There was a curious break in Italy for more than a century and a half, and it was not until the fifteenth century that the art was revived with any degree of success. The great Titian, the pupil of Mocetto, at the age of twenty-eight, produced in 1505 his print of the marriage of St. Catharine, and Cesare Vecelli and Domenico Campagnola were his successful followers. Aenea Vico, of Parma, was at Florence in 1545, and presented the Emperor Charles V. with his portrait, and received for it one hundred crowns. Strutt, who saw the specimen, speaks very highly of the style in which it is executed. In the meantime Florence, Bologna, and Rome, added further proofs of the dexterity of the Italian artists. Ugo da Carpi, who was born at Rome in 1486, and the fellow student of Raffaello d’Urbino, produced some very masterly and spirited sketches by the compound process. He even

employed three different blocks; one for the outline and dark shadows, the second for the lighter shadows, and the third for the demitints. Another celebrated print from these blocks is mentioned by Strutt, representing “Avarice driven by Hercules from before Apollo, Minerva, and the Muses,” and attributed to Baldazzare Peruzzi. Parma was more particularly fortunate in producing Francesco Mazzuoli or Parmegiano, one of the most extraordinary masters of *chiaroscuro*.

It is a remarkable circumstance that we have only one instance of a Spanish wood engraver of that period. Juan Vingles, of Zaragoza, in about 1550 engraved the illustrations of the *Ortografia Pratica*, by Juan de Iciar, who published it the same year at that city.

The world is much indebted to the activity of Jean Baptiste Michel Papillon, of France, who was encouraged and patronized by Louis XIV. His well-known treatise on wood engraving is an amusing production, remarkable for its originality, and is very finely illustrated. Nicholas le Sueur and his sister Elizabeth were also popular artists in French *Xylography*, both of whom were indebted to the talents of Le Fevre, who about the year 1760 became incurably mad.

In England the earliest specimen that we have of the art is through John Baptiste Jackson, who flourished between 1720 and 1754; he was instructed by Papillon, who accuses him of having tried to pass off a copy of one of his works for his own. Other names occur after his, but we are mostly indebted to Thomas and John Bewick, of Overton, whose well-known and beautiful work on British birds has so often delighted us, with its minute and elegant vignettes, and given a charm to many a passing hour in our maturer years, by its correct and beautiful delineation of the feathered tribe. The talents of Nesbit, Nole, Harvey, E. Landels, the Thompsons, the Williams, &c. &c., are too well known to require our dwelling upon them.

With ordinary care, from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand impressions may be taken from a block, and not only have we an advantage by this process in regard to the number of impressions, but the wood engraver is enabled to stereotype his productions, thus multiplying his works to millions of copies. We have already alluded to Maso Finiguerra, in Mr. White’s *Memoranda*, as being the first person who obtained impressions from engraved plates in gold or silver. M. Bartsch, although he willingly allows the Florentine goldsmith to bear the palm, adds, that his own country-

men have made much more use of the invention than the Italians. We need not allude to the idea of the impressions being taken from the sulphur which was run into the engraved plate, as upon a mould, as Mr. Ottley has shown its utter impracticability in his "History of Engraving." The same author supposes Maso Finiguerra to have been born about A. D. 1410, and that he died at Florence at a very advanced age. The Abbé Zain had the good-fortune to find out, in the National Cabinet at Paris, an identical impression taken off by himself from his silver Pax, representing the Assumption of the Virgin, and which belonged to the church of San Giovanni, at Florence. This circumstance placed the date of Finiguerra's labours beyond doubt, as the plate was registered in the archives of the church, in 1452. Thus was the art of chalcography introduced.

Andrea Montegna, born near Padua, in 1431, and celebrated as a painter, was one of the earliest artists who practised line engraving. At that time the effort of the artist was confined to rendering his work as like a pen and ink drawing as he could. Bartsch gives as many as twenty-four different subjects from Montegna. Giulio Campagnola, of the same family, who flourished in 1517, was the reputed author of the dotted method of engraving, which we shall speak of hereafter. Other names of no very great note occur up to the period of the fifteenth century, at which time the art increased in proportion to the advancement made by the great painters of that age. Both in simple and compound chalcography the plate of copper undergoes a certain preparation previous to the burin being applied to it. After being hammered perfectly plain, it is carefully polished by pumice stone, for the purpose of removing any inequalities caused by the blows of the hammer, after which a kind of slate, called water of Ayr stone, removes the scratches caused by the last process, and subsequently smith's coal, or charcoal, and lastly an oil rubber, brings the plate to that highly polished state which is required. A tracing ground, or varnish, is laid upon the plate, which is warmed over a pan of charcoal to receive it. M. Bartsch gives two or three receipts for this varnish, which is usually composed of virgin wax, asphaltum, and two or three different kinds of pitch. It is applied to the surface of the warm copper, being discharged through a little bag, which tends to spread it evenly. The artist, making an outline of his intended drawing upon paper, rubs over the back of it the dust of red chalk, and placing it upon the coating or varnish on the plate, which has been previously coloured black or

white, traces his outline on the paper with a blunt point, and on removing the paper, finds it transferred to the ground. This being completed, the outline is again retraced with the etching needle, so as to slightly mark the copper, after which the varnish is removed, and the artist employs his burin. Many have been astonished at the facility of execution displayed by the early engravers, and the strength and equality which is evinced in their handling. But this ceases to occupy our attention when we reflect that the skill and practice of the goldsmith (the incipient line engraver) was constantly displayed in the beauty and delicacy of his designs upon gold or silver, and that at the very origin of the new art there were very many expert burinists who were at once able to apply their hands to the interesting labour. Amongst the many artists of the fifteenth century, Mark Antonio was a more skilful designer than even his master, the celebrated Bolognese goldsmith, Francesco Rabolini. His neatly engraved print of Lucretia, which he executed while at Rome, procured him the valuable notice of the great Raffaele, and during that master's short life he was continually employed by him. Ottley enumerates as many as three hundred and fifty-nine subjects from his burin; and Bartsch gives a particular description of them, together with the works of his pupils, Agostino Venetiano and Marco di Ravenna. His school was most celebrated, and his principles were practised, not only in the principal cities of Italy, but also in many parts of Germany. During the time of Marc Antonio, Italy was visited by students from all parts of Europe, who were eager to catch some portion of that spirit which animated the Italian masters. Some of the choicest productions of Marc Antonio may be seen in the print room of the British Museum.

Amongst others, Cornelius Cort, who was born at Hoorn in 1536, made a journey to Venice, and having been previously instructed in the art of engraving by Jerome Cock of Antwerp, took up his residence in Titian's house, and was most fortunately employed in engraving many works by that great master. He afterwards went to Rome and established there a most important school, the prominent feature of which was his great attention to the principles of chiaroscuro. The style of Cort was remarkable for its boldness and freedom of handling. Basan declared that he was the best engraver with the burin that Holland ever produced, and particularly remarks upon the delicacy which he combined with all his forcible expression. His plates also were of a much larger size than those by

his predecessors. He died at Rome at the age of forty-two, when his fame was at its height. His plates then amounted to more than one hundred and fifty. Agostino Caracci, the eldest of the three celebrated brothers, born at Bologna in 1558, was destined in his early youth to follow the calling of a goldsmith, but he showed his incipient talent by executing at the early age of fourteen some plates in the style of Cort, and, following the advice of his friends, became the celebrated engraver. We cannot dwell upon the admirable works that he produced, nor upon those of his cousin Ludovico, whose plates, according to Bartsch, amounted to more than two hundred and seventy. His fellow-townsmen, Francisco Bruzzio, followed in his footsteps, and many other artists of minor worth embraced the principles of his school. But we must notice the German school of early chalcography, which has been allowed by all impartial writers, and Strutt in particular, to be greatly superior in its productions to Italy. It commences oddly enough with some extraordinary efforts by an anonymous artist in the year 1466, who has handed down to us one hundred and thirteen pieces by the authority of many writers. This master, together with Martin Schön or Schöngauer, born about 1453, have been considered by Strutt as the founders of the German primitive school, whose peculiar style lasted until the nobler efforts of Albert Durer delighted the world.

Schöngauer, having followed the profession of a goldsmith, had remarkable facility in the use of the burin, and although very quaint in his style, gave much pleasure by the expression he threw into his subjects. The Mechens (Israel van Mechen and his disciples) were the followers of the master of 1466, and Schauflein the elder, Frantz van Bocholt and others, of Schöngauer. Albert Durer was also as remarkable in this line of the art as in that of Xylography. "Great as was the fame of Durer as a painter," says M. Bartsch in his *Peintre Graveur*, "his productions as an engraver do him no less honour. His plates show a freedom, delicacy and facility of burin to which none of his predecessors can make pretension." The followers and pupils of Durer were very numerous in chalcography, and were entitled the *Little Masters*. George Frederic Schmidt, born at Berlin in 1712, studied under the celebrated engraver M. de Larmessin, at Paris. He again returned to Berlin, and increased his fame by engraving the portrait of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, at her particular request. Watelet says that Schmidt was remarkable for the singular ease and grace with

which he guided his burin. John George Welle must also be noticed as contemporary with the last-named master. He resided chiefly at Paris, and has often been classed amongst the French engravers. His powers of representation were very great, and his burin has been most happily employed in the beautiful paintings of Dow, Mieris, Metz, and Netcher.

The industry of the Dutch and Flemish masters was very surprising during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the simple exercise of the art. Of these the engravers of the Low Countries appear to have been most celebrated. One of the most remarkable was Lucas Jacobs, of Leyden, born in 1494. His application was extraordinary, and so much affected his health, that for the last six years of his short life he scarcely left his bed, and it was a melancholy contrast to his former life, when he used to make voyages to the Netherlands in a splendid vessel of his own, and attired in sweeping robes of cloth of gold, would, in company with his friend John de Mabuse, give magnificent entertainments to the Flemish painters in the various cities that he visited. All his works are from his own designs, and amount to about one hundred and seventy-four pieces. At Amsterdam and Haerlem arose the school of Henry Golzius, and at Utrecht Count de Goudt and the family of De Passe were most celebrated. The elder De Passe was also known as a man of letters, and his work entitled "*Della Luce de depingere e designare*," contains most excellent rules for perspective, the proportions of the human figure, &c. &c. From Antwerp came De Gheyn, the Galle, together with Paul Pontius and numerous followers. We must now notice the progress that France made in the art contemporaneously with the countries we have already noticed. The history of the attempts in that country were wrapt up in much ambiguity, but the first person who is actually known as having established any school is Jean Duvet, or the master of the Unicorn, not as some of our readers may imagine from the use of it as his monogram, but from his so frequently introducing it into many of his designs. Like all the early artists he was a goldsmith, and used his burin to the advanced age of seventy-nine. Some minor names occur after his, but the next person worthy of notice is Leonard Gaultier, of about A. D. 1610. He more particularly imitated Crispin de Passe and Wierinxes. Andran, P. Lombart, the Davids, De la Haye, and two or three others, were very effective during the sixteenth century.

The seventeenth century was a remarkable



era for French engraving. Claud Mellan, born at Abbeville in 1601, visited Rome at the early age of sixteen and began to study painting, but quitted it for that of engraving. His plates are much valued. It is said that he was invited over to England by Charles II., but preferred the patronage of his royal master, who assigned him apartments in the Louvre, where he resided until his death, which took place at the advanced age of eighty-seven. The most remarkable follower of Mellan was Robert Nauteuil, born at Rheims A. D. 1630. His plates, amounting to two hundred and eighty, are worked with the most extraordinary care and precision, and his fame attracted the notice and patronage of Louis XIV., who bestowed upon him a pension of 1000 livres, at the same time appointing him to the situation of designer and engraver to the Cabinet. His carnations were remarkable for their softness of expression, and in flowing lightness and glossiness of human hair he stands unrivalled.

At the same period, Antoine Masson, born in 1636, was as astonishing in the productions from his burin as the preceding master.

"Masson," says Strutt, "seems to have had no kind of rule to direct him, with respect to the turning of the strokes; but twisted and twirled them about without the least regard to the different forms he intended to express, making them entirely subservient to his own caprice. Yet the effect he produced in this simple manner, is not only far superior to what one would have supposed, but is often very picturesque and beautiful."

His admirable print, after Titian, of "Christ with the two Disciples at Emmaus," is a most remarkable example of his eccentric genius, and has obtained the name of "The Table Cloth," from the beautiful fidelity with which it is worked. He was also patronised by the king, and became his engraver. The Drevets, at the close of the seventeenth century, considerably augmented the fame of the French engravers. The younger Drevet, at the very early age of thirteen, produced a very beautiful plate, and at nineteen astonished the world by his celebrated folio plate of the "Resurrection." His historical subjects are much valued. The elder Drevet was remarkable for his firm and masterly touch, and perpetuated the fame of Hyacinthe Rigaud, the great portrait painter. At this period in England, there were few persons of any note who produced any plates solely by the aid of the burin. We shall therefore pass over their names, but in a future part of the subject shall notice those English masters who were eminently success-

ful in the compound processes of etching, line engraving, and the occasional introduction of the dry point, which we will now describe. This is merely the use of a sharply pointed needle, which must be carefully ground in a groove to preserve its conical shape. The plate undergoes the same process as with the burin, and the forms are then filled up with courses of shadings by means of this instrument, the burr which is raised by it being carefully scraped away. Andrea Meldolla is reported to have first practised this operation. But very few artists have used this instrument alone. We must not however forget that Bartsch enumerates six pieces by the celebrated Rembrandt, produced solely by this instrument; of these, his "Ecce Homo," dated 1665, "The Skater," "The Canal," and "The Painter after the Model," are the most celebrated. Thomas Worlidge, of London, a painter of miniatures, who flourished in 1760, was very celebrated in his half-lengths, after the style of Rembrandt; and another person, who made himself equally conspicuous in the art, was Inigo Spilisbury, a printseller of London, born in 1730; his plates amounted to about fifty. And we must not forget to notice Capt. Baillie, of Ireland, who, born about 1736, engraved upwards of a hundred plates, many of them being with the instrument we have mentioned.

Etching has often been the amusement of private individuals as well as of professional persons, and formerly, as now in our own Court, it was the fashionable accomplishment of that of France, during the time of Louis XV., when the Marchioness Pompadour amused herself with the art, not only in the simple process, but combining it with the use of the burin.

This process has been derived from the German word *ätzen*, corrosion, and the Germans styled the dilution of aquafortis employed for the purpose, *ätzwasser*, or etching water. This produces the strokes and dots, which, in line engraving, are executed by the graver. The plate is polished in the manner we have already described, and being placed over charcoal embers, is ready to receive the ground, which is generally of three kinds, hard, soft, and the common ground. They are of different consistences, being suited to different temperatures, and are mostly composed of bleached bees' wax, asphaltum, and two or three different kinds of pitch. We will not detain the reader by describing the different preparations used by Callot, Lowry, and Bosse, the celebrated etcher of the French school, but content ourselves with stating, that the mode in which the etching

ground is spread on the surface of the plate is by means of a dabber, consisting of some cotton tied up in a piece of silk, which effectually produces a uniform surface. The next process is transferring the drawing, which is done in the same manner as we have already described. The etcher then retraces the outlines, and filling up the various shadings, the copper which is scratched away being distinctly seen from the surface of the varnish having been blackened. The etching needle is made of steel wire, and is of various thicknesses, according to the fineness of the strokes required. While occupied in this part of the process, the etcher rests his hand on a small bridge, which is placed across the plate, otherwise the heat would injure the ground. The burr of varnish occasioned by the cutting of the etching needle, is carefully removed, and when any mistakes are found to have been made, a *stopping* mixture, as it is called, is used, generally composed of turpentine, varnish, and lampblack, and is applied with a camel's hair pencil; it speedily dries, and is as firm in its consistency as the rest of the ground. The etching needle is now laid aside, and the next thing to be done is to surround the plate with a little wall of bees' wax softened by Burgundy pitch, of about an inch in height; a solution of nitric acid, with equal parts of water, is poured in, and corrosion immediately follows. The bubbles which rise from the action, are carefully cleared away by a little feather. When the etcher perceives that his lighter strokes have been eaten away to a sufficient depth, he throws away the solution, and after washing the plate carefully, stops up that part which is sufficiently bitten, and applying again and again the corrosive mixture, the biting is at last completed, having the various gradations of shadings which have been conceived by the artist. It is somewhat difficult at first to determine how long the various solutions shall remain on the plate, but this is soon acquired by experiment and practice. For very fine lines, the acid is allowed to remain about half an hour, or an hour, but some etchings of great depth and character require sometimes two or three days. The influence of the weather is remarkable on the action of the acids, and the etcher should work in as uniform a temperature as he is able. The ground is removed by heat, and any portions which adhere to the plate, are got rid of by a rag dipped in olive oil.

It will often happen with the inexperienced artist, that his plate will exhibit a want of uniformity in the strokes; some lines being too deep, others again too feeble. The former is obviated by rubbing down the surface of

the plate with charcoal, but to correct the latter error, requires a delicate and difficult process. They must be re-bitten, and the mode of doing it was discovered by William Walke, of London, who lived about 1760. He thought of an expedient, which, to his great delight, succeeded. It was that of laying on the plate a second ground or coating of varnish, by means of a dabber, but so delicately applied, that no portion of the varnish enters the sunken lines. The portion which requires deepening, is then surrounded by a little wall of wax, and the acid being applied in the usual manner, the work of corrosion goes on, and the defective colours are thus deepened.

For etching on steel the same process is observed, with the exception of the solution, which consists of equal parts of corrosive sublimate and of powdered alum, dissolved in hot water. It is not our purpose here to enter into the chemical difficulties of etching upon this metal; but we will refer our readers, who may wish for further information on the subject, to the "Transactions of the Society of Arts," vol. xlii., where will be found another description of the various menstrua for biting on the soft steel, by Mr. Edmund Turrel, Mr. W. Cooke, jun. and one or two other eminent artists. Our readers will readily perceive that etching is much more expeditious than engraving, and it is calculated that in the space of time in which one plate can be engraved, ten etched plates may be executed. In ordinary subjects, a well-etched plate yields about five hundred powerful and distinct impressions, and the same number of inferior copies.

Mr. Gilpin, in his *Essay on Prints*, draws a good comparison between the characteristics of engraving and etching. The former he describes as *strength*, while the peculiarity of the latter is *freedom*. The line made by the burin is laboured, being ploughed through the metal, while, on the contrary, the etching needle glides over the surface of the copper, readily performing the versatile thoughts of the artist; but he adds, "engraving (with the burin) hath the advantage, which, by a stroke deep or tender at the artist's pleasure, can vary strength and faintness to any degree." It is generally supposed that the inventor of this process was a German, and it was certainly practised by Albert Durer, as his print of St. Jerome, bearing date 1512, evinces, previous to its introduction into Italy by Parmegiano. In their first attempts, the artists endeavoured to make their plates as nearly as possible resemble those by the burinist; and even so late as the seventeenth century, Abraham Bosse, the celebrated

French engraver, was of the same opinion. Etching has frequently been the means of expressing the first thoughts of the engraver, like the slight sketch that the painter makes previous to his development of his conception in all its glorious colouring on his larger canvass. Bartsch, in his *Peintre Graveur*, gives some very beautiful facsimiles, executed by himself, after the Flemish and Dutch masters. He mentions only two German artists worthy of notice, Josias Umbach, of Augsburg, born in 1620, and Christian Renard Rhode of Berlin in 1725. But the most perfect etchings of that time, which have been handed down to us, are those by the great Guido Reni, of the Bolognese school of painting. They are executed with a masterly spirit and boldness, and exhibit all that charming attention to the expression of the heads, for which that great master is so proverbially celebrated. His pupil, Simone Cantanini, emulated Guido, and executed some very beautiful plates. Strutt mentions Giulio Carpioni, a Venetian painter, as their worthy follower, and some others.

We here close our observations on this subject for the present Number, and we shall in the next offer some remarks upon the far more interesting and important branch of the art, which is styled compound chalcography, in which the labours of the etcher are blended with those of the burinist; and also indicate the various changes which the modern art has lately undergone.

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ART. V.—*Reise durch alle Theile des Königreiches Griechenland, in Auftrag der Königl. Griechischen Regierung, in den Jahren 1834 bis 1837. Von Dr. Karl Gustav Fiedler, &c. &c. Erster Theil. Leipzig, 1840. 8vo. pp. 858.* (Journey through every part of the Kingdom of Greece by Commission of the Government of that country, in the years 1834 to 1837. By Dr. Karl Gustav Fiedler, &c. &c. First Part. Leipzig, 1840.)

THIS work is not the journal of a mere superficial or everyday traveller, but the solid result of careful thought and accurate investigation. It is founded, as we are told in the author's preface, on reports made to the Grecian government, at whose request the task was undertaken. The original object of Dr. Fiedler in making his survey of Greece was to trace the mineralogical products of its mountains, with a view to ascertaining their practi-

cal value; but, in addition to this, the work contains many other attractions; the style throughout is clear, whilst to the professional details of the journey are united the notes of an observant and antiquarian traveller. After following our author in turn through the various stages of Greece, their beauties, their peculiarities, their products, together with their past and present appearance, we have next placed before us an elaborate botanical, as well as popular, account of the plants of the country, from the tall pine to the extreme verge of the vegetable kingdom, with the various ancient fables concerning them, and with this the present volume closes. The second part, yet unpublished, is intended to comprise the islands, and complete the natural history of the land, with an account of its zoological and mineralogical contents.

The whole work is dedicated to their Majesties of Saxony and Greece, and is illustrated by several excellent lithographic drawings. The latter are executed by two young artists, (Hrn Müller and Burger), and serve materially to assist the letter-press in giving the reader a faithful representation of the more remarkable places that are described.

Athens, an excellent view of which forms the frontispiece, is the first place to which the reader is introduced. A sketch of its situation and boundaries is given; then a slight account of its foundation by Cranaus and subsequent history.

The inferiority of modern to ancient Athens in respect of health is next noticed, and thus explained:—

"The former inhabitants of Athens, were slender and well made, lively in disposition, and gifted with refined faculties; for the air was pure and healthy, the water good.

"When Athens existed only as a mass of ruins, its inhabitants were very liable to intermittent fevers. The Turks ascribed it principally to the exhalations of a poisonous plant (*Euphorbia Characias*"), which had become very abundant, and sent a great number of men, especially to the north-eastern declivity of the Hymettus, from which direction the wind most frequently came, and where it grows in great abundance, in order to cut it down before the time of flowering; since the ejection of the Turks these precautions have been neglected, and it is said that the town is more than ever exposed to these complaints.

"But the most unfavourable influence on the health of Athens is exerted by the vapours and mists from the olive wood to the north-west, which, owing to the irregular flow of water from the Cephissus and the consequent retardation of the stream, was converted into a marsh; this, as well by miasma as the dampness of the air, which affects those heated of an evening or

\* *τιθήραλλος χαρακίας*, Dioscorides.

early in the morning, would soon induce an intermittent fever. In the first year after Athens became a royal residence, the government remedied this evil by causing the Cephissus to be conducted by a regular canal into the sea. It is to be regretted that repeated and unlimited irrigation by individual possessors has again latterly reduced a great part of the olive wood to a state of marsh.

"The water of Athens is also unfavourable to health. The Romelioti are the first to feel this, who, accustomed to fresh water and mountain air, soon grow sickly here."

The ancients were at great pains to remedy this evil, and conducted the water by subterranean canals. These are now broken and blocked up with mud and filth; but our author is of opinion that they might be restored and purified at a very slight expense, and the town once more furnished with a good supply of this necessary commodity.

The formation of Artesian wells in and around Athens is then discussed, and the most favourable spots for perforation are pointed out.

The rapid growth of modern Athens is thus strikingly exemplified:—

"When, in the autumn of 1834, I went by commission of the Grecian government from Nauplia to Eubœa in order to observe the brown coal of Kumi, and commence the exhaustion of the pit, I landed at the Piræus, and there saw upon the shore a few wretched, slightly-built dwellings, among which that of the harbour captain and the expensive Locanda were the principal. But two small single-masted vessels, besides that in which we had come, and a couple of seamews, enlivened the haven.

"Scarcely could we obtain horses, and scarcely could they, after we had obtained them, carry us and our luggage to Athens.

"Until April, 1837, I was engaged in the survey of Greece; this ended, and the reports upon it duly made, I prepared to depart, in order to visit my family in Saxony. Two years and a half later, then, I found on the Piræus a friendly sea-port town, with regular streets, fine dwelling-houses, shops, store magazines, &c. that had risen as if by the stroke of the enchanter's wand. Flags of all the great nations fluttered in the harbour; vessels of war and steam-boats came and went; a forest of masts covered the strand, boatmen were ready at a glance, and the air swarmed with merry sea-birds.

"Toll keepers and police officers await the stranger, and when released from these, carriages, camels, and riding-horses are in readiness to transport himself and luggage to the capital."

The road to Athens, formerly marshy and impassable, is now well beaten, but exceedingly crooked, owing to the avarice of the olive owners, through whose possessions it was required to pass.

"Athens itself until 1834 was a miserable village, and at its head, like a gigantic elephant before a flock of sheep, stood the glorious Temple of Theseus before some hundreds of low huts and tenements. Only the venerable ruins of the Parthenon, despising the rubbish below, rose proudly from the Acropolis to the pure vault of heaven, as if there tarried with them the divine order—*Surge et impera*; and the sacred voice was not neglected, the preserver came, he assisted, and assists to the utmost extent of his power.

"King Otho ordered a regular and noble plan to be designed for Athens, and thus to raise it from its ashes; here also the assistance of heaven was manifest; in less than three years regular streets, great European dwelling-houses, and even many palaces, arose rather than were built."

Even allowing for the hyperbolical strain in which these passages are composed, this account gives a very excellent idea of this great and sudden alteration.

Of the Temple of Theseus our author remarks—

"There are many views and descriptions of this temple. It is a common remark, that the marble of which it is built was covered by the ancients with a yellow varnish that had the appearance of gold. To this I reply that the Pentelic marble, which has preserved its polish for more than two thousand years, has without dispute a yellowish glittering surface as though covered with fine gold leaf, and this may be seen in a very beautiful manner at sun-set; but it proceeds only from the continued influence of the atmosphere, to which the stone is indebted for the treasured tint, a sign of its great antiquity. The same is observed on the Parthenon. Dodwell calls this yellow appearance a golden Patina.

"The Pentelic marble, of itself, has a strong tinge of yellow, but the phenomenon above-mentioned can only occur on a well polished surface, and is therefore never seen on the rough fracture of the quarries."

The superiority of ancient Athens as displayed in her works of art is thus stated:—

"To speak more of Athenian antiquities would be superfluous, for numerous excellent descriptions are already before the public. \* \* This alone we must notice, that although in the wars with the Persians Athens and its Acropolis were destroyed, yet everything afterwards arose with increased beauty; those barbarians seized only money and goods, but were not yet sufficiently barbarous to rob the Athenians of the treasures of art. Of these many were carried off by the Romans to their capitol; for the mistress of the world, in seven hundred years, did not possess, nor could she produce, what in Athens, was the work of a single generation. Since this time, down to the most recent period, a rage for plunder and destruction

has existed that is now restrained by law. But even this extent, of seventeen hundred years or more, has not been sufficient for the loss of all; glorious mementos yet stand, and the traces of past grandeur and magnificence remain to impeach the destroyers."

Seven pages are now devoted to the geology of Athens and its neighbourhood.

Then a short account of the state of vegetation; and here the enumeration of the principal trees, &c., in and around the town is rather amusing; we have, first, some trees in the garden of the original royal residence, which reach to a height beyond that of the wall; in the upper town there are, also, a few cypresses and two orange trees; a quarter of an hour's walk to the north-east brings the traveller to a pair of poplars, and in the bed of the Ilissus are shrubs of oleander. Here ends the catalogue: the olive woods being at a greater distance.

The domestic and wild animals of Athens and its neighbourhood are next enumerated; beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, with which the first article concludes.

The following chapter, or rather section, is devoted to the Hymettus; which, with its antiquities, &c., is described in an equally systematic manner. We pause only to extract some remarks on the famous honey of those mountains.

"In addition to the marble of the Hymettus its honey acquired great celebrity.\* This spot was, certainly, at one time more abundantly supplied with flowers than at present; these, too, so strongly scented, that hounds, on that account, frequently lost traces of the game when hunting on these regions. But there is no land like Greece in which, for centuries, the works, not only of men, but of nature also, have been, as far as possible, destroyed. Trees and shrubs were cut down, in the continued wars, without any thought of the consequence; and what the axe spared the shepherds burned, in order to raise from the ashes, during the first year, a few blades of grass for their goats.\*\*\* Were not the Grecian climate so favourable, the greatest part of the country must long since have become a bare, stony, and rocky wilderness.

"The Hymettus now has no better vegetation than the mountains of Attica. The honey of the Laurion mountains was much prized (*Erica Mediterranea* grows there in abundance). Throughout Greece honey is more agreeable and aromatic than in other lands, owing to the heat being moderate, for which reason the juices of the plants are in a more concentrated

state. But that the honey of the Hymettus was anciently esteemed the best in Greece, may in a great measure proceed from this: that its situation was in the neighbourhood of the capital, where everything must be of the best,—its fame seems partly to be identified with the sweetness of ruling Athens; now, at least, the honey of the Hymettus no longer possesses its superiority; it is, in other neighbourhoods, finer and more aromatic, e.g. in many of the Cyclades, especially in *Sekino*.

"The greatest quantity of honey is obtained from the monastery of Syrian to the north-east of the city; it is delivered to the local archbishop. The shepherds at other parts of the Hymettus have also, most probably, beehives; and the honey from *Pentelicon* is also reckoned among the Hymettic. The number of hives on these mountains yielding honey have been averaged, of late years, at five thousand.

"The principal food of these bees is *Satureia capitata* (*Saturei*), then *Lentiscus*, *Cistus*, *Salvia*, *Lavandula*, and other herbs. Otherwise the Hymettus is very bare; at its declivities and in some of the dales are wild olives, with shrubs of myrtle, laurel, and oleander. *Pinus maritima* grows on its summit very imperfectly, but near the monastery it is pretty. Besides this there grow on the Hymettus hyacinths, *Amaryllis lutea*, dark violet crocus, &c."

The *Pentelicon* and its marble quarries occupy the next section, and the principal quarry is made the subject of a lithographic illustration, which at once, in imagination, transports us to the spot. Of *Pentelic* marble, which was estimated next to the *Parian*, were built—

"The colossal *Parthenon*, the *Propylæ*, the other temples of the *Acropolis*, the temple of *Theseus*, the temples in and near Athens, the gigantic temple of *Zeus Olimpios*, and others. The *Stadium* was filled with seats of *Pentelic* marble (*Pausan.* i. 19. 7). For statues also, into which *Phidias* and *Praxiteles* breathed life, these quarries yielded valuable blocks (*Pausan.* vii. 23. 5; vii. 25. 5; vii. 26. 3; viii. 30. 5; vii. 47. 1; ix. 27. 3). *Xenophon's* statue near *Skillos* in *Elis* was of *Pentelic* marble (*Pausan.* v. 6. 4), and many more blocks, of equal excellence, yet remain in the *Pentelicon*."

The expense, however, of working these quarries would at first be great; and Dr. Fiedler recommends that the *Parian* marble, which would cost less, be first worked, and the proceeds of this applied to the opening of the *Pentelicon*.

The view from the summit of this mountain, 3,500 feet,

"is comprehensive; the Athenians had set up on it a statue of *Athene*, that she might look over the land hallowed to her name. We gaze on the battle field of *Marathon* and many other classical points, but the outline is barren and monotonous, requiring the fictitious aid of the

\* *Pausanias* ranked it next to the *Halizonian*.  
Υψηλτος ὅς θυει νομας μέλιντας σιτηθείσας πλεον της  
Αλιζωνων. *Attic. Cap.* 32. *Lipsiæ.* 1696.

memory of olden times to attach interest to it."

Much space is occupied by the next section, which details a survey of the Laurion mountains, with an investigation into the silver mines of the ancients there situated. These parts, now for the first time explored by a modern writer, afford details of the highest geognostic value. The enthusiasm with which this journey was undertaken, and the honest pride with which its results are brought forward, must raise the character of the author high in the esteem of the candid reader. The Laurion mountains are divided into districts, and every product carefully examined. The principal result of the inquiry is unfavourable to the prosecution of a search after silver; but great hopes are set forth of a golden harvest in the baser metal, iron, which occurs in considerable quantities.

Among the antiquities of these mountains our author found—

"A long foundation wall, from which ran, to the west, others transversely; on this side is a large and deep cistern, with a beautifully worked lid of marble, which had, in the centre, a circular opening. The abbot of the monastery of Ceratia wished to have it, but it was too heavy for the people to carry; in anger, he laid hands on it himself, but soon left off, feeling unwell, and died two days afterwards. Since that time the opinion has prevailed, that whoever touches it with evil intentions will fall sick and die, and this superstition protects the venerable relic more than any interdiction. A few steps before the long foundation wall, not quite at right angles with it, lies a large unhewn cube, with blunt angles and edges; about two yards square on each side. On its upper surface is a round depression, in which fire has often burned for a long time together; a sort of natural gutter runs from it, in which, when animals are sacrificed on it, the blood may flow off, for it can only be supposed to have been used as an altar. Perhaps this stone, so appropriately formed, as if the gods had placed it there, was the cause of dwellings being built around it; and to this the beautiful cistern, in which abundant water yet stands, probably owes its construction. Nowhere, in the whole Laurion mountains, do we see a similar stone, among the thousands of lime blocks that lie around, and to which, in its nature, this belongs. Close behind it, to the south, are the ruins of a solid quadrangular tower, built of square stones."

This place, having no name, was made the centre of a region as "the District of the Altar," or Womos (*ἱερός*).

In another part of these mountains we have a singular example of the mixture of ancient and modern ornament:

"Shepherds had erected several hurdles for cattle against the interior of the church walls. In front of the church according to the custom of the rustics, a few gaily painted plates and dishes are fixed by their backs in the mortar, to serve the purpose of decoration. At the point of this wall is a small antique column of marble, delicately worked and half walled in, whilst the church spire stood over the capital of an ancient column, adorned with beautiful carved foliage. Thus were the old and the new united. On this spot once stood a glorious temple."

Having explored, with our author, for we ourselves, when reading, seem to be partners in his researches, the mountains of Laurion, we join him in a journey from Athens to Thebes, through the Eleusinian plain, Kasah, Panakton and its stately mines, and over the Cithæron.

A section is then devoted to the amber found in the conglomerate of a certain hill near Thebes: it occurs in round or oval masses, varying from the size of a hen's egg, to that of a child's head. The smaller pieces are preferable in point of quality.

Passing this, however, and an intermediate section, we hasten to the important notice of the Lake of Copai and its subterranean channels:

"The Lake of Copai or Tobol, now occupies an extensive plain, which becomes narrower to the north-east, where it is continued into a level and open valley, bounded at length by a chain of rocky mountains, that include the water as if within a wall. The surface of this lake is estimated at 120,000 stremata of fruitful land, worth, at a moderate computation, five and a half millions of drachmæ. On the northern and eastern sides of Parnassus, and on the southern declivities of the Ceta mountains, the Copai has an immense reservoir for the heavy rains of the winter, and the melted snow that descends in spring from the mountains; it is also traversed, in its whole length, by the little river Cephissus, into which flows the Herkyna, a powerful stream from Livadia, and which also receives contributions from many copious springs from the margin of the plain. This mass of water that is collected in the winter was, in the most ancient times, carried off naturally through the lime rocks that bound it in the east, through the so-called Katawothra, long clefts and cavities, of which more will presently be said. Twelve rich cities once flourished in and near this vast plain, containing half a million of men; it is now a marsh with reeds and rushes, its only living millions, fishes and frogs."

"The Katawothra, in the earliest times, were kept open: but when the rich Orchomenus, capital of the Minyæ, which lay by the edge of the plain, to the produce of which it owed its treasures, was plundered and destroyed by the Thebans, the cleansing of these channels was intermitted. The alternate pressure of the winter's flood and its subsequent entire removal, with the annual earthquakes, caused fractures

in the interior of the Katawothra, from which the fragments were never removed. The water, pouring in, brought branches of trees, reeds, grass, &c. and deposited abundant mud. Thus the channels of egress were blocked up, and the noble plain was converted into a lake."

The mention of this lake, and the productions of Boeotia in the time of Aristophanes, are a sad contrast to its present deplorable condition. In the Acharnæ, the Boeotian was the avant courier of plenty.

Και μαν φερω χᾶνας, λαγῶς, ἀλώπεκας  
Σκαλοπας, εχίνας αἰεληρῶς, ποταίδας  
Ικτιδας ἐνδέρως, συγχελεις Κωπαίδας.—  
*Acharn. 843, Bekk.*

Dr. Fiedler does not appear to hail the eel with the same rapture as Dicæopolis.

B. Προσβειρα πωτηκοντα Κωπαίδων κορᾶν  
Εκβαθι τω δε κπηχαριττα τω ξινω

Δ. Ω φίλτατη συ και παλαι ποθμενη  
Ελθες ποθεινη με τρηγυδικοις χοροις.

Alas, the comic suppers are over, the eels of the Copais are no longer in repute, and the freedom of cities is now never conferred on the venders of this fish! How has the world degenerated! How has gastronomy declined! The only prevailing traces that are yet visible being in the city of London; and now that lord mayors are accused of a want of hospitality, who shall answer even for the duration of the taste for calipash and calipee?

The opinions of the ancients concerning the lake of Copais are cited, and the attempts of Alexander the Great to restore the plain are also mentioned.

Dr. Fiedler then commences the account of his own investigations, and gives an accurate and careful survey of the locality.

The subterranean canal, formed by the ancients as a more secure means of draining the land, is, with its course, minutely described. Even in the time of Alexander it was choked with rubbish, and it was part of his design that this should be cleared away.

These preliminary matters arranged, our author at once enters upon the most important part of the discussion,—the present possibility of saving this large extent of country.

The first and most obvious means of effecting this object, is by restoring the Katawothra to their original state; whilst this is being done, trenches are to be cut, leading the water from the marsh into the bed of the Cephissus, and the springs in the plain to be directed into such a course as shall be profitable to the country.

"The first part of these labours, the cleansing

the Katawothra, and preserving as long as possible their communication with the lake, may be done by a moderate number of workmen in two years, at a very trifling expense; the only cost would be in the preparatory investigations, as measuring and planning, for overseers also, tools, food and clothing. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood are so poor, that they would willingly work without any pay, so long as they were ensured a sufficient portion of the land to be gained by their labours. Food and clothing they never thought of requiring. Even their own tools they would gladly furnish to the work, but this I do not think advisable, and it is necessary for the proper completion of the plan, that these should be provided; more workmen than are wanted will then be at hand, and we may ensure perseverance in the undertaking. This being once fairly set in train, we may prepare in the following year to fit the land for cultivation."

The investigation of the subterranean canal, is the next object of attention. The canal was, probably, formed with the foundation of Orchomenus, since the whole wealth of that town depended on the preservation of the plain. The attempt of Crates, by command of Alexander, to clear this course, is next detailed; the work was not completed, but so far successful, that the foundations of several of the ruined towns appeared above the water.

This channel, of itself, is not sufficiently large to warrant full dependence being placed upon it. The Katawothra must be open at the same time. Neither must the latter be entirely trusted to, as the next of the annual earthquakes might close these natural clefts for ever, whilst on the artificial channel they could work only a reparable injury.

There is much more interesting information connected with these matters, but we cannot make farther extracts whilst so much is yet to be spoken of. The next section details the journey from Livadia, by Parnassus, to the Oracle of Delphi.

Of the envied draught from the fount of Parnassus, after which our poetasters crave, the traveller thus slightly speaks:

"In the valley is a spring with rather abundant water; it arises from a little eminence, at the foot of Parnassus, and is called by the natives the fount of Parnass. My attendant invited me to taste the water, for whoever did so would be inspired with poetry, even so that it appeared in his common conversation. The water was flat, in temperature rather above the December air: it was not refreshing, and its inspiration was entirely prevented by a bleak prosaic wind, that was most penetrating."

Of the Castalian spring we have also a description:

"About ten minutes' walk, to the west of the old tower, there is on the rock a plane oblong surface, about nine feet high and six broad, hewn perpendicularly; it is sundered nearly in the middle by a perpendicular split; at the upper part of each half are two apertures: below these a single opening, and still further down, two other apertures near one another, cut into a circular form. To this place a narrow passage, cut through the rock, is said to lead from the Castalian spring, and here strangers are supposed to have been detained and questioned, whilst speedy intelligence was then secretly sent through this passage. This is the tale told by the present inhabitants of Kastri; but there was time for all this to be ascertained in Delphi itself, for the Pythia prophesied but once a month. The real object of this place is difficult to discover. Here also arched graves are hewn in the rock. \* \* \* \*

"At the entrance of the dell, to the right, is a high and broad wall of rock, hewn even and perpendicular: in it are two small, and, below, one larger votive niche:—opposite this, four steps, hewn through the pyritic clayey rock, lead to an oblong basin twelve feet broad. In this reservoir, little more than a foot deep, a quantity of beautifully clear fresh water bubbles up between green water-plants,—flows to the left, and forms a small brook. This is 'The Holy Castalian Spring,' in which the Pythia prepared by a bath for prophecy, or, at the least, performed ablutions. \* \* \* It is bounded behind by perpendicular rock of about a man's height above the basin. This, a few years ago, was faced with stones; but the villagers removed these, since behind them is a narrow passage, through which none but a slightly-made person of middle size can pass. It goes a little to the right as a small aqueduct; to the left it is continued, as the people assert, through the rock to the wall, with its apertures before-mentioned. It was half-full of fallen earth:—when, some time since, a few of the inhabitants of Kastri were clearing out a part of it, they found a very finely-worked golden horse, of about a couple of inches in size."

A chapel of John the Baptist now stands on the spot where the Pythia prophesied.

The Oracle of Delphi occupies the succeeding section, with which we have another lithographic view, comprising Parnassus and Delphi from the Crissæan plain, and illustrating the topography of the surrounding parts.

A history of the Oracle, its customs, and its modes of deceit, commences the account. The ancient and modern state of the temple is contrasted.

"The temple of Apollo, even when we calculate value as of the present time, was enormously rich. King Croesus presented 117 blocks of gold, in thickness the breadth of a hand, six times as long and thrice as broad, each of which weighed two talents; a golden lion of ten talents; a large golden tripod, upon which the

Pythia sat, with the golden statue of Apollo. Beyond this there was a cup of gold, eight talents in weight; one of silver, containing 600 amphoræ, in which the wine was mixed at the feast of the Theophaniæ, &c. &c. In spite of the various plunderings, in the time of Pliny more than 3000 statues remained. Strabo first describes it as poor. Pausanias saw 137 statues, works of art, and rich treasure-chambers; the latter were subterranean, round, like those of Atreus at Mycenæ; the best were those of the Sicyonians, Corinthians, and Siphnians, of whose gold mines Apollo had a tenth, (vide in part ii. of this work, 'Island Siphno,') those also of the Thebans and Athenians. All now is robbed, destroyed,—it has disappeared, and on the holy territory of Apollo is a small poor village of frail tenements."

"The foundation of the temple of Apollo may be found," says Dr. Fiedler, and he not only makes the bare statement, but he points out the means of actually effecting the discovery of this interesting relic, and all the many antiquities, too heavy for removal, that must be buried with it.

Passing from Cirrha to Galanidi, our author there took water for Missolonghi. The account of this town is followed by a history of its second siege, in the February and March of 1836, by the rebels of Ætolia and Acarnania.

The work now assumes more the form of an elaborate journal, and a section is occupied by travels through Acarnania. After this is the journey from Missolonghi to Lamia, from which we make the following extract as a specimen of the general style:

"Nov. 6th. It was not until 9 o'clock that we were enabled to saddle and take leave, as the horses did not arrive before that time, and as they stood before us they were powerless, overridden, and bruised:—we were comforted with the information that no better were to be had. The possessor of the three animals accompanied us in person; he was a large man, his head entirely bound round with a Turkish shawl, although, had he omitted it, his ears would not have frozen,—of them the Turks had taken care; he wore long moustaches, and had a nose that in length and form betokened avarice; he had been at one time a famous robber, but was now settled with a family. Step after step did this strong man slowly precede our horses. The road from Wrachóri to Karpenitze lies entirely between vineyards; by the way-side, in two places, were olive trees bearing the long olive, whereas they are here generally round. The vineyards cease, and we come amongst underwood; to the right is a considerable lake, connected by an extensive marsh (through which we yesterday passed in journeying to Wrachóri) with the second, smaller lake of Angelo Kastron. This flows into the Asopo potamo, by lowering which the marsh might be drained. The marshy borders of the lakes



might also be rescued,—fruitful land would then occupy their place, and the lakes themselves be confined in definite bounds, whilst the salubrity of the neighbourhood would be increased. The traveller now finds himself for a couple of hours traversing the plain; to the left (on the northern side) is a steep and craggy mountain, on which are some relics of ancient Greece,—a ruined tower, which is round on the outer side. On the lower declivity also of the mountain the foundations of great buildings are seen. These are the ruins of Metapa, now called Genurio. To the east, not far from this lake, are the ruins of Thermon, the capital of the Ætolians; it was rich in statues and treasures of all kinds; diligent search beneath this spot would be well repaid."

Metapa is more fully described: the mineralogy of the neighbourhood is reviewed and the journey is continued.

The following is a description of the monastery near Burso:—

"I visited the Demarch; he had in his house a small warm chamber, as far as possible air and waterproof; the floor was covered with a white stuff from sheep's wool, narrow and thick, sewed together to form a carpet. \* \* \* \* The Demarch, whose relative was the abbot (Igoiménos) of the neighbouring cloister, advised me to go thither, as there I should find better lodging." \* \* \*

"The monastery Pan-ajta lies somewhat below the road, against a steep cliff, closely surrounded on the other side by high and rugged rocks. A brook, also called Asperopotamo, that was extremely swollen, rushed noisily below: it is either the Fidari itself or flows into that river. It has broken for itself a narrow way through the high mountains that here prevail, and winds between them in so serpentine a course, that among its contortions, about one hundred and fifty sharp, perpendicular crags of an ell in height rise up in various directions. Beneath the monastery it winds so much that a part of it flows even backward. \* \* \*

"The monastery is large and rather ancient; before the great door are placed, on the descent of the mountain, two buildings. The first is long, containing stalls below, and above, a few chambers for travellers, all of whom are entertained, and may remain as long as they desire. This monastery, in the winter of this rough neighbourhood, is extremely benevolent. Before this stranger's house, and below the broad road, are a few terraces, which form the small garden of the brotherhood, and in which are cultivated white cabbage, onions, forbidden fruit, cucumbers, &c. The abbot of the monastery, a worthy old man with a white beard, welcomed my arrival, and paid me a visit morning and evening, for we were obliged to stay here a few days, in consequence of the brook being so much swollen by the continued rain that we could travel neither in advance nor return."

The investigation of the brown coals near Gardike is thus terminated:—

"I ordered dry wood to be collected and a

fire made, on which were placed the coals I obtained, but it required more wood than coals to bring them only to a glow. Of these coals, which were even kept as a secret from me, much has been both said and written: the only regret is, that the reports are better than the coals themselves."

Passing over intervening sections we come now to that which is devoted to the warm springs and pass of Thermopylæ; the latter, having been most frequently misrepresented, is an interesting subject of description. The pass of Leonidas is the following:—

"Near the eastern stream, from the warm springs of Thermopylæ, there rises a low ridge of mountain about a score of feet in height, so that to the north-east there is only space for a foot-path and mill-lead of two feet wide; beside this is a marsh grown over with rushes and reeds. This is the narrow pass of Thermopylæ, which, however, in a more extended sense, reaches three or four miles to the west, where the base of the lofty Ceta leaves a narrow and dangerous strip of clay, between deep marsh on either side, and then opens on the side of the valley of Spercheios. The sea once came farther inland, but this was of no advantage, as neither vessels nor men could approach the coast through the flat and muddy shore. In the course of centuries the sea has receded, and its miry shores form the present broad impenetrable swamp, so that the pass, though under different circumstances, is still as difficult of access as formerly."

"According to all the copper-plates, I had expected to encounter a romantic and rocky pass, not a low mountain ridge covered mostly with earth, excepting where a few small blocks of limestone break the monotony; yet therefore is Leonidas with his Spartans the more to be prized."

We will not follow our author through the ecstatic periods that now follow; it is a road too well beaten to need hammering at any longer.

Less personal valour would now be required to defend this pass; in the war with the Turks it was very hotly disputed. Many old weapons are found buried in the marsh.

A section on the means of remedying the deficiency of water in the Grecian plains precedes the notice of this region.

After this is an account of the Solfatara near Sousáki, with the description of a newly discovered mineral, which the author proposes to call hydro-chrom-silicat.

Loutráki and its warm springs are next mentioned, and the first division of the work, continental Greece, is then completed with a subject of never-failing interest—the Isthmus of Corinth, and the possibility of cutting

through it. On the latter subject our author thus speaks :

"The narrow slip of land between the continent of Greece and the Peloponnesus, which is in its narrowest portion about 6000 metres broad, occasioned in the most ancient times, when navigation became more extended, a desire to cut through it, so that ships sailing from the European coast to Lesser Asia and the Pontus Euxinus might be provided with a direct passage without the necessity of making the dangerous circuit of the Peloponnesus. The ancients, who commenced and completed so many gigantic works, here also undertook to make a canal, but the power of Hellas was broken and it was not finished.

On each side of the Isthmus a canal has been commenced ; most has been done on the western side, where a considerable distance has been hewn through the conglomerate : on both sides the walls are visible evenly hewn, and in the southern wall steps are cut, the rubbish thrown up lies above and forms a large hill. The canal is twenty yards across, cut some distance through the conglomerate, almost level with the sea ; the conglomerate to the east is undisturbed. Above this the canal is continued some distance. There are great banks on either side, larger to the south. All is now in ruins and overgrown with weeds. The canal may be traced for a mile or two.

"The conglomerate consists of lumps about the size of a fist, united by a cement of lime and clay ; it forms on the western side of the Isthmus an immense bank of about twelve feet high, in which are found on the surface, more to the north, many large calcined oyster-shells, *ostrea*, *pecten*, *serpulæ*, &c., which are exactly similar to the conchylæ of the present time. The upper lumps mixed with this are small and mostly of quartz. This was the last deposit of the sea before the Isthmus was dry. The northern side of the Isthmus is covered with lumps of serpentine, and in the red clay is much sand containing magnetic iron.

"The conglomerate can only be worked through by pick-axes and iron wedges ; greater masses may sometimes be separated by a little powder in deep holes, and prepared for carrying away. Below the conglomerate the lumps are only in earth, on the eastern side earth and marl.

"If this canal, in the line of the ancients, be adopted (although a neighbouring hollow to the north appears more favourable,) we shall come to small eminences, where it will be required to dig thirty-six feet in order to reach the level of the sea. Farther to the east the coarse lime conglomerate appears by the sea coast ; it is eight to ten fathoms deep and broken off abruptly against the sea ; below is the earthy marl. In some parts of the canal's course it would be necessary to cut sixty feet deep in order to reach the level of the sea.

"Allowing the canal to be 6000 metres in length, sixty feet broad, and from two to six and even ten fathoms deep to the level of the sea, and four fathoms below the level that large ships might pass, and it might not be too soon

filled with sand ; at this rate several millions of cubic metres would require to be dug out. With due appointments, however, and a sufficient number of workmen, the work would progress rapidly. To avoid expense from dilapidations, &c., it must be walled in on both sides with cubes from the stone quarries, situated at about three miles' distance. The canal, again, must be continued in a straight line and be widened in two places, that vessels may make way for one another."

Experimental observations must of course be first made. Foreigners may be obtained at but slight expense to do the work, that the inhabitants of the land may not neglect their own occupations.

"The people of Kalamaki relate, that when the canal on this side was being dug, blood was found ; a sign that the Peloponnesus was not to be separated from the main land. Pausanias, ii. 1, 5, relates, that 'the Corinthian Isthmus extends on the one hand to the sea by Cenchrææ, on the other to the sea by Lechæon. It joins the intermediate land to a continent. Whoever, therefore, ever undertook to make an island of the Peloponnesus, died before the Isthmus could be pierced through. The spot where they commenced may still be seen ; but they reached only to the rocky part' (conglomerate) 'and no farther, whilst the place still remains—as nature made it—joined to the main land. Alexander, the son of Philip, who desired to cut through Mimas (a mountain near Erythræ, in Ionia), failed in this one work only ;' (also in the subterranean canal by the lake of Copais). 'The Cnidians were warned by an oracle not to cut through the Isthmus.—So difficult is it for man to withstand the will of the gods.'"

"After Pliny, Demetrius, also Cæsar, Caius and Domitius Nero made fruitless endeavours to complete the canal."

The formation of a railroad to transport goods across, where they might be received by other ships, is next discussed, but the canal is preferred, provided the pressure of the water do not form too great an obstacle.

"The water stands, by measurement, seven feet higher on the eastern than on the other side ; this being the case, it would be divided in the Corinthian bay, and although some low country would be thrown under water, on the one side, on the other new land would arise, where it is now shallow water ; and if on the eastern side, two neighbouring harbours should be rendered useless, yet secure anchoring ground is close at hand, and the advantage obtained immeasurably predominant."

The isthmi appear menaced in every direction. Panama will soon be, report says, severed ; and now that Mehemet Ali must give up cutting and slaying in Syria, he may as well amuse himself at Suez, and realize Napoleon's project, by cutting through it to the Red Sea.

The travels through the Morea commence, of course, with Corinth; the spring of Peirene and Acrocorinth being subjects of separate sections. The journey from Corinth to Poros includes, among other matter, the bath of Helena, Sophico, Angelo kastro, Piadda, Epidauria, the valley of Trochia, Potamia and Dara. The peninsula of Methana, with its barren soil, is next travelled through, and on taking ship to sail round this peninsula, our author meets with divers whose occupation he proceeds to describe:

"Whilst I was compelled to stay there, a sailing-boat with divers came along the coast; these divers cut, and bring up, the official sponges growing at the bottom of the sea. In order to see these, it is necessary that the water be calm and not above thirty feet deep. Those who dive after pearl oysters must descend to a greater depth. I will endeavour to picture the manner of diving after sponges, and the dangers that encounter all those who follow this profession; some preliminary explanations are however first required."

These preliminary explanations are three in number,  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ .

The first is, that the divers often seek large marine snails, as *Buccinum Tritonium*, for example, that are found in clefts of the rocks; these they sell as ornaments.

The second is, that these men are exposed to great danger from large bivalves. The *Chama gigas*, which exists in the Indian seas, is capable of snapping cables and performing other feats; its shells are of five hundred pounds' weight, and its flesh thirty. The danger from diving into the neighbourhood of such animals as these, *Chama gryphoides*, &c., is obvious. Others entangle the diver in their huge floating hairs, from which the knife alone can set them free.

The third remark is upon the dangerous kind of sepia not generally known and therefore described:

"*Sepia octopodia*, *L. S. octopus*; modern Grecian; *Suptah octopodi*; the *polyp* of the ancients: is common in the Mediterranean, has eight tentacles, which are generally, on the coast of Greece, not more than twelve to eighteen inches long, because the animals are taken before they attain any age; some, however, are an ell in length. These tentacles have a tendinous consistence. The largest in the Mediterranean are near Naples, but the East Indian, and those in the bay of Mexico, attain an enormous size. One of these polyps is sufficient to hold a man firmly, and this accident sometimes occurs to bathers. They move themselves in the water uncommonly fast, grasp whatever living thing comes in their way, and adhere firmly to it by means of suckers on their tentacles, which form a vacuum and cause severe pain.

In the middle of the circle from which the tentacles proceed, is a hard black beak, like that of the parrot, which protects the mouth and can be extended beyond its investing membranes; it is principally used in preparing sea-crabs for digestion. The body of the animal is like an oval bladder. They are brought from the water, on the coast of Greece, principally by means of spearing; they are then laid on a stone, that all the mucus may run off. To prepare them, when fresh, for eating, they are generally spitted with their long tentacles bound together, and roasted over coals, or steamed and eaten with lemon juice. They taste like crabs, but are not easy of digestion. They may be dried, and, in that state, are brought to market. The Grecians prize these polyps very much; and, among the Romans, they were considered a luxury; we therefore often see them pictured on the walls of their dining rooms."

The occupation of the diver is now explained; and, so interesting does our author consider it, that a separate chapter, of little more than a page, is devoted to it, and the words also printed in a type larger than that adopted in the rest of the work. We cannot, therefore, do otherwise than quote from this important section.

"On board of a small sailing-boat sat two naked men, tanned by the sun, each braced with a black belt, in which was a large strong knife. They gazed down into the sea—suddenly one of them stretches out his arms, and placing the palms of his hands close together, plunges into the wave. The water soon closed above him—after a few minutes it was again disturbed, and the diver re-appeared with a large sponge, climbed into his little vessel, threw down his prize carelessly, and again gazed into the deep. Thus, in calm weather, the whole day is spent, until at last, perhaps, the diver descends to rise no more.

"To provide sustenance for his family, to increase the stock of his sponges, the poor man labours until he is overcome with weariness, and the blood streams from his nose and ears, mingling with the green wave: should cramp seize his limbs during the hour of his labour, he falls at once.

"By the rocky shore there are many hollows and crevices, in which the snakes before-mentioned are found. On the floor and walls of these cavities the diver seeks his prey; but if he be not cautious of the large bivalves, that are fixed with open shells around the entrance, if he approach them too near, they will, for protection, close these shells, and with enormous power grasp the diver. If he succeed not in effecting his escape soon, the cool watery grotto is his grave.

"And if the successful adventurer have loaded himself with the booty, and hastens back to the sunny world, he is open to the attack of that hyæna of the sea, the greedy shark, and the diver and his prey are preyed upon by this new enemy.

"Often, in the bed of the sea, the horrid po-

lyp, with his eight arms, embraces the diver, and soon, with the infliction of burning agony, fixes himself with his suckers; if the knife do not then soon separate the monster's fettering bands, the arm of death is upon that man of hazardous employment, and no more will he ascend to the world."

Dr. Fiedler now crosses over to the Island of *Ægina*, a full description of which follows. Near the ruins of *Palæochoro* is a volcanic fissure in the mountain, which is fearfully pictured before us in the next lithographic illustration. The rocks upon rocks in wild confusion, the stunted fig-tree here and there, occasional blighted shrubs, with the terrific perspective of nature in ruins, are placed in every detail of stern reality before our eyes.

*Poros* and its vicinity, the island of *Sphæria*, the steep coast of *Kalaureia*, the *Citron Forest* and *Troizen* next follow.

The journey from *Poros* to *Nauplia*, over *Kranidi* and *Limnes*, includes the island of *Hydra*, the town *Hermione*, the village of *Didymo*, the holy territory of *Asclepias*, and the village of *Chili*.

The remains of the theatre of the *Epidaurians* are thus described: speaking of the holy territory—

"This immense place lies very retired and private, surrounded by mountains; but every thing glorious is annihilated, the theatre of the *Epidaurians* alone was too large for the barbarians to destroy. It is prudently situated within the holy territory, to the south of the first-named reservoir, and occupies the whole side of a low mountain; it is so overgrown with shrubs and vegetation, that it might be mistaken, in the distance, for a green declivity. At a great height the seats of white marble are well preserved, with a fine polish, only the lower ones are triflingly injured: in the middle of the lowest row stood a single marble seat, like an arm-chair; this is overthrown. The theatre is of great size, the scene, however, small; it is cut off behind by a running brook of water. *Pausanias* thus (ii. 27, 5) mentions this theatre:—'The Roman theatres excel all others in splendour, it is true, as that of the *Arcadians* at *Megalopolis* exceeds in size; but, in harmony and beauty, what architect could dare to measure his works with that of a *Polycleitus*? for it was *Polycleitus*\* that constructed this edifice.'"

*Nauplia* and its fortresses are then described; after which the traveller passes over to *Myli*.

The cave of the *Lernæan Hydra*, not far

\* Distinguished equally as a statuary and architect. His noblest work, in the former capacity, was the statue of ivory and gold erected in the *Hermum* by the citizens of *Argos* and *Mycene*. Vide *Strabo*, Book 8. For many and interesting facts connected into one complete mass on him and other ancient artists, see *Sillig's Dictionary of the Artists of Antiquity*.

from *Myli*, is now visited; from the foot of the rock in which the cave is found, there flows the spring of *Cephalaria*, that at once forms a powerful stream, and supplies several powder-mills placed there in consequence of the deserted situation of the place, that no danger may result from accidents.

The opinions of *Pausanias* (vii. 37, 4) are next quoted. The cave is thus described:—

"Close under the cavern is the new high road to *Tripolitza*, some twenty feet above which the entrance of the cave is situated; before it is an immense fallen fragment of rock, at the side of which we enter: a dark, long, and lofty space opens upon us, and hundreds of bats flit, in the visible darkness, around the head of the disturber. The cavern is formed by the fall of lower lime banks, caused, in a great measure, by the brook that arises below: what little day-light enters the cavern, reaches it above the rock at the entrance, the same that *Hercules* is said to have rolled upon the undying head of the monster. According to the fable, the animal was here found by *Hercules*, and hunted with arrows from his lair.

"It is worth while to visit this cavern; it is like an immense and long chamber in the rock; the impression it makes when imperfectly illumined, as it is in the full light of day without, is deeper than that we bear away from other caves of this kind; as, for example, that in the *Pentelicon*. If to the feeling it excites we add, in our imagination, the *Hydra* with his fifty heads, swollen with poison, crouching in his den of obscurity, the spot, so appropriate for the purpose, acquires increased interest."

The traveller now offers explanations of the fable; the first assumes the possibility of a dangerous water snake having taken up his abode in the grotto. The small population in those times would have allowed animals, now destroyed while young, to attain a fearful size. To this opinion the doctor himself clings, and rejects the other, namely, that—

"The spring divides into fifty channels, which, it is true, inundate the land towards the sea: this is to represent the *Hydra*. The marsh thus formed was never dangerous, or sufficient to be a cause of alarm; it has too much vegetation, and is one of the most harmless in the land; it still exists, and therefore there would be no authority for saying that *Hercules* overcame the *Hydra*, and that its head could not again sprout forth."

The author thus vindicates the trust he reposes in the legends of antiquity.

"On the whole, it is most natural to point out among the gods and heroes of remotest antiquity, distinguished men, whose good or evil deeds have been exaggerated and ornamented by those of their own times, and still more so by posterity; the imagination of man loves the

marvellous. If the heroes of antiquity are but air and vapour, how could those bones, those weapons, have been described as theirs, which we now discover in their graves? For example, we may mention the grave of Achilles, near Troy, and also many others, if they might be opened, or the place pointed out in which they are to be found."

Without coinciding with our traveller to the full extent of his opinions on this subject, we pass from this to other matters.

The next journey is through the Mustos, over Ajio Petro, to Tripolitza. Another chapter is devoted to Mantinea; Kolinaes and the valley of Eurotas are in the next section; soon after Sparta itself.

The Porfido Verde Antico, near Krokæ, is then considered. Marathonisi, Cape Coulendiani, Lakki, Cape Malea and Cerigo follow in succession.

From the account of the harbour of Porto Quaglio, we must extract the following:—

"On our arrival we saw neither house nor light, once only the stillness of night was broken by the sound of a horn.

"5th. In the morning we were enabled to perceive the extent of the haven, which has excellent anchorage ground, and is fenced in by high mountains. To the north, on a projection of rock, there is a strong and lonesome monastery; to the east, on the mountain heights, a tower. To the south, near the shore and beneath the steep rock, is a white broad building, something like a tower, which Captain Gligora Konchona has lately built for himself. I landed to visit him; he had put on a beautiful new uniform, received me in a friendly manner, and led me into his dwelling. A steep flight of steps led to the door, one story high; at the side of the steps a long beam was placed, parallel to them, against the wall to serve as a rail. The space within the house was not subdivided; raised, as usual, a step above the entrance; upon this part were spread out brown covers, and two pillows; a box with a red cover over it was given me for a seat; against the walls hung pieces of clothing, shirts, fustanelles, pistols, and a new Nuremberg looking-glass, two feet high; beneath it were wooden boxes, chests, &c. In the lower division, near the entrance, were jugs, pitchers, moulds, &c. Two old women were here sifting meal, and afterwards kneaded bread. The few small windows were all stopped up; the only light proceeded from the open door on one side. The captain brought from a cupboard in the wall a little flask of raki, took from a shelf a couple of English coffee-cups, in which coffee was made; a large, broken and dry biscuit served as rusk, a glass water-bottle was full of clear sugar, and a jar of honey was produced from a large box; we then breakfasted."

The Western coast of the Maina is

then traversed; the state of the inhabitants of these barren cliffs in former times must indeed have been fearful:—

"Notwithstanding the troubles to which he was subject, the Mainot would remain in his tower, often in open war with his neighbour, and the feud has endured through generations; when an inhabitant of one tower was perceived, he would be immediately fired at by his neighbour to avenge insult offered by one ancestor to another. Revenge was the feeling that predominated. Girls thus remained for twenty years at home, death threatening them at every step they took away from the shelter of their own towers. Small iron cannon were generally possessed by every owner."

All traces of this spirit have now disappeared, as the towers themselves have crumbled into dust.

Kalamata occupies the next chapter, after which we come to Ithome and Messene: the walls of the latter town are still standing; and the great gate, together with the ruins and their neighbourhood, give opportunity for a very pretty lithograph which illustrates this chapter.

A very interesting account of Megalopolis, its rise, progress and present appearance, follows. In Megalopolis was the largest theatre of Greece, now standing, deprived of all ornament, and not by any means so interesting as that in the holy territory, a description of which has already been extracted.

Soon after, we have a section upon Andrizena; the claims possessed by this place, and by Arcadia, to the admiration they have obtained, are thus stated:—

"Andrizena is called the prettiest spot in Greece; it lies pleasantly situated on the upper declivity of the lower mountains, among gardens and trees, cypresses, in great number, rising predominant. The houses are mostly large, the inhabitants noted for obstinacy. Below this place are vineyards, and in the distance also the lower hills are covered with verdure. Andrizena, therefore, is, without dispute, the fairest place in Arcadia.

"But Arcadia:—of this, heated imaginations, that have never seen the spot, have been dreaming nothing but what is fair, delicate, and poetical; why they have done so it is difficult to conceive; for neither the Arcadians themselves, nor the other ancient Greeks, knew anything of the matter. Here were never delicate forms, here were no picturesque and luxuriant spots. Arcadia is a mountainous tract of country; as such, it is blessed with fresh water; it is also, next to Achaia, more full of forests than other parts of the Peloponnesus. The ancient Arcadians went clothed in skins, were rough and warlike, knew not even the meaning of an airy figure; their pastoral life neither was nor is at

all luxuriant; we meet with dirty-faced shepherds, whose long shaggy hair hangs about their head, surrounded by a host of snarling savage dogs, that attack us on the slightest approach to familiarity."

See, then, on how slender a foundation hangs the correctness of one half of our languishing poems; these are the gentle shepherds that recline in these grassy vales, provided with pipes—for music not tobacco—and gentle shepherdesses. Alas! that the dream should ever have been interrupted by such matter-of-fact sentences as these!

The Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, described soon after, forms a very interesting section from which we have no space to quote.

Several chapters are now occupied by purely geological inquiries, intermixed as usual with lighter matter.

Next is the journey from Gastuni to Patras, then from Patras to Diwri, from Diwri over Psophis, Kalawriti to the Styx.

A view of the Styx is the last illustration, and the spot is thus described:—

"Above, at the steepest part of the mountain, is a broad strip, darker than the rest of the rock, which is throughout of a black hue; this strip marks the course of the Styx. The fall is more remarkable at the end of May, and in June, when the snow is melting; the Styx has no spring at its source. When I saw it, late in October, although it had rained heavily, there was no waterfall whatever.

"The inhabitants of the neighbourhood call the Styx the black water, because it is of that colour wherever it touches the rock. Below are some small hollows in the rock. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages affirm, to this day, that ghosts wander on this spot, and that whoever drank of the water of the Styx would never die; while those who were ill would at once be healed of their sickness. Shepherds, on the contrary, told travellers in 1812, that the waters of the Styx were poisonous, and were astonished to see them venture to drink of it. This water, being snow-water, recently melted, is excessively cold; it would therefore be of course dangerous for those heated with exercise to drink of it."

The information afforded by Pausanias on this subject is next adduced. The poisonous property of the water—its wonderful power of melting horn, bones, iron, lead, silver, gold, &c. of breaking crockery, and other similar statements.

The destruction or capture of five thousand Greeks, who had taken refuge here in the war with the Turks, is then related. The geology of the spot concludes this section, and the following one is devoted to the Gypsum near Zaroukla.

Megaspoleon, the largest monastery of

Greece, is fully described; we shall extract merely an account of its general appearance:—

"The only entrance on the side we approached is guarded by a strong wall full of loopholes. A narrow gate, that a pack-horse can scarcely pass, leads us through, and we obtain a view of the monastery. It is built against a steep mass of conglomerate, 120 yards in height, before a broad cave into which it is worked. This cave was formerly the oracle of Hercules Buraikos; whoever made inquiries prayed before the small statue of the god, and then taking four from a heap of dice that were scattered around, threw them upon the table. On each dice were marks, explanations of which were given in a list kept on the spot, and thus the answer was obtained. The cave is now completely filled by the monastery built within it. The lower part, in front, consists of strong walls built of square stone; it is upon these that the monastery is built, one dwelling over another. At a great height on this wall are two wooden corridors into which the cells of the monks open, thus rendered darker; each has, generally, two inhabitants."

The monastery itself is then, with all its appointments, minutely described.

The traveller then returns, over Wostitza, to Patras.

One of the principal duties of Dr. Fiedler being to examine the state of the brown coals near Kumi in Eubœa, (which the inhabitants were desirous of parting with,) it is from Nauplia to Eubœa that his steps are next directed.

The island of Eubœa, in a geological point of view, is then fully described; dividing it next into three districts, viz. 1. Karysto and Stura; 2. Chalcis and Kumi; 3. Xerechori and Lithada; each of these is separately investigated.

From the notice of Carysto we shall extract a few remarks upon the Amianthus:—

"In ancient times great importance was attached to the discovery of this Asbestos, which even Strabo mentioned (x. p. 446) when speaking of Carystos, Marmarion, and Styra: 'a stone is found in this place which can be spun and woven; clothing is made of it, which, when it is dirty, is thrown into the fire, and the flame cleans it in the same manner as water purifies linen stuffs.'

"It is well known that the ancients used these garments to wrap around their dead, when they burned them, that no portion of the ashes might be lost; but now such linen is too expensive and also out of fashion.

"The present use of Asbestos is very limited; it cannot be worn as clothing next the skin, as it causes irritation. \* \* \* It may be used for lampwicks, &c. \* \* \* but it would be better to burn cotton, if only for the sake of a little more land being necessarily cultivated for the purpose."

The next chapter takes, in due course, Chalcis and Kumi; and the next is occupied by the detailed investigation of the brown coals, occupying five-and-twenty pages.

A visit to the monastery of the Saviour, by Kumi, is related in the following section. Here is a view, which of all other things, is best calculated to give an idea of the nature of the country:—

"The view from this spot" (an eminence near Kumi) "is of considerable extent: to the south are low mountains covered only with brush-wood; to the west we look down into a barren rocky vale, with a brook swollen by the rains, that proceeds from the coal district; to the northwest, opposite the steep declivity, is a yet taller chalk cliff; in the blue distance is the Turkish coast by the canal of Trikeri; to the north, and to the east, are the islands of Skyro, Chilidromia, Skopelo, and others; below roars the sea, covering the coast with white surf, and rocky shoals indicate their dangerous presence by streaks of foaming water; the coasts however were barren, not the cry of a sea-mew enlivened the bare cliffs, the sound of the sea only beat unceasingly against the rocks. \* \* \* The dreary stillness was distasteful to us all, and we returned in silence to the monastery."

The monastic fare is thus described:—

"We sat a long time by the dull glow of the fire, whilst, from the church without, the choral petition, 'Kyrie eleison,' broke upon our ears. At last the abbot came, with him who had shown us the castle, and a boy brought, after the Turkish fashion, a large copper tray tinned over and surrounded with a margin two inches high; on it were a plate with virgin honey, a plate of walnuts, and a glass bottle with a long curved neck. The boys and monks cracked the walnuts and threw the kernels into the honey, in this they were stirred round with a fork, and so eaten.

"The abbot poured out a glass of strong, sweet raki, and handed it to me with a wish for health. This sweet dish, which is much to be commended, occupied us some time; when we had ended, the monks left, and we returned to the fire.

"After some time, a similar but much larger tray was brought, on which the dishes stood; two carved fowls, steamed in butter and onions, with a large plate of paste prepared in the monastery, and which they called macaroni, cooked in a quantity of fat; beside this was resinous wine, with a glass. The abbot drank first, another then tasted, and the glass went round, each giving and returning courteous wishes for health and happiness. The cup-bearer was a handsome man, such as is seldom found in monasteries; he had a free, open forehead, straight well-formed nose, brown beard, and fine complexion; but his clear eyes were not easily observed, for he looked always straight before him, and never in any man's face. He carried the little glass about constantly refilled, without

intermission. A second course consisted of pil-lau, fowl, a large plate of salad with oil and vinegar, very salt goat's cheese, and an older wine."

Cape Chili is next described, the passage from Kumi to Xerochori, the baths of Hercules, the journey from Lipsa to Lithada, and the return to Xerochori, follow in succession.

The visit to a French colonist in Eubœa, with the civilized comforts of sofa, lustres, looking-glasses, &c., is dilated upon with all the rapture of one who, as he says, had been wandering for nearly six weeks.

Such being the case, we are not surprised at reading the enthusiastic expressions of his gratification, scarcely even at seeing the friendly politeness of the colonist immortalized in Pica, a type to which the body of the work does not aspire.

Returning to Xerochori, the traveller then set sail for the Sporades, is driven back by a storm; on a second attempt succeeds, at great hazard, in reaching them, and there this division of the work ends.

A view of the most important plants of Greece now follows. These are considered in a popular and practical, rather than in a purely botanical, point of view, and supply exactly that information which is not generally found in a botanical work; the available value of the plants is considered; those are noticed which, though not indigenous, might, with advantage, be introduced for use or ornament; and many are especially pointed out as worthy of cultivation. This division of the work is thus arranged:

"I. Palms.

II. Forest plants.

A. Pines.

Appendix. Pines worthy of culture.

B. Those with leaves.

a. Trees.

Appendix. Trees of this class worthy of culture.

β. Shrubs and weeds.

Appendix. Shrubs worthy of culture.

The vine.

III. Fruit trees.

IV. Grain.

Appendix. Herbs for feeding cattle.

V. Vegetables (for food).

VI. Pot herbs.

VII. Medicinal plants.

VIII. Plants used in the arts.

IX. Flowers."

From this table of contents, the manner in which the subject is treated will at once be evident. We shall not go through each in succession, for that would be an unnecessary labour; but will extract a few descriptions, as specimens of the manner in which the separate plants are handled, and quote

such passages as may appear of particular interest.

The different trees or shrubs, according to their importance, occupy each more or less of the author's attention. We will take one of the shortest articles as a specimen; among the several poplars is

"P. GRÆCA. *Aspen* modern gr. THE GRECIAN POPLAR.

"It grows in Eubœa near brooks, by Carysto, Rukla, Ajio Dimitri; in the Morea. It is closely allied to the aspen (*P. tremula*). It grows to a tall and slender tree. The *foliage* is food for cattle. The *bark* contains tannin, and yields, when young, like the leaves, yellow colouring matter; the *fibres* take fire easily, and are used therefore for burning tiles. The *wood* is white, light, and may be used by carpenters, joiners, or carvers, in the manufacture of furniture; also will serve as building material, if it be not exposed to wet. The ashes of its *charcoal* serve for the manufacture of coarse gunpowder: they will, when ignited, continue to glow for a long time."

Among those recommended for culture in the Appendix to shrubs and weeds, we will select one also, as a specimen; under the head "*Spartium*" we have

"S. SCOPARIUM. BROOM.

"Grows to a height of from four to ten feet; is a forest weed, valuable, however, in the following respects. The *flowers* yield honey, and a yellow dye. The *foliage* is eaten by goats and sheep. The *branches* will make hedges or brooms. The *inner bark* makes coarse sacking, even paper. The *wood* is firm, white veined with brown; useful to turners. The *ashes* are said to contain much potass.\*"

A most elaborate and valuable treatise on the vine and the wines of Greece next follows.

It commences with mentioning the wild varieties found in Greece, which, however, proceed merely from seeds carried away by the birds from cultivated vineyards. The fruit of these is small, and often not eatable; the vine is supposed to have flourished in a wild state originally in Arabia Felix, Armenia or Georgia.

Introduced by the Phœnicians into the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, it travelled thence to Sicily and Italy, and from thence to Marseilles, France, and lastly into Germany.

The wild vine is then described, and, after this, the fable of the introduction of grapes and their use by Bacchus; thence varieties

of soil, position, and cultivation have given rise to the different kinds.

"The most important thing in connection with all these varieties, is, *that all the wines of Greece might be good, and the greater number of them excellent, if the vine and its produce were rightly treated.* But it is now generally the case that Grecian wine is hardly to be endured by the palate of a stranger. Doddwell (*Class. Tour. i. pp. 212 and 144*) says, that sour beer in England is far preferable to the resinous wine (*rezinato*) in Greece."

The ancients also adopted this practice of adding resin to their wine; and therefore the staff of Thyrsus, bound with green ivy, has a pine cone at its point, which, at the same time, represented a Phallus.

So bad is this wine, that the author, on first visiting Greece, imagined that, by mistake, a medicine had been set before him containing turpentine, when this was brought. An estimate is then made as to which is more nauseous, the wine *rezinato*, or the sour, unresined beverage.

A short account follows of the mode of preparing wine.

"In each vineyard is an oblong receiver 6 feet by 9 in length, and 3 feet by 6 in breadth, a couple of feet deep, and lined with cement to make it water-proof; on one of the narrow sides the floor is inclined, that the expressed juice may flow through an opening into another receiver, generally circular, which is a few feet broad, and also made water-proof in the same manner as the upper one. At the time of vintage the ripe bunches are cut off, and thrown into the upper and larger receiver, where they are trodden by the naked feet of men and the oldest women. The juice runs off into the lower cistern, whence it is drawn off into *Aoxi*. These are rough goat-skins, turned with the hairy side inwards, and bound tightly together at the feet; the liquor is poured in at the neck, which is then tightly tied. One of these skins being tied on each side of the pack-saddle, it is thus carried home. Being then thrown into the owner's cask, perhaps he possesses but one, fermentation commences. The better kind of wine is sometimes put into large jugs. Already in the vineyard, when with the husks, fermentation has commenced, and some of the husks pass into the lower receiver, but when at home, to assist its progress a quarter part of water is added, often more; and as no one knows how long the whole ought to ferment, they wait until no more bubbles appear, and the small vinegar flies are found; the cask is then closed, soon after tapped, and the wine gradually drawn off, the dregs remaining.

"In order that the new wine may keep, a number of green pine cones, or else half fluid or grated resin, is thrown in. This is the *resinate* or *krassik*, a word generally omitted. When no resin is put to the wine they generally add, as soon as it commences to turn sour, a considera-

\* Thibaud de Berneaud, *Traité de Genêt, ses Espèces et l'avantage qu'il offre à l'Agriculture.* Paris. 1810. 8vo.



ble quantity of burnt gypsum, which unites with the acid, forming an acetate of lime, that is mixed with the wine and makes it sweeter, but causes head-ache and illness. The resinous wine also at first causes head-ache, but the action of the turpentine causes it soon to pass away. The new wine is very thick, it induces colic and disordered stomach."

A catalogue, and a long one, is then given of the causes that combine to make the wine so bad; all of which might be remedied. Thus, for instance, in many places the grapes lie trailing upon the earth, which sticks to them and gives the wine an earthy flavour. The birds and the rains, dew and other circumstances, cause many of the grapes to rot; these, being used, also impart an unpleasant taste. Through the poverty of labourers the means of carrying on the work, casks, horses, &c. are wanting; those therefore who have none must stand still at their wine-making until others are able to lend them: except in Athens there are no cellars in Greece.

Often, also, a variety of vine is planted on a spot where another variety only would be able to flourish.

An article now follows on the wines of Greece in general. The possibility of improving them is demonstrated; the different varieties are mentioned; the manners and customs connected with the planting of the vine, vintage, preparation, and use of the wine, are described. The practical value of every part of the vine is next discussed, and there is no portion left without its use. Brandy is prepared from the remaining juice of the husks; the mode of making it is described: also verdigris and vinegar. They serve also as fuel and food for horse and fowls—for corroboration we are referred to the *Journal des Connoissances usuelles*, 1833, Mag. p. 282, and the *Pharm. Centralbl.* 1833, ii. p. 863. The ashes of the husks, even, are used; they form the Frankfort black, employed in making copper-plate impressions. The kernels, especially those of black grapes, yield an oil—Fontanelle obtained six to ten pounds of this from sixty pounds of Italian seed. The roasted kernels have been used as a substitute for coffee, and, with other materials, chocolate has been prepared from them, which, however, is too expensive, costing more than the best that is obtained from cocoa. The fresh vine leaves are used as a kind of vegetable; chopped meat, rice, eggs, butter, pepper, salt, parsley, and onion, being wrapped up in it and cooked, receive an agreeable acidulated flavour. French economists have proposed young shoots of the vine, for making cords, &c. &c. The ashes of the wood form a beautiful blue colour for painters and artists.

The endeavours of King Otho to improve the culture of the vine are then mentioned, the introduction of vines from the Rhine and Burgundy, &c. The mode of cultivation is described, and the account of the vine is concluded with various tables. The first table exhibits the different varieties of vine in Zante; there are forty of them, and each is described after the following plan.

"1.) *Αγροειδής* or *Μανσούφη*. Berries, large, dark, blue. Wine, very good. For the table, much prized. Ripe, at the usual time. Soil and locality, dry.

"2.) *Κυζανίτις*. Berries, white, full. Wine, yellow, strong, aromatic. Soil and locality, dry and poor. Peculiar to Zante. When mixed with No. 1. will keep well."

Where necessary also the derivation of the Greek term is given as *Κοντοκλάδι* (κοντα κλαδών), because it is cut off near the stem.

The next table, contrived in a similar manner, contains the foreign vines that might be cultivated with advantage in Greece.

These are subdivided into A. those of Germany, and B. those of Southern Europe. Those of Germany are ranged into two divisions:—(a). Those with low and often branching stem, the clusters small and dense; (b). Those with considerably higher and stronger stem, having the clusters large and loose. Among the former, seven in number, are Champagne and Burgundy; among the latter, sixteen, is Muscatelle. A list follows of writers on the vines of Germany.

The vines of Southern Europe, including those already cultivated in Greece or the neighbouring Ionian Islands, are divided into (a), the clusters with round; and (b), those with long berries. Among the former (twenty-six) are the Malaga and Lombardy vine, from the latter of which port wine is obtained; among the long berried clusters is the *V. tempestiva*, which yields three harvests (in September, November, and January). Vid. "Considerations sur une Variété exotique de la Vigne, sur sa Précocité, et ses trois Rapports Annuels," by Borger, in the *Annales de la Soc. Lin. de Paris*, Sept. 1826, vol. v. p. 421, also the *Literaturblatt für Botanik*. vol. i. p. 146. Of the *V. Semperflorens* also, the introduction of which is recommended, they say in Sicily, "Tri vati di sciorta, chi fa deci manu."

A table of references of statistics and miscellaneous matters completes the view of the vines of Greece.

The next division is occupied by fruit trees; these, as being of practical value, are considered at great length.

The olive comes first. Its history, culture, the varieties of oil and modes of preparing it, the means of improving its culture in Greece, the legends connected with it, the mode of preserving the ripe fruit, &c. &c. are discussed, as carefully as we have already seen the subject of the vine. At the conclusion is a table of the varieties of cultivated olive in Zante and Cephalonia; giving their modern name, the size of the tree, form of the leaves, quality of the wood, characters of the fruit, produce of oil, value for the table, comparative frequency of their culture and particular remarks. The next table is of the more excellent species of olive in France, Italy, and Spain.

The fig is then described, also at length, with a list of the varieties worthy of culture. The mulberry and fruits of the orange tribe, occupy a considerable space, and the others are described more or less fully according to their importance. Between the apricot and the almond, we know not why, but probably by accident, a list of the principal writers on Pomology and those on insects hurtful to garden and forest trees, which should have come at the end, is placed.

The division upon the different kinds of grain commences with observations on agriculture and its vast influence on mankind. The soil of Greece is then considered, as the first necessary preliminary.

"The soil of Greece, excepting a few points, e. g. the Plain of the Lake Copais, the Plain of Pamisos, that of Drymalia in Naxos, &c. is in general poor and not very fertile, but the climate is excellent, and with a little industry the earth yields abundant produce."

Lime, clay, and in several places volcanic products, form the basis of the soil.

The agriculture of Greece is then considered.

"It is, in two words, almost patriarchal. The plough differs, in no respect, from that described by Hesiod; it has not been improved for three thousand years. The earth is furrowed to the depth of about three inches and the seed is sown, so far is well. A harrow to cover the grain evenly and carry off the roots and weeds dug up by the plough, rollers, &c. is unknown. My pioneers made the peasants a small model of a harrow; they at once perceived its value and prepared to adopt it, but many complained that they had no cattle and must still, as before, use the hand rake.

"October is the month for sowing, the field is so full of stones that they generally predominate over earth, the rains of winter come on, the plant appears above ground; in June is the harvest, the produce generally tenfold. The corn is cut down with sickles, bound in small

sheaves, and carried home upon horses, much being lost on the road among the bushes, &c. It is next thrown on a round and even place which is solid and sometimes plastered, here it is trodden by horses, less frequently oxen, driven in a circle—only in a few places, as Ajio Petro in the Morea, the corn is threshed; then, however, only by very clumsy instruments. The grain, thus trodden out, is purified by sifting; the short broken straw, Achera, is the useful food for horse and cattle.

"The corn is ground by water-mills; more frequently, however, windmills are employed. The millstones are light, and impart to the flour a quantity of their sand. The addition of water to this flour, without acid, forms a dough, which is left to stand during the night, and baked on the following day. They often make a cake, a couple of inches thick, lay it on the hot part under a fire, and cover it with hot ashes; sometimes it is baked in the same manner between two plates of iron. It is a great pleasure to them to eat this doughy cake as hot as possible.

"The greater part of the bread is made of barley; white, wheaten bread, but always heavy and half-baked, is found in the monasteries. The best white bread was formerly obtained in Hydra and at Poros. Rye bread is rarely met with, the people do not like it. Whenever horses get better food than usual on their journeys, it is barley; oats are only very seldom to be procured."

The next section is devoted to the consideration of manures, and after that the mode of improving the Grecian agriculture.

To effect this the plough must be altered, the fields manured, the rotation of crops must be attended to, for the same grain being continually reared on the same soil, the quality becomes year after year less valuable.

Among the various means suggested by Dr. Fiedler, for turning the minds of the people into a right channel, is to take advantage of the curiosity which now prompts them to read every newspaper they can get at, and thus fill their heads with politics, by placing in their hands a periodical paper of another kind, that shall contain all matters that may interest or instruct the agriculturist.

Each kind of grain, with whatever is necessary concerning it, is then described; after this those weeds, which, if neglected, injure the crops, if rightly used are of great advantage, as affording the lightest and most natural manure. These having been described, a chapter is devoted to the method of turning them to advantage. And the section following this, describes the advantages possessed by vegetable over the more common manure. The last-mentioned is, that "no field is so free from weeds as that in which weeds are employed for manure."

Works on manure are then mentioned, and the view of the grains is completed: In-

dian corn and rice occupying considerable space.

The meadow land of Greece is described, before entering upon the plants that serve as food for cattle.

Of meadow, in the strictest sense, there is none; a few plains only in Messenia or southern Arcadia, may bear that name. Even green spots are rare. The plants grow isolated, there is consequently no hay to cut, and the trodden straw, a little barley, with the dried herbs of spring, form the sole nourishment for the starving cattle.

The herbs grown for the use of cattle occupy scarcely any space—there are so few; here and there only, a field is found cultivated for the purpose, with lucerne, buckwheat, or clover. Much is said in recommendation of attention being paid to this subject for the improvement of the labour of the cattle, also of the milk, the cheese, butter, wool, &c.

The introduction of many is recommended, and others that are indigenous, but neglected, are brought into notice.

The grasses are next described; after which are various valuable tables and estimates connected with the subject, in its practical bearings.

Vegetables and herbs, for human food, occupy the next division.

Medicinal plants, classified roughly, according to their properties and uses, are next described: few of these are popular remedies, for the people have little notion of curing themselves.

We cannot be surprised, having, in various parts of the work, seen our author's devoted confidence in the fabulous and imaginary writings of the ancients, to find him advocating the doctrine of Paracelsus, concerning the "Signature" of plants: that, when any part of a plant has, in one of its parts, similarity with any organ of the body, the plant will have a direct influence upon that organ; for example, the blossom of *Euphrasia officinalis*, appears like an eye; "its operation in certain inflammations of that organ is, therefore, wonderful."

Among the plants used in the arts, there is little doubt which a German would place first; we accordingly find, before cotton, flax, hemp, the dyes, &c., *Nicotiana*,—tobacco. It would have been better placed among the medicinal plants, to be correct in principle, but as it was written for the smoking community, it might, consistently, have been ranked with the vegetables necessary to man. It would be superfluous to say that this subject is thoroughly investigated, even down to the

method of smoking. Witness the following quotation:

"In order to smoke properly, the head of the pipe should be correctly filled, and the whole correctly lighted. The first of these matters appears very simple, but it is not every one that understands it;—take, with two fingers, some long fibres of tobacco, so that all the fine part falls, put it into the pipe bowl, fill it up then with tobacco of any kind, and press it down with the thumbs. A small hillock must still rise above the surface of the bowl. Take now a perfectly glowing coal (in preference to a piece of burning tinder), lay it exactly in the middle, so that the tobacco shall ignite equally below and at the sides. Having now consumed not more than half the tobacco, the rest must be knocked out, as the tobacco below has taken up some moisture, and is no longer so agreeable in scent or flavour; but it is not to be knocked out carelessly; the ignited tobacco is taken from above and placed upon the newly filled bowl, so that many, passing the greater part of the day in coffee-shops, during the whole time they smoke, require but a coal to begin with. We thus see whether the pipe has been properly filled and lighted, for if not, the burning mass cannot be taken out. Poorer people smoke their pipes out to the end, but nowhere here, as in many lands, are the ashes in the pipe again lighted."

Here is the philosophy of smoking! Who will not profit by it?

The flowers of Greece are described in the last section; the uses to which flowers have been applied, in all ages, shall form our concluding extract:

"Bacchus was held by the Grecians as the God of Flowers, as well as of trees and the vine; he dwelt sometimes in Phyllis, the land of flowers, sometimes on the rose-decked Pangaëon, occasionally in the rose gardens of Macedonia and Thrace, was called, therefore, Anthios,—the flowery. Before he had flowers, ivy circled his head,—Venus crowned him when he returned from India. He took the chaplet that Ariadne on Naxos had woven from the Theseion, and walking beneath the sky at night, threw it up to the stars, where it yet shines forth.

"The gods first made use of flowers in the form of a coronet, and Zeus himself was crowned by the other deities, after the war with the Titans. At first, therefore, flowers and chaplets were the exclusive decoration of the sacred statues, priests, sacrificers and sacrificed; they even served as an offering.

"In later times, heroes and meritorious persons were crowned, independently of the service of the altar: the victors in their games received coronets of flowers, and these sweet decorations soon formed a part of the jovial and intellectual festivals of antiquity.

"Lovers hung their chaplets at the doors of the chosen ones; crowned with flowers, the

plighted pair stood before the altar; crowns of flowers decorated the portals of the newly married couple. Crowned with flowers, the soldier advanced to battle; crowned with flowers, the conquerors returned. \* \* \*

"Most of these customs remain to Europeans in the present day; our churches are adorned with flowers and coronals. Flowers are the first offerings of love; flowers give life to the wedding, the birth-day, and the feast; flowers are the last gifts that are strewn upon our graves."

Examples and anecdotes of this are given. A few works on flowers are recommended, and a list of general works on the plants of Greece concludes this volume.

In the numerous extracts we have given, it has been our desire to set before the reader, as far as possible, the means of forming a sufficient idea of the faults as well as the merits of this valuable work. The faults are very few, and in no way interfere with the work itself; if we meet with occasional credulity, and what, to us English readers, may even appear absurdity, we soon forget it in the sound sense which forms the basis of the book. It bears the stamp of truth in every statement, and we arrive at the conclusion with a correct idea of the state of Greece, presented to us without the aid of any fictitious ornament; there is even, if possible, too little of the latter, for the style is, perhaps, too straightforward and too independent of decoration, which the author never attempts without failing most signally. We might name several passages in illustration, the rhapsody on patriotism, for example, when speaking of the pass of Leonidas; this, however, is, after all, a minor consideration, and none who read Dr. Fiedler's *Travels in Greece* can close the book without feeling thankful to the author for the amusement, as well as interesting and valuable information, that it cannot fail to have afforded. We earnestly hope that it may tend to expedite the work that is evidently nearest the author's heart, the restoration of now ruined Greece to its former flourishing condition.

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ART. VI.—*Sued-östlicher Bildersaal. I.—Der Vergnuegling. Herausgegeben vom Verfasser der Briefe eines Verstorbenen.* (The South-Eastern Picture Gallery, Vol. I.—The Voluptuary. By the Author of Letters from One Deceased.) Stuttgart. 1840.

AFTER an interval, we believe, of about four years, Prince Puckler Muskau presents

himself once more before the critical tribunal, in the character of author. As he is never a dull writer, and often an amusing one, a new book from his hand is always welcome. His witty highness, however, affects to look down from his aristocratic elevation, with somewhat of disdain, upon the world of criticism; and this disdain is shown at times by a disregard of the conventional rules, by which other writers feel themselves restrained, and which, if THE PRINCE could submit to such plebeian trammels, would take nothing from the gracefulness of his effusions, and add very considerably to their value.

The present is the first volume of a series that may run to an almost indefinite length. The title implies that we shall have to accompany the author on his wanderings through the Levant to Upper Egypt, and thence to return with him and his Abyssinian protégé through Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey. When we consider that his first instalment of pictures has brought us only to Malta, it would be somewhat rash to estimate the length to which it may please him to stretch out his gallery.

The book before us is an odd book. It is not *all* fiction; but much of it is avowedly the offspring of the author's imagination, more is evidently mere mystification, and a large portion of what remains may safely be set down as apocryphal; yet all this fanciful embroidery is worked into a plain canvas of reality, and that with so much art, that the uninitiated reader is frequently at a loss to know whether this or that thread belongs to the original groundwork, or to the gay decorations that have been insinuated into the fabric.

The work professes to relate occurrences in the author's life. We have not, indeed, a consecutive narrative of his peregrinations, and many of the occurrences related are so evidently mere fiction, that we hardly know where to draw the line between what is to be received as true, and what is at once to be deemed romance. Such a plan is more convenient to the author than to his reader, and in the end as likely to be detrimental to the fame of the former, as to the satisfaction of the latter. A book of travels, we know, often contains much that is not true; for a traveller is sometimes intentionally deceived, and sometimes misconstrues the information he receives. Against *errors*, therefore, the most careful traveller is often unable to guard himself. The reader of a book of travels, however, may at all events expect his author to steer clear of goblin stories, and incident that might have happened to Sindbad, t

have certainly not been heard of in our own prosaic days.

Our author already, in his preface, gives us a hint of the liberties which he means to take with truth. The times when beasts and birds discoursed so learnedly on morals and philosophy, are indeed gone;

"But," says the prince, "I have found that marvels enough remain for him who knows how to seek them; and there still survives *one* mighty magician, the only sovereign at whose court I ever solicited a place. I am not one of his *grandeess*, for Nature denied me the power to become one; but, in a little way, I labour faithfully, and do, like a good child, as well as I can. This mighty ruler is known by the name of *Phantassus*, and boundless are the limits of his realm. His emissaries fly to the black void where the light of the last star fades into darkness; the gorgeoussness of the earth, the depths of the abyss, the widely-spreading ocean, the unmeasured space of heaven, the awful regions of hell,—all are subject to his sway, and every reality receives from him a new poetic vestment. It is with this magician's passport that I travel. The rising and the setting of the sun are made more beautiful by his approach; through his magic glass I contemplate every landscape; and man and beast, evil and good, are illumined by his light, and their recesses made clearer to my gaze. The beautiful grows more lovely, the horrible even acquires a charm, and day as well as night are filled with enjoyment. Now you know your guide; follow if you will."

We do *not* yet know our guide, however. The above warning gave us no idea of all the queer byways through which he intended to lead us, nor have we the least notion of the sort of dance that awaits us when we have once been persuaded to follow him to the mysterious regions of Egypt. What riddles he may put into the mouths of his sphynxes, what odd tales he may read in inscriptions that have baffled a Champollion, or what nooks and corners he may unfold to our gaze in yet unopened pyramids, are matters that we may already speculate on, though it would puzzle us to guess them.

Before we enter on the body of the book, let us say a few words on the title. In a picture-gallery there may of course be portraits and fancy pieces, allegorical groups and historical scenes, but there must be order in the arrangement, or the whole will often produce a painful effect. Should we see one of Guido's Holy Families placed between a portrait of Mephistopheles and a picture of Venus caressing Adonis, we should take it for granted that either a fool or a scoffer had presided over the distribution; but what should we say to the painter that would mingle a scripture subject, and a scene from Lewis's *Monk*,

on the same canvas? Such an absence of order might be endurable in a broker's shop, but would be disgraceful in a gallery. Yet this, or something like it, is often done by our author, as we shall show before we dismiss him. There is a second title to the book, *Der Vergnügling*, a word of the Prince's own coining, and which, we feel, is but poorly rendered by the English word *Voluptuary*. The Prince would not have us look on him as the servile *votary* of pleasure, but rather as a *master* in the art of enjoyment; not as a slothful sybarite, who would tax the ingenuity of others to invent new entertainment for his palled senses, but as one who carries with him a talisman, by whose aid, ease and labour, luxury and privation, can alike be made sources of gratification and delight.

The book opens at a watering-place (*ein Bad*), but one whose name is unknown to the fashionable world; one to which neither Murray nor Galignani has yet published a guide. The place is called Kurbess, and lies on the northern coast of Africa, somewhere apparently near the site of ancient Carthage, though, as the Prince has made it the scene of some very marvellous events, the real site of Kurbess may be in fairy-land, a country of whose geography the world in general knows very little more than it does of the dominions ruled by Prester John. As we are favoured, however, with a lithographic engraving of Kurbess, with a meditative donkey in the foreground by way of a principal figure, we may presume this newly-discovered watering-place to have a local habitation as well as a name. At the present day, however, Kurbess is certainly not much frequented by the gay world.

"It lies on a beautiful bay, opposite to the ruins of Carthage, which are about eight leagues off; to the side is seen the roadstead of Goletta, and dimly in the horizon the towers of Tunis. A few ruins only, and some wretched huts, unprovided with any convenience, and tenanted only by Arab fishermen, stand singly along the sandy beach, behind which rises a line of black rocks. Not a tree is to be seen far or near; and every kind of vegetation, with the exception of a few evergreen shrubs, had faded to a dull grey before my arrival. How gracefully this melancholy contrast worked upon me, who had just come from the vintage on the Rhine, and from the golden harvests of Germany! I rioted in the enjoyment of privation. How easy, too, was it to observe the regimen prescribed for me, when, if I had been ever so well disposed to disobedience, I could not easily have procured anything beyond bread, milk, eggs, an occasional roti of mutton, and a few apples. My solitude also was very nearly complete, since, with the exception of a few Arabs, there was but one

guest beside myself to take the waters; just enough to make one fully conscious of one's solitude, and yet have some one to barter reflections with."

This one guest is a mysterious personage, perhaps altogether fictitious, who appears destined to play the second part in the dramatic tableaux, of which the first parcel has just been presented to us. We say the *second*, for our Prince is not the manager to assign the *first* to any but himself. He has ever been the hero of his own works, round whom the subordinate characters are grouped in a manner to withdraw no portion of public attention from the chief performer. This one guest, we are told, passed for a German, and called himself Count Erdmann, a name which, we are given to understand, was probably assumed. As the Count is one of whom we are not likely to be rid in a hurry, it may not be amiss to begin by introducing him more formally to the acquaintance of our readers.

"He appeared to be of the same age as myself, (the Prince, according to the *Almanach de Gotha*, is fifty-five years old,) tall, of an imposing appearance, with an agreeable voice, and may formerly have been a handsome man; but he appeared now dreadfully disfigured by the blow of a club, received in a battle with a wild horde in the interior of Africa, which blow, as it descended with full force on the very centre of his face, had obliged him to cover nearly one half of it with a large patch. This I own, gave him at first a repulsive appearance, but his intelligent eyes and agreeable manners led me soon to forget his deformity. He was a complete illustration of that pretty saying of the Indian: 'There is an alchymy in a man's behaviour, that can turn everything into gold.'

"Though he seemed to be rich, he lived as simply as myself, and had only one attendant, a herculean negro from Tombuctoo, whose singular costume was not less striking than the truly demoniac fire that sparkled from his eyes, and the disquieting expression of his fearfully ugly face. The only luxury that the Count allowed himself, was to convert his room, with much cost and trouble, into a kind of ornamental garden, by means of a number of beautiful aromatic plants. All this care and expense, however, was incurred for the sake of a three-legged camelion (the animal had lost one leg in consequence of a wound,) which he fairly doted on, and always took to bed with him at night, locking it up by day in his domestic conservatory, before which the abominable negro would lie like a dog at the door to keep watch."

Such is the introductory sketch of Count Erdmann, who, we shrewdly suspect, owes his existence to the author's fancy. With this companion he gossips away the better part of the volume, many sentiments being put into the Count's mouth, of which the Prince may not always have thought it pru-

dent or convenient to adopt the undivided responsibility. Politics, philosophy, blasphemy, and *morality*, are strangely mingled in these dialogues, which, whatever other imputations they may be liable to, contain some acute remarks, and are seldom guilty of dullness. We will give a specimen of the Count's small talk. His companion has just been making a few observations on the difficulty of taking the first step towards wisdom, by subduing prejudice.

"You are right, (replied the Count, smiling,) philosophy is a difficult study, and sure to rebound from a prejudice, like an arrow from a shield of adamant. Unless indeed the prejudice have outlived itself, and then a spirited and well-supported attack may do wonders. Just as a tower that has been secretly undermined, crumbles beneath a comparatively slight blow. It is only at such a period that a wise man would venture to encounter a prejudice; he who does so sooner, must be a fool or a saint. But the harder the battle, the greater the man, provided he be successful; for in this, as in other cases, success is the standard to go by. We see something of the same kind now going on in England, where Daniel, or rather *Samson*, O'Connell is tugging away with all his might at the ancient and venerable edifice of the British constitution. A reformer he certainly is, but whether a Huss or a Luther, the result only can show."

A few remarks follow about radical dinners in Scotland, monk-hunting frolics in Spain, and French infernal machines, but these only serve as a preface to a well-merited compliment to Sweden,—a country in which a mighty political revolution is now in progress, but of which, as it has been unaccompanied by "glorious days" and street massacres, the journalists of the rest of Europe know about as much as they know of the court intrigues going on in the palace of his Celestial Majesty at Peking; still it is not the fault of the present review that more is not known, since we have devoted a large portion of our pages to the illustration of the land and its legends.

"Own to me" (loquitur Count) that there has rarely been a nation more happy in the free choice of its sovereign, and that few monarchs have solved a difficult task more nobly or with more genuine glory than the Swedes and Bernadotte. I have a complete collection of his speeches, and have found it highly instructive to compare them with the royal speeches and proclamations delivered in other countries, from Napoleon's days down to our own. Every man called on to govern will find in those of the Swedish monarch a rich store of practical wisdom, nor will they be found useless if applied to the occurrences of daily life. I admire, I venerate a sovereign, who knows his mission accurately, is resolved to fulfil it, and without ex-

exercising any power not entrusted to him by the legitimate principles of the constitution, knows always how to choose, with as much energy as prudence, exactly those means that are most conducive to the attainment of his ends. How different the style of this King from the inflated bombast of customary common-places. Here is a passage from his last speech on closing the Diet, when, in consequence of much ill-judged opposition, he deemed a warning not superfluous:—‘The thing *most* necessary to a nation,’ said the northern sage, ‘is order; the second, Love of Country; the third, Justice, not resting on the sword, but on the strength of Reason.’”

After so pompous an exordium we might have looked for some more profound remarks than those here given as a specimen of royal wisdom and eloquence. The King of Sweden is well deserving of respect; but to estimate the real value of our author's praise, it must be borne in mind, that he (not Bernadotte but Puckler Muskau) contemplates a journey to Sweden next year. The Prince, no doubt, is perfectly disinterested in his encomiums, but we cannot altogether forget, that some years ago, when he was travelling in Egypt, and writing articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, nothing could go beyond his enthusiastic admiration of Mehemet Ali.

The conversation between our hero and his mysterious friend did not always run upon such prosaic matters as kings and doings of this world. The Prince has just been relating an anecdote of a gross act of sacrilege committed by three foolish young men in an English church, where they played a rubber of whist, at midnight, on the communion table, with a corpse just dug from the grave by way of a dummy. The Count thinks there is nothing exactly criminal in the act, though it certainly manifests very bad taste. *Ich kann sie*, he says, *nur für eine bestialische Tollheit, aber keineswegs für ein Verbrechen ansehen*, and this opinion he supports by the argument, that to constitute a crime there must be a decided injury inflicted upon some living being. Any comment on this gross outrage, on both dead and living, which we do not believe to have occurred, of course is unnecessary. Two pages further on, we find the Count quite an admirer of the *frolic*, to which no ordinary share of courage (!) was necessary.

“‘There was danger in it, great danger, even for him to whom the world of spirits is closed, and who believes only in an excitable nervous system, susceptible of feverish phantasies.’

“‘How do you understand that?’ said I, smiling? ‘do you then believe with Swedenborg and Cagliostro, that there are chosen ones to whom the world of spirits is unfolded?’

“‘Of that I know nothing,’ replied the Count carelessly, ‘but that there are supernatural beings, who are capable of appearing to us, and of holding converse with us, under a human form—that I certainly do believe, and that for a very simple reason, because I have more than once been in the situation myself.’”

In reply to some natural expressions of surprise, the Count continues:—

“‘Judge for yourself. I will relate to you a fragment of my own life, from a happier period than the present. The inscrutable and mysterious world was then favourable to me, now it persecutes me, and if you knew how near it is at this moment to yourself—’

“‘Just then, our antique clay lamp from the ruins of Carthage being about to expire, I saw the Count suddenly break off, and point in an authoritative manner to the door, which was behind my back. I cannot deny, that, in spite of my unbelief, a cold disagreeable feeling at this moment seemed to creep down my back, and I turned hastily and involuntarily round; but I immediately withdrew my gaze, turning, I fear, somewhat pale, when it met the hideous glare of the negro's feline eyes, who was standing close behind me. The Count probably rebuked him or instructed him about something in a language quite unknown to me, the tones of which were singularly disagreeable; whereupon the man, crossing his arms humbly upon his breast, withdrew from the room. I could not help observing, that at the moment when he closed the door, the lamp, without any visible cause, seemed to revive, and thenceforward burned with a clear bright flame.’”

The Count proceeds to tell his tale, and tells it well. He had, according to his own account, succeeded, when young, to a large but heavily encumbered estate, which, under his youthful management, soon became more heavily burthened than before. When his money and credit were exhausted, he went to the country, fell in love, and saw some wonderful sights—but let him speak for himself. He had a little hunting-lodge in the forest inhabited by a steward, who managed the estate more for the creditors than for its owner, the latter only retaining a few rooms for an occasional residence. The only luxury he still indulged in was an aviary, in which he kept some curious birds, that were great favourites with his lady love.

“‘After a joyful welcome from my honest Henry, who lived in the house, I had just thrown myself down on my sofa, opposite to which was a large open window, that commanded a view into the verdant mazes of the wood, and was abandoning myself to a host of mingled reflections on the past, the present, and the future, when suddenly the old gamekeeper rushed into the room, and with a look of utter consternation exclaimed: ‘The Pasha is coming.’”

He goes on to explain the meaning of this exclamation. There was a legend, it seems, in the country, about some ancestor, who had turned Turk in his days, and now made his appearance once every hundred years, with a numerous retinue, bringing either good or evil fortune to those to whom he addressed himself. Whoever uttered a word to the spectre became a dead man immediately, and yet it was difficult to avoid a conversation without giving offence, the old renegade being exceedingly talkative, and as fond of putting questions as good old George the Third, of blessed memory.

"I had of course, like a true child of these our unbelieving days, looked on all this as a silly nursery tale, and, accordingly, I laughed at the comic terror of the old hunter; but who shall describe my astonishment, when, on turning to the window, I saw the ground in front of it swarming with life. Elephants with splendid canopies, hung around with curtains of purple and gold, from behind which hours of paradise appeared to be peeping; camels with costly hangings, with all the paraphernalia of oriental luxury piled in baskets on their backs; horsemen, richly clad, with turbans on their heads and scymetars by their sides, firing off, in quick succession, their richly inlaid muskets, and dashing to and fro, in martial evolutions on their Arab steeds; golden chariots drawn by lions and tigers; negroes, in gay attire, leading along giraffes and other animals never before seen by me; and in the middle of the noisy rout, attended by a retinue of which I could not see the end, the Pasha himself, towering above the rest, and sparkling with such a profusion of jewels, that the eye could scarcely endure the blaze. \* \* \* In a few seconds the door of my room flew open, and the spectral Turk, attended by two of his suite, entered the apartment."

The old Turk then begins to cross-question our count, who, faithful to the rule prescribed by the legend, keeps his mouth shut, and replies only by signs, till the old fellow loses patience, bounces out of the room, and revenges himself on his taciturn host, by twisting the necks of all the rare birds in the aviary. Nevertheless, the visit on the whole has brought good luck with it, a number of fortunate events following closely upon its heels, and re-establishing the count's fortunes. The marvellous narrative at an end, the prince rallies him, and treats the tale as a fiction or a dream.

"Ay, truly; a dream," said the Count, half aside, in a hollow tone. 'A dream! What else is our whole life? Would there were fewer dreams! Ever new dreams—and the awaking often so terrible!'

"Concealing his face with both his hands, as though overpowered by the violence of his feelings, he sprang up, and rushed into his cham-

ber. I did not see him again the whole evening.

"Not only that evening, but for several days afterwards, the Count remained invisible, after which he undertook a journey of nearly equal duration among the mountains, whence he returned in excellent humour."

Now, such vagaries as these might be all very well in an avowed work of fiction, but they are a positive deformity in a book which professes to give an account of veritable occurrences.

In return for the Count's autobiographical romance, the Prince treats his companion with the communication of a humorous essay on the difficulties of being a good servant, under which denomination he includes,—ministers, generals, footmen, and "more particularly courtiers and aides-de-camp." We would fain give the essay entire, but our limited space will not allow of our doing so. He winds up a series of whimsical directions, by telling his readers that nothing is more useful for a servant who wishes to acquire all the delicacies of his profession, than to study assiduously the proceedings of a poodle dog; but warns the aspiring student not to hope ever to reach the same stage of perfection that instinct has enabled the poodle to attain, nor to flatter himself that he will ever be able to inspire his master with that warm affection which is often lavished on the accomplished model.

At nearly each interview, some fresh mystery is connected with the Count. He is taken ill. The Prince visits him, though scarcely able to support the oppressive perfumes of the conservatory bed-chamber. Here we make a nearer acquaintance with the cameleon; and if we have been taught to look on the negro as an attendant imp of darkness, the extreme docility and extraordinary intelligence of the cameleon are such, that we may take it for granted the little reptile is, at the least, a familiar spirit.

In exchange for the Count's story about the Pasha with the endless tail, the Prince manufactures an assortment of adventures, and passes them off as having occurred to himself. This episode is by far the most tiresome part of the book, and not the less so on account of its length. It is a commonplace piece of business, very little above the average of our magazine stories, and for our own parts, we were well pleased to find the Count cut it short by going to sleep over it, which so offended the author's pride, that the fragment was allowed to remain unfinished.

One evening, the Prince, having just left the Count in bed for the night, wandered along the sea-coast, where he was not a little surprised to



see him in a sort of spectral boat, in company with his ugly "nigger," and a Turkish lady. The Prince ran back to knock at the door of the Count's room, and was not surprised to find that his knocking elicited no acknowledgment from within. The other inmates of the house, however, had not seen the Count go out. The next morning the latter came to visit him, when the following is the conversation described as having ensued :—

" 'Was it you who knocked so violently at my door yesterday evening?' he asked in an unconstrained manner. 'What was the matter?'"

" 'You heard me knock then?'"

" 'No, I did not, but my negro told me of it, and said that he did not open the door, because I had just fallen asleep, and he feared to awaken me.'"

" 'You may have your own reasons, Count,' rejoined I, 'for giving this turn to the affair; but I am sincere enough to tell you, that I saw you put off from the shore.'"

" 'Saw me put off? What do you mean? In truth, I dreamed something of the kind.'"

" 'Your dreams must be very vivid, for I saw you, with my own eyes, get into a boat, in company with a lady, and put out to sea.'"

" 'Good Heavens! I don't understand you. Pray put an end to the jest, and explain yourself more intelligibly.'"

" 'You are obstinate, but it can help you nothing. Do you wish for more details? Your negro and another servant, whom I never saw before, handled the oars, and a man completely enveloped in a red cloak sat at the helm.'"

" 'At these words the Count turned as pale as a corpse. 'What is that you say? A man in a red cloak at the helm!' he exclaimed in a suppressed tone of voice, and with evident symptoms of deep emotion. 'Impossible! Allow me to leave you a moment. I'll be with you again immediately.'"

" 'He went hastily into his room, and left me alone for about a quarter of an hour, more puzzled than ever by the strangeness of his manner. When he returned, there was a remarkable expression of seriousness and resolution in his demeanour.'"

" 'Think what you choose,' he said, 'of the vision you have seen, but as a well-meaning friend I entreat you, and as a man of honour I demand of you, that as long as you remain in Africa, you observe towards all men the most inviolable silence on this subject. In whatever light you choose to contemplate it, the secret is not your own, but that of another.'"

" 'I will give you the promise you require, Count, with pleasure.' \* \* \*

" 'The Count appeared moved. 'No mortal can afford me help,' he then said, with a bitter smile, 'but I am not insensible to your friendly treatment. Perhaps we shall, not the less, be brought hereafter into nearer relations to each other than we now expect, though, for your sake, I do not wish it. But let us break off this theme now.'"

All this is in wretched taste, but there is more of it that is still worse. One morning the Prince awakes and learns that the Count is gone, having been fetched away by his old acquaintance the renegade, and having left a friendly note behind, containing only these words: "Adieu! the Pasha commanded me!"

Having lost so pleasant a companion, and being now himself the only remaining Badegast at Kurbess, the Prince very soon grew tired of his own society, and accordingly embarked for Malta. His account of his residence on the island, one would suppose, would be free from all these absurd spectral mysteries; but no, the Count is felt at every moment to be near him. The Prince makes a midnight excursion out to sea in an open boat, and the same spectral bark that he had seen off the coast of Africa, shoots suddenly by him. He makes up his mind to go to Greece, and, on returning to his hotel, finds a letter on his table in the Count's hand, warning him that great calamities will happen to him if he go to Greece, but that he will have every reason to be pleased with his journey if he repair to Egypt. But enough of all this impertinence. It constitutes the great defect of the book, and at every moment raises a doubt in the reader's mind, as to what he is and what he is not to believe, of what would otherwise be an amusing narrative.

On the passage to Malta, the Prince finds leisure to criticise some modern writers, and, among others, revenges himself upon Lady Morgan by pulling to pieces one of her newest effusions, winding up his philippic by expressing a strong doubt whether Lady Morgan ever had an opportunity to study *high life* anywhere else than *below stairs*.

Our author seems to have reconciled himself very easily to the confinement imposed upon him while performing quarantine at Malta. He enjoyed every possible luxury, without being under the necessity of subjecting himself to any social constraint. He there wrote, as he tells us, the greater part of the present volume; slept by day, and worked or amused himself by night; received visits at the grating of his chamber like a nun in a convent, though few of his visitors broke in upon his solitude, for as he rarely left his bed before the evening, he was not often at home when his friends called. Sir Frederick Hankey, the Governor's Secretary, made his first call at nine in the morning, and was told that the Prince had just retired for the night; his next call was at three in the afternoon, and then the Prince was sleeping soundly, and could not be disturbed. "The last time that he called on me, was at about

five in the evening, when my guardian (every captive in quarantine has one assigned to him) shrugged his shoulders, and said I was not up yet, which elicited from the Englishman, as I afterwards learned, a most energetic —” but for Sir Frederick Hankey’s imprecation on the visual orbs of the distinguished traveller, we must refer our readers to the book itself. “Of course,” adds our author, “had I been aware of the honour intended me, I should have better known how to show my sense of it.”

Our author seldom fails to take advantage of an opportunity to display his singularity. The quarantine is a kind of prison from which other men are anxious to escape at the very first opportunity. Not so our Prince. He had been working away very diligently during his imprisonment, and yet when his time was up, his self-imposed task was not accomplished.

“In the evening my guardian announced to me, with the cheerful look of one who imagines himself the bearer of agreeable tidings, that on the following morning I might be at liberty as early as I pleased. But as I was desirous of concluding the work I had in hand, and felt myself quite comfortable where I was, I completely staggered the poor fellow by applying for permission to remain in my quarters another day. Indeed, had it not been for the fear of making my singularity too conspicuous, I would gladly have spent another week in statu quo, whence I conclude that a passable prison may sometimes be very endurable, and often even to be wished for.”

The first use he made of his liberty was to make an excursion out to sea, in order, we presume, not to lose the effect of the approach to Valetta by water.

“At first I passed through the whole of the quarantine harbour, I contemplated the long line of ships that lay there, among which I particularly noticed the Americans, a fine Neapolitan frigate, and a remarkably elegant French steamer; I enjoyed the neatness of the quays, the clean English look of the houses, and the fine road leading between them, animated with cavaliers and calesines. I then made my men row towards the large harbour, the first aspect of which is certainly one of the most magnificent in the whole Mediterranean. The deep broad expanse of water, with its two branches projecting far into the land,\* is completely encircled by strong forts, splendid palaces, and the

four towns, which together form the capital, Valetta lying to the right, and Vittoriosa, Isola and Burmola to the left. Valetta, the most considerable, and which frequently gives its name to the whole, rises boldly along the side of its rocky mountain, with orange groves upon its terraces, and the whole crowned by several steeples, by the long arcades of a public walk, and by a temple, erected in the antique style, as a monument to General Abercromby. The other three towns project into the harbour, and thus form the two inlets described above.\* The points of the triangles are protected by two rocky forts, of which one commands the entrance to the harbour. \* \* \*

“I landed at the custom-house, mounted several hundred broad steps, and was struck by the stately appearance of the straight macadamized streets, with their palace-like houses, and the side pavements introduced by the English. The alberghi, as they are called, of the ancient knights, are particularly conspicuous, and would be deemed an ornament in Rome or Florence. Though I cannot participate in the ecstasy of the *Contemporaine*, who declares Malta the finest city in the world, I certainly think that full as it is of historical recollections, its appearance, at once rich and singular, cannot fail to strike a stranger, particularly if he happen to arrive from Africa. \* \* \*

“People are exceedingly hospitable at Malta, and I spent scarcely a day there on which I was not invited out to dinner. Good cheer and good wines are more esteemed and better understood than in larger cities. I speak of the English, for all the principal civil and military employes are English, the impoverished Maltese living very retired, I may almost say concealed, in their palaces, where they receive neither foreign travellers nor foreign conquerors. To the latter, however, they have no objection to come when invited, and I had therefore many opportunities of seeing some very delightful women from among the natives, but also many singularly antiquated figures. \* \* \*

“The revenues of Malta are at present sufficient to defray the whole charge of the administration, though, according to English custom, the salaries are high. The expense amounts to £90,000 a year, after paying which the government has a surplus of £10,000. Most of the public officers live in palaces, the like of which one would vainly look for in Downing-street, and the island itself, with its twenty-two casals or town-like villages, is one of the most populous in the world. The taxes are complained of as exorbitantly high, but in what part of Europe is that not the case? \* \* \*

“When I came to walk about the town, that I might become better acquainted with its peculiarities, I was surprised to see that the finest buildings, particularly the alberghi, mentioned above, were disagreeably disfigured by the defacement of the armorial bearings that had formerly adorned them. This piece of Vandalism

\* There are in reality four inlets to the left, as you enter Valetta harbour from the sea. The first lies between Fort Ricasoli and the Bighi Palace; the second between the Bighi Palace and the Castle of St. Angelo; the third between the castle and Point Sanglea; and the fourth between Point Sanglea and the race course.

\* Burmola does not project into the harbour. It is Fort Ricasoli that commands the entrance.

was committed by the French, and presents a melancholy contrast to the more generous conduct of the Turks, who, after the sanguinary capture of Rhodes, dearly as it cost them, respected all the arms, insignia and inscriptions on the public buildings of the valiant knights, so that many have been preserved to the present day. Considering the low price of labour, and the skill of the Maltese stone cutters, I am surprised that the English government, or even some governor out of his private funds, should not have effaced this blemish by restoring the ancient ornaments. It would be creditable to the country, and would command the gratitude of every cultivated mind, for these armorial bearings, in their proper place, independently of the romantic and architectural, have also an historical value."

The ruined condition of these knightly escutcheons is not without a valuable political moral, but their restoration would be far from removing from Valetta every visible trace of Gallic Vandalism and rapacity. The Church of San Giovanni was once resplendent with ornaments of gold and silver, but the French, during their brief occupation, found means to appropriate all such convertible materials, with the exception of a large silver screen, for the preservation of which the church is indebted to the ingenuity of an attendant, who, by covering the precious metal with a coating of paint, concealed its value, and preserved it from the disinterested apostles of liberty and equality. These acts of plunder were the more disgraceful to the French, since Malta became theirs, not by conquest, but by capitulation, or, as Prince Puckler Muskau denominates it, perhaps more correctly, by treason.

The Prince was evidently made a lion of during his stay at Malta. Invitations followed each other in quick succession, and a large part of this portion of his book is occupied with an account of the dinners, balls and pleasure excursions with which he was entertained. He seems to have profited so far by former rebukes as to have restrained his satirical humour when he mentions the names of his hosts; the shafts of ridicule are mostly levelled only against an incognito, and where a name is given at full length, it is invariably accompanied by encomiums. His social sketches are often amusing enough, but as the space which we can devote to the book, owing to the lateness at which it reached us, is necessarily limited, we shall confine the few extracts we can still make to matters of more importance.

He was invited, by Sir Thomas Brigg, to inspect the arsenal.

"Here we were certain there would not be

wanting English cleanliness, order, and an arrangement combining elegance with a strict view to the end to be aimed at. It produced a singular effect to see a ropewalk seven hundred and twenty feet in length, in an upper floor, with a place as large as a riding-school, extending over the neighbouring houses, for making and repairing sails. The vaulted work-rooms, lofty and well-aired, were all provided with iron doors, to prevent the extension of any fire that might happen to break out. Iron, indeed, is employed as much as possible, even the tar barrels being composed of that metal. The nails, well assorted, are kept in large sacks, and the sheets of copper are piled up crossways, with as much neatness as so many quires of writing-paper. The workmen are well paid. Those sent out from England receive 5s. 6d. a day, the Maltese 3s. to 4s."

After a breakfast given by the director, the party went on board the steam frigate *Medea*, and thence to the *Caledonia*, of one hundred and twenty guns.

"I was received with military honours, and the captain, a jovial old gentleman, was certainly a most entertaining Cicerone. The *Caledonia* is two hundred and forty feet long, fifty-five broad, and her mainmast is two hundred feet high. She draws twenty-five feet water and rises thirty-five feet out of it. All this is given in round numbers. The two lower decks were lofty enough to allow of my walking along them without stooping, which is not the case with the *Montebello*, the crack-ship of the French navy, that I had inspected some time previously. The Admiral's ship has nearly a thousand men on board, including marines; and the exemplary order and neatness that prevail everywhere cannot be too much admired. There was comfort everywhere, and in many places even luxury and refinement; yet the captain assured me, that, by night or by day, seven minutes were always sufficient to get the ship ready for action, with ammunition for forty broadsides on every deck. In the front part of the ship the arsenal was arranged with surprising taste; not only the arms were hung up in a manner to form a multitude of figures and devices, but even the nails had been so distributed as to form inscriptions; among which I immediately noticed the immortal Nelson's last signal, on the morning of the battle of Trafalgar: *England expects every man to do his duty*. Under the arsenal is the cistern, with five hundred tons of water; and by the side of the latter were stored up the six months' supply of provisions. Even the hospital deserves to be praised, for its scrupulous cleanliness, and its elegance combined with convenience. Nor was a library wanting, for the amusement of the sick. A spirit of liberality breathes through all the arrangements of the British navy. For breakfast, the men are allowed a pint of chocolate; for dinner, a good rich soup, with vegetables, a pound of meat, and a pint of rum, bread and cheese *à discretion*; in the evening, tea. &c.

These allowances are so abundant, that they cannot be all consumed; and the admiral assured me himself, that at Malta alone 4000 cwt. of rations for the fleet remained undrawn every quarter of a year, for the amount of which the crews were indemnified in money.\* A ship like the *Caledonia* is a little world in itself, and few objects afford so imposing a standard for estimating the progress which civilisation has made in our time. When we left the vessel I received the compliment, by order of the admiral, of a salute of fifteen guns.

"The *Canopus*, eighty-four, having been just painted, appeared even smarter than the *Caledonia*, though less gigantic. This was originally a French vessel, and was taken by Nelson at Aboukir, where the English had not a single vessel of the line of more than seventy-four guns. My visit to the *Vernon* frigate, however, afforded me the most interest. This vessel, built by Captain Symonds, is the first specimen of a new system of naval architecture. She is constructed nearly in the form of a dolphin, broader at one end than at the other; and as her keel runs out sharply from her bottom, she draws less water than other vessels of the same class. She is a large frigate, and might, at a pinch, be matched against a ship of the line. She carries fifty thirty-two pounders; and her upper deck is fifty-two feet broad, being nearly the same breadth as that of the *Caledonia*. By order of government, the *Vernon* is frequently matched against other frigates, to try her comparative sailing qualities, under various circumstances of wind and weather; for many old and distinguished naval officers are still opposed to the new principle of architecture. Opinions are very much divided; but the result of the experiments hitherto made seems to be, that the *Vernon* takes the lead before a strong wind, but when the wind is moderate, other ships can beat her."

After inspecting a few of the wooden walls of Old England, the Prince visited the naval hospital, on shore, a splendid building, which elicits his warmest commendations, though he condemns the external architecture; but, when speaking of the munificent spirit that reigns throughout all the internal arrangements, he is untiring in his praises. The barracks for the garrison, likewise, excite the Prince's admiration, and these are matters of which a Prussian of high rank may be supposed to know something. Here, however, as on board of the men-of-war, his remarks are superficial, and on more than one point he has misunderstood the information given him.

\* There are not many of our readers who will not immediately detect the inaccuracy of these statements with respect to sailors' rations. A pint of spirits would be an extravagant allowance; but at a station like Malta, a pint of wine is generally allowed instead of rum. Nothing is a discretion. Jack is liberally supplied, but everything is weighed out to him.

In almost every respect he considers the treatment of the British soldier more liberal and humane than that which prevails in the Prussian army. He more particularly instances the facility with which every private English soldier obtains access to the commanding officer of his regiment, in case of having any remonstrance or complaint to bring forward. In Prussia the very reverse appears to be the case. There, we are told, "if a captain have any representation to make to the commanding officer, he must first obtain his major's permission; the senior lieutenant must first obtain his captain's permission; after which the captain must apply to the major, and so on. But what trouble is not the poor private subjected to, before he can obtain such a favour. First, his application must be made to his corporal, then to his serjeant, then to his ensign, then to his lieutenant, and so along all the steps of the ladder; so that it is often a week's work for the soldier to get leave to speak with the commander of his regiment, HIS FATHER, as many of these gentlemen are wont so sentimentally to denominate themselves. I am aware that many objections will be made to the English plan. Some will say that our people are not sufficiently enlightened for it; the same argument which was formerly employed in our country (and, singularly enough, still is by the English) against the abolition of flogging."

It is strange, that after an occupation of nearly forty years, nothing has yet been done to Anglify the population of Malta, an end that might easily have been attained by the establishment of a good English college at Valetta, with two or three well-conducted English public schools. Up to the present moment scarcely anything has been done to nationalize the island, and in the courts of justice, advocates are allowed to plead in Italian before an English judge, though Italian is quite as much a foreign idiom to the natives as English would be. At one of his visits to the court of justice, our author was not a little diverted to hear an English attorney-general replying in his own language to the bad Italian of a little Maltese lawyer, while the jury were listening very gravely to the eloquence of both, without rightly understanding the drift of either.

We have a spirited description of a storm, during which the Prince crossed over to the neighbouring island of Gozo, in an open boat.

"I had brought with me from Malta a letter of introduction to Mr. Somerville, the Civil Chief of Gozo, who visited me about noon, and volunteered, in the most friendly manner, to accompany me as my cicerone, on the tour which I

proposed to make round the island, in order to inspect its antiquities. Nobody could be better suited to the office than Mr. Somerville, himself a distinguished and enthusiastic antiquarian, who had formerly resided, as vice-consul, at Tripoli. We first started for the castle, of which the antiquities have mostly vanished, and which would now offer little to interest the stranger, were it not for the beautiful prospect it commands over the whole island. Gozo is so fertile, and so carefully cultivated, that, though it comprises a surface of less than one and a half German square miles, it supports 16,000 inhabitants, and yet even within this limited extent there are many tracts of naked rocks. The fields, as in Malta, are fenced with stone walls, but, not being so high, do not mask the view. Trees, I am sorry to say, are seen as little in one island as in the other. The ground is covered by tolerably elevated hills, nearly all of equal height, with flat summits, that present a most singular appearance, and owe their origin probably to an earthquake. In the centre of these earthy bubbles, there arises one mountain with a peak, apparently a spent volcano. The basis is mostly chalk or sand-stone, forming a steep, broken, romantic line of coast, that often rises from the sea to a perpendicular height of six hundred feet. On one of the loftiest of these rocks, the remains of a Roman road are found, breaking suddenly off on the verge of the sea, showing that some great revolution of nature must have destroyed a portion of the island, even during the Roman domination. Many even believe that Malta and Gozo were at one time connected with the African coast. \* \* \* Under the Romans, Gozo was a little independent republic (*municipium*) under the name of Gaulus, and enjoyed the right of coining money; some specimens of the ancient coins, which are frequently found, were presented to me by Mr. Somerville."

A couple of days of rainy weather confined our author to his inn, where he amused himself with a few volumes of the *Saturday Magazine* that constituted the library of his host. This affords him a theme for some very just remarks on the beneficial effects of the better kind of the cheap periodicals, that have exercised, no doubt, a powerful influence, of late years, by greatly augmenting the mass of the reading public. The first fine day was taken advantage of, to make an excursion to the Giant's Tower, as it is called, a Phœnician temple of much interest. The building is supposed to owe its name to the enormous size of the stones that compose it. Antiquarians believe it to have been a temple of Astarte, the Venus of the Phœnicians.

"By a series of excavations, undertaken chiefly by Mr. Somerville, from 1821 to 1823, the whole form of the edifice has been laid open, and has been found to cover a space of not less than 1600 square feet. It is deeply to be

deplored, indeed severely to be censured, that, from a motive of petty economy, the government should have left its work incomplete, and not even have incurred the expense of an enclosure. The melancholy consequence has been, that a monument of the most remote antiquity, one the fellow of which might vainly be sought throughout the world, has already been robbed of some of its most beautiful ornaments, while many of the colossal stones of which it is composed, have been broken up and carried away by the inhabitants, in order to be applied to the construction of their huts. In a little beggarly German state such a thing might admit of an apology, but in a country subject to Great Britain it is truly disgraceful!"

A tolerably elaborate description of the temple follows, for which, however, we cannot spare room. The enormous size of the stones employed in the construction, leads the Prince to make the remark, that, as no material of the kind is to be found in the vicinity, the whole must have been conveyed to the spot at an enormous expense of labour; "it is therefore not to be doubted," he adds, "that in those days men must have been acquainted with mechanical means of transport, of which the knowledge has been lost to their descendants; at the present day, all the revenues of Malta would be insufficient to cover the expense of such a building."

Another remarkable specimen of ancient architecture existed in Gozo a few years ago, and was supposed to date back to the same period as the one just spoken of. It was for the most part below the level of the earth, and was believed to have composed one or more tombs. Many highly interesting antiquities had been found there, and "Mr. Somerville suggested to government the expediency of buying the ground, which might have been done for a few hundred colonati. An offer was made to the owner of one hundred colonati less than he asked; this offer was refused, and the negotiation fell to the ground. Since then the whole has been destroyed, and when we visited the spot, we found several workmen engaged in breaking up the two last remaining columns. Is not this Vandalism?"

The Island of Gozo has often been supposed to have formed the fairy realm of Calypso. A cavern by the sea-side, still shown to strangers as her grotto, does not, however, present anything deserving of remark.

Intellectual cultivation appears to be at a low level in Malta. There is a public library, and its contents are said to be valuable, but the librarian, it would appear, considers his appointment a sinecure, and reserves the books for his own use or that of his friends. No less than six times during his stay in the

island, did Prince Puckler Muskau endeavour to obtain admission there, but the jealous guardian of the literary harem was not to be induced to admit the stranger into its concealed recesses. The few booksellers' shops were vainly ransacked in search of a guide-book, nor was there anywhere to be met with such a work as a History of the Knights of Malta; "but what I thought most marvellous was, the utter impossibility, in spite of all my efforts, of meeting with such a thing as a map of Greece, a map of the Turkish empire or even a general map of Europe!"

We have endeavoured in these few pages to present our readers with as fair an abstract as we could, of a book which might have served as a favourable introduction for a new author, but which will certainly not improve the literary reputation of the "Deceased," as he is frequently called by the German press. The account of the author's stay at Malta is by far the best part of the work, but even that is disfigured by the constantly recurring apparition of the mysterious Count. This introduction of a supernatural agency into a modern book of travels has an indescribably silly effect, and naturally awakens a most uncomfortable suspicion as to the extent to which the author may have allowed his imagination to furnish embellishments to his narrative.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Acts of the Governor and Council of Liberia*. 1839.  
 2. *Liberia Herald*. Volume IX. Monrovia. West Africa. 1840.  
 3. *Life of Jehudi Ashmun*. By Ralph Randolph Gurley. Washington. 8vo. 1835.  
 4. *Speeches concerning Liberia, at the Anti-Slavery Convention*. The Anti-Slavery Reporter, London, July 15, August 12, and September 9, 1840; and *Clarkson's Letter*, ib. 23 Sept.

THE civilized settlements called *Liberia*, in West Africa, now firmly established along about 300 miles of coast between Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle, with a considerable territory, at some points forty miles inland, with an African trade, and a moral influence of far greater extent, were founded in 1821, by an unchartered society of American citizens, for free coloured people from the United States, and for free native Africans. Of the last some are people from the neighbouring tribes, and others are prize slaves, liberated by the government of the

United States, and sent to Liberia, in order to be provided for, if they cannot at once be restored to their homes. For this purpose money has long been annually voted by Congress; and the Legislatures of particular States have, from time, made grants in aid of the resources of one or more of the settlements at Liberia, whose political existence, however, is only recognized in this way by the supreme authorities of America. The principal funds arise from subscriptions by white people, but there are also some local taxes.

The ships of war of the United States are appointed occasionally, to visit them; but their constitutions have sprung from the will of the voluntary bodies called Colonisation Societies, formed since 1816, in various States, and from the consent of the settlers.

Although there is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent a colonial settlement, or new *territory*, to be founded beyond sea, such is not yet the character of Liberia, which has hitherto been assuming rather the form of a new people than that of a colony belonging to an old one. Nevertheless African produce from Liberia is admitted into American ports as domestic.

Contemplating similar proceedings, in point of nationality, in Texas, at Natal in South Eastern Africa, and up the Niger, the proceedings at Liberia have a peculiar interest, and the considerable success of those proceedings here, in spite of great obstacles, calls for a careful examination of the means which have produced this good result. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that these settlements from the first, although observed with friendly solicitude by many eminent persons\* in Great Britain, have attracted less notice than their relative importance demands from the government of this country, from the philanthropist, and from the public at large. Not to impute indifference on such a subject so widely without some proof, we refer to negative facts proper to support a charge of this grave kind.

In all the inquiries by Parliament, and in all the communications made by the Crown to both houses upon the slave trade, and upon colonial administration, in reference to coloured people, numerous as they have been in the last nineteen years, there is to be found no evidence of any systematic intercourse between them and our West African colo-

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\* One of the settlements at Liberia is called after the name of Lord Bexley, a liberal supporter of the original Colonisation Society, and Edina is another name of a settlement, in compliment to other contributors in Edinburgh.

nies, or our fleets of cruisers perpetually sailing near the steadily increasing settlements of Liberia, although such communications would not fail to be eminently useful, since the condition of things under our West African policy by no means justifies a disregard of convenient means of improving it. However important the services which have been rendered occasionally by British officers to Liberia, and which have always been well received, the systematic intercourse so much needed either has not been encouraged by our government, or it has been treated as too insignificant a matter to be laid before parliament.

Again, in regard to the lessons to be learned by the philanthropists from Liberia—in Sir T. Fowell Buxton's writings, in support of his plan for civilizing Africa, by what Lord Ashley\* pithily described to be "*government without dominion*," but which we venture to designate as *dominion without government*, no details are given in those writings to show the peculiar character of the most extensive territories ever settled by civilized people with the former express principle for their chief rule. This omission is the more striking, since the American Liberia and the British Sierra Leone, founded for the same benevolent objects, have notoriously had the most contrary results, and must of necessity offer useful points of comparison, in order that the proved good and bad courses of proceedings be respectively adopted and rejected in the new benevolent settlements at present projected for Western Africa by Sir T. F. Buxton and his friends. An equally important body of philanthropists, the *Anti-slavery Convention*, comprising above 500 individuals from all parts of the world, met in London in June last, inserted *Liberia* in the programme of their inquiries; but by no means did the topic justice, "the general wish seeming to be not to enter upon it."—(*Report of the Proceedings of the Convention, June 22, in the Anti-Slavery Reporter, August 12, p. 208.*) Nevertheless, the convention condemned *Liberia* almost by acclamation, and without the calm hearing of its advocates, or the searching inquiry into facts, which should precede the decisions of an enlightened deliberative body.

The carelessness of the British public to the progress of these civilized African settlements is not less remarkable than that of the philanthropists and of the government, as may be inferred from the way in which authors addressing the public upon Africa deal with

this subject. Mr. McCulloch, when writing in much detail on civilizing Africa, in his new geographical work, which expressly aims at showing "the influence of institutions on national welfare," does not even allude to Liberia; and if that well-informed author cannot be supposed to be unaware of the existence of such a country, it is extremely probable that he knows little of the history and constitutions of the settlements, having neglected what the public is careless about. His work was published in the present year, and other books, such as Mr. Macqueen's last volume, might be quoted to the same effect.

Notwithstanding this general inattention to those settlements, the most cursory examination of them will prove that the objects which deeply interest our government, our philanthropists, and the public concerning Africa, might be much promoted by an exact acquaintance with their history and constitution.

A great controversy has existed for some time in America upon some points connected with Liberia; such as the *immediate* abolition of slavery, the *separation* of the coloured people from the whites, and the influence of the Colonisation Society, which founded Liberia, upon the condition of the coloured people in America—which points, extremely important as they are, do not appear necessarily to involve a condemnation of Liberia in itself, and certainly not of the *whole* of the new system of African government which prevails there. We shall devote this paper exclusively to the consideration of this system, after unreservedly expressing our opinions upon each of these points.

Seeing that more than half a century ago one of the acutest statesmen of the United States, Mr. Jefferson, held that negro slavery might be abolished advantageously in that country, in the persons of all newly born slaves, and that the most persevering, and not the least able, advocate of the Colonisation Societies holds now that the *immediate modification* of slavery upon CERTAIN CONDITIONS would be safe;\* we venture, even at this

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\* "My impression is, that *with the consent of the south*, the whole system of slavery might with safety be immediately so modified as to place the slave population in a situation to enjoy all the privileges in which men so rude and degraded could find advantage; and in connection with the policy of colonisation, to prepare them, at no remote period, for entire freedom. Peculiar legislative enactments might, for a season, be indispensable, and of the nature and extent of them, benevolent and enlightened citizens in the south can best judge."—*Address on African Colonisation, by R. R. Gurley, 1839, p. 25.*

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\* At the meeting in Exeter Hall, presided over by Prince Albert.

distance from the actual scene, and admitting all the delicacy of the question, to cherish a great confidence that further discussion, with calm reflection on the part of the immediate abolitionists, and calm reflection, with or without discussion, as they please, on the part of their opponents, will bring the public mind in every slave state in North America to receive the doctrine of universal and early freedom with favour. Therefore, although we differ from the more eager abolitionists, by advocating indemnity to the slave-owners, we agree with them in thinking that freedom ought to be granted at once, and we think that without any forced emigration, it may be granted safely with a well-considered system of compensation.

In regard to separating the blacks from the whites, we consider that an eloquent advocate of a Colonisation Society misread the records of time, and misinterpreted the dictates of Providence, when he said that "all history points out the impossibility of an harmonious and effectual combination of essentially distinct races as one people—and that nature prescribes, philosophy explains, and experience confirms, the truth of their universal separation."\* We are amalgamationists in principle, not separators of the different families of the human race; and we as clearly hold that the banks of the Mississippi and Hudson, and all the vast territories from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are the home of American born Africans, some of whom number among their ancestors the sons of "the Pilgrims," as we hold the white posterity of "the Pilgrims" to have got a rightful home where persecution sent them. Many whites and many blacks went to America under compulsion of different kinds; and while nature has enabled both to live and multiply together, the laws of the land, as all parties must admit, make it equally the home of both; however unequal the legal condition imposed upon them may be. We think, too, that it is a grievous error to say, as another distinguished advocate of Liberia declares, the large majority of the white people of the United States do say, "that the elevation of this race on their own soil to social and political equality with the whites is impracticable from the nature of the case:"† and we disbelieve the perpetuity of prejudice among our brothers of the Union. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*, is an old motto eminently applicable to our times; and

we trust confidently to the good feeling and strong sense of the white millions of America to rescue them from their present false position, as vindicators of the rights of man and equality, which they will not allow to be universal. It is because its fatal influence fosters prejudices which tend to make amalgamation difficult—thus we lament two radical faults committed by the founders of Liberia; 1st, in treating the coloured people of the United States as not living in *their own* country—but as belonging to Africa, whither, upon that theory, all of them ought to be taken; and 2dly, in encouraging at Liberia the prohibition of whites to settle there. For the millions of coloured men now in America, who will never, as we believe, by any persuasion, or any circumstances, be induced to go away, the American homes ought to be made not only tolerable but productive of every good prospect; and every white trader, or other white man who might happen to wish to become a citizen of Liberia, ought to be freely received.

With these large admissions to the abolitionists in favour of the American blacks, we are prepared as largely to defend Liberia as it stands, a *signal proof of the African's capacity to be a citizen of a free state*. There is one grave charge, which we are persuaded was made under an incorrect view of facts, we mean the assertion of an eminent abolitionist upon the authority of a naval officer, that "the slave-trade is carried on at Liberia without any hindrance."—(*Proceedings at the Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 208.) This charge was made on the authority of one naval officer; but it was directly contradicted by the favourable testimony of another just returned from the country in question, *ib.* p. 173.) *Although slaving on this coast still defies control at Liberia, as it long did at Sierra Leone*, it has been encouraged by individual colonists in spite of the government, not with its assent.

Again, that on the whole, in the United States, the colonisation proceedings have been exceedingly mischievous, as is argued by some parties, we believe; but this is a complex question, which will not now be entered upon further than by the remark, that if the settlements at Liberia have exhibited the capacity of coloured men for self-government under difficult circumstances in a good light, as we also believe they have done, then a fact is established, which will go far to remove all doubts as to the equality of the races; and this is a great point to be set to the credit of the American founders of Liberia, against the fearful evils which have attended the experiment.

\* Address of J. R. Ingersoll to the Pennsylvania Colonisation Society, 1838. Philadelphia, 8vo. p. 11.

† Address on African Colonisation by R. Randolph Gurley, 1839, p. 10.



In January, 1822, after various attempts had been made to settle some of the people of colour of the United States in Africa, the agent of the Colonisation Society purchased from the natives a tract of land, including Cape Montserado, in lat. 6 n. long. 11 w. on the west coast, for the first settlement. With much trouble, arising from "the duplicity of the natives," who soon began to oppose the settlers, a small party obtained possession of their purchase after a slight contest; and in a few months the agents, two whites, having been obliged by ill health to quit the country, this first party, 100 in number, was left under the directions of a man of colour, Elijah Johnson. In August, 1822, before any further hostilities had taken place, a few more settlers arrived, making 130 in all, of whom only 35 could bear arms, and 18 of the new emigrants were liberated Africans; but with the small reinforcement came one of those extraordinary men whom nature fashions for great emergencies. This individual, Jehudi Ashmun, accompanied this second party upon a trading speculation on his own account, with charge of the party for the voyage, and a commission to stay as governor of the settlement, till released, in case the first white agents should be absent.

It was through an extraordinary course of events that Ashmun was become an African trader, and the chief functionary in Liberia. He was born in Champlain, in the State of New York, in 1794, of a respectable family, but with moderate fortune; and the condition upon which he was permitted at his earnest entreaty to have a classical education, was, that the expense of it should be mainly defrayed by his own exertions. He distinguished himself as a student; and derived much benefit from a debating society which he attended. He gave instruction at a school to obtain assistance in discharging his college dues; passed some time in early youth in the office of an attorney, with a view to practising the law; and at nineteen the turn of his mind was decidedly religious, and his hopes were bent upon following the examples of Schwartz, Van Der Kemp, and Brainerd, as a missionary to the heathen. At this period he was unrivalled in talents and literary acquirements of every kind, whilst the energy of his character was exhibited by the ability and spirit with which he organized and commanded a body of volunteers to resist the invading British army on Lake Champlain in the last war. In 1816 he concluded his studies at college with great distinction. From this period for three years he mainly contributed to the success of a theological institu-

tion in the state of Maine, which owed its foundation to him, and in which he held the professorship of classical literature until April, 1819. An essay which he wrote at this period, to induce the trustees of the institution to give it an enlarged and permanent character, "proves," says his respectable biographer, Mr. Gurley, "how comprehensively he was accustomed to survey, at this early age, human nature and human affairs." (*Life*, p. 33.)

As a licensed preacher he was now also distinguished for zeal and fervour. Some unhappy involvements in affairs of the heart, not very clearly explained by Mr. Gurley, alienated the friends of Ashmun, and banished him, with a young wife, in poverty from Maine to Baltimore. We infer from the details in the *Life* before us, that nothing criminal had occurred; but that the prudent maxim, to be sure to be well rid of the old love before you take on with a new, was not sufficiently observed upon this occasion. After three years of extreme and anxious difficulty, he plunged into a commercial speculation to Africa, in order to get wealth to pay his debts. He had failed in an attempt to open a school at Baltimore, after incurring the expense of hiring a house, and issuing public proposals for that object. A second failure in a weekly paper of a religious and missionary character added to his perplexities. A third undertaking, the establishment of the Theological Repertory, had better success, but ultimately led him into too extensive pecuniary engagements, which, with liabilities on other accounts, made the African expedition a last resource. In the pages of the Repertory, Ashmun reviewed the proceedings of the Colonisation Society, and although he admitted that to some persons, "superficial observers," its object was of *limited and even questionable utility*, "he insisted that its beneficial consequences might be traced up to the highest pitch of moral magnificence." This eulogy he justified by his own agency in the enterprise.

At Baltimore, Mr. Ashmun had attached himself to the episcopal church of the United States, and so highly was he esteemed that a bishop of that church expressed himself willing to make an exception in his case to the ecclesiastical rule, which disqualified a candidate from holy orders, if placed in his circumstances. Having published an important volume, the life of the Rev. Samuel Bacon, who was a martyr to his zeal for African civilisation, and died on the west coast, Ashmun became more intimate with the prospects of Africa. This volume did not sell, and its failure adding to other increasing difficulties, aggravated by disputes with his col-

leagues in the Repertory, he finally determined to go thither for a commercial purpose. We have seen the critical state of the infant settlement at Cape Montserado at his arrival in 1822; and he at once commenced operations to save it.

Finding the agents gone, he assumed the government, and his first act was, we believe, unprecedented in all colonial history: it was the opening of a record of all important transactions, which all might consult, and of which copies were sent home.

"This journal," says he in the first page, "I judged fit to open on the day of my landing, and intend that a copy of it shall always remain in the colony, open for public inspection and use; and a duplicate, agreeing with the former even to the paging, shall be from time to time sent home to the board, as the best and only effectual means of keeping them fully informed of what passes in the settlement."—*Life*, p. 124.

The man who could establish this daily watch upon his administration deserves all the success Ashmun enjoyed, and it is almost unnecessary to add that he advocated a newspaper being published in the colony, which however was not effected till 1830. He next attempted to enter into friendly relations with the neighbouring chiefs, some of whom sent their sons and others to labour and be taught with the settlers. But it was necessary to prepare for the defence of the new town against a ferocious and unprovoked attack, which Ashmun did with a degree of vigour and ability rarely equalled and never surpassed. During two months, rough but effective fortifications were constructed for the half-dozen cannon fit for use; the heavy surrounding forest cut in front of the lines; and the little force of thirty-five musketeers marshalled for battle. Pending these preparations in the midst of the rainy season, disease afflicted the settlement. The devoted wife of Mr. Ashmun, the only other white in it, died; and he himself recovered with great difficulty from the fever. At length, early in November, it was ascertained that the hostile chiefs had resolved upon their measures. On the 7th, intelligence was received of an intended attack in four days, the plan being left to the head warriors and concealed. Until the 10th, every night was passed by the settlers on watch. The enemy from at least 700 to 900 strong was in motion; and at sun-rise they surprised an advanced post. But their avidity for plunder was their ruin; and whilst they were occupied in plundering, the settlers rallied. The cannon produced an awful effect on the assailants.

"Imagination," says Mr. Ashmun in his despatches, "can scarcely figure to itself a throng of human beings in a more effectual state of exposure to the destructive power of the machinery of modern warfare; 800 men were here pressed shoulder to shoulder presenting a breadth of rank equal to 20 or 30 men, and all exposed to a gun of great power, at only thirty to sixty yards' distance! Every shot literally spent its force in a solid mass of living human flesh! The fire suddenly terminated. A savage yell was raised, which filled the dismal forest with a momentary horror. It gradually died away, and the whole host disappeared."—*Life*, p. 139.

The settlers lost several of their men and two women; and seven children were carried off by the assailants. Some of the natives soon became friendly; but peace was not restored until after a second attack on the 30th of November failed with great loss. On this occasion the settlers had but one man killed; and Mr. Ashmun escaped, although his clothes were pierced by three bullets. Happily, Major Laing, the English traveller, casually visited Liberia a few days after these events, and by his considerate and active influence, peace was made between the Americans and the natives. He also consented to a midshipman, Mr. Gordon, and eleven seamen, volunteering to remain to help defend the settlement. Eight of these brave men, with their gallant officer, soon sank under the effects of the climate, upon which occasion, Mr. Ashmun said, in his report of their deaths to Lieutenant Rotheray of the British navy;

"To express the grief I feel, that a measure so full of benevolence as the leaving this little force with us, should have so disastrous an issue, it is superfluous to attempt, as I should but wrong my own feelings. We have derived from the presence of these unfortunate men a great benefit. It assisted in a powerful manner to allay the warlike spirit of the natives, inspired a fresh spirit of resolution into our people, and relieved them for nearly three weeks from a part of their almost insupportable burthens. I shall rest it with the honour of my government, to make such an acknowledgment of the favours rendered by the officers and other agents of yours along this coast, as justice and a proper estimate of the beneficial influence of international favours given or received, plainly indicate."—*Life*, p. 152.

For the six following months Mr. Ashmun performed all the arduous duties of his station most exemplarily, himself the only white resident in the little colony; never sparing himself in any point to make it independent and respectable, and always urging with great earnestness his principals at home to send over a supply of civil, medical, and

missionary helps, proportioned to the number of the proposed emigrants.

In order to induce his government to promote the abolition of the slave trade, he described all its horrors in his despatches.

"King Boatswain," says he in one of them, "was paid for some young slaves, and he makes it a point of honour to be punctual. Not having the slaves, he singled out a small agricultural trading tribe of most inoffensive character for his victims. His warriors were skilfully distributed to the different hamlets, and making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping occupants, accomplished the annihilation of the whole tribe. Every adult man and woman was murdered, every hut fired; very young children generally shared the fate of their parents. The boys and girls alone were reserved to pay the trader."

On another occasion, Ashmun headed a party which destroyed the most extensive slaving establishment on the whole coast, blowing it up with 2,500 barrels of gunpowder deposited there for the trade. He was temporarily relieved from official labours by the arrival of a new agent from the United States, but resumed the duties of the chief post at the departure of that gentleman ill. During the interval, (from May to December, 1823,) Ashmun returned to his books with extraordinary vigour; he determined to study law as a profession, and in his private journal he says:—

"While going through the first volume of Blackstone, I read Junius, the History of England by Anquetil, Dr. Robertson's America, the third volume of Marshall's Life of Washington, Hamilton's political writings, a part of Robertson's Scotland, Voltaire's Essays, the Pioneers, and Madame de Stael's Delphine in French; besides a variety of historical and political tracts."

These studies were facilitated by the provision of a *good library*, being part of the original plan in Liberia.

In December, 1823, the new agent departed, leaving him again governor of the settlement, but without a regular commission. In this second command fresh difficulties arose. Bills drawn at a former period for the public service, at a time of extreme need, were returned by the Society unpaid. Ashmun's pecuniary vexations in the United States had excited distrust against his integrity; his exertions in Africa were not duly appreciated; and his arrangements in regard to the allotment of land among the settlers, a capital point in a new colony, were disturbed.

The constitution of Liberia at this period excluded them from a sufficient share in the administration, which, added to the public

misfortunes, render it little surprising that the discontents of the people should have nearly amounted to rebellion. The discredit unjustly attached to Mr. Ashmun by his principals, gave a personal direction to the popular discontent, and the gravest charges were sent home against him.

Broken in health, and thwarted in his government, he left the settlement for a short period, until his appeals to the United States could be heard. At the Cape de Verd he met a commissioner, sent from Washington to settle the discontents of the people at Liberia. One of the charges against him was, that he had absconded with the public money. He met it by at once returning to the colony, where his full explanations, and a sudden turn in the popular feeling, convinced the commissioner of his unblemished integrity, no less than of his admirable qualities as a governor. Nevertheless, the favourable report of this gentleman, the author of the life before us, whose sagacity and candour on this occasion deserve to be mentioned in the highest terms of respect, was ill received in America, where calumny was still doing its last bad work. Soon, however, justice was done to Ashmun, and among the individuals the most eager to do it was found in particular an honest man, who, led by his unfortunate convictions before, had been one of his severest judges, but now joined as zealously to acquit him and do him honour.

Mr. Ashmun was much aided by the commissioner, Mr. Gurley, in reframing the constitution of Liberia in 1824; and to the *popular* character, which it now for the first time assumed, and has ever since maintained, we attach very great importance. Generally speaking, discontent has been banished from the country from this period. There have been great difficulties, much speculation at more recent periods, unhappy disputes with the natives, and even slaving; but civil dissensions have ceased, and settlement after settlement has been founded upon the *popular* model with steadily increasing success. This is a most important point; and it deserves a more detailed examination than can be afforded it in these pages. It is the more important also as Mr. Ashmun himself began by doubting the qualifications of the coloured people for a share in the concerns of the government—(*Life*, 214). But after a sufficient time of trial, he says of the improved plan—

"The participation of the magistrates and council in the deliberations of the agent, and the administration of justice, has tended to form the individual officers to a modesty of deportment and opinion which they never manifested before,

and to secure to the government the united support of the people. Our laws and regulations are multiplied with a most cautious regard to the exigencies to be provided for; but once established, they are conscientiously carried into complete effect. I witness, with the highest pleasure, an increasing sense of the sacredness of law—and as far as I know, the feeling is universal. The system of government has proved itself practicable.”—*Lafe*, p. 231.

Schools were increased, emigration from the neighbouring tribes extended, trade into the interior and coastwise improved, and communication with the chiefs became more and more satisfactory. At a second visit which Mr. Ashmun paid to Sierra Leone, after the success of his administration had established his name in high repute in Western Africa, he made interesting suggestions to the governor respecting “the mutual advantages to be expected from a more cherished and intimate commercial intercourse than had yet been cultivated.” It appeared that orders in council interfered with such intercourse; and we are induced to make a long quotation from Mr. Ashmun’s letters on this occasion, inasmuch as it is part of Sir T. F. Buxton’s remedy for the ills that affect Africa, to adopt the *free-port* principle advocated by the American philanthropist on this very spot so many years ago.

“In a third letter to Sir Niel Campbell, Mr. Ashmun expresses the hope that the object of an unrestricted trade may be viewed as of such interest, not to Liberia only, but to Sierra Leone, as to authorize a particular representation to his Britannic Majesty’s government. He informed his excellency, that Liberia could not be viewed as a colony of the United States; that it had sprung up under the protecting care of a benevolent society; ‘that individuals could be named, to whose councils and influence the settlements of Liberia in part owe their origin, whose splendid talents, moral worth, and high official rank, make them conspicuous amongst the brightest ornaments of Great Britain and continental Europe;’ that the constitution of this colony was designed to prepare the people for all the rights and privileges of self-government; ‘and the ultimate and permanent object of the establishment, the improvement and benefit of the African race;’ and in conclusion observes, ‘This explanation of the character and intention of the establishment of Liberia, will, I flatter myself, clear the *main* proposition which I have the honour to submit in these papers, from all objections arising out of the supposed political relation of Liberia to the United States of America, and present it to your excellency and the executive of England as an infant community, appealing in the weakness of its separate and solitary existence to the magnanimity, not to say the justice, of the British government, for an exception from certain commercial disadvantages, under which the United States, by acts in which the colony could not participate, has placed itself.

“‘It must readily occur to your excellency, that, from the nature of the African trade, the demand in the colony of Sierra Leone for the merchandize of Liberia, (of which a most important part consists of certain articles, not the produce of Great Britain or any of her colonies) will ever be urgent:—and on the other hand, that a similar demand for English manufactures must ever exist, and continually increase with the extension of trade, in Liberia. Permit a free trade, and both colonies enjoy an important accommodation and invaluable advantage. Prohibit such an interchange, and a most important vent for the staples of trade in which the colonies will respectively abound, is reciprocally closed up. For restriction on one side must, by a natural course, be followed by answerable restrictions and prohibitions on the other. But from the proximity of the colonies, which their growth and extension must every year increase, another evil of a fearful character must, I apprehend, unavoidably grow out of the restrictions *on one hand*, and the temptation to great pecuniary advantages on the other: I allude to that most pernicious of the perversions of commercial enterprise—smuggling. And in this uncomfortable anticipation, I deceive myself, if I have not the result of every experiment made on human nature, under similar inducements, for my authority.

“‘In conclusion, your excellency will pardon a zeal which, in its efforts to secure an important benefit to Liberia, should advert to the advantages of the proposed measures of accommodation to the colony of Sierra Leone. It probably will not be questioned, that the proposed free intercourse between the sister colonies will prove much more conducive to the prosperity of Sierra Leone, *separately considered*, than the actual restrictive system. And has not the colony of Sierra Leone some peculiar claims on the indulgence of its paternal government? Does she not derive such claims from the truly liberal and even charitable nature of the work—the work of colonizing Africa, and restoring her exiled children to their home and country,—which led to the establishment of the colony? Has Sierra Leone no claims to special indulgence on account of the great sacrifices, struggles, and even sufferings of its people to preserve and carry on their colony, from the period of its origin nearly down to the present time? And has not the justice of the British government always generously recognized these claims? But which of these considerations will not, with the enlightened philanthropy of the age, amount to an argument of easy and obvious application to the congenial colony of Liberia?”

In 1828 Mr. Ashmun, worn out by disease and toil in a residence of six years in West Africa, found it necessary to return to the United States, where he died a few days after his arrival. A sincerely religious man, his death was tranquil and full of hope; but to his last hour he was more anxious to fulfil his duty to others, than to prolong life for any selfish satisfaction to himself. He died as he had lived, an eminently practical and useful man.

Liberia has, we repeat, steadily prospered from this time, not however without many drawbacks, as we have intimated. The character of the people, brought up in the United States under great disadvantages, is admitted by their best friends to be among the principal of those drawbacks; and suggests very serious reflections upon the principle of *separation* from the whites, which we regret to find is persevered in at present, although it is discussed with some earnestness among the settlers themselves, whether it will not be useful to change their exclusive law on this head. It appears that the natives call the Liberians, familiarly, *white* men, considering their civilisation to have elevated them to a supposed higher station in society; and it has been warmly charged against the civilized settlers, that they are not always indisposed to treat the more ignorant natives with something of the hardness which they have themselves experienced from the really white men. If this be true, it suggests a new hint in favour of the opinion, that safety will not be secured for the savage by *separating* him from the white man; and justifies the call for a *system of government* that shall equally respect all classes, and restrain all alike from oppressive measures, and degrading principles. The experience of Liberia now, we repeat, resembles that of Sierra Leone in the matter of slaving. Redeemed slaves from the United States have taken to slave-kidnapping in Africa, just as one redeemed by Granville Sharp in 1789 did, and just as Sir T. F. Buxton's from the West Indies will, if *left alone*, as he proposes. Our conclusion is, that for black elevation, there must perseveringly be *black and white political amalgamation*, as well as political equality; but this equality and amalgamation must be brought about through the supremacy of *good government*, which Herder declares so finely to be "the most difficult of all the means of civilizing mankind."

It is satisfactory to hear that Liberia is about to be visited by Dr. Madden. We heartily wish him health to complete the inquiries, which no man knows better how to make. His report will be looked for with anxious interest by all who have a confidence in the ultimate civilisation of Africa. The relations of Liberia with our West African settlements will, of course, have his close attention; and of their intercourse as far as regards the *young women of the American colony, things have recently reached our ears which we hope he will disprove or denounce*. Is it true, or false, that the harems of *British white subjects* in West Africa are extensively supplied from Liberia?

ART. VIII.—*Urkunden über das Seewesen des Attischen Staates, pergéstelt und erläutert.* (Archives of the Athenian Navy, restored and illustrated. By August Böckh.) Berlin, 1840.

THE distinguished scholar, whose work is now before us, enjoys almost the exclusive privilege of that deep intuition into antiquity, that flings the past a living present before the sight. In his former productions he has made use of many a deeply hived store of research, and to confer on him the title of the *Attic Bee*, were scarcely sufficiently descriptive of his merits, since he draws not from living sources of exquisite flavour, but, like Horace, from such only as have in them the mellowness of antiquity "*interiore notâ*." With him the violet-crowned city rises in all her ancient life, the deep lines of her philosophers, the rapt poetry of her bards, the fine policy of her institutes, the interior constitution of her republic, her orators, her generals, her courts, tribunals, navy, navy boards, dock-yards, arsenals, stores, ships with their tackling and gear, all are presented to the view with such a fidelity of vision, that we are compelled to own that even modern Athens, with all the accurate description of Dr. Fiedler, is scarce clearer conveyed to the view by the distinguished and observant tourist, than the ancient city is delineated by Böckh. The present work needed such a scholar to illustrate it, and though it may not attain large circulation or high popularity, from which it is excluded by its very nature, still will it remain the text book of the scholar, and be added to Fynes Clinton, Thirlwall, Müller, Wacksmuth, and the host of worthies who have illustrated the several points of that city, which must ever maintain a dominant interest among mankind for that intellectual glory, the imperishable possession, which no change of circumstances can ever alienate from her, or lost and sunken Italy. We are free to confess, that although the pure Attic literature has engaged our attention from earliest youth with undivided interest, we are now illuminated on many an ancient question, not more by the singularly discovered fragments, to which the present work owes its origin, than by the perfect force of illustration on the part of the reader of these ancient documents, our author, and which appear to have awaited the arrival of a genius adequate to their discussion and interpretation, and in the very period in which such an individual was flourishing to have been disinhumed from their grave of ages.

The following are the details of the singu-

lar discovery at Athens, to which the present work owes its origin. In October, 1834, the foundations of the first royal magazine were laid in the Piræus, on a point of land running into the basin on the south side of the harbour. The workmen, in the course of their excavations, came upon a series of bases to columns, at a depth of about two feet from the surface. The architect, Herr Lüders, of Leipzig, immediately formed sketches of them, and the government directed that the works should be immediately discontinued if these antiques were found to be valuable. Herr Ludwig Ross, professor of the University of Athens, who has the charge of inspecting all newly discovered monuments, and to whom we are indebted for numerous others besides the present, immediately proceeded to the spot, and found four roughly worked pedestals of columns 0.70 metres in diameter, and about 2.60 distant from each other, formed of sandstone, inserted in a foundation work of the same material, the line of the series running from south to north. Near the second and fourth there stood to the east two blocks of a bluish-white marble, hollowed, like water troughs, and a groove or gutter, formed of flat plates of blue coloured marble. These plates, which reached from one extremity to the other, were fortunately, on the arrival of the Professor, only disturbed in one instance, in which the workmen had broken the slab into more than twenty pieces. Herr Ross found its lower surface covered with an inscription, for the most part defaced, but in which he easily recognized an account of the persons employed in the arsenal. He caused all the remaining plates, three in number, of which two had suffered by previous ill usage at a remoter period, to be carefully taken up, and on inspection found them to contain similar inscriptions. This discovery led him to the conclusion, as he himself informs us, that the edifice in question belonged to a late Roman or Byzantine period, when the memory of the ancient greatness of Athens and regard for antiquity had sunk so low, as to induce them to convert these precious remains to the simple purposes of modern construction. Having arranged with Herr Lüders for the discontinuance of the proposed magazine on this site, Herr Ross proceeded during the winter of 1834-5, to copy the inscriptions, but from press of business this work proceeded but slowly. The exigencies of government requiring the excavation of some ground to the east of the columns enumerated, it was then discovered that they formed part of a quadrangle along the inner side of which ran the water conduit, formed of plates inscribed and of large urns of marble.

On the news of this discovery Herr Ritter von Prokosch Oster (whose awful name we shall not abuse from his zeal for antiquities) offered to accompany Herr Ross, and the two savans proceeded to the Piræus, and were rewarded for their pains by returning with four mules laden with inscriptions. Herr Ross conjectures the Skeuothek of Philo (for an account of which we refer our readers to Vitruvius, who says, p. 7, Præf. s. 12, "Philo scripsit de ædium sacrarum symmetriis et de armamentario quod fecerat Piræi in portu.") Sillig also contains a short notice of him) stood near this spot. And to the question of what has become of this immense structure, Herr Ross replies, demanding why we trace such slight remains of the once mighty mass of the Piræus itself. Had the Vandal Byzantines, who appropriated the inscriptions in question to these base uses, gone one step further, and not placed them with their faces to the earth, not a vestige would have been preserved; but fortunately, as if to shun the reproaches of the writing, they kept the engraved side downwards. The inscriptions on all the tablets were transmitted by Herr Ross to Böckh in 1836, and consigned to his editorial management, every part being carefully copied by the learned professor for this object; of these we have with the present volume a series of plates, containing all dug up on the same spot, except Nos. 3 and 18, which differ from the rest, in being of Penteleian marble. No. 3 was found in Athens itself, near the castle probably; No. 18 was dug out from the castle in June, 1837. The Academy of Sciences immediately offered Böckh their assistance in editing the inscriptions. Other occupations delayed the publication on his part until the present year, but at last they have seen the light in one consecutive series, absolutely necessary from their close connection with each other, with notes, restorations, corrections, and emendations by their learned editor. Our readers must be prepared in the investigation of the inscriptions to find that they have not been printed entire: this, from the size of the tablets, was impossible in ordinary compass; but if they wish to see the form of the entire slab, they must fit the leaves under each other. In the second part of the book they will find the inscriptions, with the editor's corrections and restorations. The editor has also been careful to make them as far as possible illustrative of each other. After these observations we shall proceed in the first instance to transcribe our author's table of contents, and then select from it such chapters as we conceive are eminently useful to an accurate understanding of the Athenian navy,

and, in fact, of ancient naval architecture, equipment, stores, gear, &c.

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## Text of the Records, with Introductions and Annotations.

"No. I. a.—Inventory of ships, drawn up by the inspectors of wharfs or dock-yards for the year Olymp. 101, 4.

II. b.—Similar inventory, about same period. Inventory of ships at Munychia; part of a record of delivery of accounts drawn up by the inspectors of wharfs, not earlier than Olymp. 105.

III.—Fragments of a similar inventory, and list of debtors, probably from a record of delivery of accounts of same period.

IV.—Inventory of ships and fittings (gear), which the inspectors of wharfs for the Olymp. 105, 4, or 106, 1, found (upon the wharfs or in dock-yards), and at sea, as also of outstanding debts.

V.—Fragments of an inventory of ships, and record of delivery of accounts of Olymp. 106, 4.

VI.—Similar fragments, same period.

VII.—Ditto ditto about Olymp. 106, 107.

VIII.—Ditto ditto same period.

IX.—Fragments of an inventory of ships of the 107, 4, Olymp. or 108, 1.

X.—Schedule of debts for fittings (gear) called in (i. e. that have been liquidated), ending with the year Olymp. 109, 3.

XI.—Record of delivery of accounts of inspectors of dock-yard, Olymp. 112, 3.

XII.—Fragments of similar records not later than Olymp. 113, 2.

XIII.—Fragments of similar records not later than Olymp. 113, 3.

XIV.—Ditto ditto " 113, 4.

XV. & XVI.—Ditto ditto " 114, 2.

XVII.—Great fragment of ditto, probably of Olymp. 114, 3.

XVIII.—Extraneous fragments from the castle."

From the above, we purpose making extracts from the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th chapters, and we regret to say that they will necessarily be considerably abridged of their solid contents; but still enough, we trust, will be indicated to demonstrate to our readers the great research of the author and the immense value of the remains.

Chapter 5th, on the administration of the Navy and Official Authorities.

The inscriptions establish, with respect to the inspectors of the docks, *επιμεληται των νεωριων*, that they are charged with the superintendence, custody and matériel of the navy. These inscriptions represent them as annual officers, and their year of office the same with the usual civil archontic year. Their number is represented as ten. Böckh rejects the idea of a triennial administration. Concerning the business of the inspectors of docks, the grammarians seem little informed. One only says, and from conjecture, *Νεωριων*

*αρχη: ην αν τις αρχων, ος επιμελειτο των νεωριων και των σκευοθηκων και παντων των περι τας ναυς σκευων.* Their

functions are the custody and inspection of the ships and stores, which they gave out and received back, and the superintendence of the docks and arsenals. With the inspection of ships and stores, the testing of their quality was naturally combined, for which they employed an experienced dokimastes. It was only accidentally that they had for any time the custody of stores not immediately belonging to the naval service, such as engines of war, No. XI. which were afterwards committed to one of the generals. They noted down also the debtors to the dockyard, and inscribed their names on the Stele, which was then exposed to public view. In connection with this part of our author's argument, Demosthenes must be consulted throughout, and especially the Orat. cont. Everg. et Mnesib., where the fraudulent conduct of Theophenus in naval transactions is well exposed. One of these inspectors, Satyrus, demands pay-

ment of thirty-four talents. All these circumstances come out from the inscriptions. They sold also stores, but by a decree of the council, and purchased *new*: ταῦτα ἐκράθη κατὰ ψήφισμα βουλῆς XIV. b. 190. The council also sells stores in another inscription, XIII. b. 155. They likewise attended the transfer of stores, and in some cases to the building of ships, although not alone in the exercise of this privilege.

Like other similar boards the ἐπιμεληταὶ τῆς ἡμπορίας, the inspectors of docks, had the chief jurisdiction (πνευματικὴν δικαστηρίον) in affairs relating to their own department. Olymp. 105.

4. The Diadikasia, or summons to pay for stores owing, which the Trierarch, by virtue of the people, demanded from the person indebted, belonged to them in common with the ἀποστολεῖς, but in a less degree to these last when the calling of stores was connected with the departure of ships. The important oration of Demosthenes contra Everg. et Mnesib. may here again be consulted with great advantage. The inscription XVI. b. gives information on three points: 1st. The inspectors of docks presided over a judicial court on the subject of stores due by one of the treasurers, which his brother had failed to deliver; 2dly. That they had a secretary or writer to keep their books and accounts; 3dly. A public officer, δημοσίως ἐν τοῖς νεωροῖς. Their pecuniary administration is singular; they always leave to their successors the third part of a mina. XI. h. The payments on account of debts received and brought to account by them are charged to the Apodekta, the receivers of all the state revenues. They likewise paid to others besides the Apodekta, when properly authorized to receive money from them. These records furnish no account of their expenditure. Besides the ταμίης τῶν τριηροποικίων we find two others named in these inscriptions, ταμίης ἐκρεμαστών and ταμίης εἰς τὰ νεωρία. The business of this treasurer was to convey stores into the arsenal and inscribe them on the Stele, which was also the business of the inspectors. We find also in the decree of the council a ταμίης without farther designation. XVI. b. 127. Considerable affinity seems to exist between this officer and the ταμίης εἰς τὰ νεωρία. All ταμίαι were annual officers. The council of 500 had the construction of ships, which office they discharged by the τριηροποιοί, who were chosen, at least in some cases, from the tribes, one out of each. The τριηροποιοί do not appear in these inscriptions. Their treasurer in Demosthenes, τῶν τριηροποικίων ταμίης, is found written ταμίης τριηροποικίων, an indefinite expression like the ταμίης τῶν στρατιωτικῶν, τὰ θεωρικά, &c. Demosthenes shows that this officer had the

charge of public funds. The author then proceeds to enumerate various officers of this character, whose names occur in the inscriptions; and various offices performed by them are then described, but in XVI. c. 30, the council demand money of the ταμίης τριηροποικίων. The writing stands thus with the author's restorations in brackets.

Γ(ΑΡΑ) ΤΑΜΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΗΡΟΠΟΙΚ(ΩΝ)  
ΥΓ Μ  
(ΚΕ)ΦΑΛΑ(ΑΙΟΝ)Ν ΕΙΣΕΠΗΡΑΪΑΜ(ΕΝ)  
(ΧΡΗΜΑ) ΤΩ ΝΕ(Π)ΙΚΗΦΕΙΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΡ.  
(ΧΟΝΤΟ)

The council had not only the construction of ships and furnishing of gear through the boards, but at times caused these to be supplied by persons chosen extraordinarily from themselves. Mnesicles, of Kollytos, appears from inscription X. c. 167, αἰρεθείς ἐκ τῆς βουλῆς, under the Archon Archias, Olymp. 108, 3, from whom a great many stores are enumerated as received which were owing. When Euānetus, in Ol. iii. 2, was Archon, the council caused ships to be *girded*, an operation which we shall explain under ὑποζωμάται, in the 10th Ch. XI. a 55, &c. When the directors of the θεωρικά possessed the chief influence in the administration generally, and in the docks, they also caused ships to be built. Æschines ascribes the construction of the arsenal to the Theorika board; it was certainly completed by him as treasurer of the administration. The completion of the docks and wharfs is likewise ascribed to him. Constitutionally the inspectors of docks could not overstep their lawful authority, but were obliged to defer to the council or people for a decision: when requisite, the council deputed persons to the management of the docks, and the people also named extraordinary commissioners. Demosthenes, Ol. 110, 1, (which marks the era of these inscriptions to be that of the celebrated orator), was made ἐκιστάτης τῆς ναυτικῆς, but his measures were to be submitted for the assent of the council and people. Legislation upon nautical matters proceeded, as everything else did, from the nation. The trierarchy, in particular, was regulated by laws, and by laws the authority of the ordinary board was determined. Thus in Ol. 105, 4, the trierarchic Symmoriai were regulated by Periander. Taxation was added to the Trierarchic functions by a law of Demosthenes, which repealed an earlier one. The law Hegemon, of the period between the battle of Chæronea and Olymp. 112, 3, diminished the influence of the Theorika board; and in these inscriptions, by a singular circumstance, this law is inserted; XIII. b. 155. The council sells, in Ol. 113, 3, stores in pursuance of this law. By its decrees de-



livery of old stores takes place. It had the power of sending vessels to sea; XIV. b, 10. We shall transcribe this as an important historical fact confirmed by these inscriptions. *την δὲ βελὴν τῆς [π] επιμελεισθῆναι τε ἀποστολῆς κολάζουσιν τὰς ἀτακτοῦντας τῶν τριηραρχῶν κἀγα τὰς νόμους.* It was, however, also empowered by the people, since in the same inscription, 35, we find *την βελὴν κυρίαν εἶναι ψηφίζεσθαι μὴ λυθῶσαν μηδὲν τῶν ἐπιτηριζομένων τῷ δήμῳ.* Our classical readers will doubtless notice the word we have marked. The word proves the usage in the Olym. 113, 4, of *μηδεῖς* for *μηδεις*. Mathiæ states, "that the late Greek writers, e. g. Aristotle, write *σδεις*, *μηδεις*, from *σπε*, *μπε*, which, however, is not genuine Attic." We rather doubt the soundness of this observation. This was an inscription unquestionably of the period of Demosthenes, as well as a public document issued by Athens herself. At any rate we throw the point forward for the discussion of others.

Our next subject of consideration is the 6th chap., "On Localities and Buildings."

Besides the Phalerian harbour, of which little notice is taken here, and which fell into disuse from the time of Themistocles, Athens possessed the harbours Munichia (often written *Μονιχία* in these records), and Piræus; which last consisted of three closed harbours, Zea, Aphrodision, and Kantharos. Strabo states that the Athenian harbours were *πληρεῖς νεωριῶν*, among which he counts the Skeuothek of Philo. Of the harbour of Kantharos the Scholiast of Aristophanes observes, *ἐν ᾧ τὰ νεωρία ἱστῶνται.* In the last passage *νεωρία* clearly means docks, *νεωτοικοί*; in the first, docks and arsenals. In this word Donegan is quite correct to a certain extent, and has given an accurate view of its meaning, but not defined the topography clearly. Polybius calls a dock *νεωριον*. No. 2 does not refer to docks; but at 72 of this inscription (for Böckh has his references wrong at this part) the Neorion appears as a place for the preservation of wooden stores. In No. XIV. d. 103, it is used in the singular, as a place in which *ερβολοί*, rostra, beaks, were deposited. Here it evidently implies a building, or range of buildings. In No. 4 of the inscriptions, *τὰ νεωρία* decidedly mark out the whole extent of dock premises, including the arsenal, which is mentioned especially, and yet included in this generic term. Böckh includes, under *τὰ νεωρία*, or wharfs, the whole space enclosed within the fortified harbour, in which the docks and storehouses (arsenals) are contained, together with other places in which the ships were hauled up high and dry, but not docked; as well as the places where the ships were built, *νεωπηγία*, which must have been

situated there. Donegan has lost sight of this latter point, which is all required to make his description accurate. We next pass to *επισίων*. In Homer this signifies (Odys. ζ, 265) a place in which a ship was laid up for shelter against the weather:

— πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπισίον ἐστιν ἱκαστήρ.

Covered docks were built by all the great naval powers, Samos, Corinth, Rhodes, Syracuse, and Athens. The docks of Athens cost 1000 talents. Strabo says they were 400 in number. Each dock held but one ship, and as the number of ships exceeded that of the docks, it is quite evident that some must have been in the open air. In No. 4, which is of (Olymp. 105, or 106, 1) ships are mentioned as lying in the open air. Inscriptions XII. o. are highly important; they give the total number of vessels in the harbour; in Munichia, 82; Zea, 196; Kantharos, 94: total, 372. Strabo therefore speaks either of a time prior to Euclid, or gives the sum in round numbers.

A naval arsenal or storehouse is called *σκευοθηκη*. In the earliest inscriptions, No. IV. XI. &c., which reach down to the 108th Olymp., the Skeuothek is mentioned as one *par excellence*, in which hanging gear, *κρεμαστά σκευή*, was laid up, whilst the *wooden* lay near the ships in the docks. Some of this last lay in the before mentioned Neorion. The Skeuothek of Philo cannot be held to be the one mentioned in these inscriptions; it is an older one and appears in Olymp. 112, 3, No. XI. m. 160, as *ἡ ἀρχαία σκευοθηκη*. Timbers for building were then stowed in it: stores it probably no longer contained; these were then laid in the new arsenal. Olymp. 113, 3, No. XIII. Timber it soon ceased to contain, and it was shifted to another place. We may therefore infer that the old Skeuothek was pulled down about this time. Besides this old Skeuothek, in No. XI. o. we find *σκευοθηκαὶ ξυλινὰ σκευαὶν τριηρών*, temporary wooden buildings, which we soon lose from these inscriptions. These and the old Skeuothek served for putting away stores. The celebrated new Skeuothek appears at last uncontestedly in our inscriptions. In No. XI. p., and in various others, it is evidently mentioned and distinguished from the old one, under the appellation *ἡ σκευοθηκη*. Many materials are enumerated as remaining from the building of the Skeuothek. It was obviously used in Olymp. 112, 3, though not wholly finished until that period. It is undoubtedly the celebrated work of Philo, calculated to contain 1000 ships. Strabo, Plutarch, and Appian call it the Hoplothek. Otfried Mü-

ler has sufficiently proved (*De Monumentis Athenarum*) that Philo flourished in the time of these inscriptions. Leake's *Topography* contains a full account of the edifice, to which we will only add some remarks on the period of its erection. Eschines says, *contr. Ctesiph.* 57, Steph., that the directors of the *θεωρικα* had built the *Skeuothek* whilst they possessed their chief influence. This can only relate to the one in question. It was suspended in its course under the Archon *Lysimachides*, and completed by *Lycurgus*. This administration was in *Olymp.* 109, 3, to 112, 3; or 110, 3, to 113, 3. The *Panathenian* structure falls into the same series of years. The Commissioners charged with this undertaking are probably those named in *XI. n.* The Commissioners named are persons charged with the construction, since *Lycurgus* could not superintend everything in person. In connection with the delivery of materials for the *Stadium*, and indeed before and after, stores are mentioned, which *Democrates of Itæa*, *XI. c. 5*, had received in succession as treasurer of the money for the construction of *Trieres*. It is apparent, therefore, that the above stores for the building of the *Stadium* were delivered out in the same years. The treasuryship of *Democrates* happens under an Archon *NIK . . .* which can only be *Nikomachus*, *Olymp.* 109, 4; *Nikokrates* 111, 4; or *Niketes* or *Nikeratus*, 112, 1; in case the latter was not rather called *Aniketus*. Cf. *Fynes Clinton*, *F. H.*

Besides the storehouses we find as places for stowing away materials, *οικημα μεγα το προς ταις πολαις*, probably a slight built magazine. The gate is, perhaps, Leake's magnificent gate of the fortified triangle on the west side of the *Piræus*, extending as far as the extreme northern tongue of land near the arsenal of *Philo*, in the opinion of the same writer. These inscriptions seem also to have been found in the vicinity of that triangle. Different from this *οικημα μεγα*, is another, *οικημα*, *XI. b. 169*, called also in another place to distinguish it, *οικημα, η ο σιδηρης κειται*. There was besides, at the castle, a magazine in which gear for 100 *Trieres* was kept. Concerning two localities of the wharfs, the *τελεγονειαις* and the *κρημναι*, we possess very little information. We shall now proceed to *Chap. VII.* which relates to ships.

The usual war-ships of the time of the inscriptions, are the *Trieres*. Since these ships were chiefly used in war, they are generally understood under the term *ηης*. In these inscriptions the *Trieres* are merely termed *ηης*, and only ships of other rates are expressly defined. The transports for stores, *ιππηγοι*, *ιππαυγοι*, are also *Trieres*, and often expressly

described as such, *XI. i.* Of smaller ships only 30-oared ones appear, *τριακονταροι* once, *τριακονταροι*, and twice *τριακονταριοι*. Occasionally public boats are mentioned, *ακατοι δηροισαι*, *XI. c.*, probably the same as the *πλοια ναυρητικα*, sea-craft used as message-boats. Cf. *Dem. Æschin. Plat.* Larger ships than *Trieres* were first built among the Greeks, in *Olymp.* 95, 2, by *Dionysius I.* tyrant of *Syracuse*, who made considerable progress in naval architecture.

The *Carthaginians*, however, had preceded him in the construction of *τετρηρες*. *Aristotle* ascribes to them the invention of *Tetreres*, and *Dionysius* had *Carthaginians* among the foremen of his workmen, whom he drew together from all quarters. *Diodorus* also informs us that *Tetreres* and *Penteres* were built under *Dionysius*, with the express observation that *Penteres* had not been previously built. Since, therefore, *Mnesigeiton* ascribes their invention to the *Salaminians*, *Dionysius* either employed an architect of that nation, or the attempt to build such ships at an earlier period had been little regarded. *Dionysius II.* had even *Hexeres* (*Ælian*), the invention of which *Xenagoras* attributes to the *Syracusans*. After *Alexander the Great* these larger ships came into general use, and it is well known, as *Polybius* remarks, that the first *Punic* war was chiefly carried on with the *Penteres*. The *Athenians* at first neglected the employment of large ships, probably because they hoped to effect more by swiftness and skill than by the size of their vessels. At the beginning of *Olymp.* 106, they had *v. IV.* evidently only *Trieres*; shortly before *Olymp.* 112, 3, they began to use *Tetreres*. *Steatleides* had been *Trierarch* of a *Tetreres*, *XVI. a. 190*. He was already dead in *Olymp.* 112, 3. *XI. a. 205*, for his heir (*κληρονομος*), is there named. The state had already a number of *Tetreres*, 53 in dock, 11 at sea, which was augmented by constant construction. Thus we find some built under *Euthykrites*, 113, 1. The first *Penteres* mentioned in the records are in *Olymp.* 113, 4, *XIV. k.* three in number. In 113, 3, we do not find any. The reading of *πεντηρες*, in *Herodotus*, which appears to contradict this view, *Böckh* corrects to *πεντετηρις* on the authority of *Schömann*, which we think a questionable emendation. The sacred ships, the holy *Trieres*, were, as many passages show, comprehended in the *Athenian* navy; the *Delian Theoris* belongs to these. The transport which was used, in the time of *Socrates* and *Plato*, for the *Delian Theorica*, was held to be the same in which *Theseus* had sailed to *Crete*. *Plat. Phæd.* It had been preserved by constantly replacing

the decayed timber, so that it was used by the Dialectician as an example of organism which remains the same, although the component parts be continually changed. It existed under Demetrius of Phalereus, but according to Plutarch was a 30-oared vessel, *τριακορρος*. It is nowhere stated that the ship was converted into a Trieres; on the contrary, it appears under Demetrius to have still preserved its pristine form. The Enneres at Delos, mentioned by Pausanias, can have no connection with it, but was a ship for state occasions at Delos, like all the smaller Panathenian at Athens, and was the largest of those used for state occasions, but not built for sea. If, however, the original Delian Theoris was of 30 oars, there was, nevertheless, a Trieres, called Delias, but whether this was the oldest sacred Trieres, cannot be determined. In the age of Pericles and later, in that of Demosthenes, there existed two sacred Trieres, the Salaminia and the Paralos. The Delian is sometimes identified by writers with one, sometimes with the other. The identification of the Delian Theoris with either, exclusively of the other, from the Grammarians alone, is a matter of great doubt. These inscriptions, however, prove decidedly that the Delias, Salaminia, and Paralos, were separate vessels. We find besides the Trieres Delos, a *new* Trieres Delias, II. 29. XIII. 65; a Delias. Paralia, a Trieres, appears IV. c. 35; a Paralia Tetreres, XII. XVI. XVII. The Salaminia frequently as a Trieres, in XVII. a. 118, as a Tetreres. Although the name Paralos does not appear in these records, yet there is no doubt that the Paralia is the same. We have thus three of the above-named holy Trieres. We find in IV. b. 15, a Trieres Theoris besides, and in XIII. XVII. a Tetreres Hiera. The number of ships used for the Theorica does not seem, therefore, to be confined to two or three. The Ammonia, or Ammonias, which Aristotle and Dinarchus had seen, and which Protogenes had painted, may, perhaps, have been omitted accidentally, in these records. At later periods the Antigonis, Demetrias, and Ptolemais appear. Ships of smaller size than Trieres are only occasionally mentioned, and are omitted in the grand total of ships of war. The whole number of large ships amounted to

|                          |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Olymp. 106. 1. iv. . . . | 383 Trieres. |
| — 112. 3. xi. . . .      | 392 Trieres. |
| — . . . . .              | 19 Tetreres. |
| — 113. 3. xiii. . . .    | 360 Trieres. |
| — . . . . .              | Tetreres.    |
| — 113. 4. xiv. . . .     | 360 Trieres. |
| — . . . . .              | 50 Tetreres. |
| — . . . . .              | 3 Penteres.  |

|                             |              |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Olymp. 114. 2. xv. xvi. . . | 365 Trieres. |
| — . . . . .                 | Tetreres.    |
| — . . . . .                 | Penteres.    |

Demosthenes remarks in Olymp. 106, that Athens could send to sea, if necessary, 300 Trieres. He is amply borne out in this assertion by the inscription. Lycurgus, who superintended the armaments for war, brought forward 200 Trieres ready for sea, partly by repairing old and partly building new. In Olymp. 114 the Athenians decreed that 40 Tetreres and 200 Trieres should be fitted out, which also accords exactly with the above inscriptions. After Olymp. 113 the number of Trieres was allowed to decrease as the importance of Tetreres became manifest. The state had also gear for a great part of these ships.

The reader can gather from the inscriptions what relation the existing stores bore at each period to the number of the ships. The quality of each ship is described against it. Some, namely the *ἱππηγοί*, are declared unserviceable, *αχρηστοί*. It is generally shown whether the ship is old or new, whether tried and approved, (*δοκιμὸς*) wanting repair, repaired, or unrepaired. In some cases *ακευτός*, without gear. The Trieres were divided according to the station or dock they occupied. One division is also made according to the soundness (efficiency) of the ships *πρωταί*, *δευτεραί*, *τρίται*, *ἐλαττοί*. Collation of passages will show that this refers to the ships, and not to their gear. The *ἐλαττοί* are of course the picked vessels; the best, after them, the *πρωταί*. Yet the *ἐλαττοί* are put after these numerical classes, IV. In Olymp. 87, 2, a thousand talents of the money at the castle had been put aside expressly for the purpose of defence against attack from the sea; and 100 of the best ships *ἐλαττοί* selected, (Thucyd. 2, 24,) for the purpose of defence against attacks from the sea. We find no division of the ships made according to the years in which they were built; but IV. b. 65, the newest ships of the years of the Archon Cephisodotus, Olymp. 105, 3, are classed as separately among the *ἐλαττοί*, and it is sometimes stated that a ship belonged to those built under such or such an Archon. The names of the ships are, without exception, feminine. *Οἰστρος* seems indeed to be masculine; but *ἡ οἰστρος* was also used. Delphis is not Delphinus, but the Delphian. Phos is certainly not *το φως*, but a feminine term, *φως*. Aristophanes describes the Trieres as maidens, *παρθένους*. Knights, 1313. The Romans called their ships by masculine names as well as feminine. Schömann has treated of the origin of the names. The most remarkable of them all is *Σιπαιθα*,

a word sufficiently well known as a woman's name by the Megarian Hetæra, and Theocritus's fair enchantress of the same name; but the ship could hardly be named after any living woman. Symæthus is the name of a Sicilian river, and deity presiding over it, (with the Romans Symæthum,) and upon it was a city of that name, or differing, at the utmost, in the termination. There was also in Thessalia a city Συμαῖθα. The difference in writing with *ι* or *υ* does not militate against this, even if no importance is attached to the fact, that the name of the Sicilian river is sometimes spelt with an *ι*. The *ι* in Συμαῖθα is long, the *υ* of Symæthus indeed is generally short in the Latin poets, but in *Æn.* 584, it is found long. I have accented the ship's name Συμαῖθα as a paroxytone, which is certainly its accentuation as a woman's name in Aristoph. and Theocr. The name of the Thessalian city is in Stephanus a proparoxytone. Double names to ships are not found in these inscriptions; but, according to Pliny, the Ammonias was also called the Nansikaa. Again many, even contemporary ships, had the same name; it was, therefore, expedient to add the name of the builder, which, however, is not always the case, and not at all in the earlier records. Against foreign ships captured in war the name of the builder is, of course, not inscribed: XIV. a. 150, is an exception, *τριακονταρος αιχμαλωτος . . . Εὐδικου εργ(ον)*. The names of the ships and the builders are frequently mutilated or entirely wanting. Most of the restorations and corrections (of the text) are justified by comparison with other passages. The catalogue which Ruhnken has drawn up may be compared with our author's. Among the names of the architects we distinguish *Αρχενεως*, from which *Αρχενηίδης* or *Αρχενειδής* is derived; another instance of the analogy between the names of master-builders and artists and their occupations. Archeneos erected structures Olymp. 113, 1, and is perhaps the same person as the one in Demosth., although the mention of him in Demosthenes is of more remote date. He may have been a grandson, or at least relation, of the Nancleros Archeneos, who lived at the time of the anarchy in the Piræus.

Here follows the catalogue of the ships; but this, though well meriting a careful perusal, we pass, and proceed to Chap. VIII. "On some parts of the ship, ship gear in general, leather work, and other miscellaneous objects and engines and machines of war."

The gear was partly placed near the ships, partly laid up elsewhere. Of the solid parts of the ship, which were not ranked among the gear, mention is seldom made, because they were rarely separated from the ship.

Of these, the beak-head is one, *κεφαλός*. Some of these are given up into store on the wharfs, but the greater part have evidently remained as fixtures on and have been given up with the ships. Four such beak-heads, sold in XIV., XVI. *λ* and *υ*, weighed together, as far as the figures are preserved, 3 talents and 35 minæ, and fetched rather more than 520 drachmas. A beak-head would thus have weighed less than a talent, very little for such an effective implement in war, even if we understand a commercial talent of 100 common minæ, which cannot be assumed as certain. The worth of the metal, compared with that of the silver, reckoning the beak-head as of 100 common minæ, would be 1.80; if as of 54 common minæ, the metal would have been nearly as dear again, for the workmanship would hardly be allowed for in such a bargain. These prices for metals, not being precious, are too high for those times, and the weight of the beak too small. Böckh conjectures that the figures marking the weight are imperfect, and that 4 talents have been effaced, perhaps also 10 minæ, but hardly more. The *προκεφαλός* occurs next, which is defined to be a wooden part of the ship over the beak, in front of the second keel. Another part of the ship *οφθαλμός*, appears II. 68, 75. On this Pollux says, *το δε υπερ το προυχον ακροστολιον η πτυχis ονομαζεται και οφθαλμος, οπου και τ'οννομα της νεως επιγραφουσι*. The scholiast of Apollonius of Rhodes calls this *πτυχη*. This Eye was thus in the fore part. In an ancient vase, in which the ship of Ulysses appears, it is clearly painted on the left in the front, but very deep; see Montfaucon, Wilkinson, &c.; and on one of the small ships, in an Egyptian museum, on both sides of the fore part.

Although the expression of Pollux infers only one eye, we must, nevertheless, from the ancient monuments, and for the sake of symmetry, believe that there were two. In common language the holes for the oars are called *οφθαλμοι*, as also *τρηματα* or *τρυνηματα*, Aristoph., but this signification will not apply to the passage in these inscriptions. *τραφηξ* is mentioned No. II. 40, as wanting. *τραφηξ* is the border, the upper work of the ship's side — *το της νεως χειλος*, Hesych. In small craft there are likewise the *σκαλμοι*, or thwarts, to which the oars were fastened. In large ships openings were made for the regular line of oars below the upper scantling of the side, as for the oars of the Thranites. In the inscriptions *τραφηξ*, as we have said, can only be the upper part of the ship's side, without reference to oars, except that in extraordinary cases the oars were used from the deck. Upon the side must have stood the *παραβλήμνα* and the breastwork, as will be explained in

Ch. X. Of the benches for oars, of which we could wish to gain more knowledge, little appears. No. II. 40, *Ἔδρα κωπῆς ζυγίας* are found, by which we discern that the Zugites had particular seats, and did not sit upon the *ζυγοίς*, which ran obliquely through the ship. In No. II. 73, is *τῶν ζυγῶν κεκωπηγῆται πέντε*, but we learn from this nothing of the arrangement of the oar benches of the Zugites. One ship is termed *αζυγέ*, if the reading is correct. In XIV. b. 45 Olymp. 113, 4, one is mentioned, built Olymp. 113, 1, under Euthykritos, and found good (*δακνός*), furnished with hanging, but not with wooden gear. This *αζυγέ* was a Tetreres, and given up by a decree of the council; it must, therefore, have had a Trierarch, who was probably forgotten by the writer, but certainly the same who subsequently obtained gear, and supplied the ship with a sail. The same *αζυγέ* occurs XIII. a. 9 d. Olymp. 113, 3, in one at sea, and built in Olymp. 113, 1, whose Trierarch had obtained wooden gear, viz. a mast. In one other part the term again occurs. *Αζυγέ* probably implies a ship without oar work, *ταρρος*. Among things sold in XIV. u. appear *ικριωτήρες*. The passages where the *ικρία* are mentioned have been collected by others. They were undoubtedly like the scaffolding, with seats on stages; the floor of the deck (*καταστρωμα*), either of the entire ship, or a part of it, according as the ship was completely decked or not. Here the *ικριωτήρες* (Passow, Donegan, and the Lexicographers, are presented by us with another word) are similar to the *στρωτήρες*; also in signification. Of insignia and tutela, nothing is found in the inscriptions, unless *παταίκοι* in VII. c. 6, may relate to these. *Παταίκοι* are known as Phœnician tutela, but *Παταίκοις* was also a Greek proper name. The proper gear of each ship is divided into wooden, and hanging or rigging, (*σκευζυλῖνα καὶ κίμαστα*). Xenophon speaks of woven (*πλεκτα*) gear besides, which is not found in these inscriptions, but is included under the hanging.

Before we proceed to describe these, it is requisite to observe that all ships of the same rate were built of equal size and similar form, so all gear belonging to the state could be fitted to any one of the ships, and the wooden was frequently shifted from one vessel to another. Particular gear was kept for ships of different rates. That of Trieres could, however, as hereafter shown, be used in part on board other ships. The leatherwork or hide work requires further mention. The ancients used hides very generally in their naval service. Thus *δέρρεας, δίδθεραι*, are reckoned among marine stores. Pollux, I. 93, X. 134. To these belong the *διδθεραι* in the arsenal, XI. a.

found (*ἀδοκίμοι*) and the *ασκοί* sold, in XIV. XVI. u. And Aristoph. Acharn. mentions hides among the things requisite for the outfit of a fleet. Independent of their use for the preservation of fluids, they were employed to cover the seats of the rowers, some parts of the ship and objects in it. They were nailed outside vessels of war to protect them, and were used for the defence of the crew. Pollux, I. 30. The border of the sail was trimmed with them, for which purpose the skins of certain animals of the sea were taken, out of a prejudice in their favour. Plut. Symp. Qu. IV. 2. 1. The *ασκώματα* frequently appear in a more restricted sense as gear, No. IV. among the hanging gear: they frequently remained in the stern of the ship, even after it had been dismantled. The *ασκώμα* was doubtless a leathern covering to the oar-holes, especially the under parts, to hinder the friction of the wood, and was carried some way down the ship's side. Thus the jests in Aristoph. *Ἀσκώμ' ἔχεις πού περι τὸν ὀρθάλμον κάτω*. Acharn. Bekk. 97. A ship provided with them receives the term *ησκούται*. Sometimes they were not fastened on until the ship was about to be used, and were kept ready for any vessel in the arsenal, IV. e. 32; or else the board had money to purchase the *ασκώματα*, which is often the case with ships without Trierarchs, called *ἀνεπιεληρωτοὶ ασκώματα*; or their value are given to the Trierarchs, XIII. who were obliged to return them or make them good. In XIV. u. *στροφῆι* and *στροπτεῖον* are sold. *στροφῆι*, ropes, out of which the thicker cables were made. Very little timber, iron, or wood comes under our notice. Lead is distinguished as *μυλεβδός* and *μολυβδίδες*. XI. m. The last was in smaller, probably round masses; but whether for the ships and as ammunition for the dolphins, for instance, which were originally engines for casting, or merely for the construction of the Skeuthék, cannot be decided.

Military engines are not enumerated among the ship gear. These come probably under the military department. All were committed to the general that were even accidentally in the docks. XI. m. One decayed mechanoma is sold and does not again appear. XI. b. 159. We furnish Donegan with another word, not *μηχανήμα* but *μηχανώμα*. It occurs in Theophrastus and Hesychius. There are also parts of catapults from the Eubœan Eretria, where these were probably framed for the use of the Athenian army in the last Eubœan campaign, Olymp. 109, 4, against Clitarchus of Eretria and Philip. The Greeks had long before used these engines since Dionysius I. Diodorus, XIV. 42. Pliny says the Syrians used them earlier. The

Tyrians and Carthaginians invented the ram and the tortoise for sieges. The parts of the catapult that appear are the βάσεις often found in the writers on mechanics, the κλαίσια, which are doubtless the same as the plinthia, and σωληνές, or tubes in which the darts were placed. The darts belonging to the catapults are the βέλη πεδωμένα, with metal points (ακίδες), the ἀνηκιδωτά και ἀπτερωτά. The term ἀνηκιδώτος used by Æschylus is defined by the grammarians to be ἀνευ ακίδος. The σχίζει βέλη, or often and better written εἰς βέλη καταπαλτων, are shafts of wood, not worked with arrows. The scorpions mentioned in Parthia are, like the catapults, εὐθόνα, for shooting arrows, and essentially different from the later ones, which were used for hurling stones. Roman authors also observe, that these darts were cast from scorpions. Vitruvius draws no distinction between scorpions and catapults. In these inscriptions, however, the scorpions are distinguished from the catapults, the more ancient being doubtless the euthutona, which were in the form of an archer's bow. To these scorpions belongs a heavy bow, too strong to be bent by the human arm. The bows covered with leather (ροζα σοκτυμμένα) of our inscriptions are doubtless these. By the tubes, σωληνές, of the scorpions we must understand not the σωλην πελεκιστοειδής, but in a more ample sense the whole shaft of the scorpion. Among the instruments lastly we find ἀστραφιστήρες. Another donation to the lexicographers. Hesychius has ἀστραφιστήρ ὄργανον τι ὡς δόστρον. Donegan has neither of the above. Vossius regarded it as an instrument for levelling, the chorobates of Vitruvius. Ἀστραβίζειν, the grammarians say, implies εὐθύνειν, ἀπεθύνειν, ὁμαλίζειν, derived from ἀστραβής for which also ἀστραφής is used, hence ἀστραφίζειν. This instrument was probably used in sieges. We now proceed to Chapter IX.

**Of Wooden Gear.**—By the complete wooden gear (σκεπή ξυλινὰ ἐντελή) of Trieres and Tetreres, XI. η. are understood the τάρρος, πηδύλια, κλημακίδες, ἱστος, κεραταί, and κούροι. These only are comprised in the inscriptions in the gear issued out and delivered back in X. Among those issued to the Trierarch, appear παρασταταί of Trieres. Latterly these were given only to 30-oared vessels, Tetreres and 30-oared vessels had particular wooden gear. Yet Trierarchs, when exchanged from Trieres to Tetreres, or from Tetreres to Penteres, took with them the wooden gear issued to their first ship; consequently gear for a ship of one rate must have been serviceable for another rate. This can well be conceived of all but oar-work, and even the oar-work of Trieres could have been used in the three lower

tiers of larger ships, and that of Tetreres in the four lower tiers of Penteres.

Τάρρος—the oar, *remus*. τάρρος or τάρρος, signifies the broad leafy part, blade of the oar—*palma* or *palmula remi*. Thus Herodotus, VIII. 12, τοὺς τάρρους τῶν κωπῶν, and by synecdoche came to signify, in the technical languages of the inscriptions, the whole of the oar-work with the exception of the rudders. A single oar is called κώπη. The Trieres, as is well known, had three rows or tiers of oars—the κώπαι θρανιτιδές, ζυγίαι, and θαλαμιαί. The speech of Ægysthus in the Agamemnon, when he applies the expression πρόσμικτος νεώτερος κώπη to the chorus, Bl. 1607, illustrates admirably the thalamites or lowest tier. But in what manner these tiers were placed with respect to each other has been disputed. Count Carli supposed that the Thranites sat in the highest part, but aft; the Zygitēs lower, but amid-ship; and the Thalamites lower still, on to the fore. That the lines of the rowers ran along the whole length of the ship, and were directly under each other, is clearly shown; first, by the indecent expression of Aristophanes, Frogs, 1105; the drawing of the ships on Trajan's column, on the Præneste tables, and various vases and monuments. Ancient monuments show also that the tiers were not placed perpendicularly under each other; and there is no doubt, as Melvill has shown, that in Penteres and Tetreres there were four or five rows above each other, and that each oar was worked by one rower. The three kinds of oars mentioned in the inscriptions are of different length and quality. Those of the Thranites were the largest (who, on account of the heavier work, from their position, received additional allowance); Thucyd. VI. 31, (Arnold)—ἐπιφοράς τε πρὸς τὴν ἐκ δημοσίου μισθὸν δίδοντων τοῖς θρανιταῖς τῶν νηυτῶν καὶ ταῖς ὑπερείαις. The shortest oars were those of the Thalamites. The ζυγίαι were of medium length. The oars of one row had all one range, touched the water in one line, although of course the Thranites dipped farther than the Zugites, and these than the Thalamites.

We can determine from these inscriptions the number of oars to each row in Trieres. The regular number of κώπαι θρανιτιδές is 62; ζυγίαι 54, and θαλαμιαί 54. The Trieres was therefore impelled by 170 rowers. The number of the Thranites is greater by eight than of the other tiers, clearly because the upper part of the ship allowed more space. Polybius reckons in one ship of the Roman and Carthaginian fleets, which consisted mostly of Penteres, 300 rowers, and 120 Epibates, which was their regular crew. One large

vessel, an Octeres of Lysimachus, had 100 rowers on each side in each tier—1400 altogether; and the Tessarakonteres of Ptolemy Philopater held 4000 or upwards.—Plut. Dem. 43. The complement of a Trieres, which however was not always full, was 200. Though we are yet far from the mastery of that hitherto insoluble problem, the construction of the ancient trireme, yet these inscriptions have cleared away much difficulty, and teach us the right way to look at the question. The handling of the sails and rigging may have been by the oars-men; but the officers, with the exception of the steers-man and other similar persons, can hardly be included in this number. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that when used as transports, they held many more people. *Ἰππηγοὶ* were first used by the Persians in the Persian war, Her. VI. 48, 95; and at Athens, for the first time, in the Peloponnesian war, and were built from old ships. Thucyd. Although included among the Trieres, they were distinguished by their build, and were more expensive, and had different gear. The inscriptions do not inform us how many horses they could hold. Finlay, in his excellent treatise on the Battle of Marathon, estimates ten horses in each *ἰππηγός* of the Persian fleets; the testimony of Thucydides proves that in the Peloponnesian war an Athenian ship of this description held thirty horsemen, and consequently as many horses.

*Πηδάλια*.—The Rudder. The ships of the ancients had two rudders. Lucian. Bip. Toxar. *Οἱ Ξενοβαί δε, ἀλλῶς ἐπιλαμβάνονται τοῦ σκαφούς ἢ πλεῖστος, ἐκπρεμαννυμένοι τῶν πηδάλιων.* Act. Apost., on which passage we shall make additional observations, *ἀνέντες τὰς ζευκτηρίας τῶν πηδάλιων.* Ch. xxvii. 40.

*Κλιμακίδες*.—Wooden ladders. Two to each Trieres and 30-oared vessel. In a Dieres upon a vase of Micali, there is a ladder in the vicinity of the rudder.

*Κῆντροι*.—Poles for punting or propelling the ship when in shallow water, and for sounding the depth. These are generally three, laid by the side of the ship in the docks, the regular number for a Trieres.

*Παρασταταί*.—Props for the support of the mast at the bottom of the vessel. Two to each Trieres, so long as they were in use. After No X. no longer used, and had become useless by some new arrangement of the ship. Another word on which the lexicons furnish no naval sense as well as Klimakides.

*Ἴστος*.—The mast. The ancients had ships with one, two and three masts. Thus, the Alexandria, built by Hiero the younger, was three-masted. These masts were called the first, second, and third. The first was the

largest, and so on. In general, among the gear issued in these inscriptions, only one *ἴστος* is mentioned. From XI. r. it appears that the gear was thought complete for Trieres and Tetreres, when this mast had been issued. Thus it was left to the Trierarch to supply. The second mast which might be used, though it was not absolutely necessary, may be inferred from its name, *ἴστος περικῶς*. It is commonly supposed that the larger mast was called *ἴστος ἀκατεῖος* or *ἀκατίος*. Pollux gives this name to the *ἴστος μέγας καὶ γνήσιος*; adding, however, that some considered the *ἀκατεῖος* to be the smaller mast; so does Hesychius. The same error concerning the word *ἀκατεῖος* occurs with the yards and sails, as we shall show. This word is not in Donegan, who totally misapprehends most ancient nautical matters. The inscriptions prove decidedly the meaning of *ἀκατεῖος*, as also that the Trieres had two masts. In No. II. 92, *ἴστου μεγάλου* and *ἴστου ἀκατεῖου* are wanting to a Trieres, &c. At an early period it seems two masts were issued to a Trieres and delivered to the Trierarch; but since Olymp. 107, or near it, only one, and then the distinction of the two terms was gradually lost. The masts of the Tetreres were stowed separately. For a 30-oared vessel appear two *ἴστοι*, and down to a very late period. XVII. a. Olymp. 114. Of these the large one was planted in the middle of the ship, the smaller was a foremast. Even in the large ships, the mast, at least to a very considerable height, was of one piece. The price of the large mast probably, with the necessary hoops and all appendages, was 37 drachmæ, II. 49, 50, &c.

*Κεραία*.—The Yards.

Yards of two kinds were issued to the Trierarchs for the *ἴστος μέγας*, and the *ἀκατεῖος*, for the former of which there were several, and indeed for both masts. The yard is sometimes called *κεράς*, the ends of it, *ἀκροκεραία*, horns, and the middle part *συνβολή* or *εἰμβολή*, which last names may seem to denote that they were formed of two pieces joined in the middle one over another. They may likewise signify that the middle part was fastened to the mast. Pliny informs us that the yards were made of a great size and of one beam. "Quamvis amplitudini antennarum singulæ arbores sufficient." XIX. 1. The ancients had undoubtedly both single and joined; one of these last is found upon a Relief in Pompeii. It is horizontal, and has a square sail. They were generally slung at right angles with the masts in ancient ships of war; and Ausonius, in his description of the letter T, says "Malus ut antennam fert vertice sic ego sum T."

We now proceed to our last selection from

## Ch. X. which treats of Rigging or Hanging Gear.

By rigging or hanging gear for Trieres *σκηπη κρεμαστα εντελη*, XI. *τ.*, is meant for Trieres, *εποζωματα, ιστιον, τοπεια, υποβλημα, καταβλημα, παραρρυματα λευκα, παραρρυματα τριχίνα, σχοινια οκτωδακτυλα, III., εξαδτυλα, III., αγκυραι, II.*; and the same for Tetieres with the exception of the *υποβλημα*, which does not appear in the lists of gear issued to Tetieres, and was latterly disused in the Trieres. The *σχοινια*, issued (XI. *τ.* to XIV.), to Tetieres are expressly marked *τριηρικα*, and all other hanging gear for Tetieres was different from that of Trieres, although in many cases this last was furnished to the larger vessels.

*Υποζωματα, Υποζωμα*, middle part of a rudder, Donegan. *Totally wrong*. Many modern writers have taken the *υποζωματα* to be the certain wooden parts of the ship, others the side planks, others a wooden cincture running under the ship from one board to the other. Scheffer, who has refuted this last opinion, has taken them to be wooden girdles stretching fore and aft. In fact, the scholiasts of Aristophanes and Suidas define them, *υποζωματα, εισι δε ζυλα των νεων*. Schneider was the first to understand by the term *cable work*, which is completely proved by these inscriptions, as they belong to the hanging gear and are loosened. The name itself proves that they are girths under the ship. The *υποζωματα* were strong cables running horizontally round the ship from the bows aft. There were several of them at certain distances from each other. Athenæus, the mechanic, says of the Tortoise of Hegetor, (s. 6.) *υποζωννται δε ολος ο κριος οπλοις οκτώδακτυλοις τρισι*, (rather *τετρασι* as Schneider has observed); and of another machine (s. 10) *η δε γερανυς υποζωννται και βυρσονται ημοιως τη προσιρημενω κριω*. Vitruvius thus explains this *υποζωννται* (X. 15, 6), "*A capite autem ad imam calcem tigni contenti fuerunt funes quatuor crassitudine digitorum octo, ita religati quemadmodum navis a puppi ad pro-ram continetur*:" a clear description of the hypozoma. Isidore (Orig. XIX. 4, 4) says, "*Tormentum, funis in navibus longus, qui a prora ad puppim extenditur quo magis constringantur*. Tormentum autem a tortu dicta restes funesque." Plato clearly shows the extent of the hypozoma. Rep. X. s. 616.c., *ειναι γαρ τουτο το φως ζυδασμον του ορανου, οιον τα υποζωματα των τριηρων ουτω πασαν ζυνεχον την περιφοραν*. The description of the Tessarakonteres of Ptolemy Philopater will be of great use in illustrating this subject. This ship was from 48 to 53 ells high, 280 long, and 238 ells in breadth. She received twelve *υποζωματα*, each one 600 ells long; which is however an average length, as the lower hypozotoma were naturally shorter than the upper ones. The

length of these hypozotoma shows clearly that they ran fore and aft round the ship, and the expression *ελαμβανε* shows that they were issued as gear, and were not fixtures. These are the cables which, according to Horace, Carm. I. 14, 6, held the ship together when in a storm.

"Et malus celeri saucius Africo,  
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus  
Vix durare carinæ  
Possint imperiosius  
Æquor?" (Doering.)

On this important passage Doering has not given the faintest observation that bears upon the point in question. The hypozomata are distinctly visible in the direction which Böckh describes in a small relief in the Museum of Berlin. It is the fragment of a ship of war, and the forepart of the vessel. About it are four hypozomata. The upper one is a strong cable carried round it directly under the akrostolion, at the same depth as the embolos, which consists of three sword-shaped parts, and in a line with each of these parts are three other hypozomata. Of the middle one only the end has been preserved, which in all four is shaped so as to fall away from the rest of the *εποζωμα*, and the remainder has been worked by a more modern hand, because it had suffered. Judging from the two which are in the best state of preservation, these three lower *υποζωματα* consisted each of two rather thinner cables, which were laid close to each other, and were fastened in one common end. Moreover, the three lower hypozomata only run as far as the sword-shaped part of the embolos, and consequently not entirely round the ship, but round by far the greatest part of it. The upper *εποζωμα* stretches to the very margin of the relief, but is broken off at the point where it stopped. It was doubtless an ornamental part at which the hypozoma was made to end. When Pollux, 1, 89, calls the middle part of the rudder *υποζωμα*, which is elsewhere called *θεσιρ* or *ριζα*, (Donegan's mistake as cited above,) this undoubtedly refers to some binding by cables of this part. The hypozomata lay in the arsenal, and were only issued upon the ship's being fitted out; they were even taken on board in order to be applied when wanted. *Υποζωννται* is thus applied, Act. Apost. xxvii. 17\* Elsley, on the Gospels and Acts, in

\* Our readers will, we trust, be enabled to attain from the above a clear understanding of the passage in the Acts, xxvii. 17, "*υποζωννται το πλοιον*," which implies to brace up the ship by the action of the *υποζωματα* over the entire hull, and also of verse 40, which implies the loosening of the previous bracing, and the command of the *υποζωματα* over the rudders fore and aft.—E. F. Q.



his note on this passage, is completely mistaken, for he makes no reference to the *σπάρματα*. Cf. Polybius, Appian, Apollonius of Rhodes. Many ships lay ready girthed in the docks; from some the girths were taken off and given to other ships. The number of them was in proportion to the size of the ships. Trieres had certainly more than three, and assuredly four.

*Ἰστιον*.—Sail.

With the complete gear issued, there was never given (with the exception of one passage in the inscriptions) more than one sail for Trieres and Tetreres, namely, the sail for the first or large mast, (XI. r.) Thirty-oared vessels had no sails laid up for them in the arsenal, and received none from the state; when one sail was given, which was only done upon a special decree of the people, it had first to be made. This only happens once out of four cases, XIV.; but the Trierarchs of other ships had doubtless the right by that decree of the people to demand the sail, although they do not seem to have exercised this right. The sails are either fine or coarse (*λεπτὰ, παχέα*); the first being most expensive and in smaller quantity. In the account of gear given or received back there frequently occurs the expression *σκευὴ κρεμίστα ἐντελὴ ἰστιῶν τῶν λεπτῶν*. One sail sufficed for the service of the ship, but the Trierarch could add to the number, and subsequently several were kept in the docks. It is only from X. c. 45, that we learn that a Trierarch received more than one sail, *ἰστία*, at an early period for one ship. But as every ship had two yards for the great mast, and two for the second, *ἰστρος ἀκαταίος*, two sails were calculated for each mast, those in the great mast and yards being called *ἰστία μεγάλα*, and in the second *ἰστία ἀκαταία*. Besides these sails on both masts, there was undoubtedly a third smaller one above the upper sail, which is probably the *artemon*. In these inscriptions there is nothing found concerning the *artemon*, the *dolon* which was in the fore, nor the *epidromon*, which was aft.

Flags and streamers do not appear either, but were left to the Trierarch. As the three-cornered sails of galleys and such ships, upon oblique or slanting-yards, are called *Vela Latina*, this might at first induce the belief that the sails used by the Romans were triangular, as they are found in the pictures of the middle ages; and this idea might thence be held of the Greeks. But, in truth, this is an error; the Athenian, and almost all the ancient ships of war, even the Roman, had square sails upon horizontal yards; several examples of this may be adduced. Bayfius has copied from an old marble monument a ship with a

straight yard; Montfaucon likewise. A relief found in Pompeii shows distinctly a ship with a square sail and yard; the ship of Theseus, in a painting upon the walls of Herculaneum, and also other monuments, have a square sail set straight, &c. We may remark that among the tackle given to the ship in these inscriptions, although only one sail is computed, there were many cases of articles given in pairs, such as two *ἱμάντες*, two *βίτται*, two *πόδες*. These can only fit four-cornered sails; two *πόδες* of the same size or shape would fit only such. A three-cornered sail is the *Supparum* of the Romans, which the Scholiast of Lucan indicates "*vela minora in modum Deltæ literæ*." Isidore, xix. 3. 4. *Supparum, genus veli, unum pedem habens*.

*Ῥοσκία*.—Cordage of the rigging; the *ροσκία* are different from the *σχοινία*, and are never found confused with them in the inscriptions. The *ροσκία* being behind the sails, and the *σχοινία* before the anchors. Suidas and Hesychius make them synonymous, but their place and use were distinct; the sail was hoisted up the mast by the *ροσκία*, which were fitted with blocks and pulleys (*τροχιλία*); as each separate rope was fitted in a particular direction for a particular use, the name *ροσκία* (local ropes), seems to be derived from their nature. In No. xi. are enumerated how many and what lines were comprised among the *ροσκία* of a Tetreres, which were the same as for a Trieres. As in xi. the great mast and sail only are understood, it follows that the *ροσκία* can only be meant for these and for the great yard; and when a second yard was given, it by no means follows, that the corresponding cordage was given also; the parts of the *ροσκία* were the *καλωδία*, or *καλοὶ*, meant for the standing rigging which supported the mast; another standing rope was the *προτονοῦς*, used from Homer to Lucian. In Homer there are two, one aft, the other forward. *Odys. β. 1452*; *Ilias, α. 434*. There was one which went from the *καρχησιον*, to the forepart of the vessel.

*Ἰμάντες*.—Two for each ship. These were ropes which held the yard horizontal at the requisite height, running obliquely from each end of it to the mast, and from thence through a block fastened it down to the deck below; they are in these inscriptions the same as the *κεροῦχοι*.

*Ἀγκύρια*.—When for the Tetreres *διεκλη*, they joined the middle of the yard to the mast, and guided and assisted its elevation; they were formed of two ropes, but whether single for the Trieres is uncertain.

*Πόδες*.—Πόδες was a rope at the lower extremity of the three-cornered sail, and at

the two (lower ends) of square ones, which drew the sail aft and enabled it to belly.

Υπεραι.—Braces. Two for each ship. Ropes by which the yards are moved horizontally, fastened, one at each end of it, and thence running below.

Χαλιος, which was certainly among the hanging gear, but its real nature is difficult to define; probably a rope by which the whole apparatus of the sail was hoisted or let down; a hauling rope, which was fastened to the middle of the yard, went through a pulley in the mast above, and drew up or let down the yard and the sail, and this χαλιος is represented thus at Pompeii.

Παραρρηματα τριχίνα.—The ancients had many contrivances to deaden the fury of waves, or missiles; for which they employed wood, skins and hurdle-work of willows and ropes. These παραρρηματα are stuffs formed of hair and flax, used sideways upon deck, and one behind another, for further power of resistance in Π. 31. Παραβληματα are nailed on (κατηλωσαι). In this inscription there is found an ενιθημα θωρακειον, which seems to form part of the ship itself, and, as the word signifies, was doubtless a breast-work upon some part of the ship's side. Such a work, although very low, is seen upon the ship of Præneste. The επιθημα is doubtless a board bent inwards; the παραβλημα and the θωρακειον are different from the παραρρηματα, and do not constitute gear.

Καταβλημα, Υποβλημα.—Of both these only one was given to a ship. The καταβλημα to Trieres and Tetreres, and the υποβλημα to Trieres alone. The nature of these is very difficult to determine. Καταβλημα denotes, in the theatre, a covering around the περιакτοι, which represents decorations, Pollux, IV. 131. According to Polyænus, Strateg. IV. 11, 13. Chabrias caused coverings (awnings) to be put upon the ships, to protect the hull and the crew from the waves, and to prevent the men from looking upon the sea, that they might not become depressed; and for this hides δερεις and φραγμα are mentioned, which were raised up, but the passage is too corrupted for us to extract any clearer information, and the question is still more obscure from the παραρρηματα having been used for the same purpose. The καταβληματα and υποβληματα must have been employed at different parts of the ship, and at different altitudes, for the παραρρηματα. It may be observed, that an υποβλημα is found, XI. 1, for the ιππηγοι.

Σχοινια.—Thick cables. Two kinds appear, αγκυρια, of which there were four, and κειγυα, for mooring the ship to the shore, land-cables; these last were fastened to the stern and secured the ship on land to the δακτυλιοι. The highest number found on board one ship is

four. The word has been written by the grammarians κειγυα, κειγυα, απογυα, απογυα; but Porson's decision, that κειγυα is the correct term, has been fully borne out by these inscriptions. These cables were formed of several small ones worked together. The epithets οκτωδακτυλα and ιξδακτυλα are used of them to denote their strength or thickness, and of each kind four are given both to Trieres and Tetreres. As the anchors of the Trieres, from the slight construction of the ships, could not be very heavy, and the hauling ashore would require a strong cable, I should conceive the ιξδακτυλα were for the anchors, and the οκτωδακτυλα for the after cables; of these δακτυλιοι sixteen went to the foot, and the epithet applies to the circumference.

Αγκυραι.—The ancients had wooden anchors, even in the time of Archimedes, for the largest ships. The great Eikoseres of Hiero had four wooden and eight iron anchors. Those given to the Trieres, in XI. 7, are of iron. The complete number of such gear for Trieres and Tetreres, was 2. The wooden stock or transverse beam, was wholly wanting in ancient anchors. In the ship on board which St. Paul was a prisoner, described in the above cited chapter in the Acts, the sailors dropped four anchors from the stern, which, however opposed to modern usage, was undoubtedly the ancient method of letting fall the anchor at that period.

We have thus arrived at the end of our design, and can only regret that we are not enabled to exhibit to our readers further extracts from this distinguished Archæologist. The remaining portion of his book contains equal masses of classical research, with those exhibited in the chapters reviewed. We have in our extracts adhered pretty rigidly to the text of our author, abridging and condensing as we proceeded, and throwing in either the passage he had referred to, but not quoted at length, or else adducing such others as we considered pertinent to the argument. The whole naval terms of our Lexicons become greatly affected by the singular remains he has so nobly illustrated, and our Lexicographers will do well to profit by the hints we have thrown out. To any desirous of information on the recondite subject of the ancient Trireme, we shall feel happy to communicate the result of extensive researches on this subject, and which have been singularly confirmed, like the κειγυα of Porson, by the living reality of these inscriptions.

We trust our Universities will not be slow in availing themselves of the labour, investigation, and ingenuity, displayed in the present work, and that it will be deemed worthy to occupy a place by the side of the

"Economy of Athens," to which it is an admirable pendant. It is a work well worthy of being published by the University, and so filled with learning from deep, and almost concealed fountains to the youthful student, like the Phalaris, that although at the first sight it may appear to deal too much in the minutiae of antiquity, by establishing even the site of an Athenian store-house, yet will it give him that zest for patient investigation, that will make him accurate in his deductions, and fit him to take a clear view of all the business matters of existence that may afterwards fall to his charge. For however it may be the fashion for those who do not understand the value of classical information to abuse it, (and we have seen a deplorable instance, in the chief abuser of this study, in the leader of the diffusion of knowledge school, at least of his ignorance of what he censures,) we fearlessly maintain that nothing more conduces to sharpen the intellect, and whet up the faculties, than the classical course of studies as pursued by a Böckh, or a Niebuhr. The nation that maintains nearly the highest intellectual rank, is fully aware of this advantage, and her press teems with productions, the labour of life after life, developing the past, and showing excellent intuition into the present,—productions, that in this country are neither known nor appreciated; and frequently in this latter case, from a want of that reading, without which persons lack relish and gusto for their excellent quality. We deprecate strongly this feeling, and are quite aware that a revival rather than a disuse of these pursuits is advocated by the leading minds of the age, both in England and Germany.

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ART. IX.—1. *Vues, Discours et Articles sur la Question d'Orient.* Par A. de Lamartine. 8vo. Paris.

2. *Un Mot sur la Question d'Orient et sur le Moyen de la résoudre au profit du Commerce et de la Civilisation.* 8vo. Paris.

THE eastern question having had its solution in the complete but tardy compliance of the Pacha of Egypt with the demands of Turkey, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain, we shall endeavour to trace the history of the negotiations which preceded this act of submission, and to show the interest which England has in the arrangement which has been obtained. So much has been written

on the position of the question up to the moment when the European Powers took the dispute between the Sultan and his rebellious vassal into their own hands, that we shall merely, by way of introduction, remind our readers that the Sultan having been at one time at the mercy of the Pacha of Egypt, his resources proving unequal to a successful contest with his vassal, the aid of Russia was applied for, and a treaty, called the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, was entered into, by which exclusive privileges were granted to the Emperor of Russia on the express condition that he should give support to the Sultan whenever he might be called upon to do so. Towards the latter end of the reign of Sultan Mahmoud, Mehemet Ali was again in open rebellion to his sovereign, and having obtained the complete command in Syria, an army was sent by the Porte to drive him out of that province of Turkey, and bring it back to the lawful dominion of the Sultan. The battle of Nezib took place, in which the forces of the Pacha, under the command of his son Ibrahim, gained so complete a victory, that the road to Constantinople became open to the Pacha, and fears were entertained that he would march toward the capital. It does not appear that the Egyptians were indebted for this success exclusively to superior courage and skill. Both armies were in an undisciplined state, which would have made them an easy conquest to an European army of comparatively small numbers; but the Pacha had the advantage of past successes on his side, and many of the Turks, believing in a prophecy that the reign of their Sultans was approaching to its end, fought under the influence of a despair which was sufficiently strong to discourage, but not desparate enough to supply the place of the confidence which is inspired by reminiscences of success. The Pacha of Egypt did not follow up his victory as was expected by some of his partisans and admirers, for he knew that if his troops were to march in advance the Sultan would apply for aid to the Emperor of Russia, and that the signal victory of Nezib must in that case be soon followed by as signal a defeat. He was also deterred from advancing by the remonstrances of the French government; the French cabinet, dreading the extension of Russian influence in the East, which an intervention in favour of the Sultan would necessarily give, sent agents to Mehemet Ali to inform him that if he attempted to invade the dominions under the direct sovereignty of the Sultan, not only Russia, but also all the other powers of Europe would interfere against him, and that the necessary conse-

quence would be the loss of his own dominions and a new territorial settlement in the East.

Russia had, at this period, a large army in readiness to advance to the assistance of the Sultan, and by the treaty between the two powers she had a right to intervene. The intervention of Russia, however, was dreaded by all the other powers; for they could not imagine that the Emperor Nicholas was sufficiently magnanimous to assist his ally without stipulating for concessions in favour of Russia; and it was felt that in the fallen state of the Porte a further degree of influence in the affairs of the Sultan, on the part of Russia, would necessarily make her paramount in the East, and eventually convert Constantinople into another capital for the Czar. Under the suggestions of the different European ambassadors at Constantinople, and at the same time perhaps dreading also the friendship of the Czar, the Sultan was induced to abstain from calling upon him for aid, and to enter into negotiations with Mehemet Ali, to whom he made important concessions, and even promised the hereditary government of the countries which he already held as the nominal but really independent representative of the Porte. At this state of the question Sultan Mahmoud died, and was succeeded by Abdul Medjid, his son. The negotiations continued in the first days of the reign of the young Sultan, but they were soon broken off; and Russia having offered to surrender all her right to exclusive intervention in the affairs of the East, and co-operate cordially with the other powers for maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and preventing the shock to the balance of power in Europe which would be the inevitable result of any exclusive influence of one European more than another in the East; the young Sultan made preparations for an attack upon Mehemet Ali in Syria, and a Turkish fleet was fitted out with instructions to sail and rendezvous at a given spot. The admiral betrayed his trust, and passed over to the Pacha with the fleet.

This defection gave increased confidence to the Pacha of Egypt, and hopes of being able to dictate with success to the Sultan: but it served also to bring matters to a crisis with the European sovereigns, who had taken the Sultan under their protection; and a treaty was entered into between Turkey, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia; in which it was laid down as a principle, that the Pacha of Egypt should be compelled to evacuate Syria and other portions of the Turkish territory then in his hands, reserving

only to himself Egypt and the Pachalic of Acre, of which he was to have the hereditary sovereignty, on condition of his immediate compliance with the conditions of the treaty which was signed in London on the 15th July by the powers here mentioned, France having refused, although she had been the first to propose the conference which led to this treaty, to become a party to it, on the ground that although she had declared that she would co-operate with the other powers in maintaining the balance of power in Europe and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, she did not allow that the one or the other would be secured by what she was pleased to call the spoliation of the Pacha. The conclusion of this treaty on the part of England was regarded by the French government as a breach of the alliance between England and France.

There has been a great deal of cant in France, and indeed in England also, about the rupture of what is thus called the alliance between the two countries. In order to expose this cant, we shall endeavour to show what that alliance was, and then inquire as to whether the rupture, if rupture there has been, is to be ascribed to the English government or to that of France. Immediately after the accession of Louis Philip to the throne, which had been rendered vacant by the Revolution of July—a revolution brought about by the ill-conceived attempt on the part of the ministry to put down the incendiary press—General Baudrand, an old officer of the empire, was sent to England on a special mission, to announce officially to the British government the accession of Louis Philip, and also to assure the English ministry of the determination of the King of the French to exert his influence towards placing France in a position which should excite no distrust as to her intentions in the minds of the other sovereigns of Europe. General Baudrand was not the man who should have been selected for this mission, if a wily diplomatist had been necessary; but Louis Philip, who was undoubtedly sincere in the assurances which he gave, for on the faithful fulfilment of them depended the security of his dynasty, felt that for so straightforward a mission he could not do better than appoint a straightforward man, which Baudrand certainly was. The King of the French was playing *carte sur table* at a round game for political *ecarté*, where success depends mainly upon terrifying the antagonist or guessing his meaning by his looks; there were Talleyrands enough in France—a diplomatist of that order would on such an occasion have been mis-

placed—the mission of General Baudrand was productive of the most satisfactory results to the citizen king.

On his arrival in London he called immediately upon an English gentleman who enjoyed the confidence of the French minister for foreign affairs, and consulted him as to the course which he should pursue. This gentleman advised the General to pay a visit at once to the Duke of Wellington, who was then at the head of affairs. "To him," said the adviser, "you can speak freely; he will take no advantage of your frankness, and you will find him as frank as yourself." The General followed the advice, and returned to his friend delighted with his interview. We must here quote the General's words. They show the honesty and prudence of the good old Tory, who at that time had the fate of Europe in his hands. They will convince the detractors of the Duke of Wellington, if detractors he still has, that for the peace of the world he would do violence to his own feelings, although he was too noble to conceal what those feelings were. "I found the Duke," said General Baudrand, "totally unprepared for my visit, but by no means displeased that I should have waited upon him before I proceeded to communicate officially with the secretary of state for foreign affairs. Having stated my object, the Duke said, 'I will not deny, General, that I saw with pain the destruction of a dynasty for which Europe had made so many sacrifices, and saw also with infinite regret the first manifestation of a new revolutionary feeling in France. If consistently with my duty to my own country I could have prevented such a result, be assured I would have done so. The calamity however came, and I have now only to express my satisfaction that the consequences of revolution have been checked. With the same sincerity that I assure you of the regret which I felt at the event, I now say that the English government will offer no obstacle to the consolidation of your new institutions. You have entered upon a difficult career; proceed in it with prudence, and believe that so long as the peace of Europe shall not be menaced, your sovereign will find nothing but friendship here.'"

We are now at the commencement of what the French call the alliance of England with the revolution of July, but which in reality was nothing more than a prudent determination of the Duke of Wellington not to risk the peace of Europe for the restoration of a dynasty which had lost itself by its want of skill in the attempt to dissipate the storm which a profligate press—a press, to the conductors of which political integrity and pub-

lic morality were unlike unknown—had roused. Great Britain was at this period at peace with the whole of Europe; the Duke of Wellington had commenced a reform in the public expenditure, himself setting the noble example of a sacrifice of patronage, in order that public offices of every kind might be filled in rotation by men thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and who would not object to a diminution of the salaries of the offices to which they should succeed, because but for the abolition of the patronage system they never could have succeeded; he was steadily, although slowly, arriving at the equalization of receipt and expenditure which had been so long desired, and economizing the resources of the state without neglecting the means of defence. This was certainly not the moment for an intervention in the domestic affairs of France, which must have led to a war. But it is a singular perversion of terms to give to the forbearance of the Duke of Wellington in favour of France, (when he had merely to hold up his finger to let loose the rest of continental Europe upon that country,) the character of an exclusive alliance with the French nation against the principles and interests of the other Powers with which he was at peace. Whether the forbearance of the Duke was not an act of over prudence, as it certainly was an act of generosity for which nothing like gratitude has been shown, is a question which may be raised in some minds, but which has no immediate bearing upon the point now discussed. There may be those who think that the wings of France should not have been permitted to grow until she could arrange her plumage into a fit condition for flight. There may be others who, like the Duke, would not have roused the energies of despairing men, and created occasions for success in the very magnitude of the evil with which the French had to contend. By refusing to recognize the revolution of 1830, France would have been shut out from the rest of Europe, and would have made a desperate effort to regain her place. She might not, probably would not, have succeeded, but her efforts, like the last throes of a giant, would have shaken the earth, and her defeat would have affected the balance of power, and might have led to ambitious struggles among her conquerors over her prostrate corpse. All this the Duke foresaw. A refusal to recognize the dynasty of Louis Philip might have been attended with serious evils; a recognition of it might be the means of checking the revolutionary movement in which that dynasty had its birth. Whether the views of the Duke of Wellington were quite correct or not, as shown by

the result, may be a question; they appear to us to have been prudent, at least at the time.

The alliance with France being continued after the revolution of July, and no new alliance entered into, the Whig cabinet, on its accession to office, found all immediate danger of the rupture of the peace of Europe at an end.

It has been generally supposed that the resignation of the Tories gave great satisfaction to the King of the French. This was not the case. Louis Philip had begun to discover that what is called a popular theme must be an ephemeral one, and that without the friendship of the powers of Europe there could be no stability in his dynasty. The Whigs had come into office upon reform principles, and apparently there was more harmony between these principles and the institutions of July, than between those institutions and Conservative principles in England; but at that period there was more security for Louis Philip in a Tory than a Whig cabinet in England. The respect with which the decisions of the Duke of Wellington were regarded by Russia, Austria and Prussia, was a safeguard for the King of the French. The throne which was protected by England was, as a matter of necessity, protected by them. Louis Philip had by this time ceased to be the citizen king, walking about the streets of Paris with his umbrella under his arm, giving his hand to every man who chose to ask for it, and joining occasionally in the chorus of the *Marseillaise*. He had begun to find that a sovereign à la Massaniello was not the kind of monarch to govern the French nation with effect, and had gradually withdrawn himself from the contact of a familiarity which wounded his princely pride, and prevented the adoption of the necessary measures to secure his throne. The consequences of this retirement were naturally rancour and dislike; the mob hooted where they had cheered, and hated where they had loved. The Whigs had come into power under the influence of radical, or as they were then called, reform principles; and as from reform, as it is understood by the Radicals, there is but one step to revolution, the resignation of the Tories was hailed with delight by the Republicans of France. They saw, or fancied that they saw, in the Whig government a prospect of fraternity with the English Radicals against the principles of Conservatism all over the world. To say that they expected this from the Whigs themselves would be to exceed the truth; but they expected, and the king feared, that Radicalism would soon trip up the heels of

Whiggism, and that the mob in both countries would obtain the lead. Louis Philip could not manifest his regret at the accession of the Whigs, for to have done so would have rendered him still more unpopular in France. With the accession of the Whigs therefore the alliance between the two governments was apparently drawn closer than when the Tories were in office. And by degrees both governments saw the necessity of an alliance, for each had the same principles to contend against; the Whigs had to protect themselves against the encroachments of the Radicals, and the *juste milieu* in France had to keep down the Republicans. If the Radicals should trip up the Whigs, the French Republicans would gain strength; and if the *juste milieu* was to fall, the Radicals in England would gain ground. This kind of action and reaction has always been witnessed. Here then was something like an intimate alliance between the two governments; but it was not an alliance between the two nations; it was not that alliance about the rupture of which there is so much cant. Nor was it even as regarded the governments of any practical use, considered abstractedly from the general alliance of European governments, for the preservation of peace. The first attempt at anything like an alliance of particular and exclusive interests, was the quadruple treaty for the pacification of Spain, but that treaty never received a cordial execution on the part of France, and was the source of endless bickerings between the two governments, and between the two nations, as to the degree of influence which each should have. The alliance however in itself was one of great importance, for two distinct and opposite principles were involved. On the one side stood England and France lending aid to the constitutional party in Spain; on the other were Russia, Austria, and Prussia, compelled either to declare war against France and England in support of Don Carlos, or to witness the success of principles which indirectly at least might affect their security. If these powers had been less firmly resolved to preserve the peace of Europe, or felt themselves too weak to contend successfully against England and France, they would have opposed the quadruple treaty, for they had as great a right, in a question which regarded the balance of power in Europe, to demand that it should be settled in a conference of all the powers, as any one power had a right to demand an European conference on the question of the East. The quadruple alliance, however, was suffered, and France and England appeared for an instant to have

realized the old cry of France and England against the world. But we have seen how the alliance worked. France abandoned England, and left her to make singly those efforts and those sacrifices which should have fallen equally on both. Whether this was a gratuitous treachery on the part of the French government, or was forced upon it by its conviction of the unwillingness of the nation to unite cordially with England, even when the two countries appeared to have the same object in view, is of little importance; we have merely to inquire into the nature of the alliance, and as to the way in which it was virtually broken off.

The next attempt at alliance was the negotiation for a commercial treaty. There had previously been some concessions on each side respecting the tonnage dues upon vessels entering French or English ports; and it was generally allowed that the advantage was on the side of the French government. If that really was the case, it did not prevent the English cabinet from listening to a suggestion for a commercial treaty. Perhaps it was thought that although it was not probable that the French would agree to a treaty in which the apparent advantage should not be on their own side, yet that the real gain would be on the side of England, from the extent of the exports of her manufactured goods as compared with the imports of the produce of France.

Mr. Macgregor and Dr. Bowring were appointed as commissioners of the English government to carry on negotiations in Paris with commissioners appointed by the French cabinet; the negotiations continued for several months at much expense to England, and were then broken off, Mr. Poulett Thompson, the President of the Board of Trade, having discovered that there was no serious intention on the part of the French government to make concessions, and that if there was to be reciprocity, it would be Irish reciprocity—all on one side. An angry feeling was the result of this rupture; and this was the more unfortunate, as it occurred at the time when Marshal Soult, who was then president of the cabinet, was complaining bitterly of the conduct of Lord Palmerston on the question of the East. More than one effort, however, was made by the French cabinet to get the negotiations resumed. Mr. Poulett Thompson, with more energy than could have been expected from him, refused to be again made the dupe of the French cabinet, and declared that he would never resume the negotiations, unless the basis of the treaty were agreed upon at once; and it would be shown that the French government

had the power of commanding the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies to the treaty when signed.

Mr. Poulett Thompson went out of office and was succeeded by Mr. Labouchere. The French cabinet, either sincerely desirous of putting an end to the unfriendly feeling which had been created by the rupture of the first negotiations, or merely wishing to keep up an appearance of cordiality with England, proposed, indirectly it is true, but in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the proposed treaty should be again discussed, and Mr. Labouchere, having more belief in the sincerity of the French cabinet and in the disposition of the Chamber of Deputies to make concessions, than Mr. Poulett Thompson, immediately appointed Mr. Henry Bulwer and Mr. Porter, one of the clerks of the Board of Trade, to carry on the negotiations, which had in the first instance been conducted by Dr. Bowring and Mr. Macgregor. This choice of commissioners was not altogether a happy one: the conciliating manners of Mr. Henry Bulwer and his experience as a diplomatist rendered him a very fit person for mere diplomatic intercourse, and so far the choice of Mr. Labouchere was not an improper one; but Mr. Bulwer was necessarily ignorant of commercial affairs, and was unequal to contend with Frenchmen, who had not only the requisite practical knowledge themselves, but who had also the advantage of consulting from time to time, the committee of trade attached to the French government, and the members of which were directly or indirectly interested in trade themselves. It was supposed that Mr. Porter would be a match for the French commissioners, and that his commercial knowledge would supply all the deficiency of Mr. Bulwer on this head; but Mr. Porter, although a very amiable man, and a very good clerk of the Board of Trade, was totally unequal to the trust reposed in him—he knew nothing of the secrets of French *bureaucratie*; he was utterly ignorant of the secret springs by which the French commissioners were moved. When in the discussion of the terms of an agreement, one of the parties has from the first made up his mind to make none but concessions of small importance, and not to sign unless the other party gives way in every point, firmness and skill in negotiation by the party seriously desirous of an arrangement on conditions of reciprocity, can do little good; no commissioners on the side of the English government could have done much, but certainly a yielding man, like Mr. Porter, and on whose mind the shrewdness of a French negotiator

was likely to have great influence, was not the person who ought to have been sent. The negotiations for the treaty drew their slow length along until they had arrived at that point where there was little more to do than to sign. Concession after concession had been made by the English commissioners, and although Mr. Porter boasted that they were counterbalanced by concessions from the French commissioners, we have reason to believe that this was not the fact. M. Thiers, however, would not sign, for paltry as his concessions were, he had never seriously intended to affix to them his signature and official seal. The excuse for not signing was, that the public mind in France was much irritated against England, and that his signature would be regarded by the French as a humiliating effort to conciliate the English nation, and would bring upon him a burst of indignation which he would be unable to subdue. M. Thiers did but speak the truth, for if the treaty had contained only half of the few concessions which it made in favour of English commerce, the French would have been dissatisfied at any time, and certainly much more so in the state of irritation to which he had brought them by a hired press. But M. Thiers never intended to sign the treaty. With his accustomed duplicity, however, he assured Mr. Porter that he was anxious to sign it, and entreated him to remain in Paris for a few days, during which he said something might occur respecting the eastern question to calm the public mind, and enable him to put the seal to a document which was calculated to draw closer the bonds of alliance between England and France. Mr. Porter remained in Paris six weeks, in the hope of obtaining the signature of M. Thiers, and was at length recalled, the British government having become convinced that M. Thiers was playing false, and that he intended to leave the treaty just where it was. The refusal of M. Thiers to ally himself closely with England was manifest in all his acts.

Let us now see what the feeling was of the preceding cabinet of Marshal Soult; this brings us immediately to the eastern question, and we shall follow it up from the period at which we commence, until that moment when the King of the French, alarmed at the revolutionary feeling in France, played *au plus fin* with M. Thiers, and formed a cabinet which was ready to adopt his own views. Our readers know that after the battle of Nezib, in which the Pacha of Egypt was victorious against the Sultan, it was proposed by France that the eastern question should be settled by the five great powers of

Europe in conference, and a collective note to the Sultan, stating this determination, and dated July 29, 1839, was sent in. This note was followed by a declaration from the French throne in the speech of the Chambers, that the powers of Europe in concert had undertaken to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire.

It has been stated in the Chamber of Deputies, that previously to this decision Lord Palmerston had proposed to the French cabinet that the settlement of the eastern question should rest exclusively with England and France, and that for this purpose the fleets of the two nations should join, and if necessary, force the passage of the Dardanelles. The authority upon which M. Thiers brought forward this assertion was a letter from the Baron de Bourgueney, the French Chargé d'Affaires, in London, in which he stated that Lord Palmerston had made such a proposition, and he cited several facts in support of the assertion. We should be sorry to be compelled to give credence to it, for it would sanction much of the subsequent conduct of the French cabinet. If Lord Palmerston, in a question which interested all the powers of Europe, could recommend the exclusive settlement of it by two, the French could also claim the right of settling it by one, and would therefore insist upon the adoption of their own view of the terms. The collective note of the 27th of July set this point at rest, and the French government entered into the conference. Scarcely a month had passed over when, having ascertained that the views of the French cabinet as to the position which the Pacha of Egypt was to hold, were not those of either of the other powers, France withdrew from the conference, and informed the English government that she would be no party to the settlement of the eastern question in the way suggested by Lord Palmerston, but at the same time that she would oppose no obstacle if her recommendations to the Pacha should produce no effect. The emperor of Russia, taking advantage of the voluntary absence of France from the conference, sent Count Brunow to England with proposals for an immediate solution of the affairs in concert with England, Austria, and Prussia. Marshal Soult, mistaking the nature of Count Brunow's mission, and imagining that it was for the purpose of negotiating an exclusive alliance between England and Russia, remonstrated strongly against this proceeding, and the communications between him and Lord Palmerston assumed a very unfriendly and almost hostile tone, which was much increased on the side of Marshal Soult by some articles in the



*Morning Chronicle*, offensive not only to the Marshal, but also to the King of the French. Marshal Soult could not directly complain of these articles to Lord Palmerston, but he did not hesitate to ascribe them to the pen of the noble lord, and the consequence of his irritation was a degree of coldness which had never existed between the two cabinets since the revolution of July.

Two facts occurred to diminish the anger of the Marshal; one was the failure for the moment of the mission of Count Brunow, the other an assurance from a quarter in which confidence could be placed, that the offensive articles in the *Morning Chronicle* were not written by Lord Palmerston, but by the Paris correspondent of that journal;\* and that as his communications arrived in London at an hour in the morning when no editor was in attendance, they were so written in Paris as to appear like editorial remarks. The return of hope in the French cabinet was of short duration. The mission of Count Brunow had been merely suspended, and was to be revived. France continued to demand for Mehemet Ali the hereditary government of Syria, and to this all the other powers of Europe were opposed. In the month of February, 1840, Marshal Soult, who had retained the reins of office with a firm hand in spite of the declamations of the daily press, which had declared eternal warfare against him because he had abolished the infamous system of paying for its support out of the public funds, was so unwise as to bring forward a proposition for a dotation to the Duke de Nemours on the occasion of his marriage; and being in a minority in the Chamber of Deputies, which is never very yielding in pecuniary matters when the crown is concerned, gave in his resignation, and the king, who was unable at the moment to form any ministry without M. Thiers, gave a reluctant consent to his return to office, although that gentleman, in order to remove the scruples of the king, did not hesitate to make the most positive professions of a desire to maintain peace, and generally to adopt the king's policy.

The accession of M. Thiers was not favourably received by the radical press, for he had previously made a declaration in the Chamber of Deputies that the alliance with England was indispensable to France; but he contrived in a very short period to make this press subservient to him. He purchased the *Messenger*, formed a coalition with M. Odil-

lon Barrot, and thus secured his organ the *Siècle*, which, from the low price at which it is sold, has a circulation of 40,000 copies per day; he gave government places to several of the persons attached to the *Courier Français*, and controlled the *Constitutionnel*, of which he is said to hold a share in another name. He had thus complete command at once of the leading organs on the miscalled liberal side; and at a later period, professing republican doctrines, he secured the cohesion of the *National*. The *Capitole*, the Bonapartist, supported him, because he was believed to be anxious for war; and the *Temps*, till then a very respectable journal, fell into the wake. Before he had been long in office he succeeded also in obtaining the indirect support of the legitimist papers, the *Quotidienne*, *Gazette de France*, and *France*; for the legitimists were anxious for war, as the means of deposing the reigning dynasty, and, therefore, although cordially hating the principles of M. Thiers, were willing to make him an instrument for their own end. M. Thiers had also the direct control over two political reviews, the *Revue de Paris* and *Revue des Deux Mondes*. With the whole of the press in his hands, except the conservative papers, the *Journal des Debats* and the *Presse*, M. Thiers felt that he had a formidable weapon. We shall see presently with what effect he availed himself of his influence over the journals. We now return to the Eastern question. When M. Thiers came into office as President of the Council of Ministers and Minister for Foreign Affairs, the arrangements of the conference on this question had made considerable progress. Lord Palmerston had laid down as the basis of the settlement that Syria should be restored to the Sultan, and that Mehemet Ali should have the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt with the Pachalic of Acre. Russia had adopted this basis, and Prussia and Austria had also declared their intention of adopting it, if Lord Palmerston should consider further concession to Mehemet Ali incompatible with his policy. The French cabinet had demanded for Mehemet Ali the hereditary government of Syria as well as Egypt, but to this the four powers at once refused to accede. The Prussian and Austrian ambassadors however suggested, that in order to conciliate France it might be possible to grant to Mehemet Ali the life government of Syria; and M. Guizot, the French ambassador, was told that if this concession would satisfy France, and she would say so, it was probable that they might be able to induce Lord Palmerston to go thus far. M. Guizot made the communication to M

\* This Review directed public attention long since to information received of the fact, that some leading articles of the *Morning Chronicle* were written by M. Thiers himself.

Thiers, and evidently expected that he would at once say whether the suggestion of the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors should be followed up; but M. Thiers replied, that a hint was not a proposition, and that he would not say whether it would be accepted or not by the French cabinet until he should have ascertained whether such a mode of settlement would be accepted by the Pacha. It has been said by the political admirers of M. Thiers that he ought to have seized with eagerness this opening to concession, or at any rate that he ought not to have made himself the mere advocate of the Pacha of Egypt; that he had put himself forward as a mediator, and that no mediator is governed in his judgment of right or wrong by the feelings of the party in whose favour he is supposed to act. We do not know what truth there may be in the assertion, that when the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors made the suggestion which has been referred to, they were certain of the readiness of Lord Palmerston to adopt it, as nothing of a positive character has transpired on this point; but it may be permitted to us to doubt whether it would have been easy to bring the English cabinet to this solution. Two attachés of the English embassy at Constantinople, Colonel Cameron and Colonel Woodfall, had been travelling in the countries under the dominion of Mehemet Ali, and had sent home reports of the inadequate means of defence against any serious demonstration of the European powers which were possessed by that ruler; they had described his army as in a disorganized state, and Colonel Hodges, another agent of the British government, had represented the Syrians as ripe for insurrection. The information received by Lord Palmerston was not of a nature to induce him to make concessions after he had brought Russia, Austria, and Prussia to the adoption of his plans; and there was besides a moral obstacle against granting Syria to Mehemet Ali for his life, which must have had its effect in a case where moral grounds existed in support of opinions of mere interest.

Governments, although frequently but too ready to sacrifice morality to what is called political necessity, are never slow in availing themselves of moral means when they are on their own side. The Syrians were bending already under the yoke of Mehemet Ali, and that yoke was not, to speak truly, very light. The most active tribes amongst them were those of the mountains, and we know that in all mountainous countries the inhabitants are ever ready to throw off a yoke, and ever anxious for a political change in which they are promised freedom, although it may be

freedom only in name. In the ordinary course of nature Mehemet Ali would not live more than five or six years, and it was not probable, in the event of his being permitted to retain Syria for the remainder of his life, that he would study the happiness of a people and the prosperity of a country which was to be lost to his family from the moment of his death. Five or six years more of rule under such circumstances would have been so many years of despotic government and cruel exaction; and at the death of Mehemet Ali the few resources of Syria would have been exhausted, and the inhabitants would have been drained of all they possessed; this jewel of the Turkish crown would have been restored shorn of its lustre and full of flaws. It may be very well now to say to France that the life government of Syria would have been granted to Mehemet Ali if France had asked for it; the answer might have been different if the application had been made.

Various motives have been assigned to Lord Palmerston for his conduct on the eastern question. By some it has been said that he was actuated by a desire to weaken the influence of France in the East, and urged on by an old feeling of irritation against the government of that country, arising out of more than one breach of faith. By others it was said that his sole object was to snatch Turkey from the protectorate of Russia, and prevent a war in the dominions of the Sultan, which should give to Russia such an increased influence as might one day threaten the security of the English possessions in the East. There were some who saw in the conduct of Lord Palmerston a prudent foresight against the ambition of France. The French had retained possession of Algiers, in violation of their promise to evacuate it as soon as the avowed object of the expedition,—the chastisement of the Dey—should have been obtained; and it was supposed that they were only waiting for the consolidation of their new colony to invade the dominions of the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli. If Mehemet Ali, by the weakness of the Sultan, had become the independent sovereign (for the vassalage to the Sultan would have been only nominal) of Egypt and Syria, he would indeed have been a formidable ally of France, and that country would have had little difficulty in extending her conquests on the African coast. With a firm footing in Africa, and an intimate alliance with the new king of Syria and Egypt, French ambition might have taken a new flight, and not only have endangered the English possessions in the East, but have made France so powerful in

Europe as to contend successfully against her ancient foes and more recent ally—these considerations may have operated upon the English cabinet: if they did not, they ought to have done; and they were of themselves quite sufficient to make the diminution of the power of Mehemet Ali an object of importance. M. Thiers took, or pretended to take, a different view of the motives of Lord Palmerston. He first said, that he had been made the dupe of Russia; and even the *Journal des Debats*, although in opposition to M. Thiers, contained a long article, intending to show how Lord Palmerston had been duped, and the utter impracticability of his opposing any barrier to the designs of Russia, having once consented to the principle of lowering the power and influence of the Pacha. At a later period M. Thiers made his journals assert that England, anxious to obtain Egypt for herself, and willing to purchase even the temporary safety of India by a sacrifice to Russia, had agreed to a partition of the Turkish dominions, and to allow Russia to take possession of Constantinople, on a pledge that she would not attempt to interfere with the British possessions in India. This was said before the treaty of July 15 was signed. When the news of the signature of the treaty reached M. Thiers, the basest motives were attributed by him to all the powers who were parties to it, and eventually he threatened to prevent its execution by force.

It has been made a charge against the English cabinet by the French, that the intention to conclude the treaty of London was concealed from their ambassador in Paris, and that an opportunity was not afforded, even at the eleventh hour, for France to become a party to the treaty, and so prevent that isolation from the councils of Europe which was dangerous and humiliating to her in every point of view. To this it has been replied, that although the French government was not informed of the day on which the treaty was to be signed, it was frequently and unequivocally told, that if France would not consent to become a party to a treaty upon the conditions agreed upon by the four powers, it would be signed by the four without her. Of this there is no doubt; all the documents connected with the negotiations show it; and M. Guizot has admitted this to have been the fact. There was, however, to say the least, a want of courtesy towards France, in not giving her the opportunity of repenting at the eleventh hour; and it is certainly to be regretted that a course, which would have been at once dignified and proper, was not observed. The facts which have transpired since the publication of the treaty

show that there had been much, and, even for diplomacy, very unwarrantable deception on the part of the cabinet of M. Thiers.

It is known now to the public, as it was at the time to the English government, that whilst his ambassador in London was instructed to inform the representatives of the four powers that M. Thiers was anxious to become a party to the treaty, provided reasonable conditions could be obtained for Mehemet Ali, and that the French cabinet, in withdrawing from the conference which it had been the first to propose, had acted under the influence of popular feeling, but would do nothing to embarrass the proceedings of the other powers, M. Thiers was endeavouring to bring about a private arrangement between the Sultan and his vassal, without the concurrence of the powers of Europe, and on conditions essentially different from those upon which they had agreed. It is known that the French ambassador at Constantinople, and the French consul-general at Alexandria, were both actively at work in an attempt to bring about such an arrangement, and that M. Ferrier had been sent on a special mission to the same effect. The treachery and duplicity of the conduct of M. Thiers deserved the trick that was played upon him by the secret conclusion of the treaty of July 15, as far as he was concerned; but the powers ought, perhaps, to have considered that M. Thiers was not France, and that some courtesy was due to the French nation, although none whatever was due to him. In other countries the conduct of a minister may be fairly regarded as that of the nation in whose name he acts; but in a country where the average duration of a cabinet is only seven months, the feelings of the nation can hardly be said to be represented by any one man, or any one set of men. If M. Thiers had been told that such or such a treaty would be signed on a certain day, and had been formally called upon to accede to it or protest against it, the knowledge of the fact must have reached the king, and he would have displaced M. Thiers if he had refused to sign; for Louis Philip was able to foresee all the mischief of isolation. No sooner had he heard of the treaty than he exclaimed, "This is a great calamity. The pride of the French is touched. Mad as they were in their enthusiasm for the cause of the Pacha, I should have had much less difficulty in bringing them to co-operate with the four powers against him, than I shall now have in keeping them quiet under the effect of this slight."

The news of the signature of the treaty was a thunderbolt for the French nation. The friends of the alliance with England de-

explored it, the enemies of the alliance made it the subject of comment, in which they mingled ignorance with rage. M. Thiers would have found it difficult to stem the torrent, if he had been disposed to do so, for his journals had made the populace drunk with excitement; but he had no desire of the kind. His journals teemed with abuse of Lord Palmerston, whom they represented as having bullied his colleagues into a compliance with his views; and this opinion was fostered by M. Thiers. It is, perhaps, but just to say that he entertained it himself. Mr. Waghorn came to Paris and had an interview with M. Thiers, in which he represented Lord Palmerston as being alone in his ideas of the mode of solution of the eastern question: and said, that if M. Thiers would stand firm, the inevitable result must be the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the councils of the queen. The English reader will smile, perhaps, at the assertion that the statement of Mr. Waghorn produced an effect upon the mind of M. Thiers. He must learn that Mr. Waghorn had a certain reputation in France, that he was regarded as the intimate friend of Mehemet Ali, and as being in the confidence of some leading politicians in England; and it must not be forgotten that M. Thiers is neither a prudent nor a discerning statesman. He is a showy orator, a clever writer, but almost as unfit for a minister as Mr. Waghorn himself. M. Thiers was strengthened in his opinion by a radical deputation from England, headed by Mr. Attwood, and he was also in communication with Mr. Urquhart. He fancied that he had only to abuse Lord Palmerston, and to desire his journals to write up to radical feeling in England, to overthrow a cabinet which he knew to be weak. His denunciations of the treaty were not confined to the journals of the left or radical party in France; they appeared also in the evening papers, the *Messenger* and the *Moniteur Parisien*, which were official. In all the journals secret articles to the treaty were spoken of, and the French were led to believe that the partition of the Turkish empire had been decreed. The French cared little about that as far as the balance of power was concerned, for their commercial relations with Egypt are of trifling extent; but the idea of spoil and plunder in which they were to have no share, was not to be borne. Did M. Thiers himself believe that there were articles of this nature in the treaty? It is probable that he did: for it was declared in Paris by an English employé of some rank, that there were secret articles of a scandalous nature connected with the treaty; and the declaration was

made in such a way that it must have reached the ears of M. Thiers.

The policy of the French cabinet immediately after receiving the news of the treaty was to excite a national feeling in England against the cabinet, and to prevent the ratification of it by Austria and Prussia: the idea of going to war to prevent its execution was not then entertained. M. Thiers imagined that Austria and Prussia were to be bullied into a refusal to ratify the treaty. "Menaces to England and Russia," said he to one of his colleagues, "will have no effect; but I know the Austrians and the Prussians. We have only to menace them and they will give way." Menaces were tried, and they failed. It was now certain that the treaty would receive its execution, but no person in the French cabinet supposed that any serious step would be taken before the spring, and M. Thiers lived on for a short time in hope. He had declared that menaces would not avail with either England or Russia; yet no sooner did the news of the taking of Beyrout arrive, than he thundered forth menaces of invasion and propagandism all over the world. He had not waited however for the fall of Beyrout for the adoption of a warlike attitude. He had already compelled the king, by the influence of popular feeling, to sign ordinances for raising the army from little more than 300,000 to 500,000 men, and for fitting out several new ships of war. With a certain degree of tact he took advantage of the public excitement to revive the old project of fortifying Paris, a project which he knew would be acceptable to the king, as a means of security against the populace, and which hitherto had met with almost general resistance. The French were now told that they must, whilst invading other countries, have a secure retreat at home in the event of a first reverse, and they swallowed the bait.

The fall of Beyrout announced in a lying telegraphic despatch, which stated that the bombardment had lasted nine days, and that the town had been reduced to ashes after a brilliant defence, and followed up by details in which it was said that the allies had wantonly fired upon the hospital, murdered the sick, and directed their shot against the French consul's flag, produced a deep sensation in France. At that moment, if M. Thiers had made a *levy en masse* to march to the frontiers and invade the German provinces of the Rhine, he could have raised a million of men; but his plans were not yet ripe. He had foolishly supposed that the allies would remain quiet in Europe during

the winter, and that he could make preparations for falling upon them in the spring with effect. He now addressed to Lord Palmerston his famous note of the 8th of October, in which for the first time he laid in his *casus belli*. The Sultan had decreed the deposition of Mehemet Ali as viceroy of Egypt; this he said, France would not permit, but he abandoned Syria to the chances of war. Whether Lord Palmerston was really deceived by this note, or thought proper to appear ignorant of its hidden meaning, is not known; but it did not deceive those who were acquainted with the duplicity of M. Thiers; and he has since confessed that he never intended to confine himself to a demand for the revocation of the decree of Mehemet Ali, which had indeed almost been promised by the allies before he wrote his note, and intended in the spring to demand further concessions in favour of the Pacha, and if they should be refused, to declare war.

A short time previously to the fall of Beyrout an ordonnance had appeared convoking the Chambers for the end of October. It was generally understood that the object of the convocation was to obtain the legislative sanction for the royal ordonnances, authorizing an expenditure of about 150 millions of francs for the increase of the army to 500,000 men, the fitting out of new ships of war, and the commencement of the fortifications of Paris. The ordonnances for the army and navy were acts which fell fairly within the limits of ministerial power, and very little was said against their legality even by the opponents of M. Thiers; but the ordonnance for the fortifications of Paris excited great dissatisfaction from the constitutional party, who contended, that as this measure was not one of urgency, M. Thiers ought to have waited for the meeting of the Chambers before he incurred any expenditure on this point. The Republicans also were dissatisfied, for they believed that M. Thiers intended to revive the system of detached forts, against which they had protested as being meant to give the military a constant command of the capital, and prevent the success of any explosion against the government; and they imagined that M. Thiers had adopted this project in order to gratify the king, and induce him to consent to the preparations for war which the cabinet had advised. It was rumoured however by the conservative or king's party, that the king had become alarmed at the rapid spread of the revolutionary party, which was clamorous for war as the sure means of exciting the passions of the multitude against foreign

powers and against Louis Philip, who was regarded as their protégé, and that he had refused to continue his sanction to the policy of M. Thiers, until he should be convinced that the majority of the Chambers thought as M. Thiers did on the question of peace or war. The note of the 8th October, and the pacific reply of Lord Palmerston, had induced many persons to believe, that if the four powers would revoke the decree of the Sultan for the deposition of Mehemet Ali, M. Thiers himself would not push his armaments further; and that having carried the credits for the fortifications of Paris, he would there stop. It appears, however, that in obeying the mandate of the king for the convocation of the Chambers, M. Thiers was resolved that the question of peace or war should not be submitted for discussion free from royal influence, but that the king should in the speech from the throne demand new armaments, and thus show that he was resolved for war.

In the beginning of October M. Thiers informed the king of his intention to ask for a further increase of 400,000 men for the army. The king objected, and as M. Thiers threatened to resign if his view was not adopted, Louis Philip consulted the Duke de Broglie as to the possibility of forming a new administration. The Duke, who had recommended, after the resignation of the Soult cabinet in February, that a junction should be formed of Soult and Thiers—a combination rendered impossible by the refusal of Marshal Soult to put his legs under the same table (we use his own words), either in or out of the council, with a man by whom he had been ridiculed and insulted, was anxious to prevent the dissolution of the Thiers cabinet,—dwelt much in his interviews with the king upon the difficulty in forming a cabinet which should be able to stand against the popular current, the flood-gates of which had been opened by Thiers. Whilst he declared his disapprobation of the policy of the Thiers cabinet, he advised a compromise, but his advice was not agreeable to the king, who, detesting his minister, had not been idle in his endeavours to ascertain the feeling of the deputies with regard to the formation of a new cabinet. The king had sent for M. Guizot to Eu, and had learnt from his own mouth the real state of feeling in England on the Eastern question and in France. He had also received private communication from M. Guizot by letter, which convinced him that the four powers would concede nothing to menaces, and that they were firmly resolved on preventing the propagandism which was threatened by the organs of the French cabi-

met. It is said that many of the communications made by M. Guizot to the king were intercepted; but he received sufficient to show him the necessity of immediate and vigorous action. When the Duke de Broglie, who remained firm in the promise which he had made to his wife on her death-bed, to return no more to the ministry until he should have completed the education of their child, found that the king was resolute, he readily lent his aid in the formation of a new cabinet, and communications were opened with Guizot and Soult. Thiers knew this, and at once laid before the king the draft of a speech from the throne calling for new armaments, and declaring the intention of France to vindicate what he called insulted honour, *coute qui coute*. The king refused to sanction this speech, and Thiers and his colleagues resigned. Nearly three weeks elapsed before they went out of office, and Thiers evidently calculated during the whole of that time on being able to coerce the king into compliance. Indirect but atrocious attacks upon Louis Philip were made by the ministerial journals; it was hinted that if he did not adopt to the fullest extent the policy of his cabinet, a revolution would break out, of which he would be the first victim; and he was held out as the timid tool of the allies and an enemy to the dignity of France. Louis Philip knew that if his refusal to go to war might produce revolution, going to war would certainly produce it; for a war in the state of public feeling in France would only have been a war of propaganda, the leaders of which must necessarily be the Republicans, and he was not willing to lay down the sceptre for a revolution which must have ended in a consular government, and to see power transferred from his dynasty to the person of M. Thiers. He formed a new ministry in despite of public clamour, and in November the Chambers met.

In the mean time events were proceeding with rapid strides in Syria. The fall of Beyrout was followed by that of all the forts on the coast, with the exception of Acre; the prince of the mountains, Emir Bechir, who had remained faithful to Mehemet Ali until his own tribes abandoned him, surrendered to the British and Austrian forces; and the army of Ibrahim, after opposing a powerless resistance, fled towards the Egyptian frontiers. Never was campaign so fortunate, or fortune so propitious, as in this affair. The operations in Syria were commenced at a period of the year when in the ordinary course of things the weather would have proved a formidable obstacle to the success

of the British arms. M. Thiers had calculated on bad weather in October, which would have rendered it necessary for the ships to seek shelter in some port, and the pompous despatches of Soliman Pacha, a renegade Frenchman named Selva, who had quitted Paris, where he was unable to remain, and entered into the service of the Pacha of Egypt, led him to hope for a resistance which would have checked the progress of the allies, and left the question open to the spring. But Providence and British courage and energy baffled the calculations of the French minister. With unheard-of activity the British squadron moved from point to point, and a few ships and a mere handful of Englishmen, with a few thousand Turks, were able to take possession of a long line of coast, and to give such confidence to the Syrians, that the Egyptian army, although it must have amounted to at least 80,000 men, was driven before the allies. The commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army in Syria, Ibrahim Pacha, the son of the Viceroy, had hitherto contended only against Turks, and when contending with them only he had always been victorious; but animated by the presence of Englishmen, the Turks fought well, and they had on this occasion one advantage over the Egyptians which must not be overlooked. The men, generally speaking, received their pay, whereas a great portion of the Egyptian army was two years in arrears. Soldiers who are not regularly paid never fight well, unless they have the prospect of plunder before their eyes, and there was little prospect of plunder in Syria. When Bonaparte headed the penniless and shoeless Republicans of France, he pointed to flourishing cities and said, "Before you is plunder, behind you starvation and death." In this way he stimulated the ardour of hungry men; Ibrahim Pacha was in his own territory; he could plunder only his own subjects, and had he been so inclined, there was little plunder to be had. Two-thirds of the Egyptian army had besides been torn from their homes and their families, to which they were anxious to return. They would fight if they were compelled to do so, but it would be with unwilling hearts.

A short account of the way in which most of the Egyptian troops in Syria were raised, will enable the reader to judge of the nature of the army of Ibrahim Pacha. Some were agriculturists, who were tributary to the Pacha in personal service for a limited period; others, and these by far the most numerous portion, were kidnapped and marched off by force. The process of raising men for the army was, with Mehemet Ali, a very sum-

mary one. When he wanted men, he sent a body of troops to a fair, a market, or a fête, and suddenly drawing a cordon round the whole population, all the males fit to bear arms were selected, and immediately chained together and sent off to the army, as *forçats* are sent to the Bagnes in France. We have heard an anecdote from a gentleman attached to the British embassy at Constantinople, which is strikingly illustrative of this mode of raising troops. A short time previous to the battle of Nezib, Mehemet Ali being much in want of men to recruit the army of Ibrahim Pacha, and having so frequently drawn upon his ordinary resources, that none but the women and old men of the Egyptian peasantry frequented the markets, and the usual fêtes were no longer kept, lest the young men should be taken by force for the army, he is said to have induced a Christian slave, in one of the large villages of Egypt, to commit some offence against the Mahometan religion, the penalty of which was death. The man was promised not only that he should not lose his life, but also that if he played his part well to the last, he should receive a handsome reward. The Christian was tried with great formality and sentenced to die. The governor, who was in the secret, ordered that the execution should take place with unusual pomp, as the offence was one which excited great indignation among the faithful, and to do honour to the ceremony, and under pretence that a rescue might be attempted, several hundred soldiers were marched into the village without exciting suspicion. On the day appointed for the execution, the peasantry of the country for miles round flocked into the village. The man was tied up, and the signal for execution had only to be given, when suddenly the soldiers closed upon the populace, and driving out all the women and children and the old men, bound the rest and marched them off. It is but just to say, that the supposed culprit was released, thus showing that Mehemet Ali could keep faith. If he had chosen to break it, the poor fellow might have been executed, without having an opportunity of imploring the despot to spare the life, which he had solemnly promised to preserve. If this anecdote be true, and there is little if any reason to doubt its truth, we may easily conceive that troops thus raised could have very little zeal for the service into which they were pressed.

The Chamber of Peers adopted the address in reply to the speech from the throne, which had been prepared by M. Guizot, and was conclusive as to the determination of the king to remain at peace with Europe, by an immense majority. In the Chamber of Deputies

also, the majority, although not overwhelming like that of the Peers, exceeded the expectations of the ministry, for it was eighty-six. This majority astonished all parties, for the cry for war out of doors was loud and menacing, and it was feared that many of the advocates of peace would be coerced by it into a vote against the address. This probably would have been the case if the votes in the French Chambers were open as in England; but vote by ballot is attended with the facility of speaking one way and voting another way. A deputy is thus enabled to vote freely, without reference to his constituents. The really conscientious partisans of the peace policy could on this occasion prevent war, and yet secure themselves against the anger of those of their constituents who, under the excitement of the journals, were opposed to the preservation of peace. It is by no means an extravagant assertion to say, that in this instance the tranquillity of Europe was maintained for a time at least, by the vote by ballot, but let not this conclusion be converted into a general approval of the system. If secret voting may sometimes be turned to good, it may also at times be turned to harm.

The decision of the Chamber of Deputies was, perhaps, in a great measure, the result of the rapid success of the British arms in Syria. Governments and legislative bodies have a very great respect for what are called *faits accomplis*. M. Thiers had stated in the Chamber that he intended to go to war to preserve Syria; before the vote was come to on the address, Syria was lost. He said that he intended to land a French army in Egypt in aid of the Sultan: before the vote, it was known that Mehemet Ali had announced his intention of giving way. There was nothing therefore to fight for, and a vote hostile to the ministry could only have the effect of bringing back to power a set of men, who, during the discussion, had so completely identified themselves with the revolutionary party, that whatever their original intentions might have been, they could only return to office as the head of the factions opposed to all monarchy, and consequently to the monarchy of July. The revolutionary party in the French Chamber of Deputies is not strong. Two-thirds of the deputies are merchants, manufacturers, or *propriétaires*, (owners of houses and lands). These classes are essentially anti-revolutionists, for revolution is fatal to commerce, manufactures, and property in general. All that was necessary therefore for the Guizot ministry, in order to obtain a majority for the peace policy, was to identify revolution with war. The debate on the address was ex-

ceedingly violent, for all parties were desirous of making a show of patriotism, and there were few deputies (M. Guizot was amongst the few) who had courage to strip the question of all its fallacies, and contend manfully against the popular stream. M. Thiers called himself the child of the revolution, and said he gloried in his origin; M. Jaubert, an ex-minister, declared that he was for war to the knife with England, and made it a boast that one of the first steps intended by the Thiers cabinet, was to set defiance to England, and take possession of the Balearic isles. M. Berryer, the *royalist*, M. Berryer pronounced a fulsome eulogium upon the memory of Bonaparte, and entreated the Chamber to declare war, in order that the ashes of the eternal enemy of England might rest in peace. M. De Remusat, an ex-minister, described M. Thiers as a patriot worthy of the adoration of the French, and M. Thiers shed tears on the degradation of his country. With all this, however, the Gallic cock could not fight, for the majority of the Chamber resolved to clip its wings. The news of the division produced a powerful sensation out of doors, and the war journals called upon the deputies who had voted for the address, to publish their names, so that the traitors to the dignity and honour of France might be known. To this appeal they did not respond. The publication of the names might have led to calculations as to the number of white or black balls, which would have shown that many of the popular orators who had been most clamorous for war in their speeches, had been very pacific in their votes.

Soon after the vote upon the address, authentic accounts were received from Alexandria, that the Pacha of Egypt, who had been betrayed into a hopeless resistance, by the promises of support which had been given to him by the Thiers cabinet, had wisely consented to withdraw his troops from Syria, restore the Turkish fleet, and give a receipt for the hereditary government of Egypt in full of all demands. The unexpected fall of Acre, which the Pacha and his friends in France had regarded as impregnable, and the certainty that Alexandria would be bombarded if he refused to submit, must have tended materially to hasten his submission. He had seen that the English are as active as they are valiant, and that whilst the French were promising wonders as friends, the English could show what they were capable of as foes. The solution of the Eastern question, in a sense opposed to the wishes and anticipations of the French nation, has produced a strong feeling of hatred to England in the minds of the great bulk of the French na-

tion. They still talk of insulted honour, and threaten that they will wipe out the stain. In vain are they told that there was no intention to insult, and that having once said that they had received insult, they should do as men of courage do in private life, at once challenge the insulter. We are not ready, they say, but we have now the ashes of our Emperor, and over his tomb we will take an oath of vengeance daily, and wait for the hour when we shall have got rid of our traitors, and have a government willing and able to go to war.

We shall now take a rapid view of the interest which England had in the arrangement of the affairs in the East, and the position in which she is likely to stand from the solution at which we have arrived.

In the early history of Egypt, even in the Scriptures, we find that many nations situated to the east of the Nile were in the habit of travelling through Syria for the purpose of traffic; and as if nature had more especially taken care of our race in that particular part of the world, she placed there those indomitable animals, the camels, whose unwearied and patient temperaments rendered them peculiarly fitted for the transportation of merchandise and men, between the populous east and the no less populous countries situated on the sides and above the Delta. The remains of Thebes and Memphis, with the innumerable ruins scattered everywhere, attest the grandeur and great civilisation of the subjects of the Pharaohs. History goes as far as to show us that there were from thirty-nine to forty millions of people under the sway of Sesostris; and that the countries towards our oriental possessions were not less covered with people than that of the Ptolemies is proved by the immense armies which Ninus and Semiramis led into Bactria.

Between these nations there must have been a great interchange of luxuries, and also, from their numbers, of food; and we have a very early instance of interchange in the history of Jacob and his sons, who, impelled by famine, sought the abundant grains of Egypt, in the same way which modern nations traffic, by exchanging the precious metals for the means of sustenance. But this commerce was not simply confined to land conveyance. In the Bible, and in profane histories, we have abundant proofs of the early use of ships, and these ships not less in size than our own. The immense extent of some ancient vessels we have already shown in the preceding article. Nay, it is to the oriental navigators that we are indebted for our first knowledge of Africa as a continent, some 3000 years, perhaps, before Vasco de Gama ever saw the



Cape of Good Hope. From the innumerable colonies which the Greeks had in Asia Minor they must also have traded largely with the east, and by their conquests the trade must have fallen into the hands of the Romans. This is not matter of speculation, for, in the time of the Romans, there was an oriental town, in which there was not less than from 300 to 400 interpreters between the numerous nations which existed in the time of the Emperors; and in the time of Trajan there were no less than 73,000 foreign merchants at Rome, the greater number of whom carried on their trade partly through the Red Sea and partly through the Euphrates into the Persian Gulf. On the destruction of the Roman empire the commerce of the East greatly declined; and Alexandria, the depôt of Eastern produce, which contained nearly as many inhabitants as Rome, ceased to be the great emporium between Europe and Asia; while, in their turn, Venice and Genoa raised their proud heads, struggling and beating the power of the fierce Osmanlis; not many centuries ago the terror of every nation in Europe, not excepting our own.

From the immense power of the Mahomedans by land, and their jealousy of the Christian nations, travelling to the East by Europeans became exceedingly precarious. Independent of the dangers by land, the Euphrates was supposed to have become less navigable than it was 2000 years ago, from the falling in of its banks; shifting of sand, with, perhaps, stronger monsoons of late years than existed in ancient times, were the cause of the decline of trade by the Red Sea; while the perfect safety of the Cape voyage, without any molestation, induced English, Spaniards, Portuguese, and other nations, to adopt the longer voyage; which, besides, required no debarkation of goods or land carriage of any description.

A new era arose in the communication between Europe and the East, by the introduction of steam vessels. New maps of the shoals and coasts of the Red Sea were constructed, and those perils, which were considered to be a complete bar to transit to the east of Sicily, were, by the use of this new power, rendered a complete midsummer's dream. The journey to Bombay, which frequently, by the Cape of Good Hope, took eight, ten, and twelve months to achieve, has been effected in less than as many weeks.

It was not to be supposed that our merchants, whose industry has pushed trade into the most remote parts of the world, would remain idle spectators of the immense advantages, in point of time, which would be gained by the revival of this ancient line of traffic

between Europe and the East; nor that our government, in its parental anxiety for the extension and advantages of commerce, could have remained silent spectators as to the affairs of the Turkish Empire, containing, as that country now does, the great high road, as it is justly called, between the five divisions of the world; more especially with the immense trade we already possess, and hope to possess, in the East; and having, besides, the tutelary guardianship, either directly or indirectly, of 150 millions of souls in our oriental colonies, and immense interests in other countries, such as China, deeply valuable to every state in Europe, and even America.

We repeat, that while our government looked carefully at the importance of the passage of Suez, it could not of course be a passive spectator of the political events in the Turkish empire, and those European nations who had an interest, perhaps, in its dismemberment. It became, therefore, an imperious duty, on the part of our cabinet, to assume an attitude of decision in reference to Egypt and Syria; independent of her desire to aid the Sultan in checking a rebellious vassal. We, indeed, owe much as a matter of gratitude to the reigning family at Constantinople for the attachment they have so frequently shown to English interests in a variety of ways, within the last three hundred years.

No plan of policy was certainly more wise than that of the status quo. By keeping this great political principle in view we were certain to gain the friendship of Prussia, Austria, and even of Russia. It is perfectly clear that if England had only in view her own especial interests, she was more particularly called upon to stop the views of aggrandizement of Mehemet Ali; with all his barbarity the viceroy had so far introduced European customs and European officers and others into his service, as to make him a very different kind of personage from Abd-el Kader, or any of the other Mahomedan chiefs or pachas.

With a population of 2,500,000 souls, and an army of all sorts from 200,000 to 300,000 men, as Clot Bey pretended, and which would have been powerful if well organized, he had got a certain kind of importance; and had he obtained even a limited sovereignty over Syria with her three millions more, his army might have become dangerous not only to the existence of Turkey as a power, but in obstructing our passage to and from the Red Sea, and consequently, into our Eastern possessions; attempts against which had been already made within the last few years, to please, as some supposed, those renegade Frenchmen who surround

him, and who were unceasingly dinning into his ears, that his grand line of foreign policy was to unite with France as the power who could and would protect him whenever he should hoist the standard of absolute independence. Nor was it simply breaking up the Turkish empire we had to look at. Mehemet Ali was adding ship after ship to his fleet, and in the event of Russia ever coming to Constantinople, or a general war breaking out, his navy might have been of some service if joined to the French and Russian fleets, either in the Mediterranean or Black Seas. We were also not blind to the martial character of his probable successors—weak he was with Egypt and weak he is still—our policy has been, and is, to keep him so; for although in point of physical force it would be easy with 30,000 sepoy, and as many English troops, to march to Cairo whenever we pleased, prevention was better than cure; and to use the old adage, “a stitch in time may save nine.” It is an easy matter for us to command the Sultan by our fleet and our power over Constantinople, and thus to obtain a passage, should it be practicable, by the Euphrates. At present, however, we do not demand anything exclusive. We ask for no territory, nor exclusive privilege. All that we have gained or seek is in common with France, and every other nation.

The Republican party in France, in the mortification which they experience at seeing their calculations of preponderance against both Russia and England baffled in the East, now threaten to cultivate an alliance with the Czar, and the legitimists, with more consistency as to principle than the republicans, adopt the same view. We do not believe that either of these parties is very likely for some time to come to obtain the upper hand in French politics, neither do we believe that it would be an easy matter to induce the Emperor of Russia to cultivate an exclusive alliance with France; but these events are possible. The French republicans and the legitimists are each a numerous and influential body, and the tide of affairs may either bring about a temporary junction of these parties against British interests, or one or the other may for a time have supreme command. The hatred of England is

as strong in one party as the other, if we are to believe its mere professions: and neither would hesitate to avail itself of any means to lower the greatness of the British name. The Emperor of Russia has evidently been disappointed at the turn which things have taken in the East; and a day may come, when, setting aside all feelings of repugnance to the French, he may join with them against this country. Let us see, then, how we should stand with reference to the East in the event of a war against both Russia and France; in which the other powers should be neutralized by some addition to their respective territories; not that we consider that such a combination is probable. Our duty in the event of a scramble, if we had no alliance, would be to place our power in Egypt and Syria on such a footing as would bid defiance to the whole powers of Europe together. This might be very easily done. We could bring up by the Red Sea, and with greater ease as our steam power advances, from 100,000 to 200,000 sepoy, officered by Englishmen; we might draw as many more men from our nine millions in Ireland, with contributions from England and Scotland also, as would raise an army of 400,000 or 500,000 men. These, with the Taurus properly fortified, and the aid of the Syro-Egyptians, would baffle any power which could ever come from Constantinople into Asia Minor. Accustomed as the Sepoys and Irishmen are to live on vegetable food, and with the immense tracts of fertile and unoccupied land, it would not require six months to make these countries an irresistible and useful colony, and with comparatively little expense to the parent state; and at the same time relieve our over-burdened population at home. On the whole, then, we consider, that as the Eastern question now stands, England has nothing to fear, provided she have men of intelligence and energy to direct her councils, and profit by a solution which we may, without depreciating any of the statesmen engaged in producing it, attribute in a great measure to the interposition of events, for which we are indebted, perhaps in a smaller degree to diplomatic skill than to an over-ruling Providence.

## MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

### ITALY.

THE musical drama in this country has flourished from a remote period. Sulpitius, an Italian, speaks of it as an entertainment known there as early as the year 1490. He was supposed to have *invented* it, but acknowledges he only *revived* it. From this date, therefore, we may go on to trace a few of the leading particulars that may be new to the general reader. For a long interval, however, the early operatic spirit, in whatever form it existed, seems to have slumbered, the principal Italian writers confining themselves to the production of Oratorios, Masses, Madrigals, and Motetts. The Ballettos of Gastoldi and other lighter composers, the "Canti Carnascialeschi" and the "Laudi Spirituali" were all proofs of the profound knowledge and powers of invention of these highly gifted people. The popes and nobles of Italy were all patrons of music, excellent artists were numerous, and yet the opera did not permanently establish itself until the year 1632 at Rome. Burney mentions that the first secular or musical drama performed, was entitled "Il ritorno di Angelica nell' Indie."

The most recent musical publications which have appeared in Italy have been "Memorie di Compositori di Musica del Regno di Napoli, raccolte dal Marchese di Villarsosa," published at Naples; and "Teoriche elementari di Musica di Alessandro Mampieri;" this latter work is in fact a grammar of music.

NAPLES.—Miss Adelaide Kemble continues an object of vast attraction. She appears at the Theatre San Carlo occasionally, and is always received with unbounded applause; her personification of "Desdemona" in Rossini's opera of "Otello," and her "Beatrice di Tenda" in Bellini's opera of that name, have been her most successful attempts. Mdle. Pixis continued to draw crowded houses in Bellini's "Norma," aided by Gruiz, Reina, and Giani; but her terms have been consider-

ed most unreasonable, being nearly 100*l.* per month for appearing three nights each week. Madame Maray, the other prima donna, has been equally attractive in Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy."

Mercadante has entered on his situation as director of the Conservatory of Music, with a salary of 20*l.* and a residence free. He has been elected censor of the Lyceo Musicale at Bologna, and maitre de chapelle to the church of St. Petronia at Bologna.

Not one new opera has been produced during the last three months.

ROME.—The celebrated Academy of St. Cecilia, which was established in 1584 and has conferred honours on upwards of 3000 persons, has just elected Bonfichi and Dr. Lichtenthal of Milan honorary members: it is somewhat singular that such celebrated composers as Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Cimarosa, were overlooked by this very excellent institution.

A new opera by Selli, entitled "Elisa Franval nel castello delle paure," has been produced at the Teatro Argentina, but it met with an indifferent reception.

The celebrated Theatre "Tordinona," which was suppressed by Pope Innocent XII. for some irregularities that had been committed in it, consisted of seven orders, or galleries, one over another; each order was divided into thirty-five boxes containing twelve persons each. The stage was 184 geometrical feet long. The other theatres were the Theatre "Allapace," the Theatre "Capranica," and "Torri di Nona."

PALERMO.—Ricci's "Scaramuccia" and Bellini's "Straniera" have been the recent favourites, the principal parts being effectively filled by Lusignani, Donati, Cavalli, and Colini.

FLORENCE.—The long expected opera by Prince Poniatowsky was brought out on the 11th November at the Theatre Pergola. The amateurs of that city pronounce it to be a work of considerable promise. Madame

Ungher, Signor Roncain, and Musich sustained the principal parts, and the opera was in all points got up with great brilliancy. The prince is engaged in the composition of a new work.

A new opera by Basevi, entitled "*Romilda ed Ezzelino*," was very recently produced at the Teatro Alfieri, and received on its production the most enthusiastic reception; the composer and singers were called forth at the conclusion of each act, but in a few nights afterwards the opera was neglected and thrown aside as worthless; this conduct need not excite surprise, for Romer's opera of "*Fridolin*" at the Prince's Theatre, St. James's, was received on the two first nights of its production with tumultuous applause, but on the fourth representation the house was nearly empty.

VENICE.—Riccoboni mentions that the theatres of Venice are open from the month of October to the first day of Lent. The Theatre of Saint Samuel had seven rows of boxes. In this place it was the custom for the spectators to go to all public diversions masqued; even the Doge himself went in the same manner unattended. There were eight theatres open, four for comedies and four for operas. As the distinctions of rank were observed, the ladies of quality placed themselves always in the front boxes, and those of another class, whose reputation has always been deemed equivocal, sit in the row immediately below. Those who sit on chairs in the pit, both men and women, take care not to put on any fine clothes, because of the disgusting custom of these enlightened foreigners to throw into the pit the remains of what they had been eating.

The Opera Buffa, or Comic Opera, made its appearance in 1597; it was entitled "*L'Anfiparnaso*," composed by Prazio Vecchi. The music of this piece is printed in a score of five separate parts, which are all employed throughout, even in the prologue. Each scene is therefore nothing more than a five-part madrigal in action. There is no solo or recitative throughout the whole performance, neither is there any overture or part for an instrument of any kind. The monotony must have been insufferable, every movement beginning in common time. The language is in general Modenese, and not intelligible even to many Italians.

Rossini, who has been for two or three years in Italy, has expressed in a letter his earnest desire to visit Paris, in order, says the great composer, "that I may once again hear an Italian Opera, which I despair of doing until I return to your city. In Italy we have neither composers, voices, nor artistes."

## FRANCE.

THE FRENCH OPERA AND DRAMATIC PROFITS ON THE CONTINENT.—The name "opera" given to dramatic pieces set to music was very common in Italy when Cardinal Mazarin introduced it into France in the year 1645. By his commands a piece entitled "*La Festa Theatrale de la Finta Pazza*" was performed at the Petit Bourbon, in presence of Louis XIV. and the Queen-Mother; and an Italian dramatic company, also engaged by him, represented, in 1647, a three act opera, under the title of "*Orfeo e Euridice*." Louis XIV. retained the musical taste which had been given him in his youth, and the Abbé Perrin was the first who ventured in France a complete opera, which was performed in 1659. Until that period the attempt had been confined to introducing pieces of music into tragedies, such as Pierre Corneille's "*Andromede*." In 1660 Mazarin had an Italian piece entitled "*Ecole Amante*" executed on the occasion of the King's marriage with the Infanta Maria Theresa; but the taste of the French was already turned to operas written in their own language.

At the same period the Marquis de Sourdeac distinguished himself by his ingenuity in the management of theatrical machinery. At the time of the King's marriage he had a piece called "*La Toison d'Or*," performed at his chateau of Neubourg, in Normandy, the words of which were by Pierre Corneille. The Marquis de Sourdeac displayed a Royal hospitality on the occasion. The company of the Marais was brought from Paris, and performed "*La Toison d'Or*," in presence of five hundred Norman noblemen, who were entertained above two months together at Neubourg, at the Marquis's expense. The Marais company executed the piece afterwards at Paris, and the magnificence of the spectacle pleased the King and Court so much that it served as a pattern for succeeding pieces.

In 1669 Perrin, Councillor to the King, and introducer of ambassadors at the Duke of Orleans's, brother of Louis XIII. and uncle of Louis XIV., obtained the opera privilege in France. The letters patent by which it was conferred on him are dated St. Germain, the 28th June, 1669, and contain the following remarkable passage:—

"Desirous of contributing to the advancement of the arts in our kingdom, and of treating favourably the said memorialist, in consideration both of the services he has rendered our very dear uncle, and of those he has rendered us for several years past, by composing musical words which are sung in

our chapel and chamber, we have granted and do hereby grant to the said Perrin permission to establish in our good city of Paris, and in others of our kingdom, an Academy, consisting of such number and quality of persons as may suit him, to represent and sing in public operas and musical pieces in French verse, similar to those in Italy . . . and considering that the said operas and representations are musical works quite different from recited comedies, and that we hereby establish them, on the same footing as those of the Academies of Italy, where *gentilhommes* sing without degradation, we will and it is our pleasure that all *gentilhommes*, *damoselles*, and other persons, shall be enabled to sing at the said opera, without derogating from their titles of nobility, nor from their privileges, offices, rights, and immunities."

Perrin, unable to provide for the whole expenditure of such an establishment, associated with Cambert, an organist, for the music, with the Marquis de Sourdeac for the machinery, and with a certain Champeron for the money he required. He erected a theatre in the Tennis Court of Rue Mazarine, and brought out an opera in the month of March, the words of which were written by him, and the music by Cambert. The machinery, which was by the Marquis de Sourdeac, contributed not a little to the success of the work. The piece was performed for eight months, with so much vogue, that Perrin's share of the profits amounted to 30,000 livres. But harmony was of short duration between the partners; the Marquis de Sourdeac, on pretence that he had advanced money to Perrin to pay his debts, took possession of the theatre, and got an opera composed by Gibert in 1672, called "*Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour*," of which Cambert composed the music. It was a pastoral piece, and it met with the utmost approbation. Lulli, superintendent of the king's music, availing himself of the discord between the opera partners, obtained from Perrin, through the influence of Madame de Montespan, a surrender of his privilege, and new letters patent, dated March, 1672, authorising him to establish an "*Academie Royale de Musique*" at Paris. The new privilege revoked that of Perrin, and therefore annulled the claims of his partners. Cambert retired to England, where he died in 1677, superintendent of the Music of Charles II. Lulli, to avoid discussion, erected a new theatre near the Luxembourg, in Rue de Vaugirard, and opened it on the 15th November, 1672, with the "*Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*," a pastoral piece, of which Lulli composed the music and Quinault the words. At the

death of Molière, in 1673, the opera was transferred to the Palais Royal Theatre, where it so long continued. Lulli managed the Opera for fifteen years, and during that period produced nineteen operas and twenty-five ballets. But the honour of creating the Opera is erroneously ascribed to him. It belongs to Perrin and Cambert. Lulli improved it, and brought it into the path which it has since pursued with so much magnificence. He is the second, and not the first, ring in the long chain which commences with Perrin and Cambert, and now ends with Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halevy, and Auber.

The first singers heard at the Opera in 1671 were Baumaville and Rossignol, with Cadiere and Cholet. The first female singer was Mdlle. de Castilly. The first ballet-master was Beauchamps, who was, moreover, a dancer with Saint Andre, Favier, and Lapierre. In 1679 Mdles. Brigagne, Marie Aubry, Lagarde, and Bony were added to the singing department.

At the origin of the Opera there were no "*danseuses*;" but in January, 1681, Lulli and Quinault represented before the King at St. Germain a ballet called "*Le Triomphe de l'Amour*," in which, say the chronicles of the times, the Dauphin and Dauphine, the Princess de Conti, Duke de Vermandois, and Mademoiselle de Nantes danced, as well as the most distinguished young men and women of the Court. The success of this "*mélange*" was so great that when the ballet was given at Paris, on the 6th of May following, female dancers were for the first time introduced on the stage of the Opera. The first "*danseuse*" who obtained reputation at that period was Mdlle. Lafontaine. Shortly after came Mdlle. Subligny, and next Mdlle. Guyot, who retired in 1725, Mdlle. Francoise Prevot, who died in 1741, Mdlle. Sale and Mdlle. Camargo, who shone at the middle of the eighteenth century.

The sovereigns of France always patronised the Grand Opera or Académie Royale. Under Napoleon and the Restoration, when its expenses were scarcely half what they now amount to, the Opera derived above 800,000 francs a year from the Imperial treasury, and upwards of 1,100,000 from the public treasury and civil list of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. At present, with a "*personnel*" costing near 1,000,000 francs, its *subvention* is reduced to 620,000.\*

\* The annual *subvention* voted for 1841 to the three Royal Theatres (the Italian Opera shares in it no more) is 1,087,000 francs. The *matériel* of the Grand Opera is valued at 4,000,000 francs, and it is obliged to give one hundred and fifty representations a year.

The salary of one singer only now exceeds what the *whole* Opera cost a hundred years ago, when the total expense of the "personnel," including singers, dancers, the orchestra, machinists, tailors, and dressmakers, amounted only to 67,050 livres. This sum, as a French dramatic critic observes, is scarcely equal in amount to the "feux"\* of the great tenor, Duprez. At that period a "premier chanteur" was paid fifteen hundred livres per annum, a "premier danseur" one thousand, and a "premier danseuse" nine hundred—sums for which Taglioni would scorn to perform a mazurka, or Elsler a cachucha. Times are indeed wonderfully altered as regards dramatic emoluments and foreign "artistes," although at no period, perhaps, has there been a greater competition in their profession.

In England, Italian singers were paid highly enough in comparison with what was allowed to their comrades of the French Opera at about the same period; yet no where has the increase been more remarkable than at the Italian Opera of London, when, under the management of Handel, Senesino, an Italian singer, obtained 1,500 guineas for a season, and another, Farinelli, after a short stay in England, amassed a fortune, purchased an estate in his native country, and, proving, at least, grateful to the source of his opulence, erected and dedicated a temple in his realms to "English folly." Yet Senesino and Farinelli would have marvelled if they had lived to witness the engagements of Catalani, who, as an intelligent lessee of the opera tells us, "exacted terms unparalleled in the annals of foreign extortion." What those terms were we know not precisely, but have every reason to believe that they have been much exceeded by those of her fair successors. Malibran, in 1829, was engaged at the London Opera at seventy-five guineas a night, with a benefit; and at the Italian Opera of Paris, in 1830, at 1,175 francs per night. After three seasons in Paris and two in London, as her biographer tells us, she had accumulated 24,000*l.* In 1833 she was engaged at Drury-lane at 150*l.* a night, and her next engagement at the same house was at the rate of 3,775*l.* for thirty nights. At Milan, subsequently, her engagement with Duke Visconti was 420,000 francs, with a palace for her residence, a carriage, and a free table, for one hundred and eighty performances. Julia Grisi, as was lately proved before a French Court of Law, realises above 10,000*l.* a year by her performances and concerts in London

and Paris. Rubini is stated by a French print, which, however, we cannot safely trust, to have made an income of 4,000*l.* per annum, and it will be no fault of the British public if his comrades do not thrive equally well after the memorable battle fought and won for one of them in last season of her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Damoreau Cinti receives, we believe, some 60,000 francs from the Paris Opera Comique, a sum, however, not extravagant, when we compare that great singer with the more prosperous *prima donna* of the Italian Opera. Taglioni's receipts at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and in London, would, perhaps, be deemed more extraordinary still than some of the above engagements if they could be accurately stated, though they may prove reasonable enough when compared with what the New World is yielding to Fanny Elsler, who is stated to have been engaged at the Havannah at the rate of 4000*l.* for one month of salutation. After these details, the emoluments of the singers now in vogue in Italy need not surprise. According to a statement just published on the Continent they are as follows:—Mariani, who lately demanded 6000*l.* for a season at Paris, 2400*l.*; Salvi, 2000*l.*; Donzelli, 2800*l.*; Reina, Poggi, and Penedazzi, from 1200*l.* to 1600*l.*; Ronconi and Marini, about 1600*l.* Mesdames Straponi, Scobierlechner, and Ronzi, 2000*l.*; Madame Marini, 1400*l.*; Mdlle. Francilla Pixis, 1600*l.*; and Madame Ungher, 2800*l.*

Composers have their due share in the golden patronage which the nineteenth century has extended to the lyric drama. Rossini leads a melancholy life at Bologna, with an income rated at 4000*l.* Meyerbeer must have, by his compositions, added a large revenue to the one he has derived from a wealthy father. If Donizetti, with his prolific pen and present vogue, be not on the high road to fortune, it must be his own fault.—*From a talented Correspondent of the Morning Post.*

The musical critics of Paris are at issue regarding Donizetti's new opera, *La Favorite*, which has just been produced at the Academie Royale de Musique; the one and by far the most numerous party contending that Donizetti has surpassed any of his former productions, by the beautiful themes he has spread in rich profusion, and particularly by the finales to the second and third acts; the other party, ever disposed to depreciate, from a habit of finding fault, declare "it has no novelty, no new thought in the whole, and that even when the composer vouchsafes to be pretty and agreeable, which is but seldom, it is terribly at the expense of all his other

\* A sort of douceur stipulated by eminent performers for every night they sing, act, or dance, in addition to their regular salaries.

works." All, however, agree that the production of this opera has been the means of introducing a singer of exceeding brilliancy to the public. M. Baroilhet possesses a barytone of considerable compass and beauty, and in the slow movements he surpasses even Tamburini for intensity of feeling and purity of style. The libretto is by A. Royer and G. Vaez, and the scene of action is in 1340, in the kingdom of Castile, where Alphonso XI., King of Castile, wishes to be divorced from his wife that he might marry Léonor de Guzman, a young lady celebrated for her wit and beauty, but whom he subsequently makes his mistress by a pretended marriage, so that she afterwards becomes an object of interest and pity. A young novice, Fernand, has seen her, and become deeply attached, for which reason he abandons monkish honors to return to the world, and accepts a brevet of captain, which Léonor by the King's influence bestows. Fernand soon distinguished himself by his bravery, and demands the hand of Léonor, unaware of her position in respect to royalty; the King, as the only possible reparation, accedes to Fernand's request, and the nuptials are celebrated, when Fernand learns that he has married the King's mistress. He defies the King, breaks his sword, and rushes off to resume a monastic life. He is followed by Léonor, who appears at the rites as he is about to take the vows, obtains his forgiveness and then dies. Léonor was effectively sustained by Madame Stolz, Alphonse by M. Baroilhet, and Fernand by M. Duprez. The opera has met with the most extraordinary enthusiasm on every representation.

PARIS.—A new musical work, entitled "*Histoire de la Musique depuis l'origine jusqu'à nos jours*," par M. Blondeau, is just published.

A new opera, called "*La Reine Jeanne*," was produced at the Theatre Favart, lately. Its story is made up of the adventures of La Jeune Reine Jeanne, of Naples, who is compelled to abdicate the throne by Prince Durazzo, and who is assisted by the Prince de Tarente, who loves the young queen and is beloved in turn. The queen is given by Durazzo into the charge of the Prince de Tarente, with a very significant hint to put her out of the way, instead of which he rambles about with his charge disguised as gipsys. While thus disguised, the queen makes a conquest of Lillo, a creature of Durazzo, who effects a counter-revolution, and proclaims the supposed gipsy-girl queen. Being once more seated on her throne, her difficulties increase, for Lillo, having effected a gipsy-marriage, takes the desperate step of

gaining access to his wife's chamber. Here the queen saves herself by a confession of her true character, and further mischief is avoided by the arrival of the Prince de Tarente, who marries the queen and procures a general pardon for the offenders. The music, the composition of MM. Mousson and Bordeze, is pleasing, but does not possess any striking passages or beauties. The singing of Eugénie Garcia, in the part of Jeanne, it appears, rather disappointed the Parisian critics.

A new opera has been produced at Bordeaux, entitled "*Tasso's Vision*," by a native composer, Gilloux, hitherto unknown.

Halevy has composed a new comic opera, entitled "*Der Guitarrspieler*;" the libretto is by the never-failing Scribe, and will be very shortly produced.

## GERMANY.

The German Opera, as it now exists, seems to have been derived from the operetta chiefly cultivated in the latter half of the 18th century, by Weisse and Hiller. The romantic opera is altogether a German production, compounded of the Italian opera, *seria* and *buffa*, with an infusion of their own peculiar dreamy and mysterious tone of thought. Weber brought this style of opera to the utmost perfection of which it is capable, and Meyerbeer, his friend and fellow pupil, has, in the *Crociato* and *Robert le Diable*, followed a similar path. This class of operatic composition requires singers rather above the common grade to do justice to such works, which, indeed, seems to be the principal reason why in England the public are so seldom allowed to hear them, as we literally have no school for the education of dramatic singers.

Spohr's operas contain some beautiful music, "*Faust* and *Jessonda*" especially; they are just beginning to be known in this country. We have only space left to refer the musical reader, who requires information on this subject, to the table of contents of:

"G. W. Fink's *Geschichte der Oper*."—"History of the early growth of the Opera."—"Its flourishing state even before it had a name."—"Spread of the Opera in Italy."—"Its first emigration from thence into Germany, France and England."—"The text in the Operas of that time in Italy and France, principally of Quinault's."—"Its progress in Germany."—"Christopher Gluck's change of the Opera."—"Its progress in England, Russia and Poland."—"The excellence and superiority of the Opera in Germany, in comparison with Sweden and Denmark."—

"Sketches and opinions of Opera texts."—"Ideal of an Opera composer;" and a short review of the present state of the Opera, from which last we have transcribed the following passages: "It would seem that the opera has gained, of late, a great victory over the declamatory tragedy and comedy, for if a manager of a theatre has no operas performed he will not find his coffers very heavy. This does not arise from any particular merit in the opera itself, but from the great and universal attraction of the union of so much vocal art which is indispensably necessary in the opera. We are come now to a fearful point in this art, for noise and rouding are to serve for more superior amusement. The more stupid and romantic it is the better, for simplicity is nothing, it will not go down, there must be a noise, or there will be no effect." Such is the state of the opera all over Germany.

The best works on Music which have appeared in Germany during the last few months are—

Dehn, "Theoretisch Praktische Harmonielehre; with Examples on Thorough Bass."

Franzius, "De Musicis Græcis commentatio. Inest fragmentum ineditum ad Ptolemæi Harmonicum pertinens."

Schiffner, "Seb. Bach's geistige Nachkommenschaft."

Fétis, F. J., "Biographie Universelle de Musiciens." Vol. 6.

Schütze, "Praktische Theoretisches Lehrbuch der Musikalischen Komposition."—Part I.

Van der Hagen, "Minnesänger Deutsche Lieder, of 12, 13, and 14 Centuries." Four parts in five sections.

The number of musical publications which appeared in Germany during the last two months was 497; of these, 9 were orchestral pieces; 31 for the violin; 7 for the violoncello; 15 flute; 3 of other wind instruments; 9 guitar; 220 piano-forte; 7 organ; 26 hymns; 106 songs; and 22 works on music—of these, 6 were works of instruction.

BERLIN.—The musical horizon of this city has been clouded for a long period. The latest production worthy of notice was the new opera "Der Bravo," by Mercadante; the principal characters were sustained by Mdlle. S. Lowe, Schultze, M. Bader, Mantius and Zehiesche, but it was considered too tedious and too noisy.—Mad. Stöckl Heinefetter appeared in "Ifigenia in Tauria," but with little effect.

VIENNA.—A new opera in three acts, entitled "Alfred der Grosse" (Alfred the

Great,) composed by W. Reuling, the libretto by Otto von Müller, has been produced with great splendour, and obtained considerable applause on its first representation, but, as neither Fanny Lutzer nor Mad. Schodel were in the cast, it soon ceased to attract. The Theatre an der Wien, and the Leopoldstädter Theatre have been principally occupied in the production of pantomimic novelties and light farces.

One of the most useful and best works for learners of the piano-forte has just appeared at Munich; it consists of 200 progressive lessons for youthful beginners, who are unable to span the octave. It is by K. M. Kunz, and bears the very flattering testimonial of J. B. Cramer's entire approbation and recommendation; it is entitled "Praktische Pianoforteschule für den aller ersten Anfang," etc. etc.

LEIPZIG.—The musical season may now be said to have commenced in this city. The first subscription concert took place under the direction of F. David; Marschner's "Overture to the Vampyr," and Beethoven's "Sinfonie eroica," were the most attractive features. Mendelssohn has resumed his post as director, and was warmly greeted on his first appearance after his return. A new piece by H. Marschner, called "Klänge aus Osten," has since been produced; it consists of an overture, songs, solos and choruses, and from the reception it met with, the composer (Marschner) will, no doubt, produce from these materials a grand opera; it is unquestionably a safe method to ascertain the public opinion at an early stage of the work. Moscheles, who had been staying here for some time, has now left.

On 3d inst. (December) the annual concert for the benefit of decayed musicians took place in this city. Mendelssohn directed his "Lobgesang," or "Hymn of Praise," which he had composed for the Gutenberg Jubilee. He has enriched this beautiful composition with several additions. The orchestra played with that precision which might be expected where Mendelssohn is the weekly director, and David first violin. On this occasion the director's desk was wreathed with flowers, and after the concert some sixty or seventy dilettanti sung a *Ständchen* in honour of the great composer.

MAGDEBURG.—The new grand oratorio, by A. Muhling, of "Bonifacius, the German Apostle," was performed for the first time, on the 25th inst. by upwards of 260 singers and musicians, and was most brilliantly received. The solos are exceedingly full of



melody, and were most effectively given by Winfried, Theodor and others; the composer, Möhling, has thus added another link to the fame he had already acquired by his oratorio of "Abbadona."

MUNICH.—A new opera, entitled "Die Nacht auf Paluzzi," has been produced with unqualified success; it is from the pen of a young native composer, Pentenrieder, who was called forward at the conclusion of each act.

THE DRAMA IN GERMANY.—There have been no new dramatic productions of very sterling merit represented in Germany recently, but the winter season will no doubt bring several novelties forward. C. Raupach, one of the few favourite dramatic authors, has just published his new five-act drama, entitled "Corona von Saluzzo," and his new tragedy, "Themisto;" these pieces will no doubt be brought out in Vienna shortly.

Gubitz's Annals of the German Stage for 1841, contains the following selection of favourite new pieces: "Verirrungen," (the Misguided,) by E. Devrient; the "Brautführer, (Bridesmaid,) a farce by C. Raupach; "Verwünschte Schneidergesell," (the Enchanted Tailor's Apprentice;) "Elfride," a tragedy, by Margraff; and "Dramatic Jokes," a comedy, by F. Maria.

Cosmar's "Dramatischer Salon," for 1841, also contains three new comedies and a farce.

### AMERICA.

Many of the best English singers are here receiving that patronage which a British public have refused to bestow; thus "La Gazza Ladra" is an attractive opera at the National, with the following cast: "La Roche," Giubilei; "Valcour," Latham; "Fernando," Seguin; "Ninette," Mrs. Seguin, and "Pippo," Miss Poole. Power fills the Park Theatre nightly, and Miss Fanny Elssler is pursuing a most triumphant tour through the United States. She has already realized 20,000 dollars, and will shortly take her departure for New Orleans and Havana; she cannot be expected in Europe until the spring.

The next novelty at the Park Theatre will be Mozart's "Don Juan," the characters being filled by De Begnis, Seguin and his wife, Giubilei, Miss Poole, W. H. Williams, and Horncastle.

Braham has been enthusiastically received at Philadelphia.

A French company are playing in New Orleans.

Mr. Braham, in conjunction with Mrs. E.

Loder, and Mr. and Mrs. Horn, gave a concert of sacred music at New York, with selections from Handel's "Messiah." Mrs. Gibbs, late Miss Graddon, also assisted; this lady who was so popular at Vauxhall Gardens some years since, is an especial favourite at New York. Mr. and Mrs. Wood continue to attract at the Park Theatre: no sooner is one engagement concluded with these talented singers than another is immediately offered them; but they are now going to New Orleans.

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The inhabitants of the distant colony of Adelaide have a Victoria Theatre, at which operatic and other performances are given. Auber's "Masaniello" has been produced with considerable success. The principal parts were thus cast: Fenella, Mrs. Cameron; Guiseppe, Mr. Buckingham, and Masaniello, Mr. Cameron. Mr. Levy and Mrs. Mansfield are also favourite singers.

### LONDON.

COVENT GARDEN.—The most attractive feature at this theatre has been Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," arranged with music by Mr. T. Cooke from Beethoven, Purcell, Mendelssohn, Stevens, Horn, and some original songs and choruses from his own pen. This piece acts better almost than any of Shakspeare's plays. The *classical*, the *fairy*, and the *homely* characters require no highly wrought acting to carry them through, and with the aid of pleasing music, fine scenery, and the best talent the theatre affords, everything conspired to render this one of the most perfect performances we have witnessed. Madame Vestris's excellent singing, although some parts of her voice are slightly impaired, is still very attractive, because her superior knowledge enables her to produce the best effects.

Mr. Planché's adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of the "Spanish Curate" has been increasing in popularity, owing to judicious curtailment, and the leaving out all obnoxious phrases. The beauty of this comedy consists in the arrangement of the plots, by which the audience are unable to foretell what will transpire in each succeeding act, and yet at the conclusion of each act the principal plot is so constructed that the whole terminates in a most admirable manner. In

the petite comedy of "Fashionable Arrivals," Madame Vestris delighted her audiences by one of the most pleasing ballads we have heard for some time; it was composed by Mr. I. H. Tully, and is entitled "Lovely Night." The new Christmas pantomime, "The Castle of Otranto, or the Giant Helmet," has been most effectively got up, and is likely to prove as attractive as "Harlequin and the Merrie Devil of Edmonton," which was represented so many nights last season.

**HAYMARKET.**—The lessee of this delightful theatre afforded another treat to the patrons of old English comedy, by the revival of the "Road to Ruin," Mrs. Centlivre's "Wonder," and O'Keefe's "Wild Oats." Mr. James Wallack, by his personification of the principal character in each of these delightful comedies, displayed considerable ability. His talents are so versatile and useful that we trust Mr. Webster will take care to secure his services for the next season, and thereby prevent his return to America.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new comedy, with the simple title, "Money," has been most successfully produced, but Sir Edward's production is not a *genuine* comedy, reflecting the manners and the spirit of his day, although it contains some broad caricature outlines which were made the most of by Rees, Strickland, Wrench, and F. Vining. Mr. Macready did all that fine acting could accomplish, but the character of Evelyn is evidently unnatural, and the same may be said of Graves (Mr. Webster). The *mise en scène* is superb, and the play, on the whole, deserved and will run through the season.

**DRURY LANE.**—Concerts d'Hiver.—Mr. Eliason may be congratulated on the success which has attended these delightful concerts. The truly elegant manner in which the theatre is fitted up, particularly the whole of the stage department, with its ceiling of fluted silk, its looking-glasses, and musical clocks, is a strong incentive to visitors. The programmes have been rich and varied, and the music has been magnificently executed, owing, in no trifling degree, to the unequalled conductor, Mons. P. Musard. The solos have also been most effectively given by Lazarus, Collinet, Koenig, Dantonet, Frisch, and Müller. Mathew Locke's music to "Macbeth," and Purcell's "King Arthur," have been very loudly and deservedly applauded, and the lessee deserves our thanks for bringing forward these splendid specimens of our early English composers. Musard's arrangement of the "Grand scène Satanique," from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," is most excellent, and was extremely well received.

Rossini's overture to "William Tell," and Auber's "Fra Diavolo," continue to be the most especial favourites.

As this noble theatre is probably doomed to remain for a considerable time without a lessee, who would be actuated by a wish to uphold and produce the real and genuine drama, it is far better that it should be devoted to the present refined species of entertainments, than those with which it has of late years been degraded. Experience has proved that Mr. Balfe is almost the only man capable of effectively producing operatic performances worthy of this theatre, and he is too cautious to venture on the undertaking; Mr. Webster, on the other hand, has been too shrewd to allow Mr. Macready to remain disengaged; thereby securing the chief dramatic talent in the companies of Covent Garden and the Haymarket. Mr. Eliason will do well to continue to supply the public with the same species of "sublime sounds" they have of late been delighted with.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Willy, the celebrated violinist, deserves the highest praise for opening this superb little theatre, which for the taste and elegance of its decoration is altogether unrivalled. In construction it is very like the Italian Opera-house. There are four tiers of boxes, all of which, except the middle portion of the second row, are private. The front of the first tier is divided into compartments, each of which is richly ornamented with scrolls, surrounding a figured medallion in relief, and is bordered by a gilt moulding. The front of the second tier is equally divided, each compartment having for its centre a large oval blue stone in imitation of turquoise, the bright colouring of which has a fine effect in the general composition; and the upper tier has its divisions filled with various little devices. The ceiling is circular, and is supported upon a series of arches, each forming an opening to the upper row of boxes; and the drapery of the latter, from the lower circle to the roof, is composed of the richest crimson silk damask. The chandelier is altogether unique in its character, and exceedingly beautiful. Generally speaking, where much gilding and decoration are resorted to, they produce a heavy sombre effect; but here, with the most elaborate profusion of gold and ornaments, everything is in correct taste. As a specimen of fancy architecture, the Princess's Theatre is a perfect gem. The promenade concerts, under the direction of the able lessee, have been most effectively performed; Mr. Willy has drawn around him first-rate talent: Messrs. Tutton, Baumann, Richardson, Dando, and Macfarlane, are established favour-

ties; and the public cannot spend an hour more advantageously than by visiting this delightful theatre, where the eye as well as the ear may be fully gratified. A piece called Beethoven's "Battle Sinfonia" and "Bouquet des Dames," have been very successfully performed. The latter consists of several melodies from the works of eminent composers, concluding with music, descriptive of an earthquake, post-horn, cracking of whips, coronation processions, firing of cannon, flourishes of trumpets, ringing of bells, and concludes with a grand triumphal march by Strauss.

These amusements have unquestionably given the metropolitan public an opportunity, never before offered, of hearing good music finely executed. Mr. Willy has engaged Harper, and has successfully produced a selection from Handel's "Acis and Galatea." The solo performers, at this theatre, are fully equal to any other performers in England.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, ST. JAMES'S.—The scheme entered into by the Messrs. Barnett at the Prince's Theatre has been a complete failure. No manager in that locality will ever make a theatre pay, and the unfortunate selection of a weak composition, called "Fridolin," by Mr. Romer, threw a complete damp on the commencement of this attempt to resuscitate the National English Opera. The public are beginning to know too much of good music to be drawn anywhere to hear inferior works by persons unaccustomed to operatic writing. We regret Mr. John Barnett's loss, for he is a man of first-rate talent as a composer, and his relative, Mr. Morris Barnett, is a clever manager.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mons. Laurent, sen., under whose superintendence the first Promenade concert in this country was given, will open this theatre with "Soirées Musicales," having a corps of no less than 80 vocal and instrumental performers of first-rate talent; the whole under the direction of Signor Negri, will be well worthy of public patronage. It will be a reproach if the getters up of so delightful a species of entertainment do not receive a share of that patronage which is conferred upon others. The singers engaged are Fraser, Signor Paltoni, from the San Carlos at Naples, Signors Galli and Giubilei, Miss Nunn, of the royal theatre Milan, for prima donna, Mdlle. Pauline Sonta, and Madame Pilati, from the Theatre Français.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Butler closed this theatre after a short campaign, during which he was enabled to fill the theatre nightly; it has recently been advertised as to let.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—This theatre progresses most favourably, and we are decidedly of opinion that the lessee, Mr. C. J. James, is worthy of a better theatre. The pantomime, "Georgy Porgey," is one of the best at the minor houses, and has a very well executed Diorama, painted by the lessee. The "Silver Crescent" succeeded "Jack Sheppard," and has become an established favourite.

*The National Drama.*—So long back as the year 1827, a writer well acquainted with the subject seems to have entertained prophetic misgivings respecting the decline of the drama. In alluding to the music meetings at Bagnigge Wells, The Rotunda, &c. &c., where singing, smoking, and drinking prevailed, he says, "The drama is a national good; it should be guarded by government, and these innovations quelled as nuisances. If, as I deeply fear, a few years will increase these Apollonian and Bacchanalian resorts, and decrease our theatres, I shall have some satisfaction in remembering that, humble as my power was, I was the first to raise my voice against a system injurious to the best interests of the stage, and destructive to the respectability of its professors." These prophecies have been more than fulfilled; what do we now see? Concert-rooms, with public performances, opened in most of the great taverns of this metropolis, to the manifest injury of all the minor theatres, nay, the principal theatres themselves are turned into Promenade Concert-Rooms, at a shilling admission. The instrumental music is well performed; the greater the degradation we cannot but think it upon all artists who have hitherto upheld the National Drama and Opera. Will any one say there is not as much talent now in England as there ever was, if we include those artistes who have been driven to America? Clever composers, good singers (excepting a first-rate tenor, which we have not), and all means and appliances to boot for carrying on such entertainments, and yet the public are deprived of one of their most rational amusements, because no experienced man of sense and capital can be found who will undertake the management, and by forming a School for Dramatic Actors and Singers, pave the way for the restoration of the National Theatres to their former dignity and efficiency. "*Your theatres are too large for seeing and hearing,*" say one party. There is some truth in this; but the facts lie another way. The system of Star-ing, introduced by Mr. Elliston, has more than any other circumstance contributed to undermine the drama. Here we will suppose a singer demanding 60 guineas a week, while the mana-

ger knows he never can draw one-tenth part of that sum to the house. An actress likewise demands 20 guineas per night, four nights in the week. This may answer the manager's purpose better if she is very beautiful and very talented, but still this system of starrng must be injurious, as the enormous expense prevents the manager from engaging respectable talent to fill up the subordinate parts. Every lover of the drama must regret with us the decline of their favourite amusement, nor do we see any immediate prospect of its renovation.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The directors chosen for the ensuing season are Cramer, Anderson, Bishop, Loder, T. Cooke, Lucas, and Neate, and the days of performance will be March 1, 15th, 29th; April 19th; May 3d, 27th, 31st; and June 14th.

**EXETER HALL.**—A new oratorio, by Dr. Elvey, entitled the "Resurrection and Ascension," has been most successfully produced; it is unquestionably a composition of great merit.

Madame Dulcken and Benedict intend giving two historical concerts.

Liszt is now performing at Dublin; he is accompanied on his musical tour by J. Parry, Miss Steele, and Miss Bassano; the whole are under Lavenu's direction.

Blagrove, Lindley, Hobbs, Miss Birch, Mrs. Fiddes, late Miss Cawse, have been giving concerts with great success in Scotland.

The Memoirs of Beethoven, translated from Schindler's work, with several additions by Moscheles, is nearly ready for publication.

A new musical society has just been formed at Islington, called the "Islington Amateur Society." The first vocal and instrumental talent in London are engaged. The two first concerts went off extremely well.

Three concerts have been given at a new institution in Great Smith-street, Westminster.

## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

It is our intention to notice the superior musical works, published during the intervening time between the publication of this Review:

**VOCAL.—Italian:** No. 1. "Eri cara! Eri sì bella." Romanza. P. D. Guglielmo. No. 2. "Per la gloria d' adoravi." Buononcini. No. 3. Recit. "A te O Signore," ed Aria "Re del Cielo," composed for Miss Masson by Frederick W. Horncastle.

The first of these pieces comes recommended by a name to be respected by musicians. It is a polacca for a mezzo soprano, of a pleasing and unpretending character.

No. 2.—Is a reprint of a very effective bass song, sung by Mr. Phillips at the Ancient Concerts.

No. 3.—Is a fine expressive composition in the Mozart school of writing, full of exquisite expression, finely conducted modulation, and passages adapted to the voice and style of the first contralto singer in England.

**VOCAL.—English:** No. 1. "The Violet." Canon. Three voices. G. Hogarth. No. 2. "The lights are fair." Ballad. Ditto. No. 3. "The Fishermen." Scandinavian Melody. Sophie Ostergaard. No. 4. and 5. Original Jacobite Songs, "The Hill of Lochiel," and "The Piper o' Dundee," arranged by Miss Masson. No. 6. "The Dawn of the Spring." Song. Frederick W. Horncastle. No. 7. "The Gossamer." Cavatina. Ditto. No. 8. "The Merry Mill." Song. W. Glover. No. 9. "The Four Travellers." Third Comic Round. Frederick W. Horncastle.

"The Violet," No. 1.—Is a pleasing vocal round, and will be an acceptable addition to private concerts.

No. 2.—Is a ballad of the old English style of simple expression, as superior to the usual run of shop music as the true race of English composers were to the multitudinous pretenders who now infest the musical art.

In No. 3. we discern an original northern melody, simple, and depending entirely upon the expression of the words.

Nos. 4. and 5.—Are two more specimens of Jacobite Songs. "Lochiel" is a beautiful melody; "The Piper o' Dundee," a quaint and spirited air, though in the minor key; is known to the frequenters of the *Old English* opera times, from having been introduced into the Poor Soldier, commencing "Last Night a little drowsy."

No. 6.—Is an elegant song, with a pure style of poetical feeling pervading it; the usual characteristic of this composer's musical ideas.

No. 7.—A fairy cavatina, somewhat more ambitious, but certain of popularity when well known. It is for a soprano voice.

No. 8.—Is a pleasing little song. The melody is well adapted to the sentiment of the poetry.

No. 9.—Is a proof, if any were wanting, that the talent of catch and glee writing still remains in all its vigour, under every circ

stance of depression that any branch of musical composition can suffer. Mr. Horncastle's last round, "Music in London," we thought could not be matched for its ludicrous effect; but in the "Four Travellers," he has introduced an *ad libitum* coughing and sneezing accompaniment that no four singers, we venture to say, can steadily sing it through without *themselves* giving way to the most irrepressible cachinnations.

No. 10. "Love in Idleness." 11. "Fairly lead them up and down." And 12. "Over Hill, over Dale." Songs in "The Midsummer Night's Dream." By T. Cooke.

The last of these is an extremely pretty song.

The two first are more suited to their place in the play.

In the press, "A New Treatise on English and Italian Singing, with Observations upon all the essential parts of the Vocal Art." By Mr. Horncastle, of her Majesty's Chapel Royal. The well known taste, judgment, and experience of this professor will render such a work invaluable to both instructor and pupil.

*Musical Mathematics.*—There is in the Library of the Royal Institution a curious MS. in the hand-writing of Dr. Boyce, called "Harmonics, or an attempt to explain the Principles on which the Science of Music is founded;" it was purchased by Overend, Dr. Boyce's pupil, for fifty guineas. This is, perhaps, the most perfect mathematical work on music extant, and proceeding from the pen of so excellent a practical musician as Dr. Boyce, must be considered a valuable work for reference.

*Dibdin's Songs.*—The Lords of the Admiralty have given orders that the best of Dibdin's Songs shall immediately be distributed throughout the navy. Time was when few of our tars could venture among his fellows to deny that he knew at least a dozen of these admirable national melodies by heart; and the days are, perhaps, not far distant, when such easy and innoxious stimulants to their well-known indomitable courage may be useful.

In Twelfth Night, in the scene where the Clown, Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, and Sir

Toby Belch, act 2, scene the 3d, are singing catches, or rather fragments of catches, there is one "To whom drinke thou, Sir Knave?" The whole of this will be found in a curious old musical work, entitled, "Pammelia Musicks Miscellanie, or mixed varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches, of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 parts. London, 1609, page 7." Malone supposes Shakspeare wrote Twelfth Night in the year 1614; if so, this old work may be considered as containing the original catch; it begins, "Now God be with Old Simeon."

*Musical Conductors.*—In an old work, entitled, "A Comparison between the French and Italian Musick and Opera, 1709," we find that only a few years before this time the master of the music (*id est*, the conductor,) had an elbow chair and desk placed on the stage! where, with the score in one hand, and a stick in the other, he beat time on a table put there for that purpose, so loud that he made a greater noise than the whole band, on purpose to be heard by the performer. The same practice, it appears, was observed in London about the same time.

*Ancient and Modern Italian Singers.*—In the same work is a curious account of the superiority of musical knowledge of those Italian singers who were educated in the good old school of their art over those of the present day. "The Italians are so perfect, and if I may use the expression so infallible, that with them an opera is performed with the greatest exactness, without so much as beating time, or knowing who has the direction of the music. To this exactness they join all the embellishments an air is capable of; they run a hundred sorts of divisions in it; they in a manner play with it, and teach their throats to echo in a ravishing manner." The total ignorance of their art now displayed by most of the Italian singers of the present day, is in ludicrous contrast with the foregoing account. They are literally *singers*, and no musicians, if you take them one step away from their parts. As to singing at sight, the first elements of this necessary branch of a musical education seem to be unknown to them, excepting in the instances of such cultivated talent as Malibran, Lablache, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### GERMANY.

THE number of students in the several German

Universities at the recent conclusion of the academical year, and the nature of their studies, we have been at some pains to collect :

|                        | Theology. | Jurisprudence. | Medicine. | Philosophy. | TOTAL. |
|------------------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|-------------|--------|
| Berlin -               | 396       | 447            | 404       | 360         | 1,788  |
| Bonn -                 | 172*      | 214            | 122       | 92          | 627    |
| Breslau -              | 284†      | 119            | 128       | 98          | 629    |
| Erlangen -             | -         | -              | -         | -           | 328    |
| Giessen -              | -         | -              | -         | -           | 404    |
| Göttingen -            | -         | -              | -         | -           | 693    |
| Halle -                | 402       | 87             | 115       | 72          | 676    |
| Heidelberg -           | 22        | 364            | 149       | 29          | 622    |
| Jena -                 | 145       | 168            | 72        | 99          | 484    |
| Königsberg -           | 114       | 85             | 84        | 109         | 392    |
| Leipzig -              | 267       | 366            | 220       | 88          | 941    |
| Marburg -              | -         | -              | -         | -           | 287    |
| Munich -               | 172       | 413            | 195       | 584         | 1,545  |
| Tübingen -             | -         | -              | -         | -           | 726    |
| Wurtzburg -            | -         | -              | -         | -           | 422    |
| And at<br>Copenhagen - | 657       | 177            | 142       | 60          | 1,057  |

The royal library of Berlin has been augmented by 69,418 vols. during the last ten years. Dr. Buschmann, the principal librarian and publisher of the posthumous works of W. von Humboldt, the linguist, intends publishing a new work, "*Ueber die Sprachen des grossen Ocean*;" the celebrated poem, *Brata Yuddha*, he intends giving in the original text, with a translation, explanations, and a glossary, to which is to be added a comparative grammar of the West Malayian dialect.

The King of Prussia has settled an annual pension of 150*l.* on Ludwig Tieck, and has invited the two brothers Grimm to reside permanently at Berlin.

The King of Bohemia has signified his intention of erecting a monument at Cassel, in memory of Johannes von Müller, the historian; and the good people of Kempen also intend erecting a similar testimony to the memory of Thomas von Kempen.

The King of Prussia has lately presented the public library at Berlin with the autograph MSS. of the *Egmont* of Goethe, and a Philosophical and Theological Treatise by Herder. The same institution has also received some interesting acquisitions from the captain of a Prussian vessel, recently arrived from China, and who made some advantageous purchases of rare Chinese books during his stay at Canton.

The third annual meeting of German scholars and philologists was held at Gotha on the 29th inst. Professor Rost presided, and was ably supported by Jacobs, Hermann, Thiersch, Lachmann, Götting, Bernhardt, Osann, Ritschl, Nitzsch, Gerlach, Fritzsche and Hand. After some preliminary business the company proceeded in 43 carriages provided for the occasion by the town of Gotha, to the ducal palace of Reinhardsbrunn, where they were graciously received by the Duke and Prince Ernest, who had prepared a sumptuous banquet. The Duke

\* 84 were studying catholic, and 88 evangelical theology.

† 162 " " " 122 " "

afterwards attended them through the pleasure grounds, conversing with the utmost affability and kindness to each of his guests.

A catalogue raisonné of the MSS. in the senatorial library of Leipzig has just been published; the execution of this laborious task reflects the greatest credit upon its careful, judicious and learned editors, Naumann, de Bøse, Delitzsch, and Fleischer.

The valuable collection of books and MSS. of the Chevalier von Schönfeld, has been publicly sold at Vienna, including his heraldico-genealogical archives of nobility, coloured collections of armorial bearings, old German poems, in MS. &c. &c.

The memoirs of Karl Immerman, the dramatic poet, who died at Düsseldorf, on 25th August last, will be shortly published at Hamburg in two volumes.

The total income of the University of Leipzig has been estimated at 241,150*l.*, the annual expenses amount to 13,350*l.*, of which amount 5,430*l.* is annually advanced by the state until 1843. The professors annually receive 6,375*l.*, and other officers 1,550*l.* The annual cost of the library is 530*l.*, and the botanical gardens 145*l.* The number of professors is 35; of these, 6 superintend the theological, 10 the medical, 13 the philosophical, and 6 the juridical classes.

Moritz Retzsch has at length published his outlines to Shakspeare's *Tempest*; the work contains thirteen plates, with text and explanations in German, French, and English. The preface and explanations are by Dr. H. Ulrici, of Halle, who states that "in the former parts (viz. *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*) the remarks were all printed together, instead of being annexed to the several sketches they were intended to illustrate. By this arrangement they lost a great part of their interest. The introduction and explanatory remarks to the *Tempest* are accordingly written at greater length, and upon a broader basis than in the preceding part of the sketches.

Professor Albrecht has been appointed to the vacant chair in the University of Leipzig, and the King of Saxony has conferred on him the title of *Hofrath*. Professor Ewald is at Tübingen, and Dahlmann has accepted the invitation to Bern; so that of the seven Göttingen professors whose fate has excited such great interest in Europe, Gervinus and Weber alone remain without an appointment. The former is rich, and will most probably prefer continuing his literary career of historical investigation; the services of the latter, well known as one of the first natural philosophers of his time, will doubtless be eagerly secured as soon as a vacancy shall be found in one of the German universities.

The first number of a journal, called *Archiv Chesky*, has just appeared in Bohemia, and has excited great attention. It is published at the expense of the Bohemian Diet, and under the editorship of the learned historian F. Patacky. The work promises to throw great light on the history, manners, and philosophy of Bohemia, as it is intended to make a critical selection

from the archives and public documents in the Bohemian language.

It would appear that some modifications of the Austrian censorship are in progress, as the *Conversations Lexicon*, published by Brockhaus from Leipzig, on liberal principles, which was formerly strictly prohibited, is now admitted into the Austrian dominions.

Several works on German literature have recently appeared; most of them, however, are works of a very inferior description. Dr. Laube has published one of higher pretensions; but the only one which displays the necessary research is that by Professor Gervinus, which has reached a fourth volume. It treats of the commencement of the modern period which preceded the great revival of the German literature, and although somewhat lengthy, displays many interesting features of the dawn which afterwards brightened into such a glorious day; and the student who has patience to follow the author through this uninteresting period, will have a clearer idea of the gradual progress of the revival than he can gather from the brief remarks in Goethe's Autobiography.

A new translation of the works of Sir Walter Scott into German, by Mr. Clifford, has been announced; and Mr. Moriarty has translated *Master Humphrey's Clock*, *Sam Slick*, and *Turnbull's Austria*, into the same language.

The celebrated historian and politician, Karl von Rotheck, died on the 26th of November. His history, although it displays no great depth of research, was written in an easy, popular style, and has reached the fourteenth edition. Professor Hermann, of the University of Leipzig, celebrated his jubilee on the 19th inst. (December), having been fifty years a Doctor of Philosophy.

The translation of Sir H. Davy's *Memoirs* and *Salmonia* by Dr. Neubert deserves honourable mention. The translator has exhibited equal care and ability, and the poems are rendered with much grace and feeling. Professor Wagner, the successor of Blumenbach, in his introduction, after adding his meed of praise to the manner in which Dr. Neubert has performed his task, concludes with a request to the inhabitants of Geneva, which we think it our duty to lay before the English public. "When I visited Davy's grave this summer (1839), I found the inscription almost obliterated; it stands in need of repair; and if I am not mistaken, Lady Davy has left a bequest for its preservation, the surplus of which should be given as prizes on scientific subjects, by which Sir Humphrey's memory, it is true, is brought more livingly before us than in monuments of stone or metal. And yet it excites, or at least it did excite in me, a melancholy feeling to witness the traces of decay in this fresh monument of human greatness, so recently departed."

Burns is at present a great object of attraction to the German poets, no less than four translations having recently appeared. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject, many of the poems and songs are rendered in a manner worthy of the original. We have likewise seen the first part of a translation of Shelley's works.

It is not without merit, although the translator, probably a young man, has not equalled the beautiful rhythm of the English poet. We fear that the long prose notes will find but too many admirers.

#### HOLLAND.

Professor Siebold is making rapid progress with his great work on Japan; he also intends writing a History of every Species of Arms that have been in use by all nations. He has disposed of his invaluable collection of Japanese and Chinese antiquities at Leyden to the state; although he had several noble offers from the Duke of Orleans.

#### FRANCE.

The academy of moral and political philosophy at Paris have offered, among other prizes, one of 601., for the best solution of *Déterminer les différences qui ont existé à cet égard entre les assemblées et le parlements d'Angleterre et faire connaître les causes qui les ont empêchés devenir, comme ces derniers, une institution régulière de l'ancienne monarchie.* It is to be decided early in 1842.

The second volume of the *Histoire Antédiluvienne de la Chine*, or *Histoire de la Chine jusqu'au déluge d'Yao l'an 2298 avant notre ère*, has just been published by the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban. The first volume excited considerable attention on its appearance.

Felix Ravaisson, the general inspector of the public and royal libraries of France, has discovered in the course of a strict search of the libraries of Tours, Angers, Avranches, Alençon, Falaise, a general history by Julius Florus, a work by Scotus Erigena, hitherto unknown, a Fragment by Guido de Arezzo, the celebrated musician of the eleventh century, and twenty-four of Voltaire's letters to Turgot, which have never been printed.

Eugène Pelletan, the fashionable novel writer, has just published a new romance under the title of *La Lampe éteinte*, which is likely to prove as attractive as his *Elie Arvert*.

The fifth volume of Roux Ferrand's work, *Progrès de la Civilisation en Europe depuis l'ère chrétienne jusqu'au 19me siècle* has been published. The sixth and last volume will appear in January.

#### BELGIUM.

Altmeyer, the learned professor at the university of Brussels, has just published an historical work of great interest, on the commercial and diplomatic relations of the Netherlands with the north of Europe during the sixteenth century.

#### ITALY.

Manzoni is engaged upon a new edition of his *Promessi Sposi*, to which he intends adding the piece Italy has so long expected from him, "*La Colonna Infame*;" and in lieu of the many Lombardisms with which he was once reproached, he intends substituting the most elegant Tuscan, an improvement highly gratifying to the lovers of pure Italian literature; for this new edition Hayez will supply the vignettes.

Andrea Maffei is engaged in completing his translation of Schiller's works. During his

recent journey in Tuscany he occupied himself, in common with Alberi, in translating the German classics, which are to form a part of the European collection about to be published by this learned and accomplished young author.

Two hand-books, one for Northern and the other for Southern Italy, will shortly be published by Mr. Murray.

The first part of an ecclesiastical dictionary, entitled *Dizionario di erudizione storico, ecclesiastica da S. Pietro sino ai nostri giorni*, by Gaetano Moroni, has just appeared in Rome. It explains in alphabetical order the ceremonies and the history of the Roman Catholic Church, including the lives of the saints, martyrs, &c. The work is printed at Venice, and a part is to be published at Rome, under favour of the Pope, every month.

#### SPAIN.

Romero, the dramatic author, has written a new drama entitled *Garcilaso de la Vega*, and which has proved highly attractive. The best Spanish novels of the present day are *Los Amigos Enemigos*, *El Caballero de Madrid*, and *Los Hospitalarios en la Isla de Rodas*.

MADRID.—The historical society have just published the acts of the cortes of Burgos in 1374, in the reign of Enrique II. of Castile, as a continuation to the *Ordenamiento de Chancilleria*, acts of the Cortes of Castile.

Don Jose Yanguas y Miranda is engaged in the production of a geographical, statistical, and historical work on Navarre; it will be entitled *Diccionario de Antigüedades del Reyno de Navarra*.

A new journal of great promise, *La Guardalorze*, has appeared at Malaga.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

It is with great regret we announce that Bishop Tegner, the great living Swedish poet, author of the Frithioffs Saga, has retired from his diocese of Wexiö to Stockholm much afflicted in his health, both bodily and mental. Insanity, it appears, is hereditary in the poet's family: his brother, a very distinguished man, died insane, and the poet, it is said, has continually trembled at the prospect of a similar fate. His last work was the poetical greeting with which, on the 5th of June last, as director of the Swedish academy, he congratulated the poets, Atterbom and Graffträm, upon their admission as members of that body. In this performance there may be discerned the scintillations, though not the continued vigour, of his earlier writings. He is now living in retirement, and his disorder, though confirmed, has assumed a very mild and gentle character.

CHRISTIANA.—A philological society has been established here, the members of which recently gave a feast in honour of Professor Sverdrup, whose exertions in behalf of the ancient language deserve the highest praise. The *Norwegian Constitution* is principally his work, and shows his knowledge is not confined to theory, but extends to practice.

#### RUSSIA.

The literary world at St. Petersburg have



been favoured by the arrival among them of the learned Arab Sheikh Muhammad ibn Saab ibn Suleyman Ayad al Tantawy, from Egypt. He was the chief lecturer in the pillared hall of the celebrated mosque Al-Aphar, at Kahira, where his fame gathered round him numerous disciples, eager in the pursuit of oriental learning. Of these, two have since distinguished themselves, Fresnel and Weil; the former is the spirited author of "*Lettres sur l'Histoire des Arabes avant l'Islamisme*," and is now French consul at Dschidda; the latter, is the careful translator of "The Thousand and One Nights," and is professor of the oriental language at Heidelberg. Both have repeatedly acknowledged their obligations to their revered master. Russia owes the acquisition of this great scholar to the Vice-chancellor Nesselrode.

#### TURKEY.

A weekly journal in the Turkish language has just appeared; its contents are political, commercial, and literary.

A *Conseil de Medecine* has been established, before which all medical practitioners are to be examined before a diploma is granted. M. Bernard, Kallega and Dr. Spitzer have been commissioned to form a medical military board.

#### GREECE.

ATHENS.—The university has had 232 students this year; of these 10 were studying theology, 137 jurisprudence, 30 medicine, and 55 philosophy. There were 19 ordinary professors, and 2 extraordinary, 9 honorary professors, and 4 tutors, making in all 34 persons, who were thus divided, 2 to theology, 10 jurisprudence, 8 medicine, and 14 philosophy.

#### AMERICA.

There are no less than 1555 magazines and other periodicals published in the United States. Of these, 267 appear in New England, 274 in New York, 253 in Pennsylvania, and 164 in Ohio.

#### INDIA AND ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

In the library of the Hon. East India Company at Leadenhall Street, there are about 1800 volumes of manuscripts, chiefly written on palm-leaves, in the Teluga, Canarese, or Tamil character. C. P. Brown, Esq., a very talented contributor to the *Madras Journal*, catalogued this collection during his sojourn in London, and found 468 volumes in the Tamil character, 997 in the Canarese, 336 in the Teluga, and about 250 in the Devanagari, Wandi-nagari Bengali, or Orissa writing. The Literary Society of the College at Madras are exceedingly anxious to have these MSS. transmitted to Madras, that the collection may be rendered available to the learned at large.

The March number (26) of the *Madras Journal*, just received, contains several very interesting articles; among others, the continuation of the sixth report on the "Examination of the Mackenzie MSS." by the Rev. W. Taylor, and an "Essay on the Creed, Customs and Literature of the Jangams," by C. P. Brown.

The Oriental Translation Committee in London have announced that Mr. Pascual de Gayango's translation of the first volume of Al Makkari's *History of the Mahomedan Dynasties in Spain* is now ready for publication. A portion of *Ibn Khalikan's Biographical Dictionary*, translated by Baron de Slane, and Dr. Stephenson's translation of the *Sama Veda*, were highly approved of; the latter was ordered for publication under the superintendence of Professor Wilson. The second volume of M. Quatremère's translation of *Makrizi's History of the Mamuk Sultans of Egypt* was announced as being in the press.

Gay's Fables have been translated into Bengal verse, and published by the translator, the Raja Kali Krishna Bahadur.

The two first volumes of a *History of India*, by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, comprising the Hindoo and Mahomedan periods, are in the press.

R. H. Schomburgk, Esq., who spent several years in exploring Guiana, has been appointed by her majesty's government commissioner for laying down the boundaries of British Guiana. His recently published *Views in the Interior of Guiana*, are both valuable and interesting; and his lectures at the Royal Geographical Society were received with such approbation that the Society awarded him their gold medal. He has already left London to fulfil his appointed duties in South America.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Frank Hall Standish, so well known to the literary as well as to the antiquarian world by his "*Shores of the Mediterranean*," "*Northern Capitals*," and by his more recent work, "*Seville and its Vicinity*," is busily engaged in that city writing the *Life of the Cardinal Ximenes*.

Mr. Edmund Bach, of the British Museum, author of "A Key to Schiller's Poems," has a similar "Key to Schiller's William Tell" in a forward state.

As the copyright of some of Sir Walter Scott's early works is now expiring, preparations are making among the smaller booksellers to bring out cheap editions. Waverley is already in type, and will be published early in 1841.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.—Professor Wilson, the celebrated oriental scholar, has an "Introduction to the Grammar of the Sanscrit Language" nearly ready for publication.

The Meerza Ibraheem, professor of Persian in the East India College, is preparing a complete grammar of the Persian language, to be published under the auspices of the East India Company.

Two volumes of the *Kamoos*, a celebrated Arabic dictionary with the Persian translation, have already appeared, and the two last volumes are in the press.

Messrs. Madden & Co. have just published the *Mirahaba*, or first book of the *Hitopadesa*, with grammatical analysis and vocabulary: the work is by Professor Johnson of the East India College.

# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1840, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

- Acta historico-ecclesiastica seculi XIX. von Rheinwald. Hamburg 17s 6d
- Ambrosch, Jul., De sacerdotibus curialibus dissertatio. Scripsit etc. Breslau
- Beauterne, de, Conversations religieuses de Napoléon. Nos. 1—3. 8vo Paris 6s Will be completed in 10 Numbers.
- Bondil, Le livre de psaumes, traduit sur l'Hébreu, etc. 2 vols 8vo Paris
- Creuzer's deutsche Schriften, neue und verbesserte. Vol. II Part II 7 Plates Darmstadt 5s 6d
- Ellendorf, Historisch-kirchenrechtliche Blätter für Deutschland. 8vo Vol II Part III Berlin 2s 6d
- Ess, Leander van, Die heiligen Schriften des alten Testaments, nach dem Grundtexte und der Lateinischen Vulgata und den neuen Testaments. 8vo 2 Parts 12s.
- Ewald, Die Propheten des Alten Bundes, erklärt von etc. 8vo Stuttgart Vol I 10s.
- ⲙⲁⲓⲣⲱⲧⲉⲛⲓⲱⲧⲉ, Festgebete der Israeliten nach der gottesdienstlichen Ordnung im israelitischen Bethause zu Wien und in mehreren anderen Gemeinden. J N Mannheimer 3 vols 8vo 16s.
- Frauenstaedt, Studien und Kritiken zur Theologie und Philosophie von etc. 8vo Berlin 12s.
- Görres, Die christliche Mystik. 8vo Regensburg Vol III 11s 6d.
- Gregorii Nazianzeni, S. Carmina selecta. Accedit Nicetas Davidis paraphrasis, nunc primum e codice Cusano edita. Cura Ernesti Dronke. 8vo Göttingen 4s 6d.
- Gregorius, Sancti patris nostri Gregorii theologi vulgo Nanzianzeni archiepiscopi Constantinopolitani: ed Caillau. 2 vols fol Paris 11l.
- Gréppo, Trois mémoires relatifs à l'histoire ecclésiastique des premiers siècles. 8vo Paris 8s 6d.
- Hibb, Neu überetzt und erläutert von Dr Justi. 8vo Cassel 6s.
- Huechke, Ph, Ueber den zur Zeit der Geburt Jesu Christi gehaltenen Census. 8vo Breslau 4s 6d.
- Liber Psalmorum secundum optimas Masoreticas recensiones, adjecta celeberrima Sebastiani Castalio olim professoris Basiliensis latina versio, a Dr Bissenthal. 8vo Berlin 4s 6d.
- Liebermann, F, Institutiones theologicæ. Auctore etc. Vol I complectens prolegomena in universam theologiam et demonstrationem religionis christianæ. Vol II complectens demonstrationem catholicam. Vol III complectens theologiæ specialis. Vol I 5 vols Mayence 27s.
- Maldonati, J, Commentarii in quatuor Evangelistas. Ad optimorum librorum fidem accuratissime recondi curavit F Sausen. Vol I 8vo Mayence 6s.
- Matthies, Erklärung der Pastoralbriefe. 8vo Griefswald 14s 6.
- Neander, Das Eine und Mannichfaltige des christlichen Lebens. 8vo Berlin 7s.
- Niemeyer, Collectionis confessionum in ecclesiis reformatis publicarum appendix. 8vo. Leipzig 2s 6d.
- Prophetæ veteres pseudepigraphi, partim ex abysinico vel hebraico sermonibus latine versi. Ed A F Gfroerer 8vo Stuttgart 12s.
- Schleiermacher's sämtliche Werke. Part I Vol XI Zur Theologie Von E Bonnell 8vo Berlin 12s.
- Strauss, Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und im Kampfe mit der modernen Wissenschaft dargestellt von etc. Vol I 8vo Tübingen 15s.
- Swedenborgii, Eman., Adversaria in libros veteris testamenti historicos. Ex operibus ejus posthumis in bibliotheca regis academici Holmiensis asservatis, nunc primum edidit et notis illustravit Dr J F Tafel. 8vo Tübingen Part I 2s 6d, fine paper 3s 6d.
- Itinerarium. Ex operibus ejus posthumis in museo academici regis Holmænsis asservatis, nunc primum edidit Dr Tafel. Sectio I continens partem latine scriptam. 8vo Dresden 2s, fine paper, 2s 6d.
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THE  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOLUME XXVII.

APRIL AND JULY, 1841.

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY JEMIMA M. MASON,  
(LATE LEWER)

CORNER BROADWAY AND PINE STREET.

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1841.



# THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LIII.

FOR APRIL, 1841.

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LITERATURE is the inalienable property of a nation. Language remains as a last moral barrier when every other natural or artificial line of demarkation is broken. The most accurate and spirited translation can give no more adequate idea of a work of imagination, than the cast of an ancient statue can stand as a fair representation of its inimitable prototype. To attempt to render the spontaneous inspirations of a poet into another language, is to betray an imperfect acquaintance with the original; and we shall take it as an indication of a general prevalence of good taste when people shall altogether abstain from translations.

Nor can the grammatical and superficial study of a foreign language better enable us to enter into the spirit of the standard works which fame recommends to our attention, or

constitute us judges on subjects of foreign æsthetics. A work of genius is the emanation of a whole age and country—it obeys the laws of national taste, which are perpetually fluctuating in accordance with local circumstances and social conventions. We cannot flatter ourselves to have fully appreciated the merits of a foreign work, until we have, by means of powerful abstraction, worked ourselves up to that state of feelings by which the author was actuated, until we have raised ourselves to his level, identified ourselves with him.

Hence it not unfrequently happens that the productions of genius lie for a long lapse of ages unhonoured and neglected, until they find favour in the eyes of a kindred genius, who holds them up to the veneration of the multitude, always ready to follow in the train of superior intellects, to join in their censure and plaudit, and to view with their eyes.

We say of *kindred* genius; for the poem of Dante, even in this age of revivals, remained a close book, and was heedlessly thrown aside by Walter Scott, whose *plastic* mind, vast and versatile as it was, was incapable of following the deep train of thought of the greatest of metaphysical poets.

It is not otherwise in works of art, where yet we should be led to suppose that difference of speech should have no control, and that to have eyes or ears were a sufficient criterion. Bellini's *Norma* is to von Raumer "the *ne plus ultra* of false musical taste; a beggarly, tawdry, patch-work finery"—the "ladies' maids of Berlin" are to Kotzebue,

"more beautiful than the Medicean Venus." The vault of the Pantheon is, to another German, "nothing better than a large oven." The Roman and Teutonic races are waging a perpetual war against each other in every branch of letters and arts, and they have carried their prejudice and animosity so far as utterly to destroy every idea of an absolute standard of beauty.

Down to the period of the French revolution the chaste and symmetrical type of Greco-Latin classicism had established its absolute sway over Europe. It was in the days when Racine and Voltaire held an exclusive possession of the stage, when Addison's *Cato* was looked upon as the master-piece of English Tragedy.

Our age has witnessed a most astonishing reaction. The northern nations have asserted their independence in letters and arts, as they had long since in religion and politics; they have spurned the models before which they had been taught to bow in awe and veneration, they have set up their Romantic school and broken the fetters of what had certainly become subservient to the intolerable despotism of classical pedantry.

The Germanic element has gained such a universal ascendancy as to exert its sway even over those countries where classicism seemed indigenous. The Italians have in their turn become imitators, and, as such a state of things must appear to them novel and unnatural, their literature has fallen into that titubation and uncertainty which is perhaps only the consequence of a state of transition, but which has been too hastily set down as absolute stagnation and irrecoverable death.

When therefore we venture to discourse on the present state of the Italian stage, we naturally expect to be asked what we mean by it, and whether anything like an Italian drama can be said to exist in our days. We hasten to meet this question by acknowledging that dramatic poetry, as well as every other branch of literature, is indeed, in that country, at the lowest ebb; that music has the exclusive control over the Italian stage, and that the two or three plays which we have placed at the head of this article, with a few others enjoying even less notoriety, are perhaps the only tragedies that have appeared since Manzoni and Pellico retired from the petty cares of the literary world, to give themselves up to the contemplative ecstasies of their ascetic discipline.

According to the statements of a recent traveller there is scarcely one theatre in Italy open for dramatic performance to every three consecrated to the opera and ballet. We shall not attempt to vindicate the Italians

from the charge of sensuality and effeminacy of taste, to which their blind partiality for music has given rise. The astonishing diffusion of that formless style of performance amply demonstrated how even the sounder judgment of other nations might be carried away by the melodious allurements of that syren which threatens to drive the drama from the stage, all over the world.

The opera is perhaps much less of an animal enjoyment than is generally supposed. It has some advantages over the drama to which rigid censors have not often adverted. The emotion worked on the human soul by a dramatic performance must be the result of close attention, of absolute long-continued abstraction. The drama is a tyrant that must absorb all our faculties, and whose chance of success depends on a thorough illusion. A slight reaction of reflection, a pre-occupation, an instant of listlessness or ennui, an ill-timed jest, a fortuitous interruption, and the spell is broken and the interest slackens.

Not so the opera. Music is no intruder. It asks for no admittance into the sanctuary of the mind, it hovers round its threshold like the minstrel at the entrance of a nuptial apartment; it breaks not, it interferes not with the train of thoughts or feelings, it brings into them a gentle agitation, it fans them, it gives them an harmonious, delicate turn, —it rouses, soothes, enflames, spiritualizes them.

The effect of music is immediate—it requires no activity on the part of the mind, it urges not, importunes not; it awaits the proper moment, it steals upon us unconsciously, unexpectedly, when our eyes are turned away from the spectacle, when our cares or sorrows unfit us for every other mental exertion.

By the invention of a spectacle in which everything was calculated to give music a boundless ascendancy, the Italians provided for the wants of their own restless and highly sensitive nature, which sought in the theatre the source of an easy and genial relaxation, and to which a long silent sitting of about six hours in a play-house, as our good customers of Covent Garden or the Haymarket have the constancy to endure, would be utter misery.

A box in an Italian play-house is a drawing-room, at Milan and Florence, not unfrequently used for supper. In the pit, in the gallery, in the six tiers of boxes, there are other interests at stake than the catastrophe on the stage. Everywhere there is nodding, and smiling, and flirting, and waving of fans and handkerchiefs; two-thirds at least of the

performance are drowned by the murmur of a general conversation, until occasionally a burst of applause, or the strokes of the director of the orchestra, announce the entrance of a favourite singer, or the prelude of a popular air, when, as if by a common accord, that confused roar of six thousand voices is instantly hushed,—all laughing, coquetting, and ice-champaign drinking is broken short, and all the actors in the minor stages submit themselves for five minutes to behave like a well-mannered and intelligent audience. All this has been said in order to prove, that although the Italian opera has been imported in all its splendour in this country, and though we pay rather dearly for it, we are as yet far from understanding half its mysteries, or from enjoying its real advantages.

In such a state of things it will be readily believed, that the actor's trade in Italy, as well as the best interests of the drama, must be in a very precarious condition. The few wandering companies, except such as are entertained by royal patronage, are every day decreasing in number and importance, and some of them reduced to the last stage of penury. Dramatic poets would fare still worse, if there were any longer in Italy persons following that calling. We know of no instance, since the times of Goldoni, in which an author's labours received any better fees than the popular applause, which he must accept as a pledge of the remuneration that posterity may award him.

The great number of private theatricals, however, and the zeal of numerous *dilettanti* of every class, have power to prevent the art from falling into utter discredit, and the talent of declamation is reckoned among the essential accomplishments of gentlemanly education. The drama, at least as a branch of literature, is still held in honour in Italy, whatever may be thought of it as a popular amusement.

Goldoni and Alfieri are still the leading names on the Italian stage. Overrated as the productions of these two eminent authors may be said to have been by their countrymen, they have, however, been too hastily and indiscriminately sentenced abroad. The best comedies of Goldoni are still unknown ground for foreign critics. We never met with any attempt at a rational examination of any but the worst of them, such as "*La Bottega del Caffè*," "*Il Servitor di due Padroni*," and other such premature essays, in which efforts poor Goldoni, while he gradually endeavoured to reform the bad taste of his contemporaries, was obliged to submit to it. These are also the first that are given to

foreigners as his "*Commedie Scelte*." Siamondi, from whose eyes the spectacles of criticism seem always to fall whenever he loses sight of his faithful escort, Ginguéné, has grounded his judgment merely on a few of these juvenile performances: Goldoni's master-pieces in the Venetian dialect, such as "*Le donne Gelose*," "*I Rusteghi*," "*Todero Broutolou*," "*Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*," and perhaps twenty others, which are a breathing picture of low life in that part of Italy where national manners preserved to the last their most striking peculiarities, are still, on account of the language, works of very difficult access, even for persons conversant with Italian. The recent reaction in favour of Goldoni, brought about by the exertions of Augusto Bon and his excellent company, has rendered the Venetian dialect familiar and easy to Italian ears, and given it a peculiar charm in the different provinces. But a French or German critic must not be expected to relish Goldoni's idioms, any more than an Italian could appreciate our Doric dialect of broad Yorkshire.

The manners of the higher classes, such as they were in the idle and effeminate period that preceded the French revolution, with all the intrigues and mysteries of ancient Italian *cicisbeism*, such as Goldoni portrayed in his "*Il Cavaliere e la Dama*," "*La Dama Prudente*," "*Le Femmine Pantigiose*," etc., and the petty *tracasseries*, the ups and downs of middle life, such as were represented in his three comedies "*La Villeggiatura*," or in those on "*Zelinda e Lindoro*," so eminently Italian, and a few of his historical productions, chiefly in verse, such as "*Il Terenzio*," "*Il Moliere*," "*Il Medico Olandese*," "*La Pupilla*," have never perhaps been read out of Italy.

This rare poet, whose inexhaustible, original vein, whose unparalleled *vis comica* has furnished the Italian theatre with better than one hundred and twenty comedies, has been, as we have said, recently restored to the stage, together with the modest and gentle though rather cold and infecund Notti, with the wild and not unfrequently licentious Giraud, with De Rossi, Albergati, and a crowd of more recent imitators, whose performances are distinguished by the appellation of "*Commedie di Carattere*," the comedy of the genuine Italian school.

The "*Commedia Goldoniana*" has thus by turns superseded the wild phantasmagorias called "*Commedie d'Effetto*," of which the famous *Fiabe* of Count Carlo Gozzi, now so greatly admired in Germany, were the first models,—the sentimental comedy, "*Comme-*



dia *Fiagnoiosa*," derived from the French and English novels of the worst school—the philosophical comedy "*Commedia Morale*," consisting in apt illustrations of the specious theories of the philanthropic school of Voltaire, and modelled after the productions of Beaumarchais; the "*Commedia Romantica*," from the German of Kotzebue and Co., filling the stage with horrors, with tears and groans, and finally the "*Commedia d'Intrigo*" of which Camillo Federici was the first master, and in which the Protagonist is invariably a duke or an emperor travelling incognito, to surprise his ministers or his subjects in *flagrante delicto*, and to perform the duties of an amateur police.

All these different schools have had their day. The Italians who can patiently listen to the same opera a whole season, betray an inexhaustible thirst for novelty and variety in the drama. No dramatic performance can go through more than three successive representations; and as the original "*Repertorio*" would be easily exhausted, poets and actors have recourse to frequent translations and imitations, especially from the French theatre. There is scarcely an example of any of Scribe's farces and vaudevilles rising into notoriety in Paris, without being forthwith "*tradotte e ridotte*" for the Italian stage. But of all branches of literature the theatre is the one that belongs most essentially to the nation, and admits less of foreign imitation, and after an ephemeral aberration of taste the Italians are sure to return unanimously and enthusiastically to their "*gran Goldoni*."\*

The formless and grotesque performances in the different dialects, such as they are exhibited at the San Carlino in Naples, Girolamo at Turin, and Stenterello at Florence, as well as in every other town, are to be considered as the remains of the ancient "*Commedie dell'Arte*," which Goldoni had the merit of banishing from the stage, and may perhaps be referred to the Oscan farces, which formed the delight of the Roman people ere the introduction of Grecian classicism. As these extravagances, however, are seldom written and never printed, they can hardly fall within the province of literary criticism.

Alfieri and the Italian tragedy, though more known, can hardly be said to have been better appreciated abroad. Nothing is more common than to hear foreigners unanimously

deploring the fondness which Italians seem to attach to the harsh and dry style of their only tragedian. The Germans, faithful to their romantic ideas, are disposed to look upon this superstitious enthusiasm of their southern neighbours as a fresh instance of degeneracy of taste, not unlike the ephemeral hallucination which dazzled the Italian minds in the age of Marini. The English, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, by reason of consanguinity a nation of eminently romantic taste, could hardly fail to fall in with their cousins of Germany. Henry Lloyd, Esq., who translated the twenty-two tragedies of Alfieri into English verse, by a strange contradiction, entered, in his preface, into a long dissertation on the flagrant demerits of his original. Alfieri has scarcely an advocate beyond the Alps, and must rest satisfied with the suffrage of his own countryman.

Alfieri was in Italy the last of classics, and happy was it for that school that it could, at its close, shed so dazzling a light as to shroud its downfall in his glory, and trouble for a long while, with jealous anxiety, the triumph of its hyperborean rival—the romantic school. When we number the greatest tragedian of Italy among the classics, we consider him only in regard to the form and style of his dramas, not to the spirit that dictated them. Properly speaking, he belongs to no school, and founded none. He stands by himself, the man of all ages, the man of no age—whatever might be the shape which his education or the antique cast of his genius led him to prefer in his productions, no poet ever contributed more powerfully to the reformation of the character of his countrymen. For that object he only needed to throw before them the model of his own character; it mattered little whether it was drawn with the pencil or carved with the chisel, whether it was wrapped up in the Roman gown of Brutus, or in the Florentine casock of Raimondo de Pazzi.

Alfieri had lofty ideas of the duties and the influence of poetry, he had exalted notions of the dignity of man, an ardent though a vague and exaggerated love of liberty and of the manly virtues which it is wont to foster. No sooner did the wild predilections of his dissipated youth give way to his thirst for fame, than his first verses were dictated by indignation. He felt that, of all branches of literature, the theatre has the most immediate effect on the illiterate mass of the people. He invaded the stage. He drove from it Metastasio and his effeminate heroes. He substituted dramatic for melodic poetry, manly passions for enervate affections, ideas for

\* One of the most successful performances in the style of Goldoni is "*Se fossi ricco*," a comedy by F. A. Bon, lately performed at Milan.

sounds. He wished to effect upon his contemporaries that revolution which his own soul had undergone—he wished to rouse them, to wake them from their long lethargy of servitude, to see them thinking, willing, striving, resisting.

To a man that wrote actuated by such feelings, the mere form was nothing. He had no models before him but Corneille and Racine, to which he added a very imperfect knowledge of the ancient classics. For Shakspeare he indeed evinced an indefinable admiration. He felt overawed by the extraordinary powers, but was deterred and distracted by the eccentric flights of that sovereign fancy. The day of Shakspeare had not yet dawned, the great literary crisis of Romanticism was not mature, nor was it in Alfieri's power to foresee it. We must look upon him not as the predecessor of Goethe and Schiller, but as the successor of Racine and Metastasio. It is only with the prosy *tirades* of the first, and the luscious *recitativi* of the last, that the iron framework of the fierce *Astigiano* can be fairly compared. The French, when Alfieri appeared, were believed to have the entire possession of the stage. Alfieri took upon himself the task of dethroning them, and accomplished it. For that purpose he chose to beat them with their own weapons. He forced his haughty insubordinate nature into the fetters of classical rules, and carried them to a superstitious extreme; he made himself a rigid observer of dramatic unity, rejected all accessory ornament, episodic incidents, and gave to the stage his drama, solemn and severe,—a bare, single, rapid, intense exhibition of horror and pity, never allowing the interest to stray, the attention to flag, or the excitement to cool.

Alfieri forgot, or perhaps wilfully rejected the precept of Horace, "*ut pictura poesis*." He was a sculptor-poet. Sculpture works for eternity, it seems to refuse to itself all ornament and variety, it is indifferent to local costumes and habits, it considers its figures in the abstract, independent of light and shade; but its powers are limited, its materials are stone, rigid and rough, unbending, unmalleable, colourless.

Alfieri's poetry was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues, his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting: but not flesh, nothing like flesh, having nothing of its freshness and hue. He describes no scene. The statues stand by themselves, isolated on their pedestals, on a vacant ideal stage, without background, without contrast of landscape or scenery, all wrapped in their heroic mantles,

all moving, breathing statues, perhaps; but still nothing but statues.

Wherever be the scene, whoever the hero, it is always the poet that speaks. It is always his noble, indomitable soul reproduced under various shapes, it is always one and the same object pursued under different points of view, but to which every other view is subservient—the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed. The genii of good and evil have waged an eternal war in his scenes. Philip, Creon, Gomez, Appius, and Cosmo de Medici, can equally answer his purpose as the agents of crime; Don Carlos, Antigone, Perez, Icilius and Don Garcia are indifferently chosen to stand forth as the champions of virtue.

But he deals too freely in horrors and atrocities. The passions he seems to delight in are jealousy and revenge; an inexorable tormentor, he allows the heart not an instant of ease; he presses heavier and heavier upon it; he severs fibre from fibre, he rends it asunder. An awful obscurity pervades the whole drama, and gives it all the sublimity of mysticism. Among the darkest conceptions of the human mind there is nothing like his Philip of Spain. We remember to have risen from our seat after its performance, oppressed and exhausted, our eyes dizzy, our temples throbbing and aching.

But it is not true that Alfieri could not, or did not attempt the most tender pathetic, that he could give no utterance to the softest affections. We know of no model of conjugal love and solicitude, to match his lovely Bianca Pazzi. The meeting of Virginus and his family on the threshold of his house has been written in tears—the tears of Alfieri; and such short and abrupt episodes breaking on a sudden through that gloomy severity, as if to relieve us from our intense agitation, have all the refreshing effect of a summer shower.

But besides these fugitive passages, there is one at least among his tragedies, in favour of which exception should be made even in the general sentence that has been passed against Alfieri by the partisans of Romanticism. Saul is certainly no classic performance. The character of that first monarch of Israel is not a statue or bust, but as noble a picture as art could ever contrive. It is indeed the tallest and bravest of the warriors of the twelve tribes, a stately figure bent by age and overcome by grief, the martyr of restless remorse, the victim of a relentless vengeance, the old oak, the pride of the forest, blasted by the lightning of heaven. It is an exquisite anatomy of melancholy, and the rapid intensity which it derives from its unity of action adds

not a little to its prompt and immediate effect.

The fame of Alfieri for a long while excluded tragical writing from Italy. The style of his tragedies seemed equally to refuse itself to all imitation and to discourage all spirit of innovation. His authority has been fatal to the progress of dramatic art. Those fetters with which he was pleased to shackle his powerful fancy would crush and palsy any intellect of a weaker frame, as Thersites would have been stifled under the armour of Achilles. Monti and Foscolo, the first by endeavouring to soften, the second by exaggerating the harshness of Alfieri, have both perished in the attempt. Aristodemo is but a faint reproduction of Saul. Tieste has all the horrors without the glow of passion of Agamemnon and Orestes. Alfieri did not, could not, in his age supply Italy with a real model for tragedy. But he had built an edifice of steel and adamant; on which the gratitude of his countrymen had written, "Alfieri has raised it: Beware how you touch it."

But, after the fall of Napoleon, as soon as the abating of the revolutionary flood afforded some ground for studious pursuits in Italy, the German literature, ripened among the preceding commotions, appeared on the top of the Alps, in all the freshness of youth. Italian restlessness turned to Germany, it turned to England and Spain, to the east and to the north. The sphere of studies was prodigiously extended; Shakspeare and Milton never read or never understood; Garcilasso and Lope de Vega, dead and buried, Brahminic verses, Icelandic legends, Gothic Epopees, unknown lands; the Niebelungenlied, the Bible, the Koran, were now placed by the side of Homer and Dante, of Sophocles and Alfieri; while Goethe and Schiller, Byron and Scott, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, sent every day a supply of new models. It was a literary fair of all ages and countries.

Manzoni came up in that recent affluence with a mind imbued with the maxims of freedom and patriotism, common in Italy to all who were educated on this side of 1800; he embraced the romantic views respecting the substance and form of his art. He gave Italy two historical tragedies on national subjects, free from the bondage of Aristotelian rules. "Carmagnola" and "Adelchi," the best dramas in Italy since the Saul of Alfieri, the standard works of romanticism in that country, have, by the general consent of strangers, been ranked by the side of the best modern productions; Goethe and his school have been proud of adopting their author. They hailed their young disciple with something like a patronizing air, gratified by that

first homage paid to the German genius by that country from which their ancestors had, for five centuries, been accustomed to receive their masters.

Of these tragedies the first only, "Carmagnola," appeared, and only once, on the stage; nor do we believe they could ever meet with any permanent success before an Italian audience. Manzoni, a genius of the very highest order, giving life to all objects he takes in hand, master of all the keys of the imagination and the heart, the greatest lyric poet, we think, Italy ever produced, did not, perhaps, equally possess that vastness and calmness of mind which can embrace, at one glance, the whole of a tragedy. Recently placed in contact with Shakspeare and Schiller, seeing in their works a manifest breach of the three unities of the Greeks, he believed, perhaps, that they had abolished all unity. This is far from being the case. The unity of time, from the period of twenty-four hours, had been extended to months and years—to the life-time of a hero. The scene, from the narrow precincts of the vestibule of a palace had passed from place to place, had crossed seas and mountains; the four or six personages that were seen moving, spectre-like, on a deserted stage, had been multiplied to a whole court, to a whole nation; but the action, the interest, the movement of the drama, far from stagnating and slackening, was understood to have gained in strength and intensity. Taking any of the best models of the romantic theatre, say Macbeth and Othello, William Tell and the conspiracy of Fiesco, it will be easily perceived whether the poet or the spectator loses for a single instant his leading object. It is, we repeat, only the scale that has been altered. It is unity in larger dimensions, but still unity. Now we do not mean that Manzoni's tragedies are wanting in such unity. "Adelchi" is the extinction of the Lombard dynasty. "Carmagnola" is the cold-blooded sacrifice of a confiding warrior to the jealous suspicion of a cowardly government. All the episodes essentially belong to the subject; every scene leads us to the catastrophe; but, as it seems to us, there is wanting that warmth, that simplicity of action, that proportion between the means and ends which permit us to view the whole at a glance, and follow its progress through its digressions, which persuade us of the importance of the episodes, which keep our minds in suspense, our hearts in anxiety.

The same faults are observable in his historical novel, "I Promessi Sposi," by which he has been justly ranked by the side of Walter Scott. Manzoni aspired to enrich his country with two branches of literary

productions, for which a taste had been lately awakened, and which the Italians had good reasons to envy to their transalpine neighbours—the historical drama and the historical novel. But while embracing ideas that had recently sprung up abroad, Manzoni imitated only as genius can imitate. His faults are peculiar to him, as his beauties are indisputably his own. Between the “*Promessi Sposi*” and any of the Waverley Novels there is nothing common, except the title by which they are classified as analogous productions. In the like manner the “*Adelchi*” and the “*Carmagnola*” cannot be strictly said to belong either to the German or English school, though certainly the author could find no model for his works among the classics. He does not seem to possess the wide and versatile imagination of Shakspeare, nor the warm and sympathetic heart of Schiller, though we meet with occasional flashes both of fancy and feeling, that would induce us to believe that his apparent infecundity was rather owing to a vague diffidence and timidity than to a real want of creative genius. Manzoni seemed perpetually afraid of abandoning himself to the inspiration of the first moment. His pages appear to us as if filled with corrections, additions, suppressions—*pentimenti d’ogni maniera*. This gives his works unquestionably a very high finish, and every one of his lines will gain more and more the longer we dwell upon it. Still it has an injurious effect on the whole, and as dramatic performances these tragedies are utterly deprived of action and interest. Neither was the poet happier in his delineation of characters. With the exception perhaps of some secondary personages, such as Anfrido, Svarto and Guntigi, in “*Adelchi*,” Marco and Marino in “*Carmagnola*,” there is hardly among so many a portrait whose prominent features may work on our minds a lasting impression. The great figures of the two Lombard kings and of Charlemagne and his paladins appear in all the dim and hazy obscurity in which barren history has left them, stripped of all the gaudy ornaments with which the fictions of chivalrous legends had invested them. As the ancient mythology had been banished from the stage, so did Manzoni equally proscribe the more domestic romance of the middle ages. How different from his faithful but languid pictures are the historical scenes dramatized by Shakspeare, who eagerly seized upon the most uncouth popular traditions, and delighted in crowding the stage with hags, spectres and weird sisters, fairies and goblins.

To exhibitions of such a kind the public taste is however utterly averse in Italy. Al-

fieri knew it well, and his example was more than sufficient to deter every Italian dramatist from having recourse to those long-explored sources of interest, nor could any longer demon or goblin or any of the weird family be ventured for a minute on an Italian stage without being unmercifully hissed back to its obscure abode. Even Ducis was obliged in France to introduce his witches like the Diræ or the Parcæ, from the taste for classicism before the age of monstrosities and Victor Hugo.

The tragedies of Manzoni, as well as his novel, are therefore only to be considered in their details and episodes, which are indeed inimitable. The fifth act of “*Carmagnola*,” the farewell of the noble *Condottiero* to his wife and daughter, to his brother in arms; his longings for the bright sun, the wide-spreading field, his war-horse, and all the stirring scenes of his warlike exploits, are teeming with beauties of so novel a cast as could hardly be expected of so trite a subject. The delirious agony of the divorced queen of Charlemagne, Ermengarda, reminds us, by way of contrast, of Queen Catharine’s heart-rending resignation and truly feminine forgiveness in Henry VIII.; thus the monologues of Carmagnola and his friend Marco—the dark inquisitorial dialogue between this last and Marino—the confessions of Svarto, Guntigi and others, evince a profound knowledge of the deepest recesses of the human heart.

But let it not be forgotten that Manzoni is above all things a lyric poet. The chorus in the third act of “*Carmagnola*,” and those at the end of the second and fourth acts of “*Adelchi*,” are written in a prophetic rather than poetical style. The lyric poetry of Manzoni in these three national songs, no less than in his “*Inni Sacri*,” and in his ode “*Il cinque Maggio*,” are a new creation in Italy, both for the enthusiasm that inspired them, and for the metres and language in which they were dictated. Had Italian literature produced nothing in this century beyond those few sacred verses, there would be no reason to conceive any serious apprehensions of its being in a period of decline. Such effusions however are not only beyond the reach of translation, but are not even to be duly appreciated by any foreigner to whom the Italian language has not become a second nature.

It is, therefore, with a full expectation of a thorough failure that we venture to subjoin the following version of one of those rare passages; and notwithstanding the freedom of our translation and of the metre we have adopted, we must, before we resolve upon offering it to our readers, remind them how

much the original must lose, in its new dress, of that softness and delicacy by which that beautiful language seems to ennoble and grace every image it embodies.

It is a chorus in the third act of the *Adelchi*: Charlemagne and his host have almost miraculously been led through unknown paths across the Alps. The Lombard armies are seized by the panic of sudden surprise. The cowardly defection of some of the feudal lords of that nation hastens the downfall of the fated dynasty of Alboin. The two kings, Desiderius and Adelchi, with the scattered remnants of their forces, seek their refuge within the walls of Pavia and Verona. The enslaved Latin, or native Italian, population, after two centuries not yet thoroughly schooled to their yoke, are now suddenly aroused from their long state of dejection by the tidings of the ruin of their masters. The Chorus, who are made to utter the poet's mind, raise their solemn, ominous voice, to undeceive them from their fond expectation.

The allusion to recent events is obvious enough. It only requires a change of names. We need but read Austrians instead of Lombards, French instead of Franks, Napoleon instead of Charlemagne, and the whole mournful drama of blind illusion and dolorous disenchantment exhibited under Manzoni's eyes, will be, perhaps, notwithstanding the bard's fatidical lesson, reproduced again and again on the same stage.

#### THE CHORUS.\*

"From moss-grown fane, from tottering hall,  
From their burnt forges' clanging walls,  
Forth from their fields' half-furrowed soil  
Bathed with the drops of bondmen's toil;  
Roused into life by sudden start,  
The trampled race of Italy,  
With anxious ear and bounding heart,  
Awake and listen tremblingly.

#### \* "CORO.

"Dagli atri muscosi, dai fori cadenti  
Dai boschi, dall' arce fucine stridenti  
Dai solchi bagnati di servo sudor;  
Un volgo disperso repente si desta,  
Intonde Porechhio, solleva la testa  
Percoeso da novo crescente rumor.

Dai guardi dubbiosi, dai pavidì volti  
Qual raggio di sole tra nuvoli folti  
Traluce dei padri la fiera virtù.  
Nei guardi nei volti confuso ed incerto  
Si mesce e discorda lo spregio sofferto  
Col misero orgoglio d'un tempo che fu.

S'aduna voglioso, si sperde tremante  
Per torti sentieri con passo vagante  
Fra toma e desire s'avanza e ristà.  
E adocchia e rimira scorata e confusa  
Dei crudi signori la turba diffusa  
Che fugge dai brandi che sorda non ha.

From their pale brows and cowering eyes,  
Like sunbeams from the clouded skies,  
Still flashes forth the manly glance  
Of their forefathers' countenance;  
In those dark eyes and pallid brows,  
The vaunt of that long by-gone age,  
More deep, alas! more glaring shows  
The brand of present vassallage.

Through winding paths, with faltering tread,  
And hearts that beat 'twixt hope and dread,  
The gathering Latin crowd advance;—  
And lo! before the host of France  
They see there fly the scattered hordes  
Of their relentless northern lords.—  
Adown the plain with slackened rein,  
Like hunted beasts with bristling mane,  
They see them panting seek their lair;  
And there, all mute, in fallen pride,  
The stately matrons, terrified,  
Gaze on their sons with vacant stare.  
And right and left, like loosened packs,  
In hot pursuit upon their tracks,  
There ride the conquering knights of France.  
They see—and flushed with sudden trance,  
Deceived by hope's new dawning ray,  
They fondly hail the coming day—  
The day of their deliverance.

But hark! those brave victorious bands,  
That chase your lords with eager brands,  
Have roamed and ridden wide and far;  
Up from their couches' sweet repose,  
Up from their nightly feasts they rose,  
As sudden sang the trump of war.  
Lone in their castle-halls bereft,  
Their fainting dames in tears they left,  
On whose pale lips the farewell died:  
The crested helmet o'er their brow,  
They pressed their chargers' saddle-bow,  
And down the hollow bridge did ride.

From land to land, in joyous throngs,  
They cheered their way with warlike songs;  
'Long trackless dales and rugged heights  
They watched the long, inclement nights;  
Whilst far their longing hearts still roved  
Back to their homes, to all they loved.

Ansanti li vede quai trepide fere  
Irsuti per tema lo fulve criniere  
Le note latebre del covo cercar.  
E quivi, deposta l' usata minaccia,  
Le donne superbe con pallida faccia  
I figli pensosi pensose guatar.

E dietro ai fuggenti con avido brando,  
Quai cani disciolti, correndo, frugando,  
Da ritta, da manca, guerrieri venir.  
Li vede;—e rapito d' ignoto contento,  
Con l' agile speme precorre l' evento  
E sogna la fine del duro servir.

Udite!—quei forti che or tengono il campo,  
Che ai vostri tiranni precludon lo scampo,  
Son giunti da lungi per aspri sentier.  
Sospesser le gioie dei grandi festosi  
Assursero in fretta dai blandi riposi  
Chiamati repente da aquillo guerrier.

The martial rule, the toilsome march,  
And frosts that pierce, and heats that parch,  
And famine drear they next endure.  
The shock of lances couched in rest,  
And rattling shafts on mailed breast,  
Bide they yet firm with front secure.

And all these toils, these dangers past,  
Should have no better meed at last,  
Than turn the course of destiny,  
An alien race of serfs to free?—  
Back then, ye doomed, deluded crowd,  
To your burnt forges, ruins proud,  
Back to the furrows of your soil,  
Bathed with the drops of bondmen's toil!  
Victor and vanquished join their hands,  
They rest upon your blood-stained lands,  
The stirring trump of war is hushed,  
They share the spoil of victory;  
Beneath a double yoke are crushed  
The trampled race of Italy!"

It is greatly to be regretted that the assiduous cares he bestowed on his historical novel, and, in later years, his more than devoted exertions in favour of what he deemed to be the cause of true religion, have estranged Manzoni from that branch of literature into which, notwithstanding his lack of really dramatic talents, he was likely by repeated essays to introduce a salutary revolution. Deprived of his important countenance, the romantic reform, that had commenced under his auspices, remained incomplete; and those of the modern dramatists, who are considered as

Lasciar nolle sale del tetto natio  
Le donne accorate tornanti all' addio,  
Ai preghi, ai consigli che il pianto troncò.  
Han carche le fronti dei pesti cimieri,  
Han poste le selle sui bruni corsieri  
Volaron sul ponte che cupo bond.

A torme di terra passarono in terra  
Cantando giulive canzoni di guerra,  
Ma i dolci castelli pensando nel cor  
Per valli petrose, per balzi dirotti  
Vegliaron nell' armi le gelide notti  
Membrando i fidati colloqui d' amor.

Gli oscuri perigli di stanze inestricose  
Per greppi senz' orma le corse affannose  
Il rigido impero, le fami durar  
Si vider le lance calate sui petti  
D' accanto agli scudi, rasento g' i elmetti  
S' udiron le frecce fischando volar.

E il premio sperato, promesso a quei forti  
Sarebbe, o delusi, rivolger le sorti  
D' un volgo straniero per fine al dolor?  
Tornate alle vostre superbe ruine  
All' opere imbelli dell' arse officine  
Ai solchi bagnari di servo sudor!

Il forte si mesce col vinto nemico  
Col novo signore rimane l' antico  
L' un popolo e l' altro sul collo vi sta;  
Dividono i servi, dividon gli armenti  
Si posano insieme sui campi eruenti  
D' un volgo disprezzo che nome non ha."

belonging to his school, such as Carlo Tedaldi-Fores, Davide Bertolotti, and a young Neapolitan, who has endeavoured to reproduce the most revolting scenes of the modern French drama, have been led from extravagance into extravagance, until the very name of romanticism has fallen under the strokes of that most irresistible of weapons—ridicule. But there were in that school, notwithstanding its frequent aberrations of taste, ideas teeming with vigour and youth, with life and activity; its principles were consonant with the newly-awakened longings for political freedom, for moral and mental emancipation; its supporters appealed to all that was noblest or dearest in modern patriotism; they aspired to make of literature a matter of national pride, an instrument of social progress, an emanation from life. The lessons of romanticism could not be utterly lost, however unsuccessful its earliest specimens might have proved to be, neither could classicism be revived, although the present age had nothing to substitute in its place. Hence that state of uncertainty and dissatisfaction that prevents the people of Italy from following a determined course and laying the basis of a national school. For, on the one side, the Greco-Latin type of beauty, noble and venerable as it is, when considered in its relation to the past, is utterly insufficient to the wants and in opposition to the tendencies of the present; nor can any sympathy be established between the Italians of the nineteenth century and the heroes of fabulous Greece, between the patriots of "young Italy" and that

"Race d'Agamemnon qui ne finit jamais;"—

But it is, on the other side, not quite evident, why the dramatic rules, the grim legends of the German and Scandinavian nations should better suit the sunny imagination and the lively feelings of a southern people. To substitute the imitation of Schiller or Shakspeare for that of Æschylus or Euripides, would be a strange way of providing for the development of an independent national taste. The classical style of Greece and Rome is to be banished as something alien and obsolete. But is Italy to receive her models from *Oltrimenti*? Are indeed the dramas of Manzoni and his disciples more national productions than those of Alfieri or Foscolo? Is there among those romantic structures an edifice that can be considered as essentially belonging to a genuine Italian school? The Italians were glad to receive from their neighbours the example of that truly Teutonic independence with which they had shaken off the fetters of classical pedantry. But they

the age of Francesca da Rimini, or the character of the personage that is made to utter such fine sentiments, there are among those enthusiastic applauders, or at least there were in 1820, thousands of Napoleon's veterans, in whose heart every word of that patriotic effusion found a willing echo;—a set of deluded and disappointed people, who might, perhaps, with a mixed feeling of pride and sorrow, remember the fields of Raab and Malojarslavetz, where they were lavish of their blood for the cause of a foreign nation or of a foreign usurper, by whom, after having been roused to the most sanguine expectation, and engaged in the most desperate enterprises, they were to be helplessly abandoned to their fate.

This speech, which reminds us, in some manner, of Petrarch's tender apostrophe:

"Non è questo il terren ch' io toccai pria," &c. is translated from scene v. act 1, of Francesca da Rimini.

PAOLO.\*

"Wearied of glory's visions I return;  
My blood has flowed, Byzantium, for thee,—  
For thee I've warred where hate was not my guide.

The clement emperor with honours vast  
Has graced me; but the general applause  
Depresses more than it excites my soul.  
My sword seems stained in an ignoble strife  
For stranger lands;—and have I not my own  
To whom her citizens are vowed in blood?  
For thee, for thee, land of a high-souled race,  
My Italy, I will contend. Outrage  
On thee no foeman shall inflict unscathed,  
Fairest of lands, on which the sunbeams rest,—

Mother of arts, thy dust is heroes' dust.  
Thou hast aroused my sires to high emprise;  
Valour and wit within thy breast repose,  
And all that's dearest to my panting soul  
Within thee dwelleth in my much-loved home."

\* Lest we might be accused of injuring too far the beauties of this passage by our translation, we give it as it stands in the text.

"Stanco

Son d' ogni vana ombra di gloria. Ho sparso  
Di Bisanzio pel trono il sangue mio  
Debellando città ch' io non odiava,  
E fama ebbi di grande e d' onor colmo  
Fui dal clemente imperador; dispetto  
In me facean gli universal applausi  
Per chi di stragi si macchiò il mio brando?  
Per lo straniero. E non ho patria forse  
Cui sacro sia de' cittadini il sangue?  
Per te, per te, che cittadini hai prodi  
Italia mia combatterò, se oltraggio  
Ti muoverà la invidia. E il più gentile  
Terren non sei di quanti scalda il sole?  
D' ogni bell' arte non seismadre o Italia?  
Polve d' eroi non è la polve tua?  
Agli avi miei tu valor desti e seggio  
E tutto quanto ho di più caro alberghi."

It is especially to passages of this description that the earliest of Pellico's tragedies owes its popularity among the actors and audience of an Italian theatre, for otherwise it is in itself a juvenile production. The action, which, on account of the delicacy of the ruling passion on which the catastrophe mainly depends, was in itself a matter of considerable difficulty, could hardly be expected to be advantageously developed in the course of twenty-four hours, the legal space of time allotted to a tragic writer by the strict rules of classicism. The artifice to which Francesca has recourse, in order to conceal her unlawful affection towards her brother-in-law, by feigning a contrary feeling, by shunning his presence with horror, affecting an unconquerable hatred against him, on account of the involuntary occasion of her youthful brother, is, according to our manner of thinking, irreparably injurious to her character, and too far below the ideal beauty of that single-minded Francesca of Dante, to whom, under the extenuating circumstances of previous attachment and compulsory marriage, we might have been not entirely unwilling to forgive her trespasses. By this trait of more than feminine simulation Pellico has destroyed the effect which that

"light veil of melancholy  
Making her face look like a thing of heaven;"  
and that

"intense, unutterable sorrow,  
Which, by the will of God, weighed down her heart,"  
had worked upon our souls.

This, and the exaggerations and rhodomontades in her lover's love-speeches, and Lanciotto's truly marital blindness and Guido's (Francesca's father) indifferently portrayed character, are among the principal faults which strike the reader at the first glance. But there is enough of Pellico's tender, ingenuous and passionate soul diffused throughout the work to compensate for all its defects, and Francesca da Rimini will remain for a

\* We can scarcely deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting these two lines that sound so sweetly in the original.

"Francesca

Soavemente commoveva a un tempo  
Colla bellezza i cuori e con quel tango  
Vel di malinconia che più celeste  
Fea il suo semblante."

† "Iddio m' ha posto un incredibil peso  
D' angoscia sovra il core, e a sopportarlo  
Rassegnata son io."

and the other

"Bella,  
Come un angel che Dio crea nel più puro  
Suo trasporto d' amor!"

long time in possession of the popularity which it originally met on the stage.

"Eufemio di Messina" was also given to the public previous to the author's arrest at Milan, and was equally considered as the performance of a promising youth. The subject is as happily chosen though not equally familiar with that of "Francesca." But it required perhaps a greater power of imagination than fell to the share of poor Pellico to fill up the blanks that exist in the obscure records of the semi-barbarous epoch to which it belongs. The irruption of the Saracens of Africa into Sicily towards the year 830, under the guidance of a young renegade, whose wounded pride and blighted affections prompted him to plunge his country into endless calamities, is one of those many events of the middle ages so registered in the volume of history as to exclude every doubt on their authenticity, without, however, furnishing us with sufficient details to satisfy the curiosity that such extraordinary vicissitudes are well calculated to awaken. Similar subjects cannot be made the theme for poetry or the drama without building on those barren materials such a romance as may easily convey to our minds a plausible representation of the age, and personages in whose fortunes we are expected to take an interest. These are precisely the themes on which such fancies as Shakespeare's or Walter Scott's are wont to perform their greatest wonders. Their imagination loves to expatiate in that empty field, and to conjure up a thousand phantoms of light, which soon gain so powerful an ascendancy on our imagination, and so perplex our judgment, as to render it difficult for us to distinguish their chimerical personifications from the best defined characters with which real history has acquainted us.

The "Eufemio" of Pellico is powerfully depicted. He is indeed the rash, raving youth, who may be conceived to have turned an apostate and a traitor, under the influence of disorderly passions. His magic ascendancy over his Mussulman followers, the warm devotion of his brother-in-arms, Almanzor, give the character of the principal hero a dazzling lustre which captivates our admiration, notwithstanding the enormity of his crimes. He appears before us as one of those fated beings who must surpass all other mortals in guilt if they are prevented from excelling in deeds of virtue.

But Pellico's "Eufemio" is a single-sided picture. He comes upon the stage like one possessed by a relentless rage; all his tenderest, his most sacred emotions, his love, his patriotism find no utterance from his lips but in a voice of thunder and storm. His whole

soul is preyed upon by a raving phrensy; he is driven from madness into madness, as a man urged on by the wrath of heaven to his destruction. That fury never, for a moment, abates. It seems to have a contagious effect on every other actor on the stage, as well as on the poet himself. But woe to him if it does not equally operate upon his audience—if by injudiciously submitting them from the very beginning to such an unremitting and exhausting excitement, he either wearies their minds with over-exertion, or fatigues them with a distracting monotony!

The tragedies of Pellico that were either written, or rather meditated in the solitude of his dungeon (for he very seldom was indulged in the luxuries of pen and ink,) and which were published after his release, are visibly affected by the prostration and languor of a broken spirit.

The subject of three of them is taken from the earliest period of the Italian republica, the successful struggle of the towns of the Lombard league against the emperors of Germany, and their subsequent discords of Guelphs and Ghibellines. The Italians have lately turned their attention to that, for them, most important epoch, and the national songs of their bards, especially those of Berchet, have awakened a new enthusiasm on an old and long since forgotten theme. But it is a question whether the convulsions of that glorious era can be advantageously brought upon the stage. The victory which for a few centuries secured to the north of Italy the possession of an almost absolute independence, was the result of the unanimous efforts of a sober, frugal, and hardy population, rather than of the heroic achievements of individuals. The names of those earliest champions of freedom or of their popular leaders have hardly been transmitted to posterity; there is scarcely among so many a single character rising above the level of the obscure multitude. The people, jealous of their equality, seem to have abolished even the aristocracy of fame. There was in that epoch no hero, but a nation of heroes. Now, nothing is more difficult in dramatic poetry than the personification of a whole people. Poetry seems to cling fondly to individualism. The chorus, eminently a republican contrivance, was never even in Athens and Rome, with the exception of a few of *Æschylus's* primitive performances, intended to be the Protagonist. But in modern ages it has been altogether suppressed as an awkward encumbrance, at the best only fit to sing the interludes. Jack Cade or Masaniello, or any other most abject demagogue, can be raised to the dignity of a hero, but the stage can be no throne for the



sovereign people. Hence Pellico found himself obliged to throw the people into the back ground, and to bring forward ideal heroes whose interests are supposed to be implicated in the great national contest, which thus becomes only an episode, in the same manner as the novelist, in order to fix the attention of his Scotch readers on a French subject, introduces his own Quintin Durward at the court of Louis XI.

Thus "*Gismonda da Mendrisio*," the first and perhaps the best of those tragedies, is a very able exhibition of a lofty female character struggling between the regrets of disregarded love and the powerless rage of vengeful jealousy. The destruction of Milan by Frederick Barbarossa, to which constant allusion is made, only appears as a remote and not very essential incident.

"*Leoniero da Dertona*," a sort of Christian Brutus, sacrificing his own son to secure the interest of the national cause, bears the date of the battle of Legnano; and, as in "*Gismonda*," the lieutenants or messengers of Frederick are brought in to remind us of that noble despot whom Pellico would have done better, if he had dared, to introduce personally to our acquaintance. In the "*Iginia d' Asti*" we perceive some attempts at giving the people voice and action. The madness of popular factions engrosses nearly the whole of the drama, and the gentle contrast of private affections seems to have been resorted to only for the sake of a happy diversion.

We never heard that any of these tragedies were brought before the notice of an Italian audience, every subject connected with national history being diligently proscribed by the provident cares of the Austro-Italian police. But we are convinced that the common classes in Italy are too ignorant of the annals of their country to be able to understand allusions so imperfectly and obscurely conveyed to their minds, and as the chief interest of those dramas was intended to lie on their historical importance, and their plans are otherwise ill-digested, and the style languid and neglected, they are not likely, even under more favourable political circumstances, to be ranked by the side of that favourite "*Francesca*."

We have also two tragedies by the same author on scriptural subjects; "*Ester d' Engaddi*" and "*Erodiade*." This last, which an Italian might be tempted to call, "*La Saullessa*," is, in fact, nothing better than a reproduction of the "*Saul*" of Alfieri, under a female attire,—a lofty and originally noble and righteous soul brought to evil by the violence of passion, and distracted by sleepless remorse, by a vague and powerless longing

for rehabilitation and atonement. It is perhaps more than any other remarkable for that exaggeration and transport which pervades every page of Pellico's poetical works, strangely contrasting with the meek and resigned temper of the author's mind, such as it exhibits itself in his "*Prigioni*," and which may appear incompatible with the state of weariness and debility resulting from that long hour of torture, unless it is to be considered as the effect of that feverish dreaminess by which a morbid imagination re-acts upon an exhausted frame, and is almost unconsciously raised into a sphere of preternatural imagery over which reason has no control.

"*Tommaso Moro*" (Thomas More,) is the last of Pellico's tragedies that has reached our hands, though we have heard "*Il Colombo*" mentioned as a novel performance lately received with great applause on the stage at Turin. On attempting an English subject of such vital importance, Pellico, as may well be expected, had no greater object in view than to bring forward new arguments in favour of the cause of Catholicism, which he has so warmly espoused. The martyrdom (as he calls it) of the chancellor of Henry VIII. might undoubtedly suggest a few happy thoughts to a supporter of the supremacy and infallibility of the Church of Rome. But the classical style and heroic language in which the tragedy is written would, to say the least, sound strangely to English ears, and it would be difficult for us to recognize our bluff Henry and his ill-fated mistress in the staid pompous personages which the poet has entitled to bear their names. "*Tommaso Moro*" is, to our judgment, the weakest of Pellico's theatrical productions.

Niccolini commenced his literary career several years earlier than either Pellico or Manzoni. His first tragedies, "*Polissena*," "*Medea*," "*Edipo*," "*Inoe Temisto*," &c., altogether belong to the old classical school. The romantic ideas did not take root in Tuscany so rapidly or so thoroughly as in the north of Italy, where a greater proportion of Gothic and Lombard blood and the climate itself seem to give the people a more northern cast of mind, and where in consequence the German taste might be expected to meet with a more favourable reception. His reputation, however, was established soon after the fall of Napoleon by his "*Nabucco*," an allegorical drama, in which, under the names of the Assyrian king, and Vasti his mother, Amati his wife, &c., the poet very ably portrayed the characters of Napoleon, Letizia Buonaparte, Maria Louisa, Francis of Austria, and all the greatest actors of that fearful drama of which our fathers were witnesses. This

dramatic satire obtained a great popularity, as a novelty, in and out of Italy. As a tragedy we need scarcely mention it, not only because the Italian governments have banished it from the stage, but because it could not appear upon it with success, without borrowing its interest from occasional circumstances.

Niccolini's master-piece is "*Antonio Foscarini*," which, among the works of living authors, can alone dispute the palm of popularity against Pellico's "*Francesca da Rimini*." A few years later appeared his "*Giovanni da Procida*," the first instance in which an Italian has attempted to give his own version of an event on which the French and other foreign authors had thrown perhaps more odium than could be consistent with justice and truth. After an interval of several years, during which the author was busy at his "*History of the House of Swabia*," he published his "*Rosmonda d'Inghilterra*," and is now preparing, what is by his friends considered his noblest performance,—"Gregorio VII."

"*Foscarini*" is a Venetian subject, and belongs to that dark and bloody period of history, when the Republic, encompassed all round by its continental territories, and closely pressed by the grasping and perfidious policy of Spain, found itself obliged to provide for its security by that deplorable system of suspicion and espionage, which branded the name of Venice with eternal infamy, and which has been rather undiscerningly applied to the remotest ages of her unsullied glories, and even to those last times of dotage and torpor which preceded her final downfall.

"*Foscarini*" is indeed a tragedy of terrors. The timid and care-worn tenderness of Teresa Contarini, the lofty and daring devotion of her ill-fated lover, can hardly be said to form a diversion from the gloomy impression operated on our minds by the appalling though evidently exaggerated portraiture of those tremendous inquisitors. Loredano, to whom Niccolini knew how to give a horrid beauty, new even after the Philip and Cosmo of Alfieri, seems with his gigantic figure to occupy the whole of the stage; his voice rises like a death-knell above the murmur of the trembling multitude,—he stands alone, secure on the long habit of undisputed power, a type of fearless, unrelenting, sublime despotism!

"*Giovanni da Procida*" was perhaps intended as a counterpart to the preceding tragedy. The just hatred and formidable vengeance cherished for seventeen years with all the fondness of a first love, and treasured up in the heart of the promoter of the Sicilian Vespers, could hardly be felt with sufficient depth and intensity by any dramatist born

out of Italy. The extent to which personal resentment, in less enlightened ages, was carried by the glowing hearts of that southern people,—and of which the traces are still to be found in the wildest districts of Sicily, Calabria and Corsica,—directed, as it was in this instance, to the vindication of national rights, and sanctified by feelings of patriotism and loyalty, was an eminently Italian subject, and could not fail to find an echo in several millions of hearts, which only want sufficient courage or unanimity to emulate the bloody execution of their Sicilian ancestors, or perhaps only "bide their time." The Austrian ambassador seemed at least to think so, when, after the first recital of Niccolini's tragedy, and its astonishing success before a Florentine audience, he obtained, by his warmest remonstrances, from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the suppression of that dangerous piece, and replied to those who affected to be surprised at his dislike for a drama, whose ostensible aim was to cure the Italians of their Gallomania, that "however the direction seemed meant for France, the letter was evidently intended for Austria." (*La soprascritta è pei Francesi, ma la lettera viene a noi.*)

The delineation of Procida's character, by which the Italian tragedy appears to us vastly superior to all that has been done on the same subject in France or England, not excluding even the two contemporary dramas lately exhibited on our metropolitan stages, is however the principal—perhaps the only merit of Niccolini's work. The love romance which, as in duty bound, he has deemed it expedient to attach to the main catastrophe, is both complicated and uninteresting. Niccolini is, like Manzoni, rather a poet than a dramatist. His plots, with the exception of *Foscarini*, are invariably bad; even in his juvenile Greek imitations, when he was yet a votary of classical superstitions, Niccolini departed from that chaste and severe simplicity with which Alfieri had characterized the modern Italian theatre. When, in progress of time, he partly entered into the romantic views, and, choosing his themes from Venice or Sicily, allowed himself more ease and latitude in the arrangement of his five acts, he felt as a prisoner who, in the first trance of his unexpected release, seems hardly to know what to do with himself. There are scenes in his plays, and even whole acts, which seem introduced merely with a view to lead the poet to a display of fine sentiments in some favourite speech, or to cover a blank which his ingenuity was otherwise at a loss how to fill up. All such imperfections, however, are happily mantled in a rich, flowing drapery of eminently lyrical, rather more

than dramatic style, and by frequent flashes of that theatrical sublimity which the French consider as the characteristic gift of Corneille's genius. It must be confessed that many of those dazzling passages have power to fascinate the imagination ere reason is consulted as to their appropriateness and opportunity. When Teresa, in her fatal intercourse with her lover, apologizing for her involuntary breach of faith, dwells with a heart-rending picture on the long mental torture by which she was led to her abhorred nuptials, Antonio Foscari interrupts her with this rather convenient than orthodox doctrine.\*

"No more! drive not my aching brain to madness!

No vows are binding which the heart disowns:  
A hasty word wrung from the victim's lips  
Is not so rashly registered in heaven.  
God's angel writes it not: or if 'tis done,  
His tears efface it from the eternal pages."

This is evidently somewhat in the spirit of Miss Martineau, who considers her sex absolved from all obedience to laws made simply by ourselves.

Loredano, disturbed in the administration of his inquisitorial justice by the loud cries of a popular tumult, seeing his less firm colleague start up with an involuntary fit of sudden panic, strikes his hand on the table, proudly exclaiming†—

"I shall not  
Rise from my seat; not I:—e'en thus my fate  
I'll meet! eternal shame on him who dares not  
Die seated as I am."

Again, when Foscari, having heard his sentence, in those last moments in which "the sunset of life gives him mystical lore," is made to prophesy the last day of Venice, alluding to the inglorious fate it was to meet in our days at the hands of Napoleon, Loredano interrupts him with a bitter smile, turning to his colleague‡—

\* "Taci, divien furore  
La sofferenza mia; Ma che? doveri  
La vittima non ha; l'angel di Dio  
Quella parola che non vien dal core  
Nel suo libro non scrive o scritta appena  
La cancella col pianto."

† "Io no, non sorgo  
Dal tribunal, lo premo:—Infamia eterna  
A chi non muor seduto!"

‡ LOREDANO.  
"El premo a morte  
Delira già—qui l'uomo sol perisce  
La repubblica è eterna."

FOSCARI.  
"Eterno Iddio!"

"Near his end, his mind is clouded  
By the shadows of death.—Here man may die—  
Venice is everlasting."

FOSCARINI.

God alone

Is everlasting."

These sudden sallies of genius, which suffer severely from translation, and still more from being abstracted from their respective place, are evidently of the school of Alfieri; but could without any great effort be translated into a less heroic and more human style. But it is precisely this constant aiming at an artificial sublimity, this fondness for lofty, pithy laconisms, this pompous rhetorical display, which gives the Italian classical style a stiffness, a turgidness, a bombast, repugnant to our reason and most fatal to all stage effect as inconsistent with the language of nature.

This style into which the Italians have been led by their worship of the Greek stage, and by their long dealing in heroic subjects from Greece and Rome—where, on account of our imperfect knowledge, we must be satisfied with an ideal representation, or with a reproduction of what the ancients themselves left us in their writings or in their works of art—becomes utterly intolerable when adopted as the every-day language of personages whose life can be nearly identified with ours. Thus, however a queue or a three-cornered hat may be thought unbecoming in a work of sculpture, we would rather never set our eyes on a statue of Washington again, than see the American patriot seated, in a Jove-like attitude, on a curule chair, and dressed in the costume of Cæsar or Brutus.

These habitual, and as it were legalized anachronisms of language, bring with them, as a necessary consequence, a corresponding violation of local usages, manners and feelings, and an unavoidable breach of all illusion. As in the ancient Italian extemporary comedies the actors were always *Pantalone*, *Florindo*, *Rosaura*, etc., and the scene always "in una città d'Italia," so in a classical tragedy the personages ought to have no name, but should be uniformly called "Il tiranno, l'amoroso, la prima donna, etc.," and the scene lay in any age or country, anywhere in space. These remarks especially apply to the most recent of Niccolini's tragedies, "*La Rosmonda*," of which we must say, as of Pellico's last performance, that we like it less than any other of the set.

"Fair Rosamond"—one of the sweetest, one of the bloodiest episodes in the romance of our national history—has more than once appeared on the stage in this country. An Italian poet is quite welcome to our English

subjects, by the same reason that our own poets and novelists make free (and a very sad work they generally make of it) with subjects taken from the inexhaustible sources of Italian history. But the difficulty of describing times essentially belonging to, yet divided by an interval of centuries from our era, must be considerably increased by those slight and vague, but not less indelible features by which, owing to ancient traditions, to the influence of language, climate, and political institutions, every one of the European families is individually characterized.

It is indeed the gift of supereminent genius so to copy from nature as to give us portraits that will equally hold true in all ages and countries, and thus Shakespeare's Juliet is perhaps equally English and Italian. But it more generally happens that the author's soul is transfused in the character of his hero, and in that case the portrait may be perfectly true to nature, notwithstanding a manifest violation of local *vraisemblance*. Thus it has been justly remarked that Schiller's Marquis of Posa is rather a German than Spanish hero: but Niccolini's "Rosmonda" is neither Italian nor English—is neither modern nor ancient: it is a mere abstraction, a something chimerical, conventional, unnatural. There is not a phrase, not a word, that we could for a moment imagine to have been spoken at the court of Henry II., or in the solitude of Woodstock. Elenor of Guienne is much more like Medea than the accomplished, though rather gallantly inclined princess, that we know her to have been. Tebaldo, an Anglo-Norman knight, has no more courtesy of manner than the vilest cut-throat. Walter and Edmund de Clifford, who repair to Oxford to pay their homage to their liege sovereign, speak to him in a language that would not ill suit a Virginius or an Icilius. Now it is an assured fact that a princess of Aquitaine may be as profligate, as jealous and vindictive as a queen of Colchis; but could a Christian princess, on her first acquaintance with an English noble, her husband's favourite, make use of such plain expressions as these?

\* "Pity or fear  
Were never known to me: revengeful pride  
And thirst for blood alone rage in my breast.—

\* "Pieta, paura!  
Io mai non le conobbi e questo core  
Batte sol per l' orgoglio o pel delitto.  
Vedi . . . è il pugnale che Aladin mi diede,  
Aladin che mi costa regno e fama  
Ma seppe amarmi. Il vil Normando ha gelida  
Alma incostante, io so ferir, Tebaldo,  
Nè un solo istante palpitar potrebbe  
Quel cor che ceava d' usurparmi Arrigo.

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Dost see? this dagger was Aladdin's gift,  
He who alone *could* love, for whom my fame,  
My throne I fain would lose.—The Norman  
heart

Is cold, inconstant.—This my hand, Tebaldo,  
Knows how to strike: whoever dare usurp  
My Henry's heart, one instant shall not live."

The noble queen does not fail to make her word good at the end of the fifth act by stabbing her fair rival with her own hand, with a fiend-like refinement of cruelty!

In like manner there is no doubt that our English peers were wont to stand up for their rights and privileges with daring independence, and speak their mind very freely before the throne; but they were at least so polite as to head their speeches by a "May it please your majesty," or by some other similar forms of conventional etiquette. What then shall we say of the tribune-like invectives by which Henry II. is attacked by his vassal, Walter de Clifford, before the assembly of his barons?

\* "HENRY II.

"Who'rt thou? Why dost thou hide thy shield,  
Under those sable veils?

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

Alas! no less

Dark is the glory of my outraged name;  
Nor shall this shield shine in the sun again  
Till full revenge has washed its stain with blood.

HENRY.

Kneel'st thou not, haughty vassal, to thy king,  
Nor vowest fealty to thy sovereign liege?

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

Dost thou then render justice to thy vassal?

HENRY.

Who'rt thou? I know thee not—

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

The fault is thine.

HENRY.

So bold in thine old age!

\* "ARRIGO.

O tu chi sei, cui bruno velo asconde  
L' impresa dello scudo?

GUALTIERO.

Ah! d' emo al pari

La gloria del mio sangue è fatta oscura;  
Nè poserà su queste insegne il sole  
Se pria non splende sulla mia vendetta.

ARRIGO.

Non ti prostri al mio soglio, e al no prometti  
Come gli altri vassalli alta e fede?

GUALTIERO.

Rendimi pria giustizia.

ARRIGO.

Oh ciel! chi sei?

Non ti conosco.

GUALTIERO.

Ed è tua colpa.

ARRIGO.

Audace

Così nella vecchiezza!

GUALTIERO.

E allor vicina

La vera libertà."

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

With closing life,  
True liberty draws nigh."

The whole play is written after these views, and, as it is, we cannot help expressing our wish that Niccolini should betake himself to his Greek and Roman subjects, or lay his scene in ancient Egypt, Bactria or Babylon, at the court of some imaginary king, and crowd his stage with pattern heroes with soft-sounding names, after the fashion of Metastasio, for such is hitherto the result to which the classicists have been led; either to dress the heroes of heroic Greece in court garb of the times of Louis XIV., as Racine has done, or to clothe Christian knights and ladies of modern times in the Roman mantle, according to the models of Alfieri.

But, as we have said, Alfieri ought to have been the last of classics in Italy, and none of his successors who dares not or knows not how to open a new way for himself can have any chance of sending his name down to a remote posterity. Among the poets who, like Niccolini, write after this false "medio tuitissimus" principle, the most distinguished is Carlo Marengo da Ceva, whose "Buondelmonte" and "Corso Donati" have several years been in possession of the stage. He is said to have lately obtained universal applause by his two recent tragedies: "Berengario Augusto" and "Cecilia di Baone." But the cheers of an excited audience are by no means the test by which dramatic productions can secure the more calm and unimpassioned approbation of criticism; Niccolini at Florence has been often carried home in triumph, after the performance of that very "Rosmonda" which has since fallen into the most complete insignificance.

The first of Marengo's tragedies, "Berengarius I.," is an eminently Italian, eminently dramatic subject. The name of that first of Italian kings, of him who after the demolition of the edifice of Charlemagne, was by the unanimous acclamations of the Italian nation raised to a throne which had hitherto been only occupied by foreigners, and the rest of whose life was wasted in long manly struggles against rebellious feudalism, stands alone in that age of darkest barbarism, the tenth century, as that of a virtuous and magnanimous monarch. But the Berengarius of Signor Marengo appears as a weak, irresolute ruler; gifted indeed with all the inexhaustible clemency and *bonhomie* of Metastasio's Titus, but without being actuated by the same tender and generous feelings, he is represented as beset by traitors and assassins as closely

as Louis Philippe in our days, pardoning them with a forbearance equal to their perseverance, till at last he falls by their hand, a victim of his improvidence and imbecility.

Another no less noble and interesting subject has been marred by Signor Briano at Turin, in his "Pier delle Vigne." This able and accomplished chancellor of Frederic II., the ornament and pride of the most refined court of Europe, the Mæcenas of the Swabian Augustus, himself a poet and the warmest patron of Italian poetry in its infancy, had his name registered in that great book of records for the middle ages, the poem of Dante. Out of that touching episode, by taking advantage of the awful mystery that hangs on the fate of the fallen favourite, and giving us a portrait of that just and generous, though irascible and impetuous monarch, on whose memory the death of his chancellor stands as the sole indelible stain, the poet had the materials for a drama of unequalled interest. But he must needs give the Swabian all the dark tints of a *tiranno*; he neglects all the sources of accessory interest, which he might have derived from the great national contests of Guelphs and Ghibellines, from the Emperor's quarrels with Rome, and causes his hero to fall a victim to a paltry court intrigue in the Mazarin or Alberoni style.

Another tragedy, after the pattern of Alfieri, has been lately performed at Genoa, on a Genoese subject, entitled "La Famiglia Lercari." The Doge, Giovan. Battista Lercari, after having rendered signal services to the republic, is deposed by a faction of his adversaries, who, bent on his utter destruction, are deliberating how to condemn him to an ignominious death. Stefano, his son, one of the senators, moved by just indignation, draws his sword in the council hall, and strikes one of his father's accusers, and is accordingly involved in his fate. To this main catastrophe a love story has been rather awkwardly added by the poet, but not, perhaps, with the best judgment, nor, we are afraid, notwithstanding the suffrage of his townsmen, with the happiest success.

Still there are, especially at Milan, Turin, and Naples, not a few young dramatists who would fain abandon a superannuated school and venture on a new arena, and are endeavouring by different attempts to rebuild the national drama upon new principles.

In the first place, they have generally abolished the name of tragedy, and call their productions *drammi*, as if afraid of entering into competition with the great tyrant Alfieri, to whom the so-called *tragedia* seems exclusively to belong. Then the greatest number of these dramas are in prose, by

which their authors seem to despair of bending the lofty, heroic Italian blank verse to the multifarious purposes of a language of life. In fine, they are all called historical, though several of them are far from being strictly so, and this is in consequence of a want universally felt throughout the country, and which is manifested in every other branch of literature, that of illustrating the national history. We have already seen that those tragedies which we have already mentioned as belonging to the old classical school, are, in compliance with this new national spirit, by their titles at least, essentially Italian.

One of the most successful productions in the new style, is "*Lorenzino del Medici*," by Giuseppe Revere, which has acquired a much wider popularity than the "*Duca Alessandro dei Medici*," by A. Ghiglioni, a contemporaneous performance. All that could contribute to represent Florence and Tuscany in that first stage of enthrallment, all that could depict that active, reckless, sinful Italian life of the sixteenth century, from the court to the lowest populace, has been very cleverly compressed within the narrow compass of five acts; and though we have met, now and then, some rather objectionable sallies of juvenile extravagance, we believe that more original talent is displayed, and a more successful specimen of true historical representation is to be had, in this than in any of the works we have mentioned. The author was not, perhaps, very fortunate in the choice of his subject; and even after all the efforts of Alfieri, in his poem "*L'Etruria Vendicata*," the vile and profligate Lorenzino will make but a poor figure by the side of Brutus or William Tell, notwithstanding the plenary indulgence he won by his meritorious tyrannicide. Another drama, on a similar subject, has been published at Milan by Felice Turrotti—"Il Conte Anguissola," or the death of Pier Luigi Farnese, the son of Pope Paul III., whose long career of crime and ignominy was finally put an end to by a conspiracy of the nobility of Placentia, headed by Anguissola, the protagonist of the drama. We have another and a more recent performance by the same author, "*La Beatrice Tenda*," which is, however, very far from superseding a tragedy on the same subject published in 1827 by Carlo Tedaldi Tores.

We have been interested in the work of Giacinto Battaglia, "*Louisa Strozzi*," printed towards the end of last year, far more than in either of the two crude productions of this young candidate for public suffrage. The author, who by a few very able articles in the "*Rivista Europea*," has given the analysis of the best dramas of the German and Eng-

lish stages, and, together with some of the most eminent Milanese writers, has ever been endeavouring to fix the attention of his countrymen on the beauties of Shakspeare, seems now finally determined to give, by his own example, the practice of what he had hitherto exposed as his theory of the drama.

He made choice of a highly patriotic subject, and seems to have derived from it a better advantage than Professor Rosini, in his historical drama. The character of the fair and unfortunate protagonist is drawn with truth and spirit, and the action proceeds with sufficient animation and warmth, though the naturally calm and sober mind of the author, and his eager desire of clinging fast to historical truth, seems to have kept his fancy under a painful constraint. We know that this will, perhaps, be attributed to the subject itself, as it is said to be always the case in every drama in which the subject is chosen from the annals of modern ages; where the poet's fancy is supposed to be necessarily cramped, and the work of imagination considerably injured by the contrast of glaring historical truth.

This is, however, one of the many points of controversy between the classics and the romantics on which we shall not venture to pronounce—whether indeed poetry essentially delights in mystery and obscurity—whether subjects drawn from the formless materials of a cloud-hidden antiquity are always preferable to such as have received, through the diligence of modern annalists, a full day-light matter-of-fact notoriety—whether nature is only to be surprised within the inmost recesses of fabulous tradition, or whether, by being laid bare before the artist, it may not offer better grounds for a faithful and spirited imitation—whether a drama is to be a grand *tableau* of ideal heads, or, rather, a set of well-drawn portraits—whether, in short, truth in itself can be poetically beautiful, when history has necessarily been stripped of all the prestige of fiction?

We find in some of the Italian periodicals the titles of several other historical dramas in the same style, which, through the remissness of our booksellers, have not yet reached our hands.

Enough, however, we hope, has been said, to prove that the Italian stage, although far from being in a flourishing state, is not yet absolutely dead.

But it is not in Italy alone that the drama can be said to have reached a period of languor and decline. We know not of any living dramatist of renown who may be thought worthy of occupying the German stage since it has been vacated by Schiller and Goethe.

England has indeed every month a fresh supply of tragedies written in every style and on every subject. Every month the Examiner, the Athenæum and the monthly magazines labour to raise to the stars some of Bulwer's or Leigh Hunt's or Sheridan Knowles's new dramas. But a little while, and the great, astonishing performance is no more heard of than the withered leaves of the last season. The advantages of our social arrangements, which have made a lucious business of the works of genius, have produced a mart of poetry. The sacred fire of inspiration, the fatidical enthusiasm of poetical rapture, now comes at the poet's bidding, and the Muse waits upon him at every moment's notice with the punctuality of a faithful handmaid. He who can write a poem, can print a set of poems; he who begins with one drama is sure to go on for a score; every new volume comes out with the regularity of a newspaper, made to match the others in size, in order and frame. It is a literature of cast and mould, each book resembling its fellows, even as a penny is like all other pence. If an author is to have no higher object in view than what he can receive from the manager or the publisher, nothing is certainly more desirable than such a state of things; but if he is to look at all to the real advantage of the dramatic art, to the improvement of public taste, and is to lay his hopes for a worthy reward in the gratitude and admiration of his age and the lasting favour of posterity, we think that there has scarcely appeared a tragedy in Europe during the last twenty years that has any chance of outliving the timid and frail and yet the heart-moving and soul-subduing "*Francesca da Rimini*."

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ART. II.—*Inedited Memoirs of Admiral Chichagoff, a Russian Minister of State.*

SOME men are born for slavery, and others for liberty, says the ancient philosopher. This opinion will cease to appear paradoxical, if it be considered as an observation made *à posteriori*, rather than as a principle laid down *à priori*. If, indeed, only a slight variation be made in the phrase, it will then be altogether borne out by facts; as, for instance, should it be said that a man may be a slave under a free government, and reversely, that he may be free under a despotic, absolute, or even tyrannical rule. Even this, however, may still seem paradoxical in our age, when man's freedom is viewed as a thing identical

with liberal institutions, and is supposed to be secured as soon as such institutions are obtained. Although, however, no two things ever more essentially differed from each other, still this delusion has spread so generally, that philosophers and statesmen, and crowned heads, are bewildered by it. The universal fallacy lies in this—that it is assumed to be enough to unfetter man's hands and feet, in order to render him free. Thus, however, a more galling slavery is often substituted, by which the head and heart are bound with chains of iron immeasurably more heavy. The ordinary mode of proceeding should be reversed. First secure to men their internal liberty, that of their hearts and heads, which can only be done by purifying the one from bad passions and low ambition, and by chasing ignorance from the other. Then, and only then, can external liberty be acquired and fixed on a foundation of rock, against which the powers of time shall not prevail. Internal liberty is the substance; external liberty is the shadow of it: the one is an eternal thing looking through time; the other a meteor of to-day, and of no more.

It was in conformity with this principle that the enlightened individual, with whose manuscript we have been favoured, said to the Emperor Alexander, when the latter wished to give a constitution to his subjects: "Sire, first teach your people to know what is right, and inspire them with reverence for it, and then a constitution will start up of itself into existence." But the well meaning Alexander was himself not internally free, and was consequently incapable of persevering for three days together in one resolution; the result of which was, that neither the apprehension of right, nor a constitution, has in reality made its appearance in his dominions; or, in other words, a constitution on parchment has only started into existence, but never went beyond the precincts of the cabinet.

But our author himself exhibits the best living proof of the foregoing remarks. He lived under two tyrannical governments, those of Peter and Paul; and under two despotic ones, those of Catherine and Alexander; yet, though he filled high official situations, being admiral at one time, and at another a minister of state for several years under the reign of the last-named Emperor, he ever remained free. He left Russia for France in 1819, and finally settled in England. We understand his residence is at Brighton, where, to the lasting benefit of internal liberty, he has at length succeeded in adding the transitory advantages of external freedom. Had he never possessed in reality

the former, he would have been deprived of the latter in 1832, when the Emperor Nicholas issued an ukase, recalling to their country all Russians residing abroad, on pain of losing their property. But the Emperor Nicholas, although he is powerful enough to reduce whole nations under his rule, has been unable, with all his power, to bind a single fibre of a free man's heart; and Admiral Chichagoff preferred his freedom to his fine estates, and is not the less contented in his cottage at Brighton, which, if viewed from the moon, would appear of as much importance as the vast dominions of the Emperor.

We shall yet mention one incident of our author's life. His name belongs to history, from the circumstance of his having in 1812 defended the passage of the Berezina against Napoleon, though he was unable to prevent the latter from crossing the river. But how did he fail? Though much has been published on this question, no satisfactory answer has yet been given; and the Russians, growing impatient, resorted to a jest, and affirmed that the Admiral was unsuccessful because the wind was contrary. It would be better to ask why the Russians, though equal in numbers, were defeated in every battle fought during that portentous campaign? When this question shall have been answered, it will be easy to resolve the other, namely, why the Admiral, with 12,000 troops, could not beat Napoleon? In the mean time, it is but just to remark, that according to the confession of the French themselves, he alone performed his duty on that occasion, and had the other commanding officers done as much, Napoleon would have been captured with his whole army. Here stops our narrative as regards the events which personally concern the Admiral; for, as he is still living, we feel somewhat uneasy under the Damocles sword of discretion, which hangs over our neck. We can therefore only claim that reward, which, as some one has said, authors should receive for *what they have not done*; though we think it the greatest discovery to be yet made in our age. But is it in fact only that reward to which we are entitled? Have not we, more fortunate than that quack of old with his lantern, found something by the aid of our editorial taper? Yes, we have found a man. We have found what Goethe would have called 'Warheit,' (truth,) that is, a reality, and not the ghost of a man; and when he shall have left God's earth, *Dichtung* (fiction), or circumstances which he modified, but which could not modify him, shall be narrated, then an epic poem will start forth. Every man's biography, it

has been said, is an epic, or a tragedy, which is no less true.

We have now done with the Admiral, but not with his memoirs. From these it would appear, that the only sovereign, of whom Russia may justly boast, was Catherine II., surnamed by him and others the Great. As men are naturally curious—and this is an invaluable quality in them—to have a near view of those whom the world calls great, this consideration alone would justify us in selecting, on the present occasion, that part of the memoirs which refers particularly to the reign of Catherine. There are, however, three other important questions intimately connected with this subject, which are treated at large here,—questions which Prince Talleyrand considered as the most vital for Europe. The first is: What has Europe to expect from Russia encroaching, giant-like, upon her? The next is the Turkish question, in which the most important interests of Europe are involved; and the last, but not the least, is the Polish question, which comes so home to our hearts, if not to our interests. This subject, of such momentous import, gains, if possible, in importance, by being treated of by a minister of the very state most concerned in it.

We start with our author from Catherine the Great, and wish, above all, to know, why she is to have that appellation? What is it that makes man or woman great? A wise Indian, questioned on the same subject, gave an answer rather quaint, but by no means void of good sense, namely, "that your great man ought to have *fire enough in his belly to burn up the sins of the world.*" This, translated into our European idiom, means nothing more than that your great man ought to have one idea, and to be determined to sacrifice his life in order to realize it for the benefit of mankind. In what remote glimmering in the soul that phrase originated, in what great master ideal, we shall not now stop to investigate. And what says the Admiral on this subject:

"Catherine may be said to have been great, both by the good she did, and by the evil which she averted: having, in the one case, wrested the imperial sceptre from imbecile hands, whilst in the other she retarded the epoch when the same sceptre was destined to be seized upon by yet more unworthy ones."

From this passage we may perceive that as yet, at least, the greatness of Catherine is only of a negative quality. But let us hear further:—

"She was the first autocrat who conceived



the *idea* of a progressive government, by spontaneously making concessions to the people at the expense of absolute power. The Russians, up to her time, had no experience beyond that of a rule more or less oppressive and brutal; Catherine desired to teach them to value the benefits of a social existence, guaranteed by institutions. Compared with her predecessors, she proved a new *Astræa* to her subjects, having created for them a golden era. In her time men were as free in St. Petersburg as in London, and might be as well amused here as in Paris. Individual liberty was guaranteed to every one of her subjects; security was general, and public order preserved without the inquisitorial measures adopted by her successors."

Thus we gather at length that Catherine had an *idea*; that of converting into men the million of her subjects, who, up to her time, were little more than slaves; and also, that she actually did restore to them the rights of men. The question which most naturally follows is this: Have they in consequence become men, or was it not in the power of Catherine to render them such? We shall see by the Admiral's own showing, that it would be beyond human power to root up in a quarter of a century the evil that had grown there for ages. No wonder, therefore, even Catherine herself did not succeed. The reasons which the Admiral gives are somewhat novel, and account not only for the existence of despotic rule in Russia, but also afford an insight into the character of the Russian people—which latter was really the mainly invincible obstacle to the accomplishment of her wishes.

"The first thing that struck the mind of Catherine was the absence of all political institutions. The sovereigns of Russia have ever, in fact, viewed their empire as a farm belonging to themselves. The people are to them merely as a herd of cattle, of which they may dispose according to their caprice. Trained to this condition from their infancy, the Russians do not suspect the possibility of a different state of things. Whilst an Englishman is taught from his childhood that he is free, and that no one has a right to deprive him arbitrarily of his property, the Russian, on the contrary, is told from his birth that everything belongs to his Maker and to the czar; that he is of himself absolutely nothing, and that the latter can dispose of his property and life. Such was at that time, and is still at the present day, the groundwork of the government, destitute of principle, and of the nation, destitute of right."

Whence comes it, that the Russian government has acquired this almost superhuman power over its subjects? The Admiral tries to explain it in the following manner:—

"Many attempts have been made to define

the character of the various species of government, and to assign to each some exclusive cause of existence. The fact is, that there must exist an infinity of governments, and that the best is always that which suits the nature of the men whom it is to rule. In every country there is some appropriate kind of virtue and honour, but neither of these qualities forms the basis or principle of any government. These unite together from an infinite number of causes, and once associated, they are subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, and reap the fruits of their right or erroneous judgment. They hold together as well as they can; some organize themselves more or less well; some more or less badly; others again cannot organize themselves at all. No example has been yet furnished of two different nations having adopted the same mode of constituting and maintaining themselves; but it remains an incontrovertible truth, that so long as a nation does not obtain a government corresponding with the character of the men who compose it, it is placed in a false position, and will be agitated and restless until it shall discover the conditions indispensable to its internal tranquillity. In support of this opinion numerous proofs may be adduced from history: for the present, however, it will suffice to instance England and Russia. Up to the revolution of 1688, England had been a prey to internal troubles, but since she gave herself a constitution suitable to the character of her people she has advanced in riches and power, and has constantly been progressive. She received the best organisation of which she was capable. Russia, on the contrary, as if she were doomed for ever unto 'chaos and ancient night,' has never received any kind of national organisation, no kind of right, liberty, moral guarantee, in short, none of those advantages which the English knew how to secure to themselves; and yet strange to say, her growth has been such as to inspire with fear nations ranking infinitely above her in civilisation. Why is this? Because the Russian nation is a compound of races differing so much from each other, that not one of them has been able to become dominant, and to impress its character on the government. In the midst of this absolute absence of popular character and influence, the nation has been reduced to nothing, but the government has become all-powerful. It is without check or limit, the most despotic possible, and consequently the worst possible. Notwithstanding this, Russia exists and grows immense, and up to the present moment she has followed an ascent course, as though she possessed a good government, and were not without political institutions. And all this is owing to the people being ignorant and without any marked character; and from their being scattered over a vast territory, they cannot enlighten each other by coming in contact. They are thus rendered passive, and incapable of an unanimous sentiment: they hesitate, and let others act for them. This is the sole condition which agrees with their nature; and the force of circumstances, independent of the will of men, performs the rest. It necessarily follows from the foregoing remarks, that every nation

possesses such a government as it deserves, and in Russia there is despotism because there are slaves. Thus in this instance, and perhaps in every other, despotism is an effect and not a cause of slavery; and it may be affirmed, that were there no slaves, there would be no despots. Little attention has hitherto been paid to this subject, owing to which many fatal errors have arisen. Catherine shared the common error, and believed that it lay in her power to divest herself of despotism; but she discovered at length her mistake, as will be shown hereafter."

From the above we learn two astounding facts, and which are the more so from not being the relation of a traveller, but the statements of a native who witnessed them for fifty years—namely, that there exists in Russia a despotism so bad as never yet existed elsewhere under the sun; and that this despotism has not been established by an autocrat, or a succession of autocrats, but is the offspring of a slavish spirit in the people themselves, from which, we are told, there is no hope of emancipating them. Gibbon has already said the same, and to the causes assigned by the Admiral of this woeful phenomenon, may be added that of the Russians having been thoroughly intermingled with two inferior races—the Tshoud and Tatar, besides the numerous others which compose the population of Russia. Peter the Great, who does not appear to be in favour with any enlightened Russian, aggravated the evil, by destroying the last vestiges of Russian nationality, and by establishing a kind of military Chinese rule. It might exhaust the ingenuity of a Plato to define all the qualities requisite in a sovereign to enable him, if not to substitute a world of good for this world of evil, yet at least to ameliorate it in a degree despaired of by some of the friends of humanity. The Admiral settles the question as usual in an original manner, and not without some plausibility. He thinks that a woman is by her nature better fitted than a man for such a Titan-like task, and these are his reasons.

"It is now generally acknowledged that a representative government is of all human institutions, that which comes nearest to perfection. To the advantages of hereditary monarchy it unites those of an elective one. On the other hand it is a well-known fact, that nothing is more hostile to true civilisation than a military government, ever prone to lower the civil authority in favour of an armed force. The head of a representative government must not be viewed in the light of a commander-in-chief, but in that of the first magistrate of the state. For this reason the king of Great Britain cannot put himself at the head of his army; whilst in despotic countries, or such as do not understand the true principles of government, the armed force is al-

ways in the hands of the sovereign, to the prejudice of the general good. On this account the government of women is preferable, in such countries, to that of men: women being unfit to command troops, and to enter into military details which absorb and narrow the minds of despots, who are usually ignorant of the art of war and merely playing at being soldiers. Besides these advantages the reigns of women have been always more distinguished for impartiality: women have usually shown more right judgment, and those around them less baseness. Even flattery ceases to be ignominious when addressed to a woman, for it then assumes the character of gallantry. Russia knows from experience that of the four women who ruled subsequently to Peter the Great, two proved good sovereigns, and one was great; whilst of the six emperors who have reigned since that epoch, the Emperor Alexander alone can be instanced as a well-meaning autocrat."

To her accidental advantages of womanhood, Catherine united those of having been born and educated in Germany, from which country she imported sound notions of social organisation, unknown to all former sovereigns of Russia. Married to the presumptive heir of the crown (the ill-fated Peter), she devoted a great portion of her time to the study of history, politics, legislation and general literature. Thus prepared, she mounted the throne with sanguine hopes of substituting for the desolating maxims of the Russian government those of humanity and justice. For her starting point, and for the foundation-stone of the edifice she proposed to raise, Catherine selected the charter which her predecessors had granted to the nobility, and which was a first step towards something like civilisation. Peter III. also born, and partly educated abroad, felt himself as it were humbled by reigning over slaves, and his first act had been to emancipate the nobility. Catherine wished to develop that germ of liberty, and granted letters-patent to the nobles, which secured to them their acquired rights, and at the same time gave them the power of choosing magistrates. She also established municipal laws which conferred certain privileges on the citizens; and these were so many preparatory measures which she deemed were calculated to familiarize the nation with elective forms, and gradually to introduce a representative government. With her own hand, she drew up a code of civil and criminal laws, and abolished barbarous punishments—the inquisition, torture, and confiscation; and continued to enforce the abolition of capital punishment decreed by the Empress Elizabeth. Catherine also simplified the administration of her empire, and parcelled it out into several grand divisions, the

government of which was entrusted to her lieutenants, who, though furnished with extensive powers, were obliged to confine themselves strictly within the limits of her injunctions. Having thus established a kind of confederative system, she is said to have discovered the best means of governing that monstrously extended empire. Finally she introduced perfect toleration in matters of religion, which in her time, America excepted, did not virtually exist in any other country. We have now summed up nearly all that Catherine attempted for the benefit of her subjects, and which it would appear was planting the dragon's teeth—for the Admiral says in his usual quaint and forcible manner—

"Catherine, like another Cadmus, caused men to spring out of the earth, whilst her successors know only how to bury them in it."

The truth is, that intent upon arousing her people from their death-like apathy, she, unlike both her predecessors and successors, looked for men of talent, not amongst foreigners, but amongst her own subjects, and succeeded in finding Russians well fitted for every branch of public service. Amongst the many we need only mention Prince Potemkin, a statesman of the highest merit, the presiding genius of her councils; and the field marshals Romanzoff and Souvaroff, who with other able generals rendered her armies everywhere victorious both on land and sea. Her government is praised for having been economical and just; the expenses of four departments of the ministry having amounted only to a million and a half of roubles, whilst under Alexander, in 1819, one department alone, that of the finances, cost the treasury twenty-five millions of roubles. After her death, not a single ukase was found that had not been put in execution, whilst Alexander left at his twenty-four thousand, which had not been carried into effect, and which probably never will be. "This inability," says the Admiral, "of executing the ukases is the sole barrier which a pitying Providence opposes to the arbitrary will of despots, and it diminishes in some degree their fatal effects."

Though a foreigner, Catherine did more for the cultivation of the Russian language and literature than any of her predecessors, by establishing the Russian Academy of St. Petersburg on the model of the French Academy. The following curious circumstance provoked this measure on the part of Catherine, and gives a Tacitus-like picture of the Russian people.

"During her journey to the Crimea, she distributed to each of her companions for transla-

tion different chapters of *Belisarius*, reserving one for herself, and this gave her an opportunity of perceiving how entirely the Russian language had been neglected, how replete it was with low and common expressions, and how absolutely deficient in words of a refined and exalted kind. Such words as *sentiment, admiration, genius, man of honour, virtue, capacity*, and nice distinctions of terms, such as *bravery, courage, valour, gallantry*, did not exist at all. The language was equally deficient in terminology of science and the arts; and when the Academy of St. Petersburg was required to publish a Russian version of *Buffon's* works, after many efforts, the execution of the task was found to be impossible. The Empress therefore established the Academy with a view to polishing and enriching this language, which she thought was susceptible of being improved. But a single reign is not sufficient to ensure satisfactory results in such cases; and the Russian language has therefore undergone but few changes, and the small number of good authors of that period was lost in the mass of ignorance."

A fatal *therefore*, of this kind, seems to have lurked behind all the efforts of Catherine to raise her people in the scale of moral worth. At length, forgetting that a single reign, as the Admiral justly remarks, was not sufficient for bringing her reforms to maturity, she gave up the hope of civilizing her people by the arts of peace, and let loose the demon of war, in order, we are told, to accomplish that object by bringing the Russians into immediate contact with civilized nations.

We suspect that the wise Indian would have said, that she had not fire enough to burn up the sins of her people, but only to exhibit a series of illuminations, or rather to make a conflagration of the world, for which purpose a very small spark would suffice. Her method was calculated to produce a result the very reverse of that she desired, as she could not reasonably expect that her subjects should learn to know what is right, so long as she trampled upon the sacred rights of nations. To the aggressive spirit of Russian policy should be traced the entire absence amongst the Russian people of all just notions of right and wrong. Madame de Staël, whose partiality for the Emperor Alexander is well known, said, that they equally admired stealing and giving. With the view of civilizing her people by bringing them in immediate contact with other nations, Catherine determined, as a first step, upon the conquest of Poland, and as the next, upon that of Turkey. That Russia ever entertained such a design upon the latter country, has been denied a thousand times, and even now there exists a treaty founded upon this assumption, for the preservation of Turkey, to

which Russia has become a willing party. It is therefore infinitely important to listen to the confession of a Russian minister of state on this very subject. The Admiral says—

“Her object was to develope to the greatest possible extent the moral power of her empire; but at the very outset she met with invincible obstacles. On casting her eyes towards the north, she saw herself placed at the most desolate extremity of Europe, and even of her dominions, almost in the vicinity of the polar circle, in short, in a region

• Dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heaps, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile: all else deep snow and ice;”

and far removed from the more fertile provinces, and from all the resources of her empire. Her capital lay close to a sea, or rather lake, which is frozen during one half of the year, in consequence of which all trade is paralyzed. If she turned her attention to the south, she perceived there a thinly scattered population, without arts and civilisation, although placed in the centre of great material resources; and there she beheld again another sea, closed not during one half of the year only, but perpetually, another state holding the keys of it. And yet the vital resources possessed by this part of her empire could neither be developed nor put in circulation except by the Black Sea being open. In that case, Russia would have a free communication by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with the rest of the world—a communication indispensable to her prosperity. Catherine was therefore desirous of removing those obstacles, by uniting to her empire countries which, blest with a genial sky, contained all the elements necessary to the welfare of their inhabitants, who, nevertheless, owing to barbarism and ignorance, were sunk in wretchedness and anarchy. The advantages of this acquisition, contrasted with the evils of an inhospitable climate, and the situation of a capital often threatened with submersion, flattered the policy of Catherine, and had she succeeded in obtaining it, the Greeks would have been delivered from bondage without that effusion of blood which has been subsequently witnessed. Trade, the arts and sciences, would have revived in their ancient fallen country. To deliver men from slavery was her favourite idea, and having met with insurmountable obstacles to this design in her own country, she would have rejoiced to restore liberty to the Greeks—a people once free, and capable of becoming so again. She would have introduced genuine civilisation into her Turkish dominions, instead of those absurd and ridiculous innovations which only hasten the fall of the Ottoman empire. Her moderation alone delayed the accomplishment of her projects, for no other obstacle could have arrested her, as great Turkish armies constantly fled before a handful of her troops.”

We are willing to give Catherine credit for her good intentions, although with such it  
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is said that hell is paved; but was she capable of realizing them? We will further grant that she might have been successful, but what guarantee could she give that her successors would follow the same policy? That this was not in her power is proved beyond a doubt, by her having been unable to secure, even to the Russians, the benefits which she had bestowed upon them. Her successor mounted the throne with the avowed intention of undoing all that she had done, and he kept his promise but too well. Putting aside the question of the right of nations, the notion of which the French philosophers of the eighteenth century had entirely obscured,—and Catherine in this respect was not superior to her age,—we say with the admiral, that no country, and Russia least of all, should attempt to subjugate another, when it is unable to confer upon it thereby any essential benefit. With regard to the assertion that Catherine's moderation alone delayed her conquest of Turkey, we differ from the Admiral, and are of opinion that Turkey lay beyond her grasp, so long as Poland was not definitively partitioned. The following passage, from a work written by a Pole, is calculated to remove any further doubt on this subject.

“Had Poland remained independent and intact, these gigantic schemes (the conquests of Turkey and India) could never have been contemplated by the Czars. Let Russia (the geographical situation of Poland being borne in mind) be imagined as extending from the Icy Sea to the Crimea, without the Polish provinces on the one hand; and on the other, let Poland be supposed to be re-established, Russia would then at once be cut off from Odessa and Turkey, as well as from all communication with central Europe. Poland has therefore become the conductor of the Czar's power from the north to the east, south and west, and is, in their political system, that which the heart is for the circulation of the blood,—the pulse of a new north.”\*

Though it little matters now with which of the three northern powers originated the partition of Poland, their crime being equal, since all shared in it, we agree with our author, that it was not Catherine, but Frederick the Great, who first conceived the idea. Notwithstanding the success of Prussia, during the seven years' war, that state was comparatively weak, when contrasted with the two neighbouring powers. Frederick and his brother Henry, no less good politicians than great generals, knew well the projects of Austria for recovering the provinces torn from her, and were aware that Russia would fa-

\* Insurrection of Poland, in 1830—31, by S. B. Gnorowski.

your them, provided Austria did not oppose her own plans of aggrandizement in the south. In this critical situation, and already deserted by France, they perceived that Prussia could not preserve her rank unless they should succeed in binding her by a common interest with the two other powers, and with this view they conceived the project of the partition of Poland, which once accomplished became the tie of permanent alliance between the three powers. The conduct of Catherine, on that occasion, was very characteristic. When a dispute arose about the respective shares of each party, she put an end to it by dipping her finger in the ink and marking with it on the map the three portions. What had then become of the angel's smile for which she was said to be remarkable? Maria Theresa, on her part, stood with her handkerchief in one hand weeping for Poland, whilst with the sword in the other she divided the land in sections, and took her share. Frederick the Great exulted that Voltaire could no longer liken his state to a pair of gaiters, whilst his brother Henry drew the conclusion, that it would no longer be ridiculed for want of logic. Alas for justice! We cannot help extracting the passage on the character of the unfortunate Polish people, the more interesting from being written by a Russian, to whose candour also it does great honour.

"The Poles are one of the finest of the human races; the personal beauty, both of the men and women, is such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. The men possess, in an eminent degree, both physical strength and energy of character. They are generous, hospitable to prodigality, full of noble sentiments, and their manners are those of true chivalry. They are amiable towards their equals, haughty to their vassals; susceptible on the point of honour, and magnificent in their domestic arrangements. Their enthusiasm for liberty and national independence is unbounded, and for these they are ready to venture on the most daring undertakings. To these qualities may be added the unshakeable constancy they have lately shown in the midst of misfortunes. The Polish women have great influence over the other sex, and to the beauty of the English and the graces of the French women, they join the highest patriotism. By their superior education and the power of their charms, they keep alive in the hearts of the men the sentiments of honour, independence and patriotism. Civilisation also is more generally developed amongst them than amongst their neighbours. During my sojourn in White Russia, I knew many gentlemen who, although their country had been for many years subjugated by Russia, displayed more knowledge, and more correct notions of law and justice, than I have subsequently witnessed in the members of ministerial committees and legislative assemblies."

Alluding to the insurrection of the Poles in 1830, the Admiral says:

"The extreme cruelties exercised upon the Polish nation since the insurrection of 1830, have no palliation, since that insurrection was the work of those to whom the government of the country was entrusted—of the Grand Duke Constantine, 'half man, half monkey,' and of the grinding oppression of his minions. Yet the Poles are treated as though they had revolted against a wise and legitimate government. We may discern, however, that powerful obstacles will one day arise to prevent the continuation of this violent state of affairs. The harsh treatment of the Poles only exasperates and disposes them to revolt, and the Russian government must therefore look upon them as a vanguard of the enemy. It is evident, that should Russia engage in a foreign war, her enemies would make good use of the hatred of the Poles for their oppressors. He who is resolved to exterminate a nation, exposes himself to the consequences of its despair, and his victims, until they are annihilated, will display all that is most sublime in civic virtue. On the other hand, if it is intended that they should constitute a part of the empire, what can the Russian government ultimately gain by endeavouring to weaken them?"

Besides the above causes, which render the amalgamation of the Poles with the Russians a thing impossible, others exist, according to the Admiral, still more powerful, and which cannot be removed, except by the total extirpation of the Polish race. The Admiral is, however, of opinion, that this cannot take place, and it is with pleasure that we quote his words.

"It must also be borne in mind, that the Russians and the Poles are, with regard to their respective moral characteristics, two races widely different, and that no power can ever fuse them together. The Russians not only do not fear slavery, but they cherish it, and make their boast of it, which is the lowest degree of baseness to which men may descend. The Poles, on the contrary, hold slavery in horror, and pant only for freedom. The observation of Machiavelli is particularly applicable to these two nations. 'It is,' says he, 'as difficult to render free, men made to be slaves, as to render slaves men made to be free.' Two races of men thus directly opposed to each other have at length been found in the Russians and Poles. Their respective moral contrasts, acting as a permanent cause, will ultimately overpower the accidental cause, which has thrown the Poles into a false position—a state of violent constraint: just as the English, a nation independent by nature, long struggled against all kinds of tyranny with more or less success, until they ultimately obtained, by perseverance, a government suited to them. Let the Poles too persevere, and equal success awaits them."

We rejoice to hear these words of hope

from a Russian, for the Admiral is still as ever an ardent Russian patriot, as well as an enthusiastic admirer of Catherine. Under her reign, the Admiral thinks the Poles were treated with all the regard due to their misfortune; but since her death, owing to the suspicious policy of her successors, everything has been called in question: the rights, liberties, and privileges, granted one day, are swept away the next, and serve only as a pretext for persecution. "Let them hate me, provided they fear me!" Such is, according to him, the maxim of the master of Poland, whose sole ambition is to be formidable to his subjects.

"With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
The lower still he falls; only supreme  
In misery."

There are two other blemishes in the character of Catherine, which the Admiral endeavours to wipe away—namely, that of having usurped the crown by dethroning and murdering her husband, Peter III.; and that of having purposely neglected the education of Paul, her son and successor. Peter III., though born with good dispositions, which he showed in his sober intervals, plunged, after his accession to the throne, into the most revolting debauchery. This, added to his mania for anti-national innovations, would have rendered his reign ruinous to his country. That *révolution de palais*—the only revolution possible in Russia—by which he was dethroned, was prepared and consummated by some patriots, and Catherine is said to have kept aloof from all their proceedings, and to have joined them only when her personal interference became indispensable to the final success of the work. She had, too, no alternative but the throne or the tomb; as Peter had determined to shut her up for life in a fortress, and to marry the sister of the Princess Dashkoff. There cannot, therefore, be any question with regard to her pretended usurpation of the throne of Russia, the regular succession besides having been in no way determined; which led the famous Caraccioli to say, that the throne of Russia was neither hereditary nor elective, but occupative.

"It is also," says the Admiral, "equally true, that the death of Peter III. no more took place by the order of Catherine, than that of Paul by the order of his sons. The imminence of a real or imaginary danger, which struck on the mind of some of the conspirators, was the sole moving cause in both cases. The only thing which the Russians, who derived so much benefit from the change during Catherine's

twenty-four years' reign, could reproach her for, would be, that she left them a series of legitimate successors, all more or less affected by the malady of Peter and Paul. In support of my opinion on this subject, I may be allowed to give an extract from the letter written by Prince Talleyrand to Louis XVIII. from Vienna, on the 25th January, 1815, to dissuade him from giving his consent to the marriage of the Duc de Berry with a Russian Grand Duchess.—

"Considering the state of the intellectual faculties of Peter III., the grandfather of the Grand Duchess, and of Paul I. her father; led by the examples of the late King of Denmark, and of the present reigning Duke of Oldenbourg, and of the unfortunate Gustavus IV., to look upon their deplorable infirmity as a dreadful appendage to the house of Holstein; I cannot but be apprehensive lest it should be introduced by this marriage into the royal family of France, and perhaps be inflicted on the heir of the throne. Shall Russia, who has been unable to establish any of her princesses upon any foreign throne, behold one of them called to that of France? Such a prospect would be, I venture to affirm, too much good fortune for her, and I should not wish that M. le Duc de Berry should thus find himself placed in circumstances of very close relationship with a multitude of princes in the lowest departments of sovereignty."

With regard to the second charge brought against Catherine, that of having neglected the education of her son Paul, those who are disposed to find fault with all her actions, assume that she did so, in order that the splendour of her reign, like that of the Roman Augustus, might be the better displayed, by being contrasted with the barbarous rule of her successor. Admiral Chichagoff thinks that Catharine was too generous to be capable of conceiving such an idea, and that those who blame her in this respect do not take into consideration the organisation and nature of man. Education may, to a certain extent, develop and improve the natural qualities of a man, but it can neither give him qualities,

"Ici considérant quel fut l'état des facultés intellectuelles chez Pierre III., aïeul de la Grande Duchesse, chez Paul I. son père; conduit par les exemples du feu Roi de Danemarck, du Duc actuellement régnant d'Oldenbourg, et du malheureux Gustave IV. à regarder leur déplorable infirmité comme une funeste appui de la maison de Holstein; je ne puis me défendre d'apprehender qu'elle ne fût transportée par ce mariage, dans la maison de France, et peut être à l'héritier du trône. La Russie, qui n'a pu placer aucune de ses princesses sur aucun trône, en verra-t-elle une appelée à celui de France? Une telle perspective serait, j'ose le dire, une trop grande fortune pour elle, et je n'aimerais point, que M. le Duc de Berry se trouvât de la sorte dans des rapports de parenté fort étroits avec une foule de princes placés dans les dernières divisions de la souveraineté."—Mémoires tirés des papiers d'un homme d'état sur les causes secrètes, qui ont déterminé la politique des cabinets dans les guerres de la Révolution. Paris, 1838.

which nature has not bestowed upon him, nor entirely root up those with which he happens to have been born. Were it otherwise, M. Aurelius, a philosopher, and the most virtuous of the Roman emperors, would have left for his successor a son like himself, instead of a monster; and the father of Frederick the Great would, by his unnatural conduct, have rendered his son an idiot. Catherine, says the Admiral, having to bring up a son of perverse dispositions, endeavoured, unlike the father of Frederick the Great, to give him all the advantages of an education suited to a sovereign. Not satisfied with surrounding him with the most enlightened Russians, such as Panin and Platow, she requested the celebrated d'Alembert to become his tutor, but this latter could not be persuaded to undertake the charge. She tried subsequently to initiate Paul into state affairs, but at length came to the conviction that all her efforts to correct the vicious character of her son would be unavailing. In order therefore to avoid at least irritating his temper by further thwarting him, and in the hope of tranquillizing his nature, by allowing it fair play, she permitted him to indulge, as far as might be convenient, his soldier-like mania, and to amuse himself by equipping and organizing certain regiments, which he made up of deserters, robbers, and the worst characters in the army. He dressed and drilled them *à la Prussienne*, and it was with such a troop, that, after the death of Catherine, he made, as it were, an attack on the empire. Here it may naturally be asked, what prevented Catherine from doing that which Paul himself afterwards did, that is, to regulate the order of succession to the imperial throne, and by appointing a more capable successor, to secure to her people the advantages which she had conferred upon them. Where no law existed, could she not have made one? We should have been glad if the Admiral had solved this question. She might easily have perceived that by neglecting to do this, she had as yet done nothing effectual for the happiness of her people, who have been taught since, by experience, to regret her departure, but not to bless her memory. All the rights and privileges which she gave them, have one by one been torn from them, down to the charter of Peter III. emancipating the nobles, who are now as inalienably attached to their estates as the serfs. For this omission we must again abstract a considerable quantum from her greatness, though we are willing to allow that she was a shrewd and intelligent politician, and a well-intentioned sovereign. Her personal appearance is thus described by the Admiral:—

"There was something in her deportment exceedingly majestic, and according to circumstances she appeared now gracious, now imposing. She knew so well how to assume an air of majesty, that when Marshal Razumofsky, who was usually admitted to her intimate society, was going to deliver a public oration on the occasion of a new organic statute of the empire, felt awe-struck to such an extent, that he would have been unable to proceed, had she not encouraged him by the extreme benevolence of her manner. She was of middle stature; her features were regular, and of extreme mobility; her countenance sometimes soft and agreeable, sometimes grave and severe. She had a strong constitution, and enjoyed excellent health, which she preserved by temperance. Her mode of life was simple and healthful; she rose early, took coffee for breakfast, and then devoted herself to her literary studies until nine o'clock, at which hour she received her ministers."

She displayed much judgment in the arrangement of her court, which she knew how to render particularly attractive to the Russians. Well aware that one of the principal grievances complained of against her predecessor, was his German mania, and having too much taste to take up the wild idea of dressing her ladies like peasant women, as was done subsequently at the Court of St. Petersburg, she selected for them a costume formerly used by the Boyar women, which by some modifications was rendered extremely elegant. Her court was composed of persons belonging to the first families, and her rule of conduct towards them was, as she said, to reprimand in whispers, and to praise aloud.

"It was," says the Admiral, "a noble and precious establishment, which has since disappeared with many others. Under the reign of Alexander, a curious reform was introduced at court. By an imperial ukase, the chamberlains and gentlemen of the chamber were deprived of their privileges; their rank having been, till then, respectively equivalent to the military grades of major-general and brigadier, a kind of intermediate between that of general and colonel. The ukase in question assigns the following singular reason for this change: 'Considering that the welfare of the emperor requires that all employments should be given to true merit, we order, after having consulted our council of state, that the military rank of chamberlains and gentlemen of the chamber, be suppressed, and that such as hold them shall enjoy only the rank inherent to their office. After which, we feel convinced, that all the offices of state will be occupied only by persons of true merit.' What connection is there, in the name of common sense, between the object of the ukase and its concluding words? In consequence of this and other such reforms, the court has now lost all its former attraction, and to obtain an appointment there is equivalent to banishment."

In the opinion of the Admiral, everything in Russia has deteriorated in the same proportion under Catherine's successors, even to the diplomatic skill for which the Russian cabinet has become proverbial. The panacea now applied by the latter to remove every kind of difficulty, is invariably a levy of recruits: if a scarcity occurs, or the country is menaced by a pestilence; if a new treaty is concluded, or rumours of an *émeute* in Paris are heard; in fact, whatever event casts its shadow before, an imperial ukase is sure to make its appearance, ordering a fresh levy of conscripts. By a similar policy, the army which in Catherine's time amounted only to 200,000, has been augmented to thrice that number—augmented, but not improved; and if we are to credit the Admiral, it has greatly fallen off. In proof of his assertion, he draws a parallel between the achievements of the Russian troops on the same theatre of war under the reign of Catherine, and those of her successors, much to the advantage of the former. Romanzoff and Souvaroff, for instance, never failed to route large Turkish armies with not more than 20,000 men, whilst hundreds of thousands of Russians have since marched against the Turks, without obtaining any marked success. In the last war between Russia and Turkey (1827–28), no less than 400,000 Russian troops were employed, and four levies of recruits were made during the continuance of hostilities, and yet, after the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, Diebitch could hardly bring back men enough to form the nucleus of several regiments. Let it be borne in mind too, that Turkey has become comparatively much weaker since the celebrated battle of Navarino, and that donkeys loaded with Russian gold have found their way into many a Turkish fortress. Again, Souvaroff defeated the French under Moreau, Macdonald and Joubert, whilst at a subsequent period, the Russians never won a single field fought against the French. The same weakness of the Russian army was displayed in the late Polish war, when the Russians marched into Poland 400,000 men, and yet were obliged to make two campaigns: the Poles, meanwhile, having never been able to bring at once into the field more than 30,000 regular troops. The cause of this phenomenon is not to be traced to any degeneracy in the Russian soldier, but rather to the incapacity of his leaders, who no longer understand how to excite in him any passion. He goes to war neither for fame nor booty, nor for aught else in earth or heaven;—he goes because he must go. With him it is “the cold that performs the effects of fire.” Another cause

is said to be the personal interference of the Emperor in military affairs, which seems to paralyze the officers. The Admiral mentions a curious fact of this kind, which took place in the beginning of the famous campaign of 1812. When the Emperor arrived at the head-quarters of the army at Wilno, several of the generals made a formal protest, to the effect that he should withdraw, or that they must resign their posts; upon which Alexander immediately departed for St. Petersburg. A third cause is the employment of so many foreign officers, who are unacquainted with the character of the Russian soldier, and ever remain perfect strangers to him. Disadvantages of this nature did not exist in the time of Catherine, who gave her generals full liberty of action; and they were also all Russians, and some, as Souvaroff, of the very highest stamp. Though a man of education, he identified himself in all respects with the soldiers, whose minds he entirely swayed, by addressing himself to their superstitious feelings. After a battle he used to say, “That such as had fallen were to be envied for their lot, as they were already dwelling with angels, and enjoying eternal life in the greatest felicity and beatitude. Strive to do like them; fight well, and render yourselves worthy of the same blessings.”

It was to this superstitious character of the Russian people that Napoleon alluded when at St. Helena he said, that were he an autocrat at St. Petersburg, he would let his beard grow, and would arrive at an appointed day at Calais. If we are to believe travellers' tales, and even the Admiral himself, the present Emperor is acting according to the advice of Napoleon or rather endeavours to do so. With such facts before us, how are we to comprehend the continual progress made by Russia in the extension of her territory? In our author's opinion this is not to be ascribed to the skill of the government, but primarily to the imbecility of other foreign powers, and next to the irresistible impulse of conquest which Catherine gave to Russia. What Sir W. Scott affirmed of Napoleon during his Russian campaign is also applicable to Russia; namely, that she is in the state of a drunken man, who is unable to stand still, though he can yet walk and even run. In other words, she is driven forward by the force of necessity without knowing whither she is going. Having given up the idea of raising its people in the moral scale (even Catherine was brought to this pass), the Russian government has nothing left but to conquer without cessation, in which it meets with no obstacle whatever on the part of its subjects; who, when all the world shall be



long to their governors, at last, according to a prediction of J. J. Rousseau, "*mangeront du sucre*," giving, as our author says, in exchange to the subjugated nations only chains, since they have nothing else to give. The Russian government finds itself in a perplexing dilemma; it cannot have conquered nations in the possession of their rights and liberties, as in that case the native Russians would feel themselves humiliated, whilst, on the other hand, it is unable to raise the latter to the height of its newly acquired subjects. The consequence of such a state of things must be and is, that all its subjugated nations are invariably degraded to the level of the Russians; which circumstance may account for those incessant revolts in the Russian dominions; meanwhile, "expectation stands in horror."—

"Oh heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, when faith and reality  
Remain not: wherefore should not strength  
and might  
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest  
prove  
Where boldest, though to sight unconquer-  
able?"

The sacred maxim of our religion—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul"—is, however, as applicable to empires as individuals. The body of Russia is swelling into a Titan-like mountain, which threatens to suffocate her spirit, and only advances with the greater speed to the catastrophe which will hurl it down the precipice "ten thousand fathoms deep." For this again, according to the Admiral, Russia will be indebted to Catherine; for she it was, who instead of realizing her idea of setting at liberty that spirit, only set in motion the machine built up for aggression by Peter the Great. Thus, once more, we have to reduce the dimensions of her greatness,—nay it will vanish one day into flame and smoke. In the meantime, we are not averse to grant her the praise bestowed on her by the Admiral:—

"A nation that has lost its liberty, and which by nature is unable to appreciate and still less to regain it, is the more patient under the yoke of despotism, since such a condition does not exclude a possibility of happiness, and even of glory: the first being often but an ignorance of what is better, and the second but an ignorance of what is true. Besides a despot is not necessarily a tyrant, and when he does justice and abstains from arbitrary acts, he may prove a benefactor to his subjects. Therefore a highly gifted man, placed by circumstances or by his own merit at the head of a docile population, is sure to render it prosperous and powerful; and

although this condition must be precarious, since it is dependent on the frail existence of an individual, the reality of it for the time being cannot be contested. Such fortunate accidents have from time to time shed a lustre over the more or less obscure annals of enslaved nations; and such a one for Russia was the reign of Catherine II., surnamed the Great, than which it would be in vain to seek another equally glorious in the history of that empire."

When Madame de Stael complimented Alexander by saying to him that he was worth a constitution to his people, he in return likewise asserted that he was but an accident. Surely we English have no need to envy the nations whose happiness depends entirely upon a grim-looking chapter of accidents, although the Whigs, the earth-born, are doing their best to place us in this sad predicament.

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- ART. III.—1. RAHEL.—*Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde*. 3 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1834.  
2. *Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel*: herausgegeben von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig. 1836.

THESE letters of the celebrated German lady Rahel have—we confess it with shame and confusion of face—been lying on our German shelf these four years unopened. We plead guilty to a sort of horror (a one-sided British instinct no doubt) of all books of *private* memoirs, after which we see the great mass of the German literary public running mad. Such is the contrariety of national character in the two races, that if a book of this description is much bepraised in Germany, the chance is, that it is altogether unfit for the English public. In some few cases the mere strangeness and novelty of the thing may attract; people may be induced to go and stare at the "GERMAN MIND" as they do at Van Amburgh's lions, or Duvernay's pirouettes; and sometimes also an adventitious circumstance may induce a practical Englishman to peep for a moment into the dim cloudy glow and whirling voluminities of Teutonic intellect. So the patronage of the *religious* public enabled Jung Stilling to plant himself firmly on British ground; so the name of Goethe served as an introduction to Bettine Brentano. But in the general case the Englishman will not go out of his own day-light and open turnpikes to wander in some subterranean sublime Antiparos or Adelsberg of

German speculation. Call it one-sidedness, call it shallowness, call it literary *Philisterei* if you will; it is a national habitude ingrown with the most essential and substantial virtues of the British character, which we shall not be ashamed of, any more than we are of our east wind, which bites but also braces. Rahel, therefore, the German de Stäel, and because German in some essential points much better than the French one, can cherish small hope of ever being known generally to the British public. From German students only, and from the philosopher and psychologist, can she expect, and she is entitled to demand, sympathy. Happily both these classes, the class of native British thinkers and the class of Germanizing thinkers (for a man cannot be a German scholar to any purpose without being a thinker), are at the present moment rapidly on the increase. To such the following short notice of the life, character, and opinions of one of the most extraordinary women of modern times may not be unacceptable.

We mentioned in our late notice of Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs, that one of the most remarkable passages of his various life was his introduction to and subsequent marriage with the celebrated Rahel Levin, or Robert. The circumstances of that connection were highly honourable to Varnhagen. The lady was twelve years older than himself, without rank, comfortable, indeed, but nothing extraordinary in the money line; and in religion, externally at least, and to the eye of the world, a Jewess. Beauty, of the vulgar merchantable kind, was also not pre-eminent. The only thing that remained, therefore, was the spiritual beauty, the beauty of soul, of character, and expression; and to this Varnhagen instantly surrendered himself, with a devotion and a singleheartedness in these hard times unfortunately not so common as it was in the days of Petrarch. Varnhagen describes the first glimpses he caught of this intellectual lady in the following terms. The scene is Berlin, Rahel's habitual residence—date, 1803.

"At one of our literary soirées, while we were engaged reading Wieland, a visit was suddenly announced; and at the name of the visitor that sort of commotion was instantly observed in the room, which is wont to preludize the entrance of something great and uncommon. It was Rahel Levin, or Robert. Often have I heard this person the subject of discourse in intelligent circles; and when her name was mentioned, it was always in such terms as were calculated to excite in my mind the idea of something extraordinary, and altogether unique. The general idea of her character that I had formed was that of an energetic compound of

intellect and nature, both in substance and form most original and pure. (*Ein energisches zusammen seyn von Geist und Natur in ursprünglicher reiner Kraft und Form.*) And when this or the other critic might say anything less favourable, it was always so expressed, that an impartial listener must draw from the severest remark more substantially of praise than blame. At this very time there was much talk in Berlin of a strong attachment that she had formed, more elevated in its character, and also more tragic in its issue, than any that the poets had sung. I naturally therefore watched the entrance of the announced visitor with no common attention. There appeared a light graceful figure, of small stature, but strong make, with delicate and full limbs, feet and hands remarkably small: the countenance encircled with rich, dark locks, spoke intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances left the observer in doubt whether they gave or received more; an expression of suffering lent a soft grace to the clear features. She moved in a dark dress, light almost as a shadow, but also with freedom and sureness; her greeting was as easy as it was kindly. But what struck me most was the sonorous and mellow voice which seemed to swell from the inmost depths of the soul, and a conversation the most extraordinary that I had ever met with. She threw out in the most easy and unpretending fashion thoughts full of originality and humour, where wit was united with *naïveté*, and acuteness with amiability; and into the whole a deep truth was cast, as it were out of iron, giving to every sentence a completeness of total impression which rendered it difficult for the strongest to break, or to rend it in any way. Through the whole also there breathed a warmth and a spirit of genuine human kindness which removed every painful feeling of inferiority, even from the lowest. This, however, for the present only in momentary glimpses—the visit was uncommonly short, but short as it was, the impression remained on me ineffaceable. A sonnet indeed was enough to satisfy the expression of my admiration at that time; but I afterwards discovered that this was only the first link in a chain which should unite my own happiness for ever with that of Rahel Levin."

In 1807 Varnhagen returned from Halle to Berlin, renewed his acquaintance with Rahel, and this acquaintance soon ripened into that perfect intellectual sympathy and emotional harmony, in which alone the poetry of marriage consists. From this period we have the following supplementary notice:

"It were in vain for me to attempt giving anything like a satisfactory outline of Rahel's character to those who have never had the happiness to see her personally. The striking thing in her was the concentrated action of every vital and intellectual function in every moment; a natural and habitual power, to represent which all paper and all canvass is powerless. Generally, however, I may state the impression made on me at that time. In the first place I can say, that in Rahel's presence I had the full

conviction that a genuine human being (this noble creation of God) stood before me in its most pure and perfect type; through her whole frame, and in all her motions, nature and intellect in fresh breezy reciprocity; organic shape, elastic fibre, a living connection with every thing around her; the greatest originality and simplicity in sensuous perception, and intellectual utterance, the combined grandiosity of innocence and wisdom; in word and deed alertness, dexterity, and precision of function. All this was at the same time embosomed in an atmosphere of the purest goodness and benevolence, which did not remain a mere atmosphere, but was eager at every moment to incarnate itself in a deed. In Rahel I found combined, what in the greatest characters of the age I had hitherto seen isolated. Profound reflection and brilliant wit, ingenuity and love of truth, imagination and humour, were here united in a succession of the most energetic, gentle, and graceful living motions, which, like Goethe's words, hold quite close by the thing, are the thing itself, and, with the concentrated might of their suggestive contents, work momentarily. Never have I seen elsewhere such a mass of masculine breadth and penetration; alongside of which, however, swelled without remission the warm flow of womanly mildness and beauty. Never have I seen an eye and a mouth so animated with loveliness, and at the same time giving free vent occasionally to the most violent outbreaks of enthusiasm and indignation."<sup>\*</sup>

So far Varnhagen, the lover, the husband. The present writer never had the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of this celebrated lady; he only knows her from her general reputation among the Germans, and from the five (equal to eight English) volumes of German memoirs, of which the title is prefixed; but he can honestly say, that he finds nothing overcharged in the statement of Varnhagen. It is impossible to read the letters of this highly-gifted person, and not feel instinctively that the homage so long and so generally paid to her in Germany was of the true and genuine kind, and such as deserves to have a separate and prominent chapter allotted to it in the records of "hero-worship." Rahel is a German of the Germans; and as such in several traits of intellectual character, and in some opinions, not likely to excite the sympathy of the English mind. But it is, for the most part, only the excellences of the German mind that are potentiated in her; she stands erect, and sees clear through the confounding nebulousity of æsthetical and philosophical nonsense with which our cob-web-spinning neighbours have so encumber-

ed the atmosphere of thought. In this respect she was more to the literary world of Germany than Napoleon was to the political world in France. He ruled because he was the incarnation and the apex of his nation's prejudices; Rahel was a German, as Gamaliel was a Pharisee, of them and among them, but above them. For this reason, also, she stood isolated and alone even while she reigned; her superiority was felt and admitted in many places, where it was not allowed to operate any practical results.

The two volumes of "Portraits" which Varnhagen has published contain the most ample evidence of the vast influence which Rahel exercised over the greatest minds in Germany. Schleiermacher, the delicate philosopher and the subtle dialectician; Frederick Schlegel, the restless investigator and sublimely floundering dogmatist; Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, the chivalrous and adventurous prince, who wanted but the world's one thing needful—success, to have gone down to posterity as famous as Blücher; Gentz, whose pen in modern history has been almost as famous as Napoleon's sword; all know and acknowledge the Berlin Jewess as Pope Paul V. did Cardinal Perron:—"May God inspire that man with good thoughts, for whatsoever he says we must do it!" Would to God, gentle reader, that you or I had been Varnhagen on that night, when at one of the Berlin intellectual soirées he first saw the redoubtable Schleiermacher, who had lectured at Halle, the rival of Wolff and Steffens, now fencing doubtfully with a woman, nay, sitting at her feet, struck dumb once and again by an electric word, as the strongest vision glimmers when phosphorus burns in oxygen gas! To talk with Rahel was to steam it at high pressure,—very dangerous work for common vessels; so much so, that many mighty men, who had filled Europe with their name, either retreated hesitatingly from her contact, or, what was nobler, fell down devoutly and worshipped, crying, "Spare me, O woman, for I am but a worm!" So in particular Gentz worships the superiority of this lady almost to humiliation, confessing himself with more honesty than dignity to be in her presence the woman, and she the man. "My instructress, my oracle, my friend, my angel, my all!" And of her letters, he says, "They are not *written* letters—not words on paper; they are living beings, that with a fresh, lusty generosity, with blooming cheeks and with bright eyes, walk in before me and embrace me;" and similar language, for the exaggerations of which we cold-blooded English must make wise allowance. Expressions of like intensity we find in the letters of all Rahel's

\* There is a portrait prefixed to the first volume, which answers this description very well. It is intellect without coldness, mildness without weakness, composure without indolence or luxuriousness of soul; expressive and pleasing, not beautiful.

correspondents. Goethe does not hold his worshippers by a stronger magic. When she speaks, her word goes directly to the heart; and the effect follows instantaneously, as from harlequin's wand in the pantomime.

If we look a little more minutely into this matter, and inquire how it was that the Berlin lady exercised this charm over the greatest intellects of Germany, the two following points prominently present themselves. In the first place, Rahel's mind is of a most masculine, strong, racy, one might almost say, sturdy character. We doubt much whether, notwithstanding all the feminine blandishments with which it was so witchingly tempered, such a female character would please in England. We find, for instance, in these letters, the constant recurrence of such phrases as the following: *Bei Gott! bei allen höllischen Qualen! zum rasend werden, zum Tod werden, grimmig, grässlich, verdammt, verflucht*, and so forth: and then such a determined and despotic *Ich HASSE es—I hate it*; such an intolerant wrath against everything "low" (*Gemein*); nay, and she confesses plainly that there is nothing she loves better than to be angry, for a little irritation goads her to speak the truth with more point; and, unless a man speak the truth he had better not speak at all. Gentz, as we said, will have it that Rahel is properly a man;\* and she is so; but she is not masculine to the exclusion but merely to the bracing, of her womanhood. She did not live, like most masculine women, loveless and unloved; but on the contrary both loving and most passionately loved. As that man is the most perfect in whom the rough strength of his own sex is tempered by the milder virtues of the woman, so that woman is the true glory of her sex, who to the natural feminine charms of grace and tenderness, adds the clearness of intellect and the decision of purpose characteristic of the male. So the finest statues of the Greeks, like the Rabbinical tradition of the primeval human being, have, properly speaking, no sex, or rather embrace both. Thus we think also it is with Rahel; and in this view we are inclined with Varnhagen to place her far above the general run of great women. But the masculine preponderates, at least strikes more; there is about her a habitual air of decision, and instinctive (not assumed or paraded) dictatorship, which contrasts her strongly with the prevailing aspect of the female character. This masculine character appears in nothing

so strongly as in her literary taste; and this we may remark, by the way, is the best of all tests. For a woman, though she may love a whiskered and brawny man to protect her, prefers a smooth and sentimental writer to sympathize with her; thus we suppose, among our female students of German literature, Schiller will always be a greater favourite than Goethe; for Goethe's mind (notwithstanding the "eternal womanly" of the second part of *Faust*) is essentially masculine, though, as Carlyle happily expressed it, the hard granite mountain is overgrown with soft grass. But Rahel's literary heroes are all of the masculine kind—Goethe, Fichte, Mirabeau,\* Heine; and she will make small account of a rough, shaggy, scarred outside, of rudeness and even coarseness, if there be honest energy and native pith within. In

\* The following short characteristic of Mirabeau is among the few interesting sketches from the external public world that Rahel's letters contain. It is much to be lamented that a lady, with such a fine eye for observation, and such a wide sympathizing heart, should have been cooped during her whole life in a small private corner of Berlin; where, for want of grand external objects to occupy her attention, she was tempted to yield too much to that German habit of probing and piercing the inner man,—an occupation confined in England for the most part to the religious world, but spreading itself in Germany over the whole breadth of literary activity, and tainting its inmost core. The characteristic of Mirabeau is dated 1st November, 1812, and is as follows:—"When Mirabeau was in Berlin, I saw him in the simple dress of a civilian, and looking altogether like the French courtiers of the day. He wore a slightly curled powdered toupet, bagwig, shoes and stockings, and corresponding clothes, without gold, silver, or embroidery. He had dark animated eyes, and strong protruding eyebrows, yet there was something mild in his look. He was marked with the small-pox; his figure broad, but not stout. He had the appearance of a man that had lived much and with many; his movements were quicker and more various than is generally found in persons of his rank; for there was nothing compact, or nicely rounded off about him (*Er hatte nichts compassiertes*). In everything he did, there was a wonderful activity; you saw at once that here was a person who was accustomed to see and investigate everything for himself; he used his lorgnette, and I may say his whole person, with a peculiar air of independence. He used to frequent the German theatre, and every day brought his own letters to the post-office, where I often saw him for half-hours and hours at a time, while a lady and his eight yeared son were waiting for him in a carriage. My father pointed him out to me simply as Count Mirabeau; I knew nothing about him, and for this reason am the more inclined to put a value on the judgment I then formed. He made a good impression on me, though he seemed old, and nothing neat or elegant; and I was almost a child, accustomed to admire only fair and slim men. I have no further recollections of him; he looked like a person that had suffered much and discussed much (*Einer der viel gelitten und diskutiert hatte*)."

\* *Sie sind ein grosser Mann; ich bin das erste aller Weiber.*—Bildnisse, ii. 203.

this trait of character, closely connected with another to be immediately mentioned, we find in her mind a strong affinity with that of the most notable writer of the present day, Thomas Carlyle, concerning whom we remember to have heard a very proper criticism from the mouth of an intelligent individual,—“that he had always shown a great partiality for *scamps*.” And this again brings to our mind a remarkable passage in one of Burns’s letters, which we shall here quote in justification of Rahel’s enthusiastic attachment to Mirabeau and Heine: “I have often,” says the poet (Letter No. II., Currie’s edition,) “courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards*, sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues, magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.”

The other quality of Rahel’s mind which we wish particularly to mention, and in which she presents a yet more striking identity with the historian of the French Revolution, is truthfulness, and a detestation of lies (or *shams* as Carlyle prefers to call them) amounting almost to a mania and a parade, certainly a mannerism and a hobby-horse. But it is a divine madness, as Plato would have said, and a hobby-horse which a man may reasonably be permitted to ride lustily; for though we may never grant, in Rahel’s strong phrase, that “the great world and the literary world are altogether baked out of lies” (*diese aus Lügen zusammen gebackene literarische und grosse Welt*), it is a lamentable fact, that from the polite snuffle and snigger of the saloon to the flat duck-footed plumper of a plebeian falsehood, there is an infinite variety of simulation and dissimulation in the world; and beyond the region of conscious or half-conscious lies there is a vast limbo of unconscious ones; both more familiarly known in England under the comprehensive name of *HUMBUG*. Now everything of this kind Rahel would not merely not tolerate, but with a strong and wrathful instinct did literally unveil and tear in shreds habitually—a fearful habit of mind (*δαιμον, σκευηλιον*, as Homer would have said), and which, when carried consistently out in these latter days (when many venerable forms have lost the soul which originally inspired them), must make either a martyr or a ruler of the possessor. Rahel seems to have been a little martyred here and there in small matters; but she was amply compensated for this by

the immense sway she gradually acquired over the minds of all the giants of the age who came in contact with her. She reigned a queen in Berlin in her own region much more potent than Frederick William. She soon found out that in certain matters of infinite moral, religious, and political import, the man who has clearness to see, and boldness to speak out the truth which he deeply feels, is greater than all poets and all philosophers. Herein, and in nothing else, lay the secret of Martin Luther’s reformation. Herein also she placed the ground of her hero-worship in respect of the questionable Mirabeau. “Mirabeau,” she says, “is my great hero, by virtue of the force of truth which governs him; thereby he is sublime and innocent; and only this is loveable. Chamfort said, few things gave him greater pleasure than to look at a dog in quiet greedily gnawing a bone, because he thereby became possessed by the healthy idea of an upright honest endeavour. I understand this feeling of Chamfort completely; *I can become perfectly in love even with things most rude and coarse, if only they do not lie.*” And in another passage she makes the remark, that in certain circumstances, and on certain occasions, there is nothing more strange and startling than the utterance of plain truth; so that if any person wishes to attain a reputation for originality, and what the world calls genius, he has a certain, though by no means an easy way to do so, by training himself to the habitual perception and utterance of common truth. If a man has lost everything else in this world, she often says, at least he has not lost his eyes: “Look, look, look! and save yourself from narrowness and total unbelief; some things are beyond all question, and in these, when you once know that they are, you *must* believe!” And as Schiller sings in a verse which contains the whole philosophy of conscience,

“Self-contradiction is the only wrong.”

So Rahel gives the rule of conduct,

“*Handele Du nach deinem Innersten: daher kommt nur Glück!*”

Deal truly and honestly with your own soul and never blink inward questionings, for “whatsoever is not of faith is sin.” The honesty of the German character is proverbial: and Rahel, by her heroic and sometimes almost Quixotic devotion to truth, stands before us a pattern specimen of her nation, even as Mirabeau, Voltaire, and Madame de Staël, by their eloquence, their wit, and their vanity, are pattern specimens of the French.

When to these two grand qualities of mind—muscularity and truthfulness—we add those many witching graces which Varnhagen has described, and bear in mind also (what the perusal of her multiform correspondence sufficiently brings out) that Rahel's mind was as active as it was strong, and as elastic as it was ponderous, we shall see reason to express surprise that such a highly gifted woman in this age of books, among a nation of book makers, and living as she always lived in a continued state of high intellectual excitement, never brought forth a volume or even a brochure of tangible lucubration of any kind. This is a peculiarity well worth noticing, forming as it does such a contrast to the restless voluminosity of her great French counterpart, Madame de Staël: and when carefully weighed, and compared with other similar cases, it will, perhaps, lead to the conclusion, that the class of men who write books are not always, are not generally, the wisest or greatest of their kind. For we are sent here not to put our thoughts upon paper, and obtain a vain immortality in musty shelves, but to cast burning words into the hearts of our fellow-men, and to stereotype healthy thoughts into deed—*ποιεῖν τὴν ἀληθειάν*, as St. John says. It was a weakness, no doubt, in one sense, or say a defect, in Rahel's mind, that she could not easily express her thoughts on paper, could not build up a secondary architecture of emotions and ideas, apart from the original living root out of which they had sprung: but in another sense this quality of mind has also a strength and an excellence. It is a common remark that great authors seldom sustain their greatness in society and in actual life; the artificial conjuring paraphernalia of pen and paper seem necessary to stimulate the flow of their ideas. Not so with Rahel, and such original, vital, essentially natural, and essentially practical minds. Everything that they are and do, they are and do in vital connection with the vitality that surrounds them. Their intellectual action is in the highest degree immediate; society is at once the atmosphere in which, and the object for which, they live. "*Ich kann alles im Augenblicke!*" said Rahel: Bring the devil before me, and I trust myself with God's grace that I shall knock him down, but I cannot get up a *diablerie* in three volumes to frighten myself and others with, while so many serious realities are urging the moment, and crying "Come and shape me!" . . . So the earnest practical mind speaks; such a mind was Rahel's; and such minds are the greatest, for the end and accomplishment of all thought and all speech is a deed. How happy was

Rahel in 1813 in Berlin, in Prague! "My whole day," she exclaims triumphantly, "is a feast of *doing good!*" Amid the horrors of war then, and amid the horrors of disease (in 1831), she moved about like a beneficent Valkyrie; and discovered thus that her whole life had been a mistake, because with a highly intensified internal productiveness, a very paltry sphere of external activity had been within her reach. She discovered that she should have been a QUEEN—nothing modest; for modesty (so called) with her had no meaning, or this despicable one—dressing up greatness in a lie that littleness may not be offended. She knew that she was the cleverest woman in Germany, and she said so, when occasion called, like any other thing that was true.

Rahel, with all her soundness of mind, was, like other bold and decided minds, not altogether free from whims, paradoxes, and peculiar opinions. Among other things, she was a stout advocate of suicide, and this from a sort of moral aristocracy of soul that disdained to live after life was worthless; a good argument, perhaps, if one ever could be in a condition to say that his life is altogether worthless. Napoleon argued better on this point; and Rahel refuted her own arguments in the most satisfactory manner by her deeds; for few women have suffered more, and more acutely, and none ever bore their sufferings with more cheerfulness and resignation. She had the soul of a Danton—"allons, *point de faiblesse!*" and that not doggedly or obstinately, but with the most pious surrender of the soul to him who made it.

Masculine women have seldom any particular partiality for marriage, and are generally staunch advocates for a greater liberty of divorce. Something like the "emancipation of women" glimmers here and there through Rahel's letters: we cannot define it precisely; but she says in one place, that so long as men and women stand over against each other "like two different nations," so long will the wicked one have work to do in families: and she says in the same place, that chivalry was a LIE necessary to restore the disturbed equilibrium of the sexes. Mrs. Jamieson, and Mrs. Sedgwick, and Miss Martineau, have lately taken up the subject; and they may finish it. A peahen can never be metamorphosed into a peacock by an act of parliament, that is certain; but it is also true that no act of parliament can change a woman into a chattel. To the benign genius of Christianity women owe it, that they are not now slaves and burden-bearers as they were of old. If there is anything yet remains to be done in this direction, let the

women see to it! We men, as the lawyers say, have no *interest* to move the question.

Of the five volumes of Rahelian memoirs which Varnhagen has published, the two last entitled "Portraits," possess the most general interest. They contain a collection of letters from some of the most distinguished and most intimate of Rahel's correspondents, accompanied with a personal sketch of each character, from the neat pencil of Varnhagen. The sketches of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and of Gentz the Austrian diplomatist, are particularly well executed, and possess a general historic interest. Mr. Alison, in his history of Europe, and Mr. Carlyle, in his expected Life of Napoleon, will not wisely overlook them.

We subjoin a few specimens of Rahel's opinions on important subjects of life and literature. We need not say that this is a mere make-shift. The German de Stäel is a very German de Stäel in this, that she does not deal in magniloquent pyrotechny. The world has allowed itself too long in all matters to be fooled by castles and pagodas of grand words. First, a few stray thoughts on men and things.

**GERMAN PHILOSOPHY—SYSTEM BUILDING.**—"I am well acquainted with the grand modern art of leading pompous proofs, and building up systems. One may choose at random any point of nature, and cause the rest of the universe to play and revolve round it; and when this is done, as oftentimes chances, with prejudice and obstinacy, then the inventor of your philosophical system, let him be never so witty, becomes a fool, and what is worse, runs a great risk of remaining one. A grand Catholic sympathy with all possible systems—a hearty shaking one's self free from the exclusive trammels of any—a cordial surrender of ourselves into the hands of that Being who wields all possibilities, and an honest and thorough dealing with the depths of our own hearts—this seems to me more than all philosophy, this is genuine piety, and a thing well pleasing to God."

**THE GOOD THAT IS IN THE WORLD.**—"We talk of the world, of fate, of chance and mischance, often in a very bad humour; but how much of the world have we seen? how much have we *not* seen? how much *can, will* we not see for sheer indolence and blindness? I have seen wonders to-day—moral wonders in this most frivolous and godless of cities—in this *Berlin*. What silent, unpublished greatness, religion in the highest sense, lives in women whom I found in the lowest grass-grown neglected hovels! How different is everything among the lower classes from what the wise of this world have published, printed, read, and believed! God alone knows how much real simple-minded sterling honesty and truth he has sent into *his* world. Blessed be his name that he has given *me* eyes to see it!"

**LOVE.**—"Novalis says, 'Love is an eternal repetition.' It is the greatest conviction, the most thorough persuasion, say I. Unconquerably is eye, ear, feeling convinced; unconquerably does our heart believe in the object of its affection. Weaken this conviction in any point and you weaken the love; destroy that, and you destroy this also. Therefore *man* only loves, a being capable of conviction. Therefore love cannot be communicated, cannot be proved. A thorough conviction is a thing exclusively personal. A man can love, as he can pray, only for himself."

**FEAR.**—"I was walking in a field with cattle; they told me not to be afraid; I said instinctively, 'Have I not reason to be afraid, when stupid people go about with horns?' This idea seemed to tickle them vastly."

**DIPLOMACY.**—"I can tolerate all professions—physicians, lawyers, soldiers, usurers—none of these are bad as the world says; but diplomatists—this truly is the most shocking thing in human society. These men become hardened in the midst of habitual tenderness—a fate worse than the hangman's. Visits are made duties; dress, cards, scandal, are to them business—serious business. To have no opinion on the most important subjects, and because you have none, not to utter it, is the shame of the lowest rabble, and the virtue of the highest diplomatist. In this employment the whole organs of the soul are ossified. So also they have a peculiar phraseology of their own, in their conversation as in their despatches—in Germany a diplomatic French, which is transmitted from father to son, which I heard sixteen years ago, but which no Frenchman speaks now. Diplomacy, and the work of diplomacy, holds together only externally: let but a strong will, or a strong necessity arise in the world, and down with a touch tumbles this painful architecture of solemn lies. Then comes a loud cry right from the heart at last!—a speaking wound—war and desolation—universal swamping; in the midst of which, who is the Noah that is safe in his ark?—these fellows with the manchettes! *This* they know, and nothing else. 'Tis strongly said, but soothly: Might the devil bodily show them their own work, as it is and acts! Mark me! upon them judgment shall be done. A single right-headed and right-hearted king could do it."

**NATURE.**—"Why should I not be natural?—let me twist myself into a thousand affections, and I shall not be so various, as when giving my affections their free natural play."

**ACTORS AND AGE.**—"N—— played admirably to-night—only one thing he wanted, *youth*: and for the loss of youthfulness he has himself to blame—living amid tobacco and low people all the forenoon, and then assuming the artist at six o'clock in the evening. Fie! fie! fie! as if a man could *assume* elegance of manner, and youthfulness of soul. A man must be always elegant, must act art every moment of his life. We make ourselves old mainly by neglecting

our youth, which we ought rather conscientiously to cultivate."

**FUTURITY.**—"There is a thought which is hammering my head in two; and it is this:—The future does not come to meet us—does not lie before us—but comes streaming over our heads from behind.—*Savez qui peut!* I see plainly there is no redemption here."

**GOD.**—"I cannot understand how even the noblest religion, and the most assured faith, can lift a man altogether above the terrible abysses that surround us. It is but a floating, a swaying at the best—I, at least, am capable of nothing more. Can any philosophy, any thinking bring us *beyond ourselves*—beyond the limits of that which makes us what we are! *Must we not surrender at discretion*—yield ourselves up to a personal God, from whom our moral nature, altogether indivisible and indestructible, has proceeded, (like the visible world,) into whose bosom we retreat, and in whom we are necessitated to put our fullest and most exclusive trust—the great aboriginal heart, in relation to whom, and only in relation to whom, our hearts exist?"

**ADVICE.**—"The opinions and advice of others only confuse a man of any substantiality. The people *will* put us *right* (according to their notion) in spite of ourselves, and in spite of God. March right on!"

**ART.**—"A genuine work of art, whether wood or marble be the material, must never *say*, either directly or indirectly, what it would be at, but *show* it at once. Simple as this observation is, and flowing as it does from the very nature of the beautiful, as distinguished from the true, the greatest authors have sinned against it immensely."

**KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.**—"Yesterday evening there was an illumination here, and we sat on one margin of the lake to take a prospect of it on the other. But I, instead of looking on the lamps, looked into the water and up to the sky, and there stood a clear beautiful star aloft and immovable. In the water I saw it also, beautiful indeed, but often moved by the wind, changing its form, and not seldom dim. Suddenly the thought struck me—so it is with men; we know them, we judge them only in the strangest, most complex, and often most unnatural relations, far away from their proper selves, in situations and in atmospheres where they are shaken, and troubled, and become dim. We look always one way—down—down into some muddy pond (called belike history) where the real character of a man is tossed upon the waves of a vain opinion. Pitiful!—look up at once—into the man's face—into his soul—where God gives you opportunity."

**HAPPINESS.**—"Not happiness, but victory and pleasure is the lot of man. Perfect happiness I for one could not stand. A man must file and be filed. In a state of perfect bliss this is impossible."

**A DANGEROUS MAN.**—"He who cannot turn himself down is dangerous and pernicious."

**FREEDOM.**—"Two such contradictory things as external and internal happiness are not easily brought into harmony. A man must not insist upon making himself happy by force. We must choose between the two. Will we throw ourselves on the world, or will we maintain our own character?—We have this choice—this is our freedom of the will—beyond this belongs to God. Clearness of intellectual perception, purity, and, if possible, strength of will, is our problem, and our only happiness. To all else we may laugh—weep—pray."

**PEDANTRY.**—"I have now found out the thing that of all things I most thoroughly hate. It is pedantry. This necessarily presupposes emptiness, and clings to mere forms. Pedantry of the nobler kind possesses a sort of half feeling of this emptiness, and honestly, for want of strong grinders, nibbles at the husk; but regular, ingrown pedantry is proud, and boasts of its emptiness, from utter ignorance of anything substantial. It is the most revolting of all sights to see such a big nothing in full march—to me utterly unendurable. And the worst kind of pedantry is pharisaical morality—a railing in of utter barrenness with genteel stakes, that keep out both heat and light from a soil where more than usual were necessary—a thing altogether to be abhorred."

**RULE OF COMPOSITION.**—"If you would write to any purpose, you must be perfectly *free* from without in the first place, and yet more free within. Give yourself the natural *rap*—think on no pattern, no patron, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your impulses. Give yourself as you are—what you see, and how you see it. It is an entire mistake, their prate about *objectivity* and self-exentation. Shakspeare, Goethe, Cervantes, gave the world as *they* saw it, each for himself—they could not give it otherwise. The more world you put into your work so much the better—so much the richer are you in yourself, so much the richer do you make your readers. But you cannot give them the world *only*; and if you give it otherwise than as yourself truly and substantially know it and feel it, you are a weak imitator and a *liar*. Every man sees with his own eyes, or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring out what you have. If you have nothing, be an honest beggar rather than a respectable thief."

**KNOWLEDGE.**—"If any man would see a thing, pierce through it, and thoroughly know it, he must, in the first place, *love* it."

**INNOCENCE.**—"Innocence is beautiful; virtue is a plaister, a scar, an operation."

These remarks are sufficiently characteristic, and will enable the reader to judge for himself whether Rahel is a character with whom it might be beneficial to form a more intimate acquaintance. The last remark is



in the paradox style, such as that of the Stoics, that pain is no evil, and is only true (as most general moral and mental axioms are) when taken from one point of view. So understood, it may be taken as a shibboleth of the Rahel-Goethe-Carlylian school; for these three have great similarities, and will be profitably studied together. Rahel and Carlyle possess indeed, in more points than those we specially noted above, a most remarkable affinity. They are both sturdy, truthful, warm-blooded, and combine the functions of concentrated, inward meditation, and strong clinging to outward nature in a remarkable degree. Both are irregular and unrhythmical, tortuous, and even painful in the expression of their thoughts on paper; they both admire Goethe to idolatry, and they are both very different from Goethe, "the man without a centre," as Schlegel said, the painter, the literary decorator. But in this they agree with Goethe—and it is well symbolized in the above paradox—in that they habitually look on man more as a natural growth than as the product of self-culture. They are the natural antipodes of Immanuel Kant, who placed the whole man in the self-directing, autocratic idea of duty. It is not our business here to argue points of this nature; we shall only say, that though the Goethian manner of speech is apt to be misunderstood, it can only be so, and wrested to their own destruction, by men who are already sold to the flesh and the lusts thereof irredeemably. Rahel was as staunch an admirer of Fichte as of Goethe; she possessed in large measure that true Catholicity of mind which reconciles all apparent contradictions.

We subjoin a few criticisms, from which the healthiness and soundness of Rahel's taste may be sufficiently inferred. There is a manly, straight-forward, healthy, *English* character about them.

TIECK.—"Tieck is a delightful, simple, versatile man—but as a writer—I will tell you what I think of *Phantasus*. Out of that book I have learned something new, viz. that a man may say the wisest and most delicate things, and yet be wearisome beyond all endurance. To write good dialogue is, I think, the most difficult of all literary problems. Shakspeare, Goethe, and Jean Paul in the *Fliegeljahre*, have managed it. This continuous flow of life, with its numberless presuppositions, and making itself manifest by the most delicate, but not therefore less characteristic traits, can be seized and mirrored only by a mind at once vivacious, profound, and easy; and there is required also for writing good dialogue a continual presidency of judgment and discrimination in the midst of inspiration, a thing which succeeds only with the highest order of minds. Now comes Tieck with his raw speeches and counterspeeches,

cunningly stuffed and bandaged without any situation but the most arbitrary, which shows neither men, nor place, nor anything definite. Then these poor phantasmagorists go a walking in such a phantasmagorical country, and talk me verily to death. One's only consolation is, when the rigmarole is out, and the first talker compliments himself on having ended the discussion, that it is all a matter of paper, and that no one can force us to hold a discourse of such kind with such ladies and gentlemen!—I should go sheer mad amid their saloons and their gardens, their waterfalls and their wells, their lifeless jokes! No, no! Tieck is not the man for dramatic dialogues. He must speak in his own person, *Seria mista joci*; he is no Goethe. He cannot take a bit of life (*Ein Stück Leben*) and set it by itself, and frame it, and put things into it of which a man need not speak. \* \* \*

GOETHE.—"Have you not observed how great Goethe always is when he speaks of the stars, like Homer when he speaks of the sea?—"

"I see there is a fashion abroad of criticising and characterizing poets and poems, and how often does the name of Goethe stand at the beginning, at the end, in the middle. There is a class of critics that wish to bring the great poet's works into a sort of natural series, one naming this first, the other that, in a chance enough sort of way so far as I have seen. Why do they not propose at once the question:—Out of which one of Goethe's works might one draw the conclusion that he could have made all the rest? If this question can be answered, then the starting point of such a series is found at once. It is evident, however, that to answer it requires study and thought, and an intimate organic knowledge of the poet's soul, and his whole poetical development, such as not every critic can boast. To the proposed question I should answer, Tasso."

MADAME DE STAEL.—"Madame de Staël is a hurricane that incommodes me, nothing else; there is no quietude in that woman (*es ist nichts Stilles in ihr*). There is nothing that she will not be counting upon her finger-tips. . . . The *Allemagne*!—mere *radotage*!—and what is worse she is not always honest and true to herself—witness what she says about divorce—she is afraid of appearing too liberal. When any person who does not know Germany from other sources, reads her book—book did I say! thoughts, observations, *aperçus*, *lectures*, loose, rambling, and without any principle of self-government, no assimilation, no blood to blood—this book pictures Germany as a dark cold hole out of which smoke comes, amid which sad phantasmagoric figures float, God-condemned to *honesty*, and where, now and then, an unearthly sage sits, and magically meditates. And this from *her*!—the woman without senses and without music!—sneering at German universities, herself a walking, talking university—fie! fie! she is like all Frenchwomen. There is no country in the world but France. Eye, ear and skin are bewitched there, and only there. All the cottages are Greek temples!—And yet I was there myself and saw it—frost as much as in

Berlin—weather not an inch better—our villages a thousand times more lovely—I know, in fact, nothing more sad than those stony, leafless and flowerless villages in the North of France. But so it is with the Frenchwoman. The dear Lady Stiel—for me her book is nothing else but a long lyrical sigh that she was prevented from parading her talk in Paris. This is the key to understand the only good chapters in the book. And yet I love her—or rather I ought to say, I pity her—she has too few grand gifts (*grossartige Gaben*)—a certain inquietude of understanding, to which (much for her own happiness) is allied intellectuality enough (*mere intellectuality*), and a word-imagination! How such people do gad about! How they talk, and are talked about! What perambulations! What books! what criticisms of books!—and after all—poor creature!—(*die Arme*)—she has seen nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing."

SCHILLER'S WALLENSTEIN.—"Thecla is only the tragic Gurlü—nothing better. Kotzebue's heroine and Schiller's are both without bones, without muscle, without marrow; altogether without human anatomy—moving about without human limbs. To my astonishment also, these many years, with the applause of the German public!—but I see now how it is. The sickly race have a pleasure in seeing their morality flattered in the person of mere idealities; in that region they may float prettily, and forget all healthy organisation—forget the one thing needful, and learn scientifically to parade a thousand beautiful, poetical, æsthetic, philosophical excuses."

SCHLEIERMACHER.—"Schleiermacher's 'Criticism of Ethics' is a fabric of hammers, which works at the highest, but is not the highest."

"Schleiermacher began to sink as soon as he went to Halle. He entered there a little more into society than he was wont; and some foolish friends made him believe, that he could work and write for society. For this, however, he had, and has no talent. But the people praised him—and their praise ruined him—put him on the wrong scent. Before Halle he was undoubtedly one of the first, purest of minds. In his original, chaste, revered, soul-solitude, he was sublime. I know him well; I love him: and if he were only younger, should tell him all this to his face, and not without success."

JUNG STILLING.—"Stilling's autobiography reminds me altogether of Retif de la Bretonne's. Both have genius enough to bring them to this point, that their own spiritual enjoyment (*Wollust*) was to each a problem which he was forced to solve. On Retif's soul, very strong senses and lusty health were hung like strings; by this machinery alone could his soul speak music. Stilling's intellectual voluptuousness is of a weaker sort, and loses itself and becomes intangible in a region to which it does not naturally belong. He feeds and cherishes, and feasts himself with religion, and is voluptuously pious. But he has this advantage over Retif, that on the mysteries of life, and the limits of human thought, he has

original ideas, some of which he is able to work out. This is his substantial, thoughtful, pleasing phasis; on this ground also he remains honestly; and this makes the first half of his life uncommonly attractive. Towards the end, however, he has acquired a sort of officious pleasure in the mere art of turning out his frames of mind—which mars all, and makes that appear affectation which is merely a bad habit."

DE PRADT.—"I have read the book on the Congress of Vienna. This man is a sort of Marmontel, who may do honest simple people a great deal of harm. An emigrant in his heart, he did homage to the Emperor as a slave, and obeyed with a secret rage, of which he himself was unconscious. He chews and chews at the saws of the age, in bad, hard French, and understands nothing—stone-deaf. He is no thinker. The book would never have been written, could he have forgiven Maret for saying that his despatches were bad, and causing him to wait in the ante-chamber. About Napoleon he has said something—but by accident—he has not said what he meant to say. The man is wise who can learn anything about the Polish matter from him."

We have said nothing in detail about Rahel's external history—biography generally so called—because there is really nothing to say. She was born in the year 1771, at Berlin, and died in the year 1833, in the same place. We observe nothing remarkable in her history, except the fact in which all its significance to the philosophic psychologist consists—that being born a Jewess, and with no outward advantages to compensate for this grand mischance, she nevertheless raised herself by degrees—and without seeking it, but by sheer instinctive elasticity—to be a Queen of thought and taste in the most intellectual country of Europe. Her education seems to have been much neglected in her early years; but with the strength and compass of soul with which she was gifted, this absence of external influence only caused the internal might to develop itself with more freshness and originality of feature. It is only a shallow confined chamber thinker, like the Abbé Siéyes, to whom the self-educating system proves necessarily fatal.

On a death-bed of long and weary torture, Rahel made the following very characteristic remark:

"Dear Augustus, my heart is inwardly quickened. I have thought on Jesus, and wept over his sufferings. I have felt—felt for the first time, that he is my brother. And Mary, what did not she endure?—She saw her beloved son suffer, and yielded not—she stood at the cross. That I could not have done. I have strength, but not to that pitch. God forgive me!—I confess it—I am weak."

So far Rahel's Christianity went—a practi-

cal sympathy with the sufferings of Christ. That she was a Christian in any other sense does not appear.

ART. IV.—1. *Anleitung zur Kupfer-Stichkunde*. By Adam Bartsch. 8vo. Vienna. 1821.

2. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true Principles of the Daguerreotype, with a new Method of Dioramic Painting; secrets purchased by the French Government and by command published for the benefit of Arts and Manufactures, by the Inventor, L. G. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies*. London. 1839.

3. *Excursions Daguerriennes; collection de 50 Planches, représentant les Vues et les Monuments les plus remarquables du Globe*. Paris. 1840—41.

In our last number our attention was confined entirely to the works of the ancient masters, and to that portion of the art which is termed the simple processes of engraving. We have now to direct the attention of our readers to the compound processes of Engraving, so superior to the former from the strength and harmony which is presented in the combined arrangement of the three simple modes of engraving, viz.: etching, the use of the burin, and also that of the dry point. Works of this mixed kind have generally been divided into two classes: first, those in which etching is merely used as a foundation, and in which the remainder of the picture is completed partly with the dry point, but most frequently with the burin; secondly, those works in which, although the etching predominates, yet the general effect is completed and strengthened by the graving tool and dry point. Etching is admirable in giving the expression of rocks and uneven ground, and is very effective in delineating ancient and ruined buildings, and also the broken trunks and foliage of trees. But in giving the general expression of an engraving, etching alone would be feeble, and often incorrect. The burin therefore is necessary to give precision, strength, and the requisite sharpness. The universal practice of modern chalcographers, therefore, whether in works of very large or small size, is to give the first effect by etching, which brings the plate into a great state of forwardness,—the general masses are then harmonized and brought together by the

graver, after which the more delicate lights are tinted by the dry point.

It was towards the seventeenth century that the first of these classes of the art which we have already mentioned was practised through Gerard Audran and the French school, but the attempt was made before that time in Italy, and not without success.

We are indebted to Ludovico Caracci, born A. D. 1555, and his two cousins Annibale and Francesco, for some beautiful specimens of historical engraving produced by etching, and finished with the burin. Federico Baroccio, of the Roman school, was another most successful artist. We must content ourselves, from the vast number before us, with mentioning those names only which will ever remain as landmarks in the history of engraving. Amongst the various masters which are comprehended under the first class, Giacomo Frey, born at Lucerne, in 1681, pursued the art with eminent success. He was a pupil of Carlo Maratti, whose paintings, together with those of Raffaele, Guido, and Domenichino, formed the principal subjects of his very perfect engravings. Guiseppe Wagner, of Thalendorf, was another celebrated native of Switzerland, and some of the ablest modern artists emanated from his school at Venice, where he eventually established himself. Francesco Bartolozzi, of Florence, has left behind him evidence of the great genius with which he was endowed. Everything that he attempted was beautiful and striking. His pupil, Giovanni Volpato, became as eminent an engraver through his instructions; and the works of Raphael Morghen, born at Naples in 1755, evince the same force and beauty as the last-named masters.

We refer our readers to the sixteenth and five following volumes of Bartsch's *Peintre Graveur* for a very long list of masters who are included under the second class. We have already mentioned Francesco Mazzuoli, or Parmegiano, as the introducer of etching into Italy. The next most worthy of notice are Lucas Penni, Leon Davent, and Domenico del Barbiere, who were amongst those who were invited by Francis I. to Fontainebleau. Gio. Bat. D'Angeli, better known by the name of Del Moro, who was born at Verona in 1512, was a painter of battle-pieces, but more especially showed the power of his genius in his etchings, of which he executed more than eighteen hundred. Giacomo Callot was another artist extraordinary for his great powers of invention. He was born at Nancy in 1593, and died in 1635. By most authors he has generally been enrolled amongst the French engravers, but the reply that he made to the powerful and tyrannical Richelieu

seems to intimate that he did not wish to be considered a Frenchman. He was employed at Paris to engrave the most memorable sieges and battles of the French, and was particularly pressed, even to the extent of being threatened, to engrave a plate of the siege of Nancy, his native town, which was taken by the French in 1631. His reply was, "I will sooner cut off my right hand than employ it in an act disrespectful to my country or disloyal to my prince." Richelieu was greatly enraged at this answer; but his royal master, with far better grace, was so struck with the conduct of Callot, that he offered him a noble pension, which Callot with still greater gallantry declined. He executed above fifteen hundred plates; and so much care did he bestow upon many of them, that Watelet affirms that he saw no less than four different drawings for his celebrated "Temptation of St. Anthony." Claude Gelée, or Claude Lorraine, was born at Champagne, in Lorraine, in 1600. His style was principally directed to landscapes and sea-ports. His plates do not exceed twenty-eight. The composition is good, but they are generally considered but indifferently executed. A few plates remain of Gaspar Duchet, alias Gaspar Poussin, born at Rome in 1613. They are considered very precious by every collector, as being from the hand of a master who has delighted posterity with such unrivalled landscapes. Salvator Rosa, Bartolomeo Biscaino, Marco Ricci, Francesco Londinio, &c. are contemporary names, with many others remarkable for their genius and inventive powers.

We must now turn to Flanders. Antwerp and Ghent produced able artists, who executed plates of the first class, but not many. M. Bartsch, in his *Anleitung*, mentions only two artists of any celebrity, Robert van Audenaerde, and Arnold van Westerhout. Antwerp gave birth in 1610 to William de Leeuw, and in 1630 to James Neefs. Their plates after Rubens and Vandyke are considered very fairly executed. Those of the second class are much more numerous; and the first name which claims our attention is of great celebrity,—Rembrandt Gerretz, or Rembrandt van Rhyn, so called from the house of his birth, was born near Leyden, in 1606. We have already mentioned this great master's name as the author of six celebrated pieces, produced solely by the etching needle. According to M. Bartsch, the works of this artist amounted to three hundred and seventy pieces. One of his peculiar merits was his being so perfect a master of chiaroscuro. The portraits of himself were very numerous, amounting to twenty-seven. The most celebrated of these is that with a sabre; but his

chef-d'œuvre is the "Hundred Guilders" print, so named from that sum (equal to about 10*l.*) being given for an impression soon after its publication. It is a very exquisite composition, representing our Saviour healing the sick multitude. His portraits, however, are generally considered his best efforts. John George van Uliet, of Delft, John Lievens, of Leyden, Ferdinand Bol, and some others, were amongst the numerous pupils of Rembrandt, who successfully trod in the footsteps of their master. Adrian van Ostade, born at Lubeck in 1610, is considered next to Rembrandt in the strength and character he threw into his plates. They amount to about fifty, and are held in great estimation. Anthony Waterloo, of Utrecht, some authors say Amsterdam, born in 1612, was considered a very great master by the Dutch school in his particular style of engraving. His habits of intemperance carried him off in the zenith of his fame, so that although he bestowed a far greater portion of his time on engraving than painting, yet his plates do not amount to more than one hundred and fifty. Good impressions of his works are scarce, from the circumstance of the more delicate etchings of his plate being too slenderly bit in; so that when the plate began to wear, portions soon disappeared.

We come now to the celebrated Paul Potter, born at Amsterdam in 1635. The few etchings he executed are greatly admired for the correctness of their execution. The indefatigable attention he paid to his canvasses ruined his health, and he died at the early age of twenty-nine. The works of Carl du Jardin, born at Amsterdam in 1635, are well known for the truth and beauty with which they are executed. Albert van Everdingen and Francis de Neve were considered admirable etchers of historical landscapes. The former obtained the name of the Salvator Rosa of the north, from the circumstance of his being detained for more than a year in Norway by shipwreck, and his painting many stormy and rocky scenes. He also illustrated, with fifty-seven etchings, the "History of the Fox," a satirical poem. In Germany, amongst the first class of chalcographers, appears John Frederic Bause, born at Halle, in Saxony, in 1738. He is said to have been a self-taught artist. Several of his historical plates show great merit. Charles Guttenberg, of Nuremberg, produced some very good engravings, in the work entitled "Voyage Pittoresque du Royaume de Naples," by Abbé St. Nun. There are few other masters of any note; we will therefore mention those who come under the second class.

The family of Merian, of Frankfort, have

left some proofs of their genius. Matthew Merian, the father, produced some very good typographical plates. His son, who applied himself to the same art, was held in great repute. His portrait of Dr. Donne, prefixed to an edition of that author's sermons, in 1640, is considered very good; but the most eminent of the family was the sister, Maria Sybilla. Being a great naturalist, she made a voyage to Surinam, much to the detriment of her health, for the purpose of making drawings of the numerous insects and plants peculiar to that country. On her return she published a very interesting work on the history of the insects of Europe, accompanied with plates from her own designs, and partly executed by herself. Her death was sadly premature, and her two daughters, who were as skilful in flower painting as herself, completed the series.

The Kusell family at Augsburg were held in much repute in their native city. Melchior, the father, executed about one hundred and forty-eight plates, chiefly of Italian seaports and other views. Jonas Umbach, John Elias, and John William Maur, of Strasburg, are contemporary names, whose works deserve much attention. Samuel Botschild, who was born at Sangerhausen, in 1640, gained great reputation at Dresden. His talents procured him the appointment of painter to the court of Dresden, and also keeper of the Electoral Gallery. His etchings on historical subjects were well executed and displayed great original talent.

The French school produced many eminent artists during the seventeenth and following centuries, and the graphic art met with great encouragement from the court. A curious prejudice existed amongst the masters of that period against etching, and it was very tardily adopted. We have a far more numerous list of names under the first class of Parisian artists, and the art was especially fostered in that city, for the most eminent engravers in France were generally born at Paris, where they settled during their lifetime, and mostly died there. François Chauveau, born in 1618, was first of all very eminent as a burinist, but he afterwards adopted the etching needle. His works show great force and character, but are hastily executed. More than three thousand prints were the result of his exertions. Gabrielle Perelle was eminent as a landscape engraver, and, with the assistance of his two sons, Adam and Nicholas, produced some very excellent plates, mostly from his own designs. Amongst other productions by this master was a satirical print after a design by Richer, representing, in a burlesque manner, the taking of

Arras by the French, in 1642. The good citizens had put up the following inscription on their gates:—

“QUAND LES FRANCAIS PRENDRONT ARRAS,  
LES SOUKIS MANGERONT LES CHATS.”

Upon the place, however, being taken, the enemy merely took away the single letter *r* from the inscription. Claudine B. Stella, born at Lyons in 1634, an eminent female artist, produced some very beautiful engravings after Nicholas Poussin. Her sisters, Antoinette and Françoise, were also very talented. After her we have the names of Guillaume Vallet, Sebastien le Clerc, Louis de Châtillon, contemporary and talented artists. Gerard Audran, born at Lyons in 1640, perpetuated the fame of Le Brun by his celebrated plates of the “Battles of Alexander.” The series was completed with a single plate by Gerard Edelink. Gerard Audran had numerous pupils, who form a great portion of the present list. There is one more whom we must mention, Laurent Cars, who is considered one of the best engravers of the eighteenth century. He produced numerous subjects from Rigaud, Le Moine, Boucher, and Watteau. The most beautiful of his works is his “Hercules and Omphale.”

In the second class we have an immense number of eminent names, belonging chiefly to the eighteenth and subsequent centuries. Anterior to this period, about 1570, we have Jaques Perisin or Persinus, and J. Tortorel. The former executed some plates, but in a very inferior manner, and the latter produced some rather better ones, representing the wars of the Huguenots. We mention these merely to show the earliest period at which the etching needle was first made use of by the French, which was half a century later than their more enterprising neighbours. Very soon after, however, we have Claude Vignon, born at Tours, in 1590, who, although more remarkable as a painter, yet has left behind him some very excellent etchings. Nicholas Chaperon, a provincial artist, born in 1596, while he was at Rome, engraved all the pictures in the Vatican, entitled “Raffaello's Bible.” Few artists have rivalled him in the execution of this work. Michael Corneille the elder, born at Orleans, in 1603, was one of the original twelve members of the Royal Academy at Paris. Corneille, together with his son, were much employed by Louis Quatorze, and they both executed some very fine etchings after Raffaello and the Carracci, with many more from their own designs.

We have already mentioned the name of Abraham Bosse in our former part. He was

the author of a work entitled "*La Manière de graver à l'Eau forte.*" His style is very spirited, and his peculiar excellence consists in the manner in which he finished his plates with the graver. Callot is supposed to be the person that he imitated, but his actual instructor is not known. After Bosse we have a long list of names, whom, although eminent, we are compelled to pass over, but we must not omit Sebastian Bourdon, born at Montpellier, in 1616. He was eminent as a painter, and his engravings conveyed the same impression as the works on his canvass. He possessed great power in harmonizing his subjects, and his attention to chiaroscuro was very great. His plates are much valued by collectors. Jacques Rousseau, born at Paris, in 1626, being a Protestant, was obliged to fly from the persecution of Louis Quatorze, and took refuge in England. The Duke of Montague patronized him, and employed him to decorate Montague House. He bestowed a great deal of time upon engraving, and his etchings are considered very beautiful. We cannot omit the well-deserved encomium Mr. Gilpin passes upon this artist. "Having," said he, "escaped the rage of persecution himself, he made it his study to lessen the sufferings of his distressed brethren by distributing among them the greatest part of his gains."

Joseph Parrocel was a great master of chiaroscuro, and his style was masterly and bold. He executed numerous battle-pieces, but inferior to those of the celebrated Jacques Courtois, better known by the name of Bourguignon. So enthusiastic was he in his studies, that his custom was to attend an army and sketch the various skirmishes and sieges. In Italy his pencil procured him great fame, and some of our readers will recognize his Italianized appellation of Cortese, or Il Borgognone. Raimond de la Fage, of the same period, was most happy in his designs and his execution of them. His friend Carlo Maratti had so high an opinion of him that he declared he would give up the art "if La Fage's painting equalled La Fage's drawing."

There is a numerous list of Spanish engravers, who were chiefly of Madrid, Seville, Valencia and Zaragoza, but as we have not space to dwell upon their merits, we will give a quotation, which has already been published, from the *Diccionario de las Bellas Artes*, by D. Cean Bermudez:—

"The art of copper-plate engraving in Spain may be truly said to date its rise from the Academy of San Fernando. The fathers of the art in that country were directors of the Academy. It is true that the appointment of Engraver to

the King's Cabinet had been previously held by meritorious artists, but their manner of executing copper-plate was more the result of their own genius than of any received principles of the art. The first teacher of the elements of engraving was D. Manuel Salvador Carmona, one of the students under the association preparatory to the foundation of the Academy, who was sent to Paris with a pension from the king to learn engraving. At the same time, and with the same encouragement, D. Juan de la Cruz and D. Tomas Lopez were at Paris learning to engrave architecture, geographical maps, and ornamental plates. Besides efforts abroad, the academy received every possible benefit from one of its directors, D. Juan Barnabe Palomino, who, without quitting Spain, had acquired for himself the art of engraving in a style which combines correctness with great clearness and lightness. He distributed to each of three pupils out of the number under his tuition, an annual prize of one hundred and fifty ducats, to be conferred after a fair competition among the candidates; and he added, in 1760, a general premium, according to the advancement of the art, in its application to works of painting, architecture, and sculpture. Lastly, that no advantage should be wanting to give full effect to these arrangements, and to the progress of the students, two of the academy were, in 1763, sent to Paris with a pension from the king to learn the mode of printing from copper-plate, and of preparing and manufacturing every requisite for this important and long neglected object."

From this extract our readers will observe that the Spanish school made no inconsiderable progress in the art, and that much attention and patronage was bestowed upon it.

The English school of engraving is certainly indebted to our foreign neighbours for the early foundation of the bright and lasting fame which it possesses at present. We remarked in our last number, that the efforts of the early English masters who solely employed the burin, were so inferior that we passed them over without any comment. There are many however, like true Englishmen, who have contended, even in the earlier stages of the art, that we were by no means inferior to other nations. Evelyn, in his *Sculptura*, contends that William Lightfoot who was employed as an architect in the building of the Royal Exchange, but whose name as an engraver is not recognized, was nearly equal to Wierinx. The engravers of the time of Pope and Addison were looked upon as men of great talent, although really but mediocre. Our readers will remember the well-known lines that Pope addressed to that inferior artist Charles Jervas, who gave that poet some instruction in drawing and painting.

"Oh! lasting as thy colours may they shine;  
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line:

New graces yearly, like thy works display,  
Soft without weakness; without glaring, gay."

The lines on Kneller, who could neither draw nor colour, are still stronger. Pope was not fortunate in the "Art of criticism" on painting. We cannot be surprised at a little vanity being implanted in the breast of the artist who was complimented in this style. An anecdote is related of him that he had copied a picture by Titian, and when he had completed it, was so extremely delighted with the fancied superiority of his work over the original, that he exclaimed in a commiserating tone of voice for the *passé* Titian (which we are quite sure must have consoled that master, could he have heard it)—"Ah! poor little Tit! how he would stare!" We, however, have not time to criticize these little vanities of the early masters, but must turn our attention to the more solid talents of those of a later period. We have more than eighty names of the first class, of whom we will notice the most remarkable. The earliest artist that claims our attention is Wenceslaus Hollar, born at Prague in 1607. He was of an ancient Bohemian family, and originally brought up for the profession of the law. Disturbances in his own country compelled him to take refuge in Frankfort. The Earl of Arundel, during an embassy to Ferdinand the Second, happened to meet Hollar at Cologne, and became his patron, and on his return to England introduced him to Charles the First. He had a great attachment for his royal master, and interested himself so much in his cause that he was taken prisoner at Basing-house in Hampshire. On his release, he took up his residence at Antwerp, where he employed his time in engraving chiefly from the collection of his former patron the Earl of Arundel, who had also removed to that city. In 1652, he returned to London, and met with greater encouragement, but the plague and the great fire of London again threw him back, and caused still further disappointments. He was employed by government in 1658 to make some drawings of the town of Tangiers, together with the forts, which he afterwards engraved.

During his voyage to England, the vessel was engaged by seven Algerine corsairs off Cadiz, and after a gallant struggle, in which the pirates were beaten off, she continued her voyage. Hollar escaped unwounded, and on his return commemorated the action by a very clever engraving. For his labour of two years he received only a hundred pounds, and that with much delay, and after many humble petitions from the poor engraver. The life of this industrious man ended in penury, and, on his death-bed, the bailiffs who

came to seize upon the little remnant of furniture he possessed, were requested by him to leave his bed an hour or two longer, "and then to remove him to the prison of the grave." He executed about two thousand four hundred prints with boldness and freedom, embracing every department of the art. We have another instance of an artist adhering to the fortunes of Charles the First, in William Faithorne, the elder, of London. He was the pupil of Robert Peake, a painter and printseller, afterwards knighted by Charles, and who eventually obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the royal army. He persuaded his pupil to join the service, and they partook to a certain degree of the sorrows of their master. Faithorne's engravings in portraits are admirably executed. George Vertue, born in 1684, was the pupil of Michael Vander Gucht. He studied seven years under this master, and then commenced working on his own account. He continued his studies for some years in the Academy of Painting instituted in 1711, and thence became indefatigable in every branch of the art. All his works are executed with great accuracy, but they want spirit and force. Amongst his varied works are his engravings of the Kings of England, for Rapin's History, and for many years he engraved the Oxford Almanack. Simon Francis Ravenet, one of Hogarth's assistants, was born at Paris, in 1706. He engraved several portraits after Reynolds, and various historical pieces after Titian, Veronese, Guido, Guercino, A. Caracci, N. Poussin, Rembrandt, and other masters. His style is remarkable for brilliancy of execution. His son as well as pupil, Simon Ravenet, went to Paris, and continued his studies under J. Boucher. From thence he visited Parma, where he finally settled. It was here that he executed his magnificent undertaking of engraving the whole of Correggio's works in that city, which he accomplished between the years 1779 and 1785. J. B. Chatelain, born in 1710, was a very bright genius, but unfortunately dissolute and desultory in his habits. His works show a power of design and execution which is quite surprising. He occupied himself chiefly in landscapes, many of them being after Gaspar Poussin. His pupil, Francis Vivares, was rather superior to his master, and became one of the finest landscape engravers of that period. His best are after Claude Lorraine, and we are told that in some of his happiest efforts he never even saw the original picture, and yet from his consummate skill he gave all the light and fresh beauties of that painter.

Sir Robert Strange, born at the Orkneys

in 1721, is considered the most eminent master of that time. It is remarked of him that he never seemed to have known mediocrity. He made considerable progress in drawing in his early days under Cooper, a drawing-master of Edinburgh. The civil wars of the young Pretender interrupted his studies, and he turned his steps towards Paris. During his journey there, he made some stay at the Academy at Rouen, and carried off a prize for design. On his arrival at Paris he became a pupil of P. Le Bas, and under him became a great proficient in the dry point. More than fifty plates prove with what great success he followed up his studies. In 1751 he returned to London, and ten years after that he visited Italy, and from his great talents was received with acclamation by all the members of the different academies of that country. George the Third appointed him his engraver, and he received the honour of knighthood from his sovereign's hand in 1737. His sovereign participated deeply in the high sentiment that induced Strange to refuse to engrave a picture for the late king which was a low work in point of art, though Lord Bute requested it. He died five years after this. Strange's peculiar talent was the beauty, delicacy, and consistency, and the expression of roundness which he gave to flesh. The life of William Woollet, born at Maidstone in 1735, was a remarkable contrast to many of his brother artists. It passed away in the tranquil pursuit of the art, unmixed with any wild or untoward adventures. He was the pupil of an unknown artist named Tinney, and received no other instruction. He was excellent in every department of the art that he undertook. His admirable plate of the Death of Wolfe, after West, procured him great fame, not only in England, but also abroad, and raised the English school on the continent to a higher grade of estimation than it had ever before attained. His landscapes after Wilson show the great power he possessed in the arrangement of his lines. At the same period we find William Byrne, an eminent engraver of landscapes, who executed some beautiful and numerous plates after Domenichino, Claude, Wilson, Kearne, Harrington, &c. We close our notice of the masters of the first class with the name of John Keyse Sherwin, born in 1746. He was appointed engraver to the king, and executed some very fine portraits after Gainsborough, Dance, and Reynolds, besides many historical subjects after Poussin Stodhart.

In the list of the second class, the first name is John Evelyn, born at Wotton in Surrey, in 1620. We have already mentioned this gentle-

man's name as the author of the work entitled "*Sculptura*," which is the first English publication on the subject that we possess: it contains much valuable information. In a journey from Rome to Naples, he etched five plates of the scenes which presented themselves as he was on the road, which are considered well executed. Francis Place was another engraver of the same period, who has executed some very fine etchings after Barlow, and also some portraits after Kneller, Vandyke, and others. He was originally brought up to the law, but abandoned his profession for his favourite art. He had great powers of execution, but a sad want of application. Lord Oxford, in his "*Anecdotes of Painting*," relates that Place was offered 500*l.* by Charles the Second to draw the royal navy, but refused. Sir James Thornhill, the father-in-law of the great Hogarth, the painter of the dome of St. Paul's, and the greatest decorator of private dwellings in the style of staircase and ceiling pictures, among English artists, executed some very good etchings with much boldness and freedom. F. Zuccherelli, one of the early members of our Royal Academy, employed himself in early life with etching. George Stubbs, the admirable painter of horses of that period, etched all his own plates for "*The Anatomy of the Horse*." We now come to William Hogarth, born at London in 1697. As an engraver he was more remarkable for the characteristic points he threw into his figures, than for his attention to the arrangement of his lines or the delicacy of his lights and shades. From the extraordinary demand for his works, he had several hands to assist him. Scotin, Baron and S. Ravenet, all foreigners, assisted him in his "*Marriage à la mode*;" C. Grignon, together with La Cave and Aveline, worked with him at his four plates of "*The Election*." He also employed some of the ablest English artists. Woollet, in 1759, assisted him in his illustrations of "*Tristram Shandy*;" and Luke Sullivan, a native of Ireland, an artist of much humour, easily seized the droll points that Hogarth threw with so much force into his admirable characters, and proved a very useful assistant.

Edward Brooker was very happy in his engravings of architectural views; amongst his best works is a plate with the sections of St. Paul's cathedral. John Boydell, born at Dorrington in 1719, by his energy and talents, contributed greatly to the improvement of the art. His father brought him up to his own business as a land surveyor, but he was one day so much attracted with the architectural engravings by an artist of the



name of Toms, that at the age of twenty-six he repaired to London, and became his pupil for six years. After that, he got on so rapidly that he published a small work containing views near London, and about England and Wales. From this commencement he made rapid progress towards wealth and distinction. He did a great deal of business throughout Europe, in prints, and amassed a great deal of money. It is said that the French Revolution was of great injury to him, so much so that he was obliged to dispose of his celebrated Shakspeare Gallery by lottery, when he had intended to have bequeathed it to his country. He was much respected, not only by his brother artists, but also by his fellow citizens, and in 1770 was made alderman of his ward, and in 1791 rose to the dignity of lord mayor. William Elliott, who was much appreciated as a landscape engraver, executed many plates after Cuyp, Rosa da Tivoli, Polemberg, and others. James Basire, born at London, in 1740, was a very good historical engraver, and executed some works after Reynolds, Wilson, and West. He is remarkable as having produced the largest plate that was ever executed at that period; a print twenty-seven inches by forty-seven, from the picture at Windsor, representing "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." We have one other name to mention of this period, Hamlet Winstanley, who was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He visited Italy, and on his return to England applied himself to engraving. He executed a set of prints from the dome of St. Paul's. There are also more than twenty different prints by this artist, after Titian, Tintoretto, P. Veronese, Guido, and C. Maratti, and others. The elder Winstanley was the unfortunate projector and builder of the Eddystone lighthouse; he perished in the ruins during the great storm of 1703, which swept almost every vestige into the deep.

Such were the most famous artists who distinguished themselves in compound chalcography previous to the nineteenth century. We will now describe the other modes of engraving which have been practised with more or less success; and the first is an old method entitled *Opus Mallei*, which was performed by a punch and mallet, and which is very seldom, if ever, used in any country. It was originally designed to imitate chalk drawings, but the process seldom repaid the artist for the time and trouble he expended in it. The outline was traced on the copper in the usual manner. The artist then proceeded with a series of small steel punches to mark out the various outlines in his picture, and the shadings were beaten in

with the punch in the same manner. The number of prints which a plate of this kind would yield is but small; not more than from a slightly etched plate. The printing ink adhering unevenly from the rough surface thrown up by the punch, the impressions are of course by no means clear. M. Bartsch mentions four artists who were worthy of mention in this style of engraving, particularly Giulio Campagnola, of about 1500, who executed a print of "John the Baptist holding a Cup."

The invention of Mezzotinto is ascribed by Lord Orford and Vertue to Prince Rupert; but Baron Heineken considers that the first idea of it was conceived by Ludwig von Siegen, a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. He executed a portrait of the Princess of Hesse, which is dated 1643, seventeen years before the discovery is said to have been made by Prince Rupert. It is further stated, that Prince Rupert learnt the secret from von Siegen, and brought it with him into this country as his own, when he came over with Charles the Second at the Restoration. Some again contend, that Rembrandt was the author of it, but M. Bartsch, we conceive, shows very clearly that he had no claim to it.

Before we remark upon the progress this portion of the art has made, or upon those masters who have made themselves eminent by following it, we will give a short account of the manner in which it is performed.

The tools which are used in this process are, first, an instrument called a *berceau* or cradle. It consists of a series of points, like the extreme ends of a small-tooth comb, to which a handle is attached at the top. These are not in a line, but form a portion of a circle, of which the radius is six inches: this, therefore, will be similar to the support of a child's cradle, and when used in an upright position, is rocked backwards and forwards on the plate, having the effect of ploughing up the surface; hence its name of cradle. The other tools are scrapers, shading-tools, and roulettes. The last named instruments are similar to the rowel of a spur, and are used to work off any additional part of the surface of the copper. The plate, after being polished in the usual manner, is divided equally by lines of soft chalk parallel to each other, the distance between each line being equal to one-third of the length of the face of the cradle. This instrument is then placed between the two first lines at the top of the plate, and worked backwards and forwards in the same direction. This must be done very steadily, until the operator has completely ploughed up the surface of the plate. He

thus goes on from line to line until the whole of the plate has been operated upon. Other lines are then chalked down at right angles to the former ones, and the same treatment of the plate is pursued in the new direction. A third order of lines is then drawn diagonally, and the same process with the cradle is observed. When this operation is completed, the plate is said to have undergone *one turn*. In order to produce a very dark and uniform ground, the plate must undergo a repetition of this tedious process at least twenty times.

M. Bartsch says, that a plate of two feet long and eight inches broad requires three weeks to produce a jet-black impression, and a larger plate sometimes more than a month. In other kinds of engraving the artist has a clear burnished surface to work on, and his business is to work up his intended effect by a series of lines arranged according to what he wishes to represent; but in mezzotinto engraving the process of producing the picture is perfectly the reverse. Here the operator has a perfectly black surface to work upon, and his object is to arrive at the middle tints and extreme lights by removing more or less of the grained surface of the plate. This is effected with scrapers of different sizes. The strongest lights are taken out first, and many parts, where great clearness is required, are burnished. The different degrees of shading are then introduced, and afterwards the reflected lights. We have few instances now of *pure mezzotinto* being executed. The outline of the subject is almost always laid in with a strong bold etching, which gives greater effect, and relieves that extreme softness which has been complained of in this branch of engraving. Its peculiar advantages, however, consist in the soft gradations of light, so that a good mezzotinto print appears as if it were executed with the brush. The number of impressions that can be taken from a plate are about 150; but by working up the plate again, after every 50 copies have been taken off, some 400 or 500 can be obtained. The immediate followers of Von Siegen are Johann Frederich van Eltz, and his pupil Johann Jacob Kremer, of about 1656; also Johann Jacobb, born at Vienna in 1733, with various others, the last of whom is Vinzenz Kininger, professor of mezzotinto in the Academy at Vienna. Wallerant Vaillant, born at Lisle in 1623, accompanied Prince Rupert to England, and he was there instructed by the prince in the art; he afterwards went to Paris, where he obtained great success in portraits. Abraham Blooleling, born at Amsterdam in 1634, came to England in 1673, and proved himself to be a very clever and in-

dustrious artist. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Gerard Valch, who executed so excellent an engraving of the Duchess of Mazarin, that Lord Orford pronounced it to be the finest print he had ever seen. Amongst the Flemish and Dutch artists we may mention John van Hugtenburg, born at Haerlem in 1645, famous for battle scenes. Cornelius Trovet, termed the Dutch Watteau, was born at Amsterdam in 1697, and died in 1750, and Peter Schenck executed the portraits of the British sovereigns, and also about a hundred views near Rome. We pass over, from their paucity in numbers, the Italian and French schools, and we now proceed to the English. The first name of any consequence is that of Henry Lutterel, born at Dublin in 1650. Lord Orford gives a description of the manner in which he acquired the art, in his "*Anecdotes of Painting*."

"He was bred," says his lordship, "at New Inn, but abandoned the law. He set himself to discover the secret, for so it then was, and laid his grounds by a roller, which succeeded tolerably, but not to his satisfaction. He then persuaded his friend Lloyd, who kept a print-shop near the Strand, to bribe one Blois (who laid grounds for Blooleling and was returning to Holland) to disclose the mystery. Lloyd for forty shillings purchased the secret, but refused to make it known to Lutterel, on which they quarrelled. Meantime Isaac Becket, a calico printer, found means of inducing Lloyd (who was ignorant how to put his knowledge into practice) to accept of his services. And Lutterel having made the acquaintance of Paul van Somer learnt from him the whole process. Becket, getting into difficulties, was assisted by Lutterel, and they became intimate; but Becket, on his marriage afterwards to a woman of fortune, set up for himself and employed Lutterel, who was the better draughtsman, to assist him."

This was considered the first introduction of mezzotinto engraving into England. James M'Ardell, born in Ireland in 1710, is considered one of the most eminent artists of that time. He has executed a number of plates after Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt and Murillo, and many portraits after Reynolds, Zoffany, and others. Thomas Beard was another Irishman who was a very good artist. Richard Houston showed the same talents as M'Ardell, and executed some excellent portraits after Reynolds, Rembrandt, and others. Valentine Green, born in Warwickshire, in 1739, was brought up to the study of the law, but soon abandoned that profession, and applied himself to the study of mezzotinto engraving. Without any other aid than his own talents he rose to a very high grade in the art, and executed many admirable prints after West—the most striking amongst these is his

**Hannibal and Regulus.** He produced also many portraits after Reynolds, Romney, and Zoffany. He employed himself most successfully for forty years, and his works amount to nearly four hundred plates. In 1774, he was made one of the six associate engravers to the Royal Academy. Thomas Watson, born at London, in 1750, executed some very clever portraits after Reynolds, Lely, Dance, &c., and also some historical subjects after Rembrandt and Correggio. John Raphael Smith, born near Derby, about 1750, was the son of Thomas, generally called Smith of Derby, who was the celebrated etcher and painter of English landscape. Raphael Smith's portraits, after Reynolds, Northcote, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, are much prized.

There are many others whom we might mention, if our limits would allow us, but we must pass them over with the exception of the well-known name of Richard Earlom, whose portraits after Rembrandt, Vandyke, &c., are much valued by collectors. The art also was much indebted to him for the improvements he made in it. He was the first person who introduced lines and dots, which tended to give greater force and character to certain portions of the picture. Before quitting this subject, we must just allude to James Christopher Le Blon's method of printing mezzotint in colours. He was born at Frankfort, in 1670, and was a pupil of Carlo Maratti. After working some time with Bonaventura van Overbeck at Amsterdam, upon miniatures, he came to England and finished some large pictures according to his method, which we are about to describe. Lord Orford pronounced them to be "very tolerable copies of the best masters." He however did not meet with success in London, nor was his invention appreciated. He published, in 1730, an account of his process, and ten years after ended his life in distress at Paris. His plan was to have for every picture at least three plates, one for red, another for yellow, and a third for blue—sometimes a fourth plate was required for black. The mixture of any of these primitive colours, as our readers well know, would produce others, according to the proportion in which they are mixed. It was requisite also to take great care that the graining of the plate was proportioned to the strength of the colour that the artist wished to impress; for where the graining was too rough the colour would sink in, and too dark a tone would appear in the impression. The plates therefore required more care in working up; and the colours used were transparent, so that one would show through the other. As we have already mentioned, although a very in-

genious invention, it did not meet with that success that it merited.

Chalk engraving is a French method to imitate drawings in chalk of different studies and subjects. Three French artists are mentioned, who have shared the invention—G. E. Demarteau, born at Liege, in 1722, who died at Paris, in 1776; Jean Jacques Francoia, born at Nancy, in 1717; and Louis Bonnet, of Paris, born about 1735. This style is more especially adapted for expressing the bold broad lines which the artist produces with his chalk upon paper.

The plate is prepared in the same way as for etching, with the usual ground laid on. Some of our readers may have observed that the stroke made by a chalk pencil consists of a series of dots, for the chalk glances along the surface of the grain of the paper, merely marking the small eminences with which it comes in contact; and the coarser the grain of the paper, the larger are these dots in any bold shading. To imitate this, therefore, the plan is to etch in a series of dots, large or small, according to the boldness of the chalk line the artist is representing in the picture. In the usual manner the prominent parts of the drawing are thus brought out, and the etching ground is removed; should any portions, on examination, prove too faint, the stopping mixture is applied, and the dots are rebitten. After this the other portions of the picture are put in by a constant series of dots. The instruments used for this are the graver and various dotting points. So numerous were the instruments invented for this style, that a complete set amounted to forty. M. Bartsch mentions a single, double and triple etching needle, several mattoix or punches, and various kinds of roulettes, all for the purpose of producing the different kinds of dots that were required. Plates in this style would give four or five hundred good impressions. Common printing ink was used for producing black impressions, and burnt sienna for red. Many prints have so closely resembled the original drawings that it was difficult to distinguish between the two, particularly those in red chalk. The most celebrated artist in this style was a gentleman of Amsterdam, born about the year 1732. His name was Cornelius Ploos van Amstel. He executed, for his own amusement, a very large and interesting collection of plates from the crayon drawings of the most celebrated Dutch masters.

The English method of dotting is only an improvement upon the French; the dots are rounder, smaller, and more closely placed together, as if they were executed with a punch, while those of the French are rough

and coarse, and irregularly placed. In short, by the English method the more highly-finished chalk drawings may be imitated with perfect accuracy and great clearness.

M. Bartsch says the invention is due to Jacob Bylaerl, a painter and engraver of Leyden, who published a small treatise upon it. Bartolozzi, however, who then resided in London, was the first to practise it, and added many valuable improvements of his own, and from the very fine plates which he engraved, many have considered him the inventor. The demand for his works was very great, and he was obliged to employ many of his pupils to finish some of his plates.

William Wynne Ryland made himself eminent in this style of engraving, and executed more than two hundred plates with great delicacy and beauty. Mr. Bartsch mentions some which were printed in coloured inks as being little inferior to miniature painting. Joseph Strutt, born about 1745, the author of *The Dictionary of Engravers*, executed some very beautiful plates.

Aquatinta engraving was invented for the imitation of drawings which have been washed in with Indian ink. It is generally supposed that the invention is due to a French artist, the Abbé de St. Non, who communicated it to his friend Jean Baptiste le Prince, a French painter of some talent. Le Prince offered for a certain sum to sell the secret. No one, however, came forward to claim it, and on his death-bed he communicated the process to his niece and heiress; soon after that the king purchased the secret for the Academy, by settling upon her an annuity. The following is the mode of engraving in aquatinta:—The plate is prepared in the usual manner, and the subject is etched in. After this, the plate is thoroughly cleansed from the etching ground, and a liquid composed of resinous gum dissolved in highly rectified spirits of wine is poured on the plate. A little tin trough is provided with a spout to pour back any superfluous ground, which may be thrown away in case any particles of dust should have adhered to it, which would render it useless to apply to any other plate. The spirits of wine evaporate, and the resinous ground remains. There are some precautions to be observed in laying the ground, and the most important is to prevent what is called *watering*, which is, drops of water forming on the ground as it begins to granulate, and the portion of the ground under each drop is of a coarser nature than the rest; this often results from the spirits of wine being bad. The mode of obviating this is dashing over the plate a basin of cold water, so that every part may be cover-

ed at the same time. Another precaution previous to laying the ground is to fill up the lines which are etched with printer's ink, or it frequently happens that a white line appears on the ground, which ultimately produces a very disagreeable effect. The next thing is to varnish over the margin of the plate with a mixture composed of lamp-black or oxide of bismuth and turpentine varnish, merely leaving a little slip free at the bottom, which is for the purpose of seeing the effect of each application of the acid. In the case where the picture has not been previously etched in, the subject is either transferred to the plate by a pencil or by tracing; in the latter case, great care must be taken that there is not too much oil in the preparation of the coloured paper, for every stroke of the tracing point will *stop out* or make a white line when the plate is bit in: the greatest difficulty is the *stopping out* those parts which the acid is not to touch, and which therefore in the impression will appear as the lights of the picture. This is delicately performed by a sharp-pointed red table brush with oxide of bismuth and turpentine varnish. The various tints are now obtained by different solutions of diluted aquafortis, care being taken to thoroughly wash the plate in clean water between each new application of the acid. As the artist advances he *stops out* those parts which have been sufficiently bit in. An ordinary engraving is done in eight or ten bites. The first generally takes about a minute, the second a minute and a half, the third two minutes and a half, and so on, gradually progressing in time according to the depths of shade that are required in the engraving. A portion of the little slip, which we mentioned, was left on the margin, after every bite is stopped up, so that on the completion of the engraving the artist may clearly perceive the effect of each application of the acid. There are two or three other plans in vogue, but we have described the most common. This style of engraving is chiefly adapted for washed drawings and light subjects, but it would never produce a print of a highly finished picture.

Aquatinta engraving was introduced into England by Paul Sandby, who was born at Nottingham in 1732. At the early age of sixteen he was employed as a draughtsman, under Mr. David West, to complete a survey of the north and west parts of the Highlands of Scotland. While he was employed upon this, he showed his superior talents by making some beautiful sketches of some of the finest and wildest parts of that scenery. His rising genius procured him the patronage and

notice of Sir Joseph Banks and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. He accompanied the former in a tour through North and South Wales; and the latter baronet employed him in making drawings of the most beautiful landscapes of the Welsh scenery. Some little time after the completion of these views, he engraved them in aquatinta. In 1768 he was made one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and in the same year was appointed drawing-master to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he remained until his death. J. Bapt. Le Prince was born at Paris in 1733, and after working some time in his native city, he made a journey to Russia, where he remained some years designing all the costumes, and returned to Paris with a very numerous collection, many of which he engraved in the aquatinta style. Robert Kobell, born at Manheim in 1770, executed some very good plates, representing the peculiar style of the Dutch masters. We will conclude with the name of Carl Kunz, born at Manheim in 1770. His paintings of cattle and landscapes are justly admired; and from his own designs and others he executed some very clever engravings, particularly three large ones, after Henry Roos, Paul Potter, and A. Vandervelde.

Aquarilla engraving is the imitation of drawings washed in different colours. Like Le Blon's invention, it requires as many plates as there are simple colours. The outlines of the figures, &c., are etched in, and the plate being cleaned is worked upon with roulettes, care being taken to make the grain very fine: the same process is observed in the other plates, the quality of the grain being proportioned to the quantity of colour to be impressed upon the paper. Great effect can be produced by this method; for not only do we have the abrupt tones of shade as in aquatinta, but also the beautiful and soft gradations of light which give the appearance of a finished drawing. Plates executed in this manner yield about two hundred copies. The invention is due to Pierre François Charpentier, an engraver of Paris, who was born at Blois in 1730, and first conceived the idea in 1762. The French artists kept it entirely to themselves for a long period. The most remarkable in this style were François Janinet, born at Paris in 1752, and his pupil Charles Melchior Descourts.

We have now enumerated the various modes in which the graphic art is practised, both on wood and metal. The third and last material, which modern art has called into practice for the purpose of producing impressions, is that of stone, of which we shall give a short account. Lithography was

accidentally discovered by Alois Senefelder, about the year 1792. He was the son of Peter Senefelder, an actor in the Theatre Royal of Munich. The father, wishing to bring up his son to the profession of the law, sent him to the university of Ingoldstadt. The strong partiality of young Alois for the stage showed itself in private theatricals. He composed a little comedy in 1789, entitled *Die Mädchenkenner*, which was very much approved of, and had a very good run. Upon his father's death he quitted the university and attached himself to the stage. Another play that he wrote was unfortunately too late for the Easter book-fair at Leipzig, and the consequence was, that the proceeds hardly paid for the printing. He passed much of his time at the printing office, anxiously trying to hasten the publication, and his attention was then first directed to the business of the pressman. In his work on Lithography he observes, "I thought it so easy that I wished for nothing more than to possess a small printing press, and thus to become the composer, printer, and publisher of my own productions." Being too poor to enter into the expenses of publishing any more, he tried various methods of writing on copper, so that he might be enabled to print his own compositions. He soon found that a mixture of soap, wax and lampblack, was a very good material for writing, and would resist the action of the aquafortis when dry. As copper was too expensive a material to practise upon, he got some pieces of calcareous stone, which he polished, and which served his purpose very well. One day his mother desired him to write out a washing-bill immediately, and there being neither pens, ink, nor paper at that moment in the house, he wrote out the list of the linen on a piece of this stone with his composition of wax and soap. A short time after this he was going to rub it out, when it occurred to him, that if he bit in the stone with aquafortis the letters would stand out in relief, and an impression might be taken from them. He tried the experiment and succeeded, and soon found that it was not necessary to lower the surface of the stone, and that simply wetting the surface was sufficient to prevent the ink from adhering to any parts except those touched by the composition. The result of this was the invention of Lithography. Notwithstanding Senefelder's unremitting attention he was unable to prosecute his invention from poverty, and he took the resolution of entering the service of the Elector (afterwards King) of Bavaria, as a private soldier in the artillery, for which he received a bounty of two hundred florins. With this

small sum he boldly resolved to go on with his scheme, but met with many disappointments, until he became acquainted with Gleissner, a musician in the elector's band, who was about to publish some music. Senefelder induced him to try his method, and in less than a fortnight the twelve songs were published, and a hundred and twenty copies taken off at the expense of thirty florins, which were sold for one hundred florins. In 1799 a patent was granted to Senefelder, and soon afterwards he entered into partnership with M. Antoine André, an extensive music publisher. He proposed to take out patents in London, Paris, and Vienna. Senefelder visited London in 1802, and made but little progress. During the time he remained in town (about seven months) he applied himself to acquiring the fundamental principles of chemistry. A very few sketches after West and Fuseli were lithographed, but nothing more was done until its application to military purposes by Colonel Brown, then quartermaster general; and in 1808 a lithographic press was put up in the Horse Guards, and the first map (a sketch of Bantry Bay) was produced by it. Senefelder, on his return from England, dissolved his partnership with André. He obtained at Vienna a patent throughout the Imperial States; but here he was again unfortunate, and to clear himself from his debts he sold his patent in 1806 to M. Stein. After this he returned to Munich, where, in 1809, to his great satisfaction, he was appointed Lithographer to the Royal Commission of Customs. Being now placed beyond the difficulties and disappointments he had formerly undergone, he applied himself to various improvements in the art, and subsequently published a work on Lithography, in which he generously laid before the public everything relating to his invention.

The stones most commonly used in lithography are those of a calcareous nature, which readily imbibe water and oily fluids. The best kind of stone is that which is called the Kehlheim stone, and is used in Germany for floors of churches and courts of palaces. It is found in the district between Dietfurt and Papenheim, and thence down the Danube towards the town of Kehlheim. These quarries are nearly exhausted, and fresh ones have been opened in the village of Solenhofen, about three or four leagues from the town of Neuburg, on the Danube. This kind of stone is composed of carbonate of lime, and a small portion of oxide of iron is mingled with it, which has a great affinity for grease. So necessary is it to have some portion of iron in the stone, that the French

lithographers often use a solution of iron to wash the surface of the stone, which they call *la preparation qui fait jaune*, literally giving it a "yellow facing." In preparing the surface of the stone, two slabs having flat surfaces are laid together, and are rubbed backwards and forwards with some clean silver sand and water, and this operation is continued until the sand is crushed and worn with the surfaces of the stone, and until it assumes the form of a thick paste. This process is continued with fresh water and sand until the surfaces are perfectly smooth. They are then polished with pumice-stone or water of Ayr-stone. They are of different sizes, and about three inches thick. Lithographic ink is generally composed of tallow, virgin wax, shell lac, common soap, in equal parts of two ounces each, to which is added half an ounce of lamp-black. This is generally used for writing or pen-drawing; the other material is lithographic chalk, which is composed of the same materials, only in the following different proportions—common soap one and a quarter ounces, tallow two, virgin wax two and a half, shell lac one, and lamp-black a quarter of an ounce. This last compound is used for drawing. To obviate the tedious necessity of writing backwards on the slab, a transfer paper is prepared by a compound of French chalk, old plaster of Paris and starch, being ground together with gum tragacanth, glue and gamboge, and sufficient water being added to give it an oily consistency, is applied by a brush to thin sized paper. The writing or drawing being then made on the prepared paper, it is wetted on the back and placed on the stone, which is previously warmed. After passing the slab three or four times under a press, the paper is removed by damping it, and the subject will be found to be transferred to the stone.

When the subject is not transferred, the usual way is to lightly draw the design on the stone with red chalk, which is afterwards traced over with the lithographic chalk. The greatest care must be taken by the artist not to touch the stone, nor to talk over it, as the smallest speck of saliva will prevent the chalk from taking effect. To prevent such accidents a bridge is placed across the stone during the operation of tracing. When the drawing is completed, it is what is termed *etched in*, which is pouring over the stone a solution of aquafortis of one part to an hundred parts of water. This is done to remove any alkali remaining on the surface, after which it is washed, and gum water is poured over, which prevents any of the lines from spreading.

Our limits will not permit us to describe the lithographic press, which, however, is very simple and may be very readily seen, which is better than any description we can give. The duties of the pressman require great care and attention in keeping the stone perfectly clean, and in a judicious application of the ink—care must be taken not to lay on too much, for otherwise it spreads, and makes too dark an impression. The application of the diluted aquafortis and gum water is frequently repeated by the pressman. A careful selection of the proper paper is necessary, for if there should be any chalk or alum in it the stone will be injured.

Very beautiful effects are now produced in lithography by the introduction of lights and half-tints, to produce which a second stone must be employed. Zinc, having a very great affinity for grease, has been used with great success instead of stone: its portability is also a great recommendation, but there is an objection to it, which is, that the subject can neither be retouched nor can lights be effaced. Lithography is now making rapid progress throughout Europe. At home our improvement has been very great, and our forefathers would hardly suppose the plates of Nash's beautiful work of "The Old Halls of England" to be impressions from stone—and when we pore over the beauties of the Dresden Gallery, so easy of possession from their comparatively small expense, every bright and glorious touch of the great master is recalled to our memory by the fidelity and force with which they are executed.

We have now brought up the history of the various modes of simple and compound chalcography to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it only remains for us to mention those eminent masters who are still delighting the world with their inventive genius. We would willingly pause in our task, for there are very many in Europe whose talents place them in the first rank of their art, and many, many pages might be filled in expatiating upon their merits.

In the Italian school of engraving we have but lately lost Raffaele Morghani. The bright and life-like touches he has thrown into his engravings, together with the force and character of his figures, will make his name live amongst us as long as we have affection for the fine arts. His "White Horse" and "The Last Supper" are among the finest evidences of his superior genius. Longhi, Anderloni, and Toschi are fully supporting the fame of their country. Few can forget Toschi's splendid plate of *Christ's bearing the Cross*. A companion to this, *The Descent from the Cross*, by the same eminent

master, is very shortly to be published. In Germany many beautiful subjects are being given to the world, by artists whose talents and genius are a bright example for their youthful countrymen who are studying in the same schools. Schmutzer and Mandel have lately produced some very striking plates. The latter artist's *Italianische Hirtenknabe*, from the pencil of L. Pollack, is a beautiful specimen of modern compound chalcography. In France the art has been followed up with every success, and the names of Bevic, Tardieu, Deanoyers, Foster, Massard, Lignon, and Leroux, will be handed down to posterity, and their well-known works will be ever valuable to the collector.

Our own school has advanced with rapid strides. Many have been the improvements in the art during the last century. One of the greatest perhaps of late years was Mr. Perkins's well-known apparatus for the multiplication of engraved steel plates, which was simply engraving the subject on a softened steel plate, which was afterwards hardened. Upon the intaglio impression he revolved a roller of soft steel by immense pressure, and thus obtained the subject in relief. This roller was afterwards hardened, from which any number of plates might be made. But from certain imperfections these plates were obliged to be retouched.

The English masters have raised the British school of engraving to a very high grade. In our present limits it would be impossible, even with the few eminent names that we give, to mention the beautiful works which they have sent forth to the world. Old John Landseer, the father of the great painters, has executed many exquisite landscapes. John Pye, Goodhall, Smith, have added many valuable plates to the portfolio of the collector in the same style. Then we have Burnet, Greatback, Engleheart, Raimback, Doo, Watt and S. Cousins, all celebrated for their great talent in figures; and we must not neglect to mention C. Heath and Finden, whose general talents are so greatly shown in the many beautiful plates they have executed. Indeed we have only to enter the house of Hodgson and Graves, Colnaghi, or any other large establishment, and we are immediately struck with the immense number of beautiful subjects from the hands of English masters. It is greatly to be deplored that there should not be a certain just limitation to the number of *proofs* from any celebrated plate. Frequently a plate is worked to the utmost merely for proofs, and then retouched, and the usual enormous number of *prints* is then struck off. It is a system by which the print publisher gains a large sum

of money, but which gives very little satisfaction to that class of subscribers who really understand what they purchase, and it is one which unfortunately must tend to the depreciation of real genius, and to that purity which should exist in the fine arts, for only those who are fortunate enough to possess one of the *proofs* can judge of the real merits of the print.

In regarding the many beautiful improvements that the art of engraving has undergone, it is natural to connect with these improvements all those inventions which become as branches attached to the main trunk. Before we altogether quit the subject, we will cursorily glance at these beautiful applications. The first which claims our attention, as being more immediately connected with actual chalcography, is that of the engraved views entitled *Excursions Daguerriennes*.

Mons. Lerebours, of Paris, conceived the ingenious idea of engraving facsimile views from those which are taken by the Daguerrotype. The mode in which this instrument is used, is too well known to need any description. We will only remark, therefore, that in the process adopted by M. Lerebours, two plates are used—the former, of the usual material of which the Daguerrotype plates are composed; the latter is a steel one for engraving upon. Everything being favourable, the view is thrown upon the prepared plate in the usual manner. The artist then traces the outlines of the picture with a dry point upon the steel plate, and subsequently completes the subject with all the lights and shades which nature threw around at the time the picture was taken, and by the skilful command of his graving tool, and carefully comparing his work during the time with the first plate, he at last produces a perfect fac-simile, as far as the hand of *man* can attain it. The style of engraving in which they are executed is that of aquatinta, for as M. Lerebours justly remarks in his prospectus, it more nearly resembles nature. Many of these views are taken from all parts of the world, and of course consist of cities and various remarkable buildings; for the bright trees of the forest, with their branches stirring in the passing breeze, would be more troublesome to the Daguerrotype than the varying expression of a wayward child to the artist, who only exercises his calling upon the more staid countenances of adults. They are very clear and beautiful, particularly those of Jerusalem, the Grand Place at Florence, the Arch of Titus at Rome, and the Arsenal at Venice. Five numbers are already published, each

containing four plates. They are very pleasing, and are more beautiful perhaps when viewed through a powerful lens.

The wonderful and rapid progress of electro-metallurgy, and more especially of electro-type engraving, now occupies great attention. It is not our intention to enter into the interesting scientific details of this subject, nor have we time to weigh the claims of many foreign scientific gentlemen to the discovery of the art. In our own country the invention is due to Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, and we refer our readers to a very able pamphlet, of which that gentleman is the author, for many minute and curious details. Many have taken it up since, and with great success, particularly Mr. Palmer, of Newgate-street, who has been most happy in his application of many of his own beautiful improvements in batteries and necessary apparatus. A very interesting work has been lately published by Mr. Smee, which gives a full account of Mr. Palmer's operations, and a careful history of the origin and his own progress in the art. The public are truly indebted to Mr. Palmer for his especial attention to electro-type engraving, and the important preparation of plates for the engraver.

The ordinary copper plates used by the trade are by no means pure. The copper-plate maker, in preparing them, picks out many a piece of foreign metal, which he hammers over, and thus fills up the gap. Any impurity is a great enemy to the etcher, for the acid is unequal in its biting. Mr. Palmer now produces electro-type plates of copper, precipitated in the usual manner upon a prepared copper plate. The duplicate, of course, has the same polish as the original, and is of the *purest* copper. It has been found better to hammer these plates, as they become more elastic, and it is considered that these hammered plates will work as well as steel. Mr. Palmer had various specimens of the art worked upon one of these plates, and all the artists at once perceived the superiority of the pure copper. This is alone a most valuable application of the science, for the ease of producing innumerable plates at a very small expense is a great desideratum. Mr. Palmer has been most successful in making duplicates of engraved plates, both of a large and small size. They are perfectly identical with the originals, and the impressions are not to be told from each other. There is a curious remark which the author makes with regard to the impression of the electro-type plate, which is, that the impression of the duplicate is *slightly* superior to that of the original, and he accounts for this from the circumstance of the greater purity



of the copper. Mr. Palmer has lately completed a very splendid specimen from the engraving of the interview between John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots. He has not only been successful in line engraving, but has made a beautiful fac-simile of a mezzotinto plate, which is a still more striking example of the power and beauty of the art; nor does it seem that the plates are limited to size, for there have been lately executed map plates for printing a sheet of very large size, termed *double elephant*.

Engravers are afraid that this new art will be of injury to the trade, but we think that they need not have any fears on this head, for greater labour and nicety will be required in plates which are intended to be copied, and, consequently, far better prices will be paid for their labour. Since Perkins's invention of the multiplication of steel plates, the increase of cheap engravings has been enormous, and the demand equally great. The appreciation of the fine arts is certainly increasing amongst all classes of people, and those who are debarred by pecuniary considerations from purchasing the splendid subjects which are now published, will be eager to possess them, when the price is considerably lowered by the comparatively cheap and perfectly accurate manner in which thousands and thousands of impressions will be produced by the new art. Our idea is, that mediocre subjects will be laid aside, and that a still finer taste and tone will be produced by it. Artists will strain every nerve, and will employ all their deepest feelings and talent to produce a work from which they know *any number of perfect proofs* may be produced, and which will spread the fame of their genius; and another point is, that the artist's bright and original inspiration remains as a standard of his genius, for such original plates will never require to be retouched; for, in case the demand should be so great that all the fac-simile plates which have been made should be exhausted, the original may again be subjected to the batteries, and plates having the same purity and perfection may be produced.

In following Mr. Smee's remarks upon the subject, we beg our readers to observe, that not only will the fine arts be improved and benefited by this great invention, but many of our most important manufactures will be raised to a far higher grade, more especially our potteries and calico printing. The most beautiful designs may be introduced by the former manufacturer, and the latter can afford to employ the best artists for his plates when he has the power of multiplying the originals to any extent. We regret that our space

will not allow us to linger any further upon this interesting subject, which is still in its infancy, and which, through the energetic labours of our scientific men, will make wonderful and rapid progress.

There is one other beautiful discovery, by Mr. Schonberg, a Pole, which the artist terms *Relief Engraving* or *Agrography*. It is a mode by which he can produce any designs in relief in type metal, giving the same, and in many instances a better effect than that which is attained by the Xylographic art. The invention at present remains a profound secret to the public. The advantages which will accrue from it will be very great, since with such ease and rapidity are the designs produced upon the metal, that in the course of a single day five or six fac-simile plates of the same subject can be prepared, each of which will produce thousands and thousands of clear copies. Another great advantage derivable from this invention is, that the artist's *original* design is immediately impressed (if we may so use such a term) upon the metallic plate. From what we have already said in our observations upon Xylography, we need not point out to our readers that this is not the case in the process of wood engraving—and again in working the subject upon the metal, the artist can produce much greater effect by the disposition of his lines and cross-hatchings, as he is not controlled, as in wood engraving, by the direction of the grain. Mr. Crouch is now illustrating his admirable *Miscellany of the Tudor Library* by the labours of Mr. Schonberg. He has commenced with the first number of the *Spectator*, and we refer our readers to this publication for a specimen of the new art. We have no doubt that Agrography will be very generally adopted, not only from diminution of the expenses incurred in producing the original designs of our artists, but from the important consideration that the letter-press and illustrations are identical, and that each will return the same number of copies. Should this invention be perfectly successful, we cannot calculate the influence or the change it may make in the Xylographic art; but we are now in an age when science, advancing with rapid strides, is continually gaining fresh power and yet simplifying all processes, and in which all improvements seem but to tend to supply the rapid and increasing wants, both in mind and body, of an increasing population.

ART. V.—1. *Cruautés horribles des Conquistants du Mexique, et des Indiens qui les aidèrent à soumettre cet empire à la couronne d'Espagne, Mémoire de Don Fernando D'Alva Ixtlilxochitl; Supplément à l'Histoire du Père Sahagun; publié et dédié au gouvernement suprême de la Confédération Mexicaine.* Par Charles-Marie de Bustamante. Mexico, 1829. Paris, 1838.

2. *Voyages, Relations, et Mémoires Originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique, publiés pour la première fois en Français.* Par H. Ternaux-Compans. 1840.

At the present time, any work that tells of an untried region comes as the bearer of glad tidings; and there is perhaps no track, either in the old or new world, that has been less hackneyed than Mexico. Yet it is an empire abounding with historic interest: its vast extent; the boundless wealth which has lent its aid in demoralizing Spain; the condition of its inhabitants, strangely civilized, yet fearfully savage; the desperate wars it has waged; and its present singular political position; all mark it as the theme for romance; while the startling fictions that mingle with truths scarcely less incredible in its records, render these equally interesting to the historian. But the details hitherto published have afforded little satisfaction to the researches of the curious. We read with incredulity of a vast and warlike empire conquered by a handful of adventurers, while hints of allies which might dissipate our suspicions, only serve by their obscurity to exaggerate our doubts. Poems and romances have sprung plentifully from the exulting conquerors, involving the subject in an impenetrable cloud of fable, while British writers, intimidated perhaps by conscious or hopeless ignorance, have generally avoided the scene as a land of danger, and left it undisputed in the hands of the discoverers. The days of Mexican dreams have passed, and with them doubtless much of the romance; but the work before us, though it removes the marvels that have hung so long like an obscuring cloud over the land, and admits a ray of clearer light than has been elicited before, yet leaves abundant scope for the play of fancy, and opens an untried range for the poet and novelist. Don F. Ixtlilxochitl, the author of the work before us, was the grandson of one of the native princes of Mexico; and his account was taken from the pictorial histories of his countrymen, from traditionary statements, and from the details

of eye-witnesses who were living at the time he wrote. His history has been twice translated, once into Spanish, and lately into French, by M. Bustamante, and its revival from the obscurity into which it had fallen may be considered as an era of the utmost importance in the records of the conquest of Mexico.

From the second title that heads our present article, the reader will easily recognize the volumes as one of that series which M. Bertrand of Paris is fast bringing before the public eye, and which, whether consisting of republications, like the two here specified, or of narratives heretofore absolutely unknown to the press, like some that are announced to follow, include a vast mass of the most important materials for the early history of the new world, and of such incalculable range and boundless variety, as to carry the whole series, if persevered in according to the original design, to an extent of some hundreds of volumes; their materials being principally derived from records preserved in public or private archives, both of Mexico and Spain; and of which even Lord Kingsborough's magnificent publication gives but a faint idea.

To return to the work more immediately before us, we give the narrative in a condensed form, that the reader may compare it with existing histories and determine for himself its relative value in elucidation.

The unprepossessing title of this narrative might induce a supposition that the author was a descendant of some injured leader of the conquered country; and that his ancestor and namesake, whose deeds he endeavours to immortalize, had devoted his life to the protection of his native kingdom, and perished at length by the hands of the merciless invaders.

Such however is not the case; Ixtlilxochitl was indeed allied by blood to the sovereign of Mexico, and bound by every tie to resist to extremity the dominion of the Spaniards; yet we find him among the first to join the forces of the enemy, and aiding with such ruthless ardour in the subversion of his country, that we can scarcely wonder at the emphatic exclamation of his Mexican editor, "May curses light upon his odious memory." The principal aim of our author obviously was to extol the virtues and bravery of his ancestor; nor does he appear anxious either to palliate or exaggerate the cruelty of the conquerors. He in truth evidently noted the acts of Cortez principally as they concerned his allies; and thus wherever the princely writer himself was concerned, much that is interesting and novel is eli-

cited; while the circumstances which regard the Spaniards alone are full of omissions, and probably incorrectness. An important instance of the latter occurs in the very commencement. We learn from the accounts of Gomara, and Bernard Diaz, that soon after the landing of Cortez he was joined by the king of Zempoala, who furnished him with supplies and an auxiliary army; and that two Zempoalan nobles were despatched with overtures to the Tlaxcalans, in the hope of bringing them to join the Christians; but this fierce and warlike people, distrusting their countrymen and hating the Spaniards, with small regard for the rights of nations, and the inviolability of the sacred persons of ambassadors, proceeded to kill and eat those two functionaries, and then gave battle to the invaders. Three resolute engagements followed, in which the arms and discipline of the Spaniards enabled them, without losing a single man, to kill thousands of the natives, though the obstinate bravery of the latter gave the followers of Cortez a foretaste of the difficulties they were to meet with in the interior of the country. Our author's account is, that the Christians marched from Zempoala to Tlaxcala, where they were everywhere received with joy, and where no disputes arose but such as were provoked by the Spaniards themselves.

We shall pass over the arrival of Cortez in the chief city of Mexico, as well as the arrest, by his order, of the emperor Motecuhzoma (Montezuma). These transactions not being connected with our present hero, are but slightly noticed in the work before us: but soon after, an event happened which sufficiently demonstrated the intentions of the Spaniards, and appears to have been the first of those acts of cruelty which have made the infamy of Cortez even more familiar to us than his glory. About forty days after his arrival in the capital, the Spanish commander, wishing to visit the neighbouring town of Tezcuco, applied to Cacama, the king of that city, to grant him a safe conduct with his native subjects. Cacama sent him two of his brothers, who rejoiced (much more, we suspect, than the reader,) in the formidable names of Netzahualquentzin and Tetlahuehuezquitzin; but soon after their arrival in Tezcuco, a Spanish soldier, observing the former talking with the Mexican ambassador, in suspicion and ignorance of the language, struck him with his staff and dragged him before Cortez; and he, without inquiry, caused the unoffending prince to be hanged.

Shortly after this, the Spanish general was compelled once more to quit the town of Mexico, to march against the forces of

Narvuez which had been despatched by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, to deprive him of his command. The manner in which he defeated his rival, and the facility with which the governor's forces deserted their commander and ranged themselves under the banner of his enemy, are well known. Upon his departure from Mexico, Cortez had left behind him one of his captains, named Alvarado, in charge of the person of the captured emperor; and this officer hastened to heap upon the Mexicans every outrage which bigotry and avarice could suggest. A great feast was to be held in the town at this period, in accordance with an ancient custom, and Alvarado readily consented that it should proceed without molestation: but when he saw the multitudes that thronged the principal temple, and that all were unarmed and wore the richest ornaments, his avarice got the better of his prudence: rushing into the temple with his followers, he slaughtered all the worshippers, threw down the idols, and possessed himself of all the gold that adorned them.

A general rising of the people followed; but Alvarado brought forth the unhappy Motecuhzoma, and compelled him to minister to his own captivity by appeasing the tumult among his subjects. This was easily done by a monarch who was almost deified by his people; but the deed of sacrilege and cruelty was not forgotten, and it added, doubtless, to the accumulating vengeance which burst so fearfully on the Spaniards in their retreat from Mexico.

Cortez returned soon after to the capital, having increased his force, which had originally consisted of about 600, to nearly 1500 fighting men, with those of Narvuez. Immediately upon the entrance of the Spaniards into their old quarters the Mexicans again revolted, attacking the invaders with the utmost fury. After many hours' severe conflict, Cortez was compelled to produce Motecuhzoma; but when that unhappy captive prince attempted once more to appease the people, they burst into a torrent of execrations, called him an enemy to his country and the gods, and concluded their rebellious demonstrations, by a shower of arrows and stones.

The emperor was wounded in two places by the arrows, and stunned by a blow from a stone: his people, seeing him fall, were seized with remorse and fear, and dispersed without attempting any further violence. Cortez endeavoured to console the wounded monarch, but the proud spirit of Motecuhzoma had bent already to its utmost, and this last outrage burst the bonds of life: he haughtily rejected every

consolation, refused all intercourse with his captors, and resolutely starved himself to death.

The situation of the Spaniards now became extremely perilous: the death of the emperor was speedily known; the people elected Cuiclahuatzin in his stead, and it was evident that on all sides secret but extensive preparations were making for war. To remain in the capital was certain destruction; to retreat was hardly less dangerous: for the town of Mexico was situated in the midst of a lake, connected with the main land only by narrow strips intersected by chasms. These were usually crossed by means of bridges, which would be easily broken down, and escape from the town rendered hardly practicable. It was resolved, therefore, that the attempt should be made at midnight, when it was hoped that the superstition of the natives would prevent an attack. In obedience to the orders of the commander the utmost secrecy was observed in the preparations; and the Spaniards, having loaded themselves with the spoils they had collected, commenced their perilous retreat. As they passed through the town the silence that reigned on all sides was in itself ominous: it seemed rather suited to a deserted than a sleeping city: but as they proceeded, the skirts of the town and the narrow neck of land over which they were to pass appeared perfectly untenanted; their hopes revived, and by the time they had neared the interesting chasm all fear had deserted the fugitive host. Their leader, however, well knew that the real danger was only now to begin, and his doubts were confirmed by finding that the bridge had been carefully destroyed. Scarcely was the alarming discovery made when the shouts of the natives burst forth on all sides, and the torches which seemed to spring by magic into light displayed the shores of the lake absolutely swarming with armed men. The lake itself was covered with canoes, and innumerable warriors were rushing upon their enemy from both sides of the causeway. The extirpation of the Spaniards seemed now inevitable; but Cortez charged vigorously at the head of his few cavalry, and after a desperate contest succeeded in forcing his way to the ships which had been built on the lake: here part of his followers embarked and gained the shore; a few escaped by the causeway; many were drowned in attempting to swim to land, and more than half the troops perished or fell into the hands of the Mexicans.

Such was the memorable retreat from Mexico, by which the designs of Cortez were for a time effectually crippled. The Mexi-

cans sacrificed their prisoners to the sun, according to their usual custom; and Cortez, unwilling that his enemies should monopolize the character of cruelty, ordered the king, Cacamatzin, three of his sisters, and two of his brothers, to be put to death. This dreadful retaliation might, it is true, be but an act of necessity, forced upon their leader by the fury of his suffering troops, and intended to deter the enemy from their usual sacrifices. Torquemada is, however, not supported in this story by other historians, who report that Cacamatzin died in the flight.

The emperor Cuiclahuatzin or Quetlavara, by whom this skilful and successful attack had been led, commenced vigorously raising and arming his subjects for the purpose of expelling or extirpating the Spaniards; but his warlike designs were stopped almost as soon as begun, for he died of the small-pox, one among the scourges introduced by the invaders. Quantemochtzin (Guatimozin) was elected in his stead, and Cohanacochtzin was chosen king of Tezcuco. In the mean while Cortez marched with his shattered forces to Tlaxcala: the inhabitants of that town, after several battles with the Spaniards, had, it is true, agreed to terms and become their allies; but Cortez feared that when he returned amongst them, defeated and helpless, they might break the treaty and renew hostilities. In this he was deceived: the Tlaxcalans proved to him as faithful friends as they had been fearless enemies; and after remaining amongst them a considerable time, and gaining several new allies, he again marched with his own forces and an immense army of natives towards Mexico.

On his arrival before Tezcuco a number of noblemen and princes came forth to meet the Spaniards, and among others Ixtlilxochitl, the hero of the work before us.

The first night after his arrival in Tezcuco Cortez was alarmed by a report that the natives were leaving the town and retreating to Mexico. To prevent this dangerous defection he hastened to make known that he would acknowledge whomsoever the inhabitants might choose as king of their province. Their fears on this point being quieted, the citizens returned and elected Tecocoltzin, who immediately declared himself the ally of the Spaniards. Cortez now marched against Ixtlapalapan, a town of great strength in the vicinity of Mexico; but the inhabitants gallantly defended their city, which, being nearly surrounded by water, was by no means easy of access. After a day of severe exertion the besiegers were compelled to desist by the approach of darkness: however they guarded their post and resolved to remain

there till daylight. About midnight the inhabitants sallied from the town, cut the dykes which restrained the water, and had the besiegers not fled with the utmost speed they would all have been drowned. As it was the natives attacked them in their retreat, killing, however, but one Spaniard, with an immense number of their allies.

Ixtlilxochitl, it seems, distinguished himself in this affair; but the emperor was so little pleased to find his immediate relations joined against him, that he called a council of his bravest chiefs, and offered high honours and a large reward to whoever would bring the traitor prisoner to Mexico. One great chief, with a name as formidable as his arms, surpassing human memory to retain, undertook the perilous enterprise: he sent a challenge to Ixtlilxochitl, who readily accepted it, and agreed to meet him singly in the plains of Ixtlapalapan. Ixtlilxochitl disarmed and secured his adversary, and then, with less of sympathy among the brave than poets delight to describe, he caused his prisoner to be burned to death. Shortly after this affair Tecocoltzin, the king of Tezcuco, died: his reign had been short, but very useful to the Spaniards, from the energy with which he collected supplies and raised his subjects in their behalf: he was the first native baptized. The inhabitants of Tezcuco elected Atruaxpitzactzin in his stead, but the reign of this prince was even shorter than that of his predecessor, for he was immediately deposed by Cortez, and Ixtlilxochitl was made king. Up to this time the history before us has been extremely uncertain and superficial, the most important events being scarcely noticed, and indeed the whole record appearing to have been taken from report; but after the election of his ancestor our author evidently writes on sure ground. The most trivial circumstances are duly detailed; even conversations (though probably apocryphal, as in the commencement of all history) are recorded, and every omission made by other historians is satisfactorily supplied.

The army of the Spaniards and their allies was now so numerous as to justify a regular siege of the town of Mexico. With this view Cortez had caused three brigantines to be built in the mountains, and transported piecemeal to the neighbourhood of the lake, while his allies raised and armed their subjects to an extent hitherto unheard of in Mexico. Cohuanucoxtzin meanwhile was not inactive: he disputed every advance of the Spaniards with the utmost resolution, and even the most unimportant villages could not be taken without a desperate resistance and great slaughter. The carpenters and natives em-

ployed in building the brigantines were exposed to constant attacks; and as they transported their charge to the shore they were watched by a large party of the enemy, who hung about them ready for any opportunity that might offer; but being defended by several thousand warriors and some horsemen, and keeping a good look-out, they succeeded in their important task without much loss. Everything being ready for the siege of the capital, Cortez proceeded on the day after Whitsuntide to review the troops and dispose them for commencement of the attack. They consisted of 200,000 warriors and 50,000 workmen, subjects of Ixtlilxochitl, and 300,000 warriors of other states: the whole, with the Spaniards, forming an army of nearly 600,000 men. These he disposed in different quarters round the lake, intending to attack the town on all sides at once. Cortez himself took the command of the brigantines, while Ixtlilxochitl accompanied with a flotilla of 16,000 canoes, containing 50,000 warriors and 8,000 chiefs of great name. To oppose this vast armament Cohuanucoxtzin could only gather about 300,000 men; but he employed himself in fortifying the town as well as his knowledge would permit, and in arming and encouraging his subjects.

In the mean time he sent repeated messages to Ixtlilxochitl, reproaching him for his treachery to his country and family, and exhorting him to return to his allegiance. Ixtlilxochitl replied that he wished to be the friend of the Spaniards; that he loved the faith they had introduced; and to sum up all, that he would die for them. The emperor was then summoned to surrender, the messenger pointing out to him the determination of Ixtlilxochitl, the dreadful power of the Spanish weapons, and the multitude of their forces; but Cohuanucoxtzin replied that he would rather die the defender of his country than live the subject of the Spaniards king. Meanwhile Alvarado, the principal officer of Cortez, commenced an attack, and, after a desperate resistance from the Mexicans, succeeded in cutting off the aqueducts, and thus depriving the city of water.

On the 10th of May the order was given for a general attack, and Cortez proceeded in the brigantines to take the great rock which rose from the lake near the city: after a severe conflict the warriors who defended it were either killed or compelled to retreat to Mexico. The canoes of the emperor now advanced from the city towards the brigantines; but a breeze sprung up in a direction that impelled the brigantines towards Mexico, while it forced the flotilla to retreat to the city. The vessels of the Spaniards advanced

in great numbers, and the Mexicans were obliged to quicken their flight, till in their hurry they became entangled with each other: the cannon of the invaders poured showers of shot upon them, the forces of Ixtlilxochitl attacked them on all sides, and in spite of a gallant resistance on the Mexican side the slaughter was so great that the lake appeared one sea of blood. Meantime Alvarado and Christophe de Olid had forced their way over the causeways, and being joined by Cortez and his friends, forced the entrance of a temple and a large tower, and after a sanguinary conflict effected a lodgment in the interior, and drove out the enemy. After a variety of petty successes during the space of several days, the party of the Spaniards made their way to the principal street of the town, and commenced the destruction of the houses. This was not effected without extreme difficulty and considerable loss: the inhabitants defended their houses resolutely, never relinquishing the ground till it was covered with dead, and launching showers of arrows upon the invaders from the neighbouring roofs. At length the latter forced their way to the great temple of Heutzilopochtly, and here a desperate battle took place. The Spaniards were almost impenetrable to the weapons of their enemies, but the slaughter among their allies was tremendous. They however forced the defenders from their posts, and having gained the roof, proceeded to throw down the idols and to pillage the temple of its ornaments. Cortez seized the mask of gold from the principal figure, while Ixtlilxochitl destroyed the images he had worshipped a short time before. In the midst of this scene the Mexicans rallied, charged their enemies with irresistible fury, and drove them from the temple. Cortez tried in vain to rally his followers: the assailants pressed so hard upon them that although they faced their pursuers they were driven down the street; and had not the prudence of Cortez placed reinforcements in some of the houses, the whole band would have been sacrificed. In the end, however, they repulsed the enemy with considerable slaughter, and effected their retreat. From this time the Spaniards gradually gained ground; but not a foot was yielded without a desperate struggle, and the siege was protracted to the period of eighty days.

The courage and perseverance of this long resistance must be estimated by the vast difference in the resources of the combatants. The Mexicans numbered in all 300,000 warriors, armed with clubs or wooden swords, arrows pointed with stone, and spears of wood hardened in the fire to form a point; and their only means of traversing the lake was

by canoes of bark. The army of the invaders consisted, in the first place, of about 1000 Spanish troops clothed in quilted jackets, arrow proof, and nearly impenetrable to the wooden spears; many bore arquebuses or muskets; all carried swords and pistols; and some hundreds were horsemen, regularly disciplined and led by officers of military skill. The allies numbered nearly 600,000 men, armed in the same manner as their enemies, or in some cases with the weapons of the Christians. Cortez also possessed a considerable number of canoes and several brigantines, which necessarily gave him the command of the lake. Notwithstanding these overwhelming advantages on the side of the enemy, the emperor continued his defence with a gallantry worthy of a better fate, and to the hour of his death retained the noble pride which he had displayed from the commencement.

On the 12th of August a general attack was commenced on the last stronghold of the Mexicans; they had been driven closer and closer by the advances of the invader, till scarcely a remnant of the city remained in their power; and they now defended this spot with a resolution suitable to men whose all was staked on the result. At length the weakness of the defenders and the necessity of opposing with a considerable force the assaults of the Spaniards, compelled the former to leave a part of their works undefended; a number of the allies took advantage of this, and carried the strife within the walls: the Mexicans made a vigorous effort to repair the calamity, but their resistance necessarily weakened the defence of the walls; the allies stormed them at all points, poured in overwhelming numbers upon the defenders, and changed the battle into a massacre. The horrors that ensued were such as even a captured town has seldom seen. Men, women, and children were slaughtered without mercy, and even Ixtlilxochitl confesses that the cruelties of the conquerors were such as the world has never witnessed. The few that remained of the Mexicans endeavoured to effect their retreat by means of the lake, and the Spaniards received information that the emperor was among the fugitives. A brigantine immediately sailed in pursuit and overtook the canoe in which he had taken refuge. Cuahtimocztin, when he found himself discovered, ordered his boatmen to turn and give battle to the enemy; but when he perceived the great superiority of his pursuers, and that resistance could only produce a useless loss of life, he surrendered himself to the Spaniards, and was taken before the general. Cortez, struck with the native loftiness of his

captive, received him with great courtesy; but the emperor took the dagger from the Spaniard's side, and presenting it to him, said, "I have done my utmost to protect my kingdom and to save it from your power; but fortune has been against me: now take my life, and you will do well. You will put an end to the dynasty of Mexico, after having destroyed its capital and massacred its subjects." Cortez addressed some words of comfort to the monarch, and begged him to prevent more bloodshed by commanding some of his people, who still resisted, to surrender. Cuahtemoczin gave the requisite orders, when about 60,000 warriors yielded themselves prisoners, being the sole remnant of 300,000 who had defended Mexico.

We have hitherto seen Cortez principally in the character of a soldier; and though some traits of an unscrupulous nature have appeared, they have been in some degree justified either by necessity or by the conduct of his enemies. But after the reduction of the capital he seems to have thrown off a mask which interest alone had compelled him to wear, and to have appeared in his native character of treachery, rapacity, and cruelty. From the presents sent to them on their first landing the Spaniards had formed high and romantic notions of the boundless wealth of the country they had come to subdue, and various incidents which had happened during the war had tended to confirm these hopes. The capital was naturally supposed to be the centre of the opulence of the empire, and each soldier looked upon it as a mine from the veins of which all his dangers and labours were to be recompensed. What, therefore, was their disappointment on discovering that a few ornaments of little value constituted the whole exchequer of the much-coveted city! All supposed that the emperor had concealed his wealth either in the waters of the lake or in some place of equal security; and as inquiries were found insufficient to draw the secret from the captive, torture, the last and worst resource of tyranny, was employed.

Historians in general relate, that one of the highest officers of Cuahtemoczin was selected to be his companion in suffering; and while the limbs of the emperor were shattered by an iron bar, those of his servant were consumed by fire. In the midst of his agony the latter cried aloud to his master, entreating him to reveal the required secret, but Cuahtemoczin, turning his head towards his officer, coolly asked him if he thought his king was on a bed of roses? Steeled by this reproof, the heroic native closed his lips, and died in silence. Cortez, induced by re-

morse, or perhaps by the intercession of his allies, at length gave orders to spare what little of life remained to the emperor.

Such is the version given by most historians of this revolting transaction; but our author asserts, that the interference of Ixtlilxochitl saved the lives of both the servant and his master. The prince also, it appears, endeavoured to gain the liberation of Cuahtemoczin, but Cortez required so large a ransom that Ixtlilxochitl was compelled not only to relinquish the spoils he had obtained for himself, but to collect all the gold in the possession of his family, before he could satisfy his rapacious friend. The emperor was removed to Tezcuco, where he was cured by the care of his subjects. Our author proceeds with a minute description of the proceedings of the conquerors in the subjugation of the various provinces of the empire, in all of which he was assisted by the prince; indeed, from the account of his grandson, it would appear that Ixtlilxochitl was in the habit of following his ally like a shadow, and the author seems remarkably fond of enlarging upon the affection which subsisted between them; often speaking of them as Cortez and his dear Ixtlilxochitl, though the former takes every opportunity of hanging the brothers of the latter, a singular proof of affection.

It is to be remarked that the Spanish historians have taken so little notice of our hero, that in some of the best records his name is not even mentioned; this is owing, it appears, to the policy of Cortez and his countrymen, who conceived that their deeds would sound much better if performed by their unassisted valour, than with the effective aid of 600,000 allies. On the other hand, we must not receive too readily the various statements of an author anxious to extol the character of his ancestor; and the tone assumed by the prince through the whole work is scarcely consistent, either with the tenor of his own acts, or the character of the Spanish general. Cortez was not the man to permit the independent authority which appears in Ixtlilxochitl, nor are there wanting in the actions of the latter proofs of a weak and vacillating spirit, somewhat at variance with the character described by his biographers: as these, however, will be better shown by the sequel, we proceed with the narrative.

Having assisted to the utmost in destroying the city of Mexico, Ixtlilxochitl now thought fit to rebuild it, and accordingly employed 100,000 masons to complete the task. About the same time Cortez sent information of what had happened to the Emperor Ferdinand, and received in return a vessel bearing a cargo of ammunition and holy friars, and his

master's approval of all that he had done. Cortez then informed Ixtlilxochitl, that in the name of the emperor he conferred upon him and his successors three provinces, Otumba, Pizenbeohuac, and Cholula; to which gracious speech Ixtlilxochitl replied, that they already belonged to him and his successors, with many other provinces. Cortez, according to our author, was struck with the truth of what his friend had said, and answered not a single word.

Shortly after this, several noblemen, who had escaped from Mexico, hearing that their emperor had been tortured, took up arms against the Spaniards, but were appeased, though with great difficulty, by the prince: several fell into the hands of Cortez, who condemned most of them to the gibbet; but being somewhat of a Utilitarian, he caused the remainder to be thrown to the dogs. Among the latter was Cuanecontzin, the brother of Ixtlilxochitl; and this prince, being naturally displeased, caused his people to drag off the animals.

A large party of Spaniards had been placed in a town called Panico, to prevent the inhabitants from revolting, and causing fresh difficulties to the conquerors; but the garrison, instead of conciliating the citizens, pillaged their houses, seized their valuables, and in fact put upon them every insult and injury that could be devised.

The Physicians were not a people to submit long to this treatment; like most of the Mexicans they were of a fierce and resolute temper, and by no means well inclined to the Spanish yoke; accordingly they rose suddenly upon the oppressors, and in one night killed nearly 400 Christians. Cortez despatched Sandoval and Ixtlilxochitl to subdue and punish the rebels; their force consisted of 150 Spaniards and 50,000 natives, with which they defeated the Mexicans in two engagements, and arrived at the town in time to save about 100 Spaniards, who were to have been sacrificed the next day. The allies took a large number of prisoners, 450 of whom were burned to death by order of Cortez.

In the middle of the year 1524, the Pope's Vicar, Martin de Valence, and two priests, entered the country of Chicuaen and Tecpuk for the purpose of converting and baptizing the natives: they were the first by whom the evangelical law was promulgated among the natives. Immediately Ixtlilxochitl and his brother Quatemoc heard of their mission, they despatched messengers to supply them with all they required, and to invite them to Tetzucan. On their arrival in this town, the prince came forth to meet them,

and conducted them to apartments in the royal palace which had been set aside for their use. Ixtlilxochitl supplied them with ornaments and tapestry for the chapel; and having set up a small crucifix and a figure of the Virgin, they celebrated mass and chanted vespers for the first time in that country.

Cortez and the Spaniards assisted at the ceremony as well as the principal Indian chiefs; and Father Pedro de Gante having explained the nature of his faith, Ixtlilxochitl demanded to be baptized. He received the name of Fernando, Cortez standing as his godfather, after which Cohanacotzin and the principal nobles received the outward forms of that faith to which they had for some time belonged. The queen, Tlacoxhuabzin, the mother of our hero, was however bigoted in her idolatry, and refused to become a Christian: she took refuge in a temple, and when her son followed in the hope of prevailing with her, she bitterly reproached him with his defection from his country and gods. Even the meek spirit of the new convert took fire at last, and entering furiously into the temple, he declared that he would cause her to be burned alive. This and other filial remonstrances prevailed at last over the obdurate old lady, and she became a Christian, under the name of Marie. She was the first Mexican female baptized.

In the month of October the expedition of Ihuera's commenced. Ixtlilxochitl joined Cortez with a force of about 20,000 men, leaving his kingdom in the custody of Joququani, one of his officers; while Cortez appointed Alonzo de Estrada and Rodrigo de Albornos governors of Mexico in his absence. Scarcely had the expedition departed, when the new governors discovered several dangerous conspiracies among their countrymen; the disaffection spread through the whole of the Spaniards, and they vented their spleen on the unoffending natives, maltreating and defrauding them in every possible manner, till the sufferers ended the matter by rising and killing every Christian they could find. The priests, who had tried in vain to prevent the Spaniards from ill-treating the natives, now tried as vainly to appease the insurgents. The latter declared that Cortez had left the town with their countrymen and princes merely, that he might treacherously destroy them; while the Spaniards were in great wrath with the churchmen for having taken the part of the Mexicans.

On one occasion, a pious monk having in his sermon reproved the Spaniards for their backslidings, the brutal soldiers rose against the old man, and would have cast him out of



the pulpit, but for the interventions of Martin de Valence, who exhorted them not to reduce themselves to the level of barbarians. These tidings soon overtook Ixtlilxochitl, who directed, that if the holy fathers were not well treated in their present residence, they should retire to Tezcuco, where a guard should protect them day and night, and every preparation be made for their convenience; Cortez, to put a stop to the outrages, despatched two officers to supersede the actual governors, but this remedy only increased the disorder, for the old governors resisted the authority of the absent general, and commenced a civil war. There are few antitheses that have no one point of resemblance, and accordingly, both parties agreed in pillaging and insulting the Mexicans.

Meanwhile Cortez and his party pursued their journey. So long as they remained in the countries where the recent transactions were known, but little difficulty was experienced; for the people, obedient to their sovereign, Ixtlilxochitl, provided them with every requisite in abundance. But as they travelled farther from the capital, the natives appeared less submissive to their monarch, and by no means favourable to the Spaniards. Hence the greatest distress was experienced, and food and water became so scarce that many of the allies perished of famine. At length they arrived in a country where they were so entirely unknown that the inhabitants burst into laughter at the sight of the Spaniards. Finding, however, that the new comers meant them no harm, they brought an abundance of provisions and other presents both to Cortez and the princes.

Leaving this hospitable province, they journeyed towards Acalan, to gain which they were compelled to pass through a dense forest, which occupied many days in the passage. Here the sufferings of the allies were dreadful; even the princes were in danger of starvation, while the Spaniards, having supplied themselves with maize, had abundance of provisions, not only for themselves, but their horses. The conduct of the natives in this distress is a singular proof of their simple but devoted loyalty. While the Spaniards were feeding their horses, the Mexicans watched around, picked up the grains which fell to the ground, and, though famishing themselves, presented the food to their princes.

In the month of February, 1525, the travellers arrived at Teotilac, celebrated as the scene of one of the basest of those acts of treachery which characterized the Mexican war. It was the period for the celebration of the festival carnival; and in accordance

with ancient usage the princes and their subjects made preparations for the enjoyment of the day. It was a time of unusual rejoicing, in consequence of the termination of the sufferings they had sustained through the journey; and the two kings, Quatemoc and Cohuanacotzin, stood jesting together on recent events. They were joined by Tetzlepanquetputzin, and afterwards by an officer of high rank, named Temelotzin. Cortez, seeing them conversing cheerfully together, conceived that they must be hatching plots against the Spaniards; and our author naively remarks, "The thief believes all men to be thieves." Being unable to understand them himself, Cortez employed a man named Costemoxi to act as his spy, and repeat all that the princes said. It may be well to observe here that this man was afterwards tortured by order of Ixtlilxochitl, and declared to the last that the words he repeated were the same he had heard, and were of a nature perfectly harmless. Be this as it may, Cortez pretended that they had been laying a plot for the assassination of the Spaniards, and the next morning he caused them all to be arrested and hanged. Quantemotzin (Guatemozin) was the first; then Tetzlepanquetputzin and the whole of his suite, and Cohuanacotzin was the last. As this prince was dragged to execution the intelligence of the murder of his brothers was conveyed to Ixtlilxochitl; he flew at once to his quarters, led out his people, and was on the point of attacking the Spaniards, when Cortez became aware of his danger. The extremity of the case demanded great concessions; the general hastened to cut down the last sufferer, and ran forth alone to meet the infuriated Mexicans. The natives would have torn him to pieces, but their prince restrained them, and Cortez, by a skilful address, appeased his deeply injured adversary. The pretext of Cortez that he believed the princes to be planning his destruction was evidently a mere subterfuge to stay the wrath of Ixtlilxochitl: the real motive for this, as well as many other acts that might at first seem inexplicable, may be traced to his fixed determination utterly to destroy the royal family of the conquered country, in the hope that, all traces of former freedom being removed, he might become the sole master of that vast empire, without danger of opposition or revolt. But Ixtlilxochitl would appear to have had no inducement to submit patiently to this merciless extirpation of his family; the force under his command was sufficient to have annihilated at once the handful of Spaniards by whom these suicides were perpetrated, nor does he appear at all likely to

have been influenced by a slavish fear of his allies. It is therefore most probable, either that he wished the destruction of his brothers, in the hope of succeeding to the throne, or that Cortez had gained so complete an ascendancy over the weaker mind of his friend, that the latter was unable to act in direct opposition to the will of the Spaniard. Be this as it may, they were speedily reconciled, and concluded their journey without further disagreements. The ill-fated Cohuancotzin, who had been cut down by Cortez, died soon after of the injuries he had received.

Ixtlilxochitl next proceeded to take the necessary measures for handing his name down to posterity, well aware that nothing he had hitherto done would deserve so lasting an honour. His plans were extremely simple and primitive: they consisted in desiring the king of Apochputan to employ his artists in carving the figure of the aspirant for immortality on a vast rock in the neighbourhood of the town, where it is said to be visible to this day, and in the arms and costume which the prince then wore.

And let not the reader smile at this artless mode of perpetuating renown, nor wonder that our hero should desire to hand down a name defiled with fratricide and treason. If our author may be believed, these sinister actions arose from praiseworthy motives: he slaughtered his countrymen that he might save them from death; he excited war that he might introduce peace; and, in short, the whole of his existence was to wade to heaven through a sea of blood.

After thus stamping his image on the most remote province of his empire, Ixtlilxochitl and his friends retraced their steps towards the capital. But great mortifications awaited his arrival: the three governors, whom he had left in charge of his three principal cities, had not treated the people with the consideration due to the subjects of so great a monarch: on the contrary, they had shown, like Cassius, a grievous tendency to an itching palm; and what was still worse, they had imitated their master in an inclination to oblige the Spaniards at the expense of their countrymen, propensities which caused our hero the greatest uneasiness. They had not only plundered the natives of all their jewels and valuables, and appropriated them to their own use, but had given many of the most respectable inhabitants as slaves to the conquerors. Among these unfortunates were a few of Ixtlilxochitl's inexhaustible stock of brothers. The prince was now so accustomed to see his family hanged and burned, that the disposal of a few into slavery does not seem to have made much impression on his mind.

In fact, our author having described at great length the building of a church by his ancestor, closes his narrative rather abruptly, without even informing his readers whether he punished the refractory governors.

Abruptness, however, may be considered a distinguishing characteristic of the work before us. The author has aimed straight at the object in view, namely, a history of the deeds of his ancestor. With this intent he strikes into the commencement of his story without a word of introduction, and goes from incident to incident with no other interruption than, occasionally, a pathetic appeal to the justice of the conquerors. But, as we have said, beauty of composition is not requisite in a work of this description. Robertson and others have eloquently described the war, and the Spanish writers have lent it the aid of poetic diction: but Ixtlilxochitl has supplied a blank that all others had left, and has given a faithful detail of the actions and power of the allies, whom preceding historians had scarcely mentioned, and to whom the conquest of Mexico is mainly to be attributed.

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ART. VI.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de J. J. Rousseau, avec des Notes Historiques.*

4 Tom. 8vo. Paris. 1837.

2. *Œuvres de V. Hugo.* 11 Tom. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1840.

3. *Œuvres de George Sand.* 11 et demi Tom. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1840.

NOTHING once cast into the wide abyss of time is ever lost. This observation, which ought, in this age, to have become a truism, is equally correct in all its manifold bearings, whether physical, spiritual, moral, or political, and perhaps even more so in the three latter than in the first. Theories, however abstract, unless violently checked at first, will not only reach their highest degree of development, and go far beyond what their authors intended, but they will also clothe themselves in palpable living forms: for this is an integral part of their nature. They will even, in process of time, become, as it were, whole nations, and muster forth mighty legions, which, in most cases, will "shoot black horror" into the fair abode of man. The ancients, who knew many things much better than we do now, aware of the wonderful or fatal power of human speech, worshipped, by way of palliation, the idol of Silence. However objectionable any idol worship may be,

still that of silence was by far preferable to the idol of Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven;" or to the idol of Scribbling, both of which are adored by the present generation. For our own parts, we are well inclined to go so far as to propose the re-establishment of the worship of Silence; being entirely of the opinion of a contemporary of ours, who laments that in this age everybody writes, and nobody takes the trouble of thinking. From so corrupt a source many evils must necessarily spring up in the appointed hour; as is already the case amongst our French neighbours, who, together with all continental Europe, would have been spared "a universe of death," had their so-called *philosophes* of the last century, the heroes of the Encyclopedia, worshipped the idol of Silence, and bethought themselves well of what they were about to do, before they made use of their envenomed tongue.

In order to trace the origin of the unbelief and sophistry which spread so generally during the last century amongst all classes of society, from the philosophising prince on the throne to the *proletaire*, it will be sufficient to catch the thread of that opinion at one extremity of Europe, by which to unravel the intricate web of the whole system. Take France for Europe, Paris for France, and for Paris one saloon, that of the Baron d'Holbach, the focus of that philosophy, whence, as from a centre, it spreads far and wide, blasting, like the Roman malaria, whatever it met with on its way—religion, morals, generous sentiments, and every venerable social custom. The respective characters of the frequenters (*les habitués*) of this saloon, their station in society, their mutual relations, are reflected in every part of their doctrine. It may be said indeed that the drama enacted by these heroes of the Encyclopedia was framed with strict accuracy as regards the scene of action, the time and the dramatis personæ. A few characters sufficed for the plot. The chief character, the monarch of the piece, was Voltaire, a man of genius, but of a malignant and scornful disposition;—a philosopher who looked askance on nature, though a favourite of fortune; an open enemy of Christianity, though he had never suffered persecution in Christian countries; a destroyer of the monarchical principle, and yet finding admirers and friends amongst crowned heads; scorning at nobility and birth, and yet servile to the great and covetous of the prerogatives which it was his trade to bring into contempt. Voltaire was the personification of that superficial, unprincipled sect of reformers who depreciate what others possess, from lust to appropriate it to

themselves; in short, of that egotism and materialism which were the Alpha and Omega of French philosophy in the eighteenth century, disguised under the long toga of the philosophers of ancient times. Besides this idol of the Salon d'Halbach, who, whether present or absent, always presided there in spirit, the daily company was made up of Diderot, an enthusiast by nature, a cynic and sophist by profession; of d'Alembert; of the malicious Marmontel; of the philosopher Helvetius, proud of dining with gentlemen and ladies of *bon ton*; of the would-be sentimentalist Grimm; and finally of the baron himself, the host of *la raison encyclopédique*. Secondary parts were taken by affiliated members, such as Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, Walpole, and Tronchin, a Swiss. The female characters were acted by ladies whose respective saloons were so many offices for the sale of wit. These were Mesdames Geoffrin, Du Deffand, and Mlle. de l'Espinasse—the admirers of Ninon de l'Enclos, the modern Aspasia. Mesdames d'Houdetôt and de l'Épinai, *la belle et bonne*, had the more sentimental parts allotted to them. Frederick the Great was the Mars of the piece. The chorusses were easily got up of the women and idlers wandering in the streets of Paris, or of any other capital; and amongst them were even some aristocrats and courtiers, who considered it *bon ton* and a pleasant pastime to ridicule their own privileges, little suspecting that all this would one day lead to a serious result. Finally the spectators, and enthusiastic spectators too, of this drama, were the whole population of France, rushing rapidly, though unconscious of it, into a most horrible revolution.

Whilst the sect d'Holbach were preaching with unheard-of arrogance their dogmas of materialism and atheism, they discovered one day, to their great astonishment, a false brother amongst them, a heretic to their new creed. This heretic was Jean Jacques Rousseau. Having with great difficulty emerged from the most obscure condition, being already forty years of age, poor and timid, he arrived in Paris a perfect stranger, and soon came in contact with some adepts of the sect d'Holbach. He was drawn towards them no less by his large sympathies of literary plebeism than by being in common with them of a low origin, in a capital of aristocracy and monarchy. But these ties were broken on the appearance of the first work of Rousseau, in which the d'Holbach coterie at once detected a spirit hostile to their own. They flattered themselves that they had tuned the opinion of all Europe to their philosophical strain, when suddenly they heard a voice

proceed from among themselves, the strange sound of which struck them with horror. Their conduct towards him was at first full of cunning, such as well becomed the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. They did not cast off the mask of friendship, but endeavoured rather to destroy his talent in the bud. They resolved, by directing the sensitive mind of the enthusiast, to convert to their own use its weakness and aberration. Accordingly it was decreed amongst them that Rousseau should act the part of the clown of the English stage. They skilfully confirmed him in his misanthropic mood, and used every means to drive him into a most audacious cynicism. But when in spite of their baneful influence, the genius of Rousseau rose by its own energy, and shone bright through the clouds of gloom in which they had involved him, and when his opinions proved more and more inimical to the tenets of their sect, their malignity burst forth, and from pretended friends they declared themselves his irreconcilable enemies. Had the Holy Inquisition been in the hands of these enemies of the Catholic Church, Rousseau would have been an *auto-da-fé*. "Ardent missionaries of atheism," says he, "and very imperious dogmatists, they could not bear without anger, that upon any point whatever a man should dare to think otherwise than themselves."\*

Rousseau was worthy to fall a martyr to the fanatical egotism of these honey-tongued tyrants. His native profound genius overleapt at one bound the narrow limits of their doctrine. His heart, no less than his understanding, forced him to acknowledge that religion, of which they presumed to speak irreverently, as the foundation-stone of all morality and truth. He perceived at once the fatal results which the dissolute morals, and contempt of every duty and virtue, inculcated by the new philosophy, must inevitably produce. He predicted to them, at the very moment when they had reached the zenith of their success, the epoch when their fame and philosophy should be scattered to the winds. Rousseau in fact was in advance of his age: he forms the first link of that spiritual philosophy which was destined to overthrow the materialism of the eighteenth century. Philosophers and poets after him combated materialism, but they came in their appointed time: he was before his. From this cause, notwithstanding his great genius and good intentions, sprung many of his sophisms and errors, as also the envy which

he excited, and the persecutions which he suffered, and the misfortunes which persecuted him even to the grave.

Thrown into the midst of a society of unbelievers, who repudiated the idea of the divine origin of any institution, he discovered one day with amazement and terror that not an individual amongst them either believed, or felt, or thought like himself. He had thus no alternative left him but to fancy himself mad, or to arm himself as with "triple steel" with the faith which, for his misfortune, he did not possess in full measure. Plato, who himself lived in an age of sophists and unbelievers, said that a man under similar circumstances could not be saved without a miracle, and that his very virtues would be the means of his destruction. "For," adds he, "man can neither become great nor good without a great and good society to nurture him."\* But, on the other hand, this untimely appearance of Rousseau—the source of his errors and misfortunes—makes of his life and memory one of the most touching and sublime episodes in the spiritual history of man. His eloquent commendation of good morals and of domestic virtues in an age of philosophical profligacy;—his secret partiality for religious sentiments when boastful impiety was rife;—his deep reverence for the Gospel and its divine Author at the time that the most blasphemous aspersions of Christianity teemed around him;—whilst they show the depth of his intellectual capacity, have in themselves something pathetic and sublime.

" . . . He kept his love, his zeal;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth or change his constant  
mind,  
Though single — — —"

It is as though we heard in a strange country some one just voice, pleading for those whom we love in our far distant native land. It ought not therefore to excite wonder that, according to the testimony of Rousseau himself,† some enlightened members of our Established Church, seeing in him the only defender of Deism, in the midst of the general Atheism that prevailed throughout France, were inclined to consider as a believer, the eloquent and persecuted philosopher, the citizen of that Geneva whence issued the first reformers of our Church. With his eloquent, nay, according to a modern historian,‡ with the most eloquent voice ever

\* Plato's Republic, book viii.

† Rousseau's letter to M. Peyron, written from England, 14th March, 1766.

‡ Hören's Geschichte der neueren Zeit.

\* Les Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire.

vouchsafed to a mortal, he pleaded the cause of religion and truth; at least of what he sincerely believed to be so; and if his voice was like a voice in the empty wilderness, as respected his own times, it was not without its effect upon succeeding generations. As the tree is judged by its fruit, so let Rousseau be judged at least by one of his pupils—Chateaubriand, who, whilst wandering in the wild forests of America, found in the works of Rousseau not only a solace for his exile, but imbibed from them that deep religious sentiment by which he is distinguished above all his countrymen. Many individuals subsequently rallied around him, and a religious party was formed by which alone the destinies of France may perhaps be saved. Voltaire, on the contrary, and his followers, not only wrapt for a quarter of a century the whole of Europe in smoke and flame, but transmitted to posterity a yet greater curse; the French literature of the present day, well denominated by a critic "*La Littérature Extravagante*;" to which the human mind has never yet produced anything equally monstrous:—

'Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things  
Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceiv-  
ed."

The parallel which we intend to draw between a single work of Rousseau, *La Nouvelle Heloise*, and *La Littérature Extravagante*, will best justify the foregoing assertion. It will show what a frightful progress in immorality has been made in France since the time of Rousseau.

Whilst the philosophers of Paris, maddened with sophistry, were destroying every germ of poetry, Rousseau, concealed in the groves of Montmorency, created for himself a world of his own, peopling it with beings such as he might have looked for in vain in that around him. We have his own account of this genuine inspiration of solitude and woods, the more singular as it occurred in the age of Voltaire's "*Candide*," in words as glowing as those in which any inspired poet ever told his visions.

\* Devoured by the necessity of loving, without ever having been able to satisfy it fully, I beheld myself at the threshold of old age, and about to die without having yet lived. . . . The impossibility of finding the beings of my fancy in real life, drove me into the land of chimeras, and seeing no one in existence worthy of my phrensy, I cherished it in an ideal world which my creative imagination quickly peopled with inhabitants after my own heart. Never did this resource present itself at a more fitting

time, nor did it ever prove so fertile. In uninterrupted ecstasy I drank to intoxication deep draughts of the most exquisite sentiments that ever entered into the heart of man. Forgetting altogether the human race, I called up around me a society of perfect beings, as celestial by their virtues as by their loveliness—of friends firm, faithful and tender, such as I never found here below. I took such delight in thus floating in the empyrean amongst the attractive beings by whom I had surrounded myself, that I passed in this manner uncounted hours and days, and losing the remembrance of all beside, I had no sooner swallowed a hasty meal, than I longed to escape again into my charmed groves.

"I pictured to myself love, friendship, my heart's two idols, under the most enchanting forms. I delighted to invest them with all the charms of that sex which had ever been the object of my adoration. I supposed two female friends, rather than of the other sex, because, if examples of such friendship are more rare, they are also more attractive. I endowed them with characters analogous, yet differing; with countenances, not perfect, but such as were in accordance with my own taste, animated with benevolence and sensibility. I made one dark, the other fair; one full of vivacity, the other of gentleness; one firm, the other yielding, but in whose weakness there was something so touching, that virtue seemed almost to gain by it. To one of them I gave a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, and even somewhat more; but I admitted no rivalry, no quarrels, no jealousy, for every ungentle sentiment is painful for me to conceive, and I was unwilling to dim my brilliant picture by aught that degrades nature.

"Enamoured of my enchanting models, I identified myself as much as possible with the lover and friend, but I made him attractive and young, giving him besides the virtues and defects which I was conscious that I myself possessed.

"To find a fitting locality for my characters, I called to mind successively all the most beautiful spots I had seen in my travels. At length I fixed upon that part of the shores of the lake where my fancy's wish had long since placed my own residence, in the bosom of that imaginary happiness to which fate has restricted me. The contrasts, the richness and variety of the islands, the magnificence, the majesty of the whole, which enchants the senses, stirs the heart, elevates the soul, combined to determine me, and I established at Vevay my youthful pupils."

Thus, in an age of conventional taste and literary pretension, we meet with a work, the inspiration of solitude, delighting its author during its composition, who long dwelt in the society of the ideal companions he had conjured up; beings not created for the world, but to fill up the vacuity of his heart. Even

subsequently, when Rousseau had resolved to introduce them to the world, he was far from sharing the impatience of modern authors, who advertise their novels before they begin to write them. He, on the contrary, after he had finished the letters of two lovers at the foot of the Alps, copies them again and again, either for Madame d'Houdetôt or the Princess de Luxembourg, on delicate satin paper, binds together his sheets with a silken cord of divers colours, delays their publication as long as he can, and enjoys his work, for it is not that of an author by profession. No, he has put into it his heart, which he had relieved by telling, under the veil of fiction, all the mysterious burning and unsatisfied longings of his soul: thus confirming the old saying, that a composition, to be perfect, must be as true as an absolute fact with regard to its author, who ought actually to feel what he writes. Such was the invariable practice of the modern poet Goethe, who never wrote except to deliver his soul of an imperious sentiment. It is of such men that Plato said, they feel an irresistible impulse to create, because their soul is pregnant.\*

Accordingly, of all the productions of French literature, during the last century, this alone seems to have been born with the mark of immortality. Strange as it may appear, we are nevertheless inclined to consider the *Nouvelle Heloise* as a philosophical epic of the eighteenth century. Let not the word "philosophical" mislead any one. The French novel writers of the present day overwhelm us with philosophy by wholesale. Their works teem with pseudo-philosophical and pseudo-metaphysical speculations about everything. Even Balzac, the novelist of the fashionable world, calls his tales, *Les Contes Philosophiques*; *Les Nouveaux Contes Philosophiques*, and here and there smuggles into them such treatises as, *de la philosophie de la débauche*; *de la philosophie de l'ivresse*, &c. It is an author's stratagem, in order to sell to his fair readers, under the mask of some pages unintelligible to them, his detestable pictures as the product of his deep learning.

We will not insult the memory of Rousseau, by allowing it to be supposed for a moment that for such a philosophy we called his work a philosophical epic. The unfortunate Jean Jacques was, in fact, one of the deepest thinkers of either ancient or modern times; but he lived in an age when the tree of knowledge, instead of its genuine fruits, had produced a sickly and monstrous excrescence.

Serious theories upon all social questions constantly occupied him, and many of those which fermented in his brain he developed in his novel. St. Preux, Wolmar, Lord Edward, even Julia and Clara, philosophize and assist him to unravel his system. Without this philosophical spirit, his work would not be an epic of the eighteenth century, since every epic must be of its own age. Further, should all the records of the second part of the last century perish, a faithful picture of it would be exhibited in the *Nouvelle Heloise*. There we see the civilisation and the corruption of Paris contrasted with the poverty and virtue of the Swiss mountaineers; we meet there the English carrying about their ennui and their philosophy, and we listen to Albion parliamenting in monarchical France and fixing the attention of innumerable innovators on the eve of a revolution. All these characteristics should be collected in an epic, and we find them in this novel. In short we possess, emanating from the concluding part of an age which promised no poetry, a most poetic composition—an ideal creation, to which the author imparted that reality which was so strongly felt and well expressed by Byron:—

" 'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affection: but he found  
It was the scene which passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings: 'twas the ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound  
And sense and sight of sweetness: here the  
Rhône  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have  
reared a throne."

None will ever visit the castle of Clarens,

"Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep  
love!"

without looking there for Julia and Clara, though, as Rousseau observes, they ought not to be sought there. "The country and the people," says he, "with whom it is covered, never seemed to me to have been made for each other."\*

Of this composition, so important as a work of art, let us now consider the moral tendency—the view which the author had in publishing it. He starts from the point, that works on morality will produce no effect upon the inhabitants of great cities. The most virtuous works will only glide over their minds, from which one impression ever effaces another, and in which none takes

\* Banquet of Plato.

\* Les Confessions, livre iv.

deep root. Persons secluded from the world, on the contrary, the inhabitants of country places living in their family circle, might derive benefit from a well-written book; the authors therefore of works on morality ought to have these last in view. The desire of Rousseau to give to works of imagination such a tendency, and to exercise thus a salutary influence on public education, shows at once a spirit infinitely at variance with that which then prevailed in France. Did he accomplish what he promised? Is his composition to be considered as moral or immoral? This is what we are about to examine.

Let it not be forgotten, that Rousseau lived in France during the eighteenth century. He formed his opinions of the morality of the age according to what he saw around him, and in accordance with that, he estimated the duties of a moralist. If his system was sometimes erroneous, it was not so much his fault as that of his age. Hence it was, that he who loudly proclaimed that it was a crime to disturb an established creed by imprudent inquiries, indulged himself in bold opinions on the dogmas of Christianity; dreading lest the universal impiety both in France and other parts of the continent, joined to a false philosophy, should wither all religious sentiment in the human heart; and deeming, at the same time, that it was allowable to save the root of the tree at the expense of its branches. In the same way, the melancholy aspect of public morals seemed to urge him to rescue at least so much out of them as was most vitally connected with the existence of society.

"Had Heloise," says he, "had nothing to reproach herself for, her example would be much less instructive. In times of the greatest corruption, people still admire a perfect morality, as this excuses them from adopting it as a model of their conduct, and thus at an easy rate, by mere idle reading, they satisfy the remnant of their taste for virtue. Sublime authors! make your models a little less exalted if you wish to see them imitated. To whom do you extol a perfect virtue! Talk to us rather of that which may yet be recovered; perhaps some one may be found who will profit by such an example."

Finally, he regrets that he did not live in an age when he must have burnt his work.\* With this conviction, Rousseau chose for the subject of his work, not that virtue which had never parted, but that which rising after a fall, makes amends for a fault committed in youth, by sacrifices of the heart, of all life, in the strict fulfilment of duties. His theme is that passion and crime disturb existence, and

entail upon it a long series of sufferings and misfortunes; after which rest, peace, and happiness are recovered in the bosom of virtue. Rousseau pays, at the expense of the tumults of stormy passion, a high tribute to the serenity produced by a virtuous life. Is there in this a moral sense?

The story is simple and so well known that it need not be long dwelt on here. The daughter of virtuous parents is seduced by a man of inferior condition to her own, and they will not sanction their union. The lovers are painted in the most attractive colours, and the author tries even to throw the charm of innocence over their criminal love, and to find excuses for her in the imprudence of her mother, who had allowed them to associate, in circumstances, and in the blindness of passion. Truth and morality, however, do not suffer by this attempt, for it is the spectators and not the actors themselves who thus look upon the drama; since the maiden feels her degradation, and the lover knows that he is a vile seducer whom the law may visit with rigorous justice. Their peace is gone; they pass through an ordeal of painful trials, aggravated yet more by remorse. This is the mere prologue. Julia, who is the chief personage, separated from her lover, but not from love, at length arrives at the critical moment for her happiness—and the novel at the critical point of its morality. The first is now to be decided, the second to be made manifest. On one side of the misguided Julia stand, virtue, duty, filial piety for her father; for the mother, the cause of her daughter's aberration, has just died; on the other her faithful and unhappy lover, and love with all its allurements. To which side will Julia pass? She had been weak, she was degraded, but in the arms of guilt she felt her degradation, and therefore did not irrevocably fall a victim to it. Lord Edward, the friend of her lover, proposes their elopement, and offers a safe and splendid asylum for their love. But Julia must then desert her father,—and she refuses the offer. Her father urges her to marry a man whom she does not love; her heart shrinks; but she complies with the request of her parent. The sacrifice appears to her as a just expiation by an offending daughter; the just punishment of a guilty child. But then comes the wonder. No sooner has Julia broken the last illusion of love, than what she had viewed as her death-stroke becomes a new life to her. In the atmosphere of virtue and of the recovered affection of her father, and in the esteem of her husband, she feels that she is rising from her degraded state, and that she has been born into a new existence. Henceforth the life of Julia is like a clear stream

\* Preface to the *Nouvelle Heloise*.

emerged for ever from its muddy source. A virtuous wife, she confesses to her husband the fault of her youth, and gains his entire confidence without diminishing his affection; she is a sensible and enlightened mother, an affectionate daughter, and a woman fond of domestic life. Full of religion, she lives without a shade of error, and dies a victim to her maternal piety; and her very death cures at length her husband of his false philosophy; he is vanquished by such a life and such a death which can be those of a Christian only.

Is it necessary to say anything more to prove the moral tendency of such a picture? Unquestionably a woman always virtuous would be a more perfect model. The beautiful of woman is a life pure and transparent in both her conditions of maiden and wife. No spot should be perceptible on that crystal, in order that virtue, like a golden sunray, might irradiate the whole of its many coloured surface. Such perfection alone constitutes that most beautiful of nature's types which bears the name of woman. But descending from this absolute idea to the melancholy exceptions in corrupt society, it must be conceived that it was a good thought of the philosopher to exhibit a picture of suffering in crime, and of peace by a return to virtue. The utmost extent of palliation that we offer for Rousseau's tale is, that it was the work of a dark moral period, and that he painted a woman rather better than women then were, and certainly better than the monstrous school now. The structure of such a story in England would necessarily involve its exclusion, since a higher morality precludes his Julia from interest, and his own depravities would assuredly at present banish the author from the pale of civilisation—depravities of the most heartless character, though of course countenanced by that frightful school into which Rousseau had entered unaware of its exact tendency: under their instruction, for example, his children were systematically placed one after the other in the *Enfants Trouvés*. And though *La Nouvelle Heloise* possesses their sickly sentimentality, yet "The Confessions" contain scenes of the most revolting debauchery of the school of *Candide* openly expressed; and to them may be traced in a degree the *naïf* modern school, who say anything and speak of doing anything without disguise. No doubt the sentimental Rousseau would have shuddered at the depravity of his literary as well as physical offspring, but it does not rid him of their parentage, any more than Sin's deformity precludes her relation to Satan.

The principal objection usually made to the *Nouvelle Heloise* is, that the first part of

it may do more harm than the second can do good. If it be so, this is not the author's fault. If in the first part he has shown passion and its follies in the most favourable form, he has also painted in yet more attractive colours virtue and happiness, derived from the strict fulfilment of duties and the charms of a retired and respectable life. With perfect good faith he has imparted the richness of his talent to both sides of his picture. The question therefore seems to be, is it good for young people to read novels at all? and this question has been long since answered in the negative. A work of passion, composed with a purely moral view, does not suit youthful minds yet untried by experience. Besides the unfavourable influence which all novels may be suspected of exercising over the soft minds of the young, is it fair to overcast with gloom their light hearts, and to convulse them with storms unsuited to their age? No one knew better the mischief of this than Rousseau, who said too that "*La fille chaste n'a jamais lu des romans*;" and the very title of his novel, and his preface to it, are proof sufficient that he never intended it for a work on education for the young. But when the question is no longer, whether it be proper to read novels, but whether all novels without exception shall be read, it is then desirable to distinguish between the monstrous compositions of the present day and this of Rousseau, which being run through rather than read, or read by young people, may give cause for scandal; but which being read by persons of matured judgment will stand the test for morality, and rank with the works described by Julia herself. "I know not," says she, "of any other mode of appreciating the books I read, than of observing the state of mind into which they bring me; and I cannot imagine what kind of merit a work can possess if it does not inspire its readers with the love of what is good."

Now having once more awakened the eloquent voice of Rousseau, it may be well to point out the difference between the reform of which he dreamed, and of that preached by the French writers of the present day. A bold Utopist of the eighteenth century, he saw corruption of morals only in the capital amongst the higher classes and the philosophers. He wished therefore to limit it to these cankered members of society, and to preserve to the classes not yet deprived of moral worth and of faith the possession of their treasure: to teach them not to aspire to the follies and dazzling misery of those placed in higher stations: to make them acquainted with their own dignity and happiness. This was what he sought to express



by his exaggerated phrase of returning to the state of nature. Between the position he assumed and that of the present reformers, there lies an impassable gulf. The Jacobins soon found out this, and the remains of Rousseau, placed in the Pantheon by the revolutionists, were cast out from it as those of an aristocrat. The evil, however, went on increasing; and the wrecks of morals, upon which he built his Utopia, are now exposed to the battering engine of the *Littérature Extravagante*. As he made use of a novel as a popular means by which to recommend the worth of social duties and conjugal fidelity, so the moralists and philosophers of the present day have also chosen the same form to bring the same objects into universal contempt, as irrational and incompatible with the liberty of man. This is the beginning and the end—the fundamental idea of the so justly called *Littérature Extravagante*, or Mad Literature. In fact, Rousseau with his sermons on social duties and conjugal virtue, which he considered as the pillars of human society, would be now regarded as a *Rococo* of the first order, the appellation given to whatever does not chime in with the present fashionable notions; which last, in their turn, have received the apt name of “*décousu*.” Will it be admitted for a moment that any society can possibly endure of which the members do not acknowledge any kind of duty? Or by what ingenuity will it be proved that society can be benefited by the banishment of those high principles by which man's actions are subjected to the immutable laws of morality, by which alone deep wounds may be healed and reconciliation be effected between those who have injured each other during the course of life?

One beautiful episode in the *Nouvelle Heloise* is that of the intimate friendly intercourse in the castle of Clarens between the lover of Julia and the old baron, her father. St. Preux has not forgotten that it was the baron who deprived him of his beloved Julia, and who gave her to Wolmar: Nevertheless his first grief being subdued, he lives friendly with him, has indulgence for his prejudices, and respect for his years. Let us now suppose the same subject treated by a modern French novelist. What a vast field would have been open to him for showing that hatred and revenge are exalted virtues—the imperative duties of every man who knows how to respect himself. With what contempt would the age of the old man be assailed! What declamation should we hear against aristocracy! We should behold the mad St. Preux with the rage of a lion, of a tiger, of a hyena, rail against the father of Julia, plunge a poniard in his heart,

and trample him under his feet. Or he might probably restrain himself for a time, feign oblivion, and then we should hear of his sleepless nights spent in holding councils with himself by what means he might most effectually wound the old man's heart. Perhaps he would take a fancy to punish him in his paternal affection by murdering before his eyes his daughter, and his own once beloved one. After all, this would be nothing extraordinary, for in the *Littérature Extravagante* we have met with yet more ingenious contrivances. According to the doctrines of this school it would seem that all the sacred duties of man must be reduced to the two extremes of love and hatred.

The subject of modern novels is not, as with Rousseau, the weakness of a young inexperienced girl, for this would not excite any interest. Their writers look for something more at war with morality and decency. Madame Sophie Gay's novel “*Un Mariage de l'Empire*,” for instance, is generally considered quite an innocent book, yet the following are its incidents. A rich young heiress is compelled by Napoleon, in pursuance of his “*système de fusion*,” to marry an officer in the army, the scion of a noble family. Owing to the French custom, which dispenses with the necessity of young ladies educated in convents or in a public institution becoming previously acquainted with their destined husbands, who are chosen by the parents (in the present case by the emperor,) there is nothing new in the couple in question knowing nothing of each other before their marriage; but that which is new, and entirely the invention of Madame Gay, is, that they remain strangers even after it. Nevertheless they love each other, though owing to some odd circumstances, they cannot come to a mutual understanding. They quarrel in consequence without any apparent cause, and the young wife carries her ill-humour (*la bouderie et le dépit*) so far that she allows herself to have a child by the friend of her husband. Strange to say, this remarkable couple are soon after reconciled, and the child of the friend is adopted by the injured husband. Some slight reminiscences however disturb the heroine, but fortunately the child dies, and thus nothing remains (in the opinion of the authoress) to prevent her from being considered as a pattern wife and a most virtuous woman.\*

\* It would seem at first that this novel is but another edition of *La Nouvelle Heloise*. They differ, however, widely. Heloise, half-mad, passion “begone,” failed before marriage, and repented for it during the remainder of her life; whilst the other heroine sins from ill-humour, and feels quite easy about it, being in addition a married woman.

But the task of advocating the absolute emancipation of woman from all moral and social obligations, and the destruction of the marriage tie, has devolved upon Madame Dudevant, the well known George Sand. The heroines of her novels, Indiana, Rose, and Blanche, are yet but poor samples of this theme in comparison with her Lelia. The two leading characters of this novel are Lelia herself, a woman placed on the lowest degree of the social hierarchy, and Tremmor, a gambler by profession, who having been convicted of fraud, and condemned to the galleys, is again at large after having undergone the punishment. It is impossible to read without supreme disgust their disquisitions upon social questions of the highest importance. Two of the most degraded members of society, and outcasts from it, they successively attack every one of its laws, all of which they have themselves violated. An openly avowed hostility to marriage, borne out by a divorce from her husband, the adoption of male attire, a cigar in her mouth, a whip in her hand, and her conversation with young men carried on in the familiar terms of *tu* and *George*, have invested the talent of Madame Dudevant with a kind of apodectical authority, and given to her works a moral political cast. According to her system some violent passion usually seizes upon married women, very frequently mothers of a family. When her first youth has passed away, and her children are growing up, the superannuated heroine begins to perceive that maternal affection is not sufficient for her. She therefore sets about looking for the ideal of her soul, and has usually little trouble in finding it. Then begins a struggle, but not with a sense of duty, not with attachment to husband and children, not in the least!—but a struggle with society, because a Mariette has happened to marry a respectable man, and not a *proletaire* or an adventurer, who alone knows how to love. From Madame Dudevant's writings it would appear that if the institution of marriage be permitted to exist at all, society should contrive a kind of noviciate from which it would be permitted to withdraw,—several probatory degrees of marriage. Other authors, as Bibliophile in his novel, *Vertu et Temperament*, try to prove that a chaste woman is naturally bad, but that a dissolute one must necessarily possess a tender heart and the most exalted sentiments. Bibliophile however has accidentally committed a strange inconsistency. The lover of one of these tender-hearted personages cannot bear her noble actions, and blows out his brains in consequence; but it is only fair to state on the other hand, that the author represents the young man as not a genuine *jeune France*,

but as a man behind his age (*stationnaire*), in short a *rococo*.

The playwright Scribe labours to prove that in order to enjoy peace and happiness at home, a man must have an unfaithful wife, otherwise quarrels and ill-humour will embitter every hour. But the most frightfully important part of all this is, that these cynic jests and obscene pictures are so many conclusions derived from the doctrine of the equality of man and woman. Not only have clubs been established, having this as their watch-word, and not only do popular novelists boast of advocating this reform as an act of justice, but they even find amongst the misguided public many to applaud them. The controversy is carried on in the name of reason, and who would be willing to contradict what is brought forward as reasonable. Whilst this war for the pretended rehabilitation of woman is carried on, the novel writers have found out that in a certain state of civilisation many shameful actions do not bring dishonour upon men, and have hence come to the conclusion that the same holds good with regard to women. But logic and reason are by no means one and the same thing, and nothing can better prove this than the consequences drawn from the principle of the equality of man and woman, which consequences are, for the most part, only so many satires upon reason. This doctrine of theirs by equalizing only degrades both. With regard to shame, for instance; there are some emotions, as timidity, which are disgraceful in man but not so in woman, and *vice versa*. It may be more justly affirmed that, as in many other things, there should exist an equilibrium, but not an equality, between the sexes. The desire on the part of woman to enjoy the rights of man, is as rational as it would be for man to wish to acquire all feminine charms. Providence has bestowed its gifts impartially on both sexes, but has granted to each different qualities. Besides, Christianity nearly two thousand years ago, secured to woman as much social equality as is compatible with her destiny; to go beyond this is an unreasonable attempt, and pregnant with evil.

The self-styled emancipators of woman, the asserters of her rights, whether male or female, will accomplish nothing beyond reducing that beautiful creation of maiden, wife, and mother, to a mere impure being. The French novels of the present day are but narrations of the metamorphosis of woman into that vile type; representing, as it were, a second fall of Eve from tasting a new fruit of knowledge. Warning and animadversions on these French doctrines are the more called for at present, inasmuch as the contagion has already begun to spread amongst ourselves.

In addition to Mr. Owen's mad theories, female authors have also raised their voices; some demanding for women equal political rights with men; others trying to prove, not the equality of woman to man, but her superiority to him, and setting forth how she has been invariably oppressed by him. Some too come forward to teach woman her mission, of which, it is to be concluded, she has known nothing up to the present day. Learned authors, beware of what you are about; you are perhaps unconscious that your voices may be as tempting unto evil as that of the first seducer of our parents. *Eritis sicut Deus.*

The fatal influence of such a low standard of morality may be best exemplified by the works of Victor Hugo. His "Cromwell" and "Hernani," dramas of considerable merit, deserve to be excepted from the *Littérature Extravagante*, but not so his drama of Marion Delorme, and all his subsequent compositions. Victor Hugo, a poet, is at the same time a theorist, and he has made up a particular system for himself, which, not relying on the sagacity of his readers to discover, he has developed in the prefaces to his dramatic works. He says plainly that the surest way of producing dramatic effect consists in mixing up with physical or moral deformity, no matter how great, abominable and vile, some pure and sublime sentiment, and the result of this contrast will be the making such physical or moral deformity appear interesting, touching, nay almost lovely. In accordance with this theory Marion Delorme, a degraded woman, appears on the stage purified by a bit of love; "the author," these are his own words, "will not bring Marion Delorme upon the stage without purifying the courtesan with a little love."

The horrid dwarf, Triboulet, a court jester and minister to the king's profligacy, is the model of a good father. The abominable Lucretia Borgia is the affectionate mother of a son born of incest. His three dramas, Marion Delorme, *Le Roi s'amuse*, and Lucrece Borgia, were composed expressly to develop this theory, of which, to speak in the most moderate terms, it can only be said that it is the theory of a quack rather than of a poet. He degrades all the sentiments which ought to remain for ever sacred, and violates all sympathies both of nature and reason. He strives to beautify what is deformed, and seeks out with the utmost in-

dustry the least appropriate and the least expected means of deceiving the public into making common cause with crime, and this is, in fact, the cardinal sin of the extravagant school.

Whilst Victor Hugo was endeavouring to discover some new secret of art, which only ended in bringing forth a monster, a powerful rival to him arose in the person of A. Dumas. The latter also, like V. Hugo, began his career better than he has continued it, as if the French atmosphere at present were poisonous to talent, rendering dizzy every brain. His first drama, *Henri III.*, is full of truth and beauty, for which it is vain to look in his subsequent compositions. "*La Tour de Nesle*" is full of exaggerated horrors; and in his pieces, Antony, Angela, Thereza, and Richard D'Arlington, rape, incest, and murder, are the every-day occupations of the crowds that frequent the boulevards of Paris and the saloons. Had these two men, with their superior talents, followed a right course, they might have ruled the spirit of their age. But they chose rather to become its slaves. Their servility is conspicuous in all their works. When, for instance, V. Hugo declares to an applauding audience, "that the Countess of Shrewsbury" has the honour to marry a workman, not because he is an honest man, or a skilful mechanic, but merely because he is a workman, it must be confessed that no courtier ever more unblushingly flattered his master. Their sole aim seems to be to invent continually new modes of flattering the public; it is with the view of pleasing the public that they blacken all the former history of their nation, at the same time that they represent this same public and the whole present generation as inflamed with some mad fury and shameless cynicism, and tormented as with so many ulcers in its social organisation—by perjury in marriage, adultery, incest, desertion of children, &c. Can there be, in fact, any natural sympathy between society in a certain state and deformity and crime? For the honour of man we would rather think that this is but the aberration of these two misguided minds.

Whilst Victor Hugo and Dumas drag upon the stage all the turpitude they can rake up from the ancient history of France, Paul Lacroix, under the pseudo-name of Bibliophile Jacob, does the same in his historical novels, as *La Danse Macabre*, *La Loi des Ribaud*, &c. Like his predecessors forty years ago, Bibliophile during this reign of literary terrorism may be said to *guillotine* all the history of ancient France. He tears from the grave the misfortunes, the prejudices, the ignorance, every loathsome detail of the

\* "L'auteur ne mettra pas Marion Delorme sur la scène sans purifier la courtisane avec un peu d'amour."

life of a wretched people; all the deformities of kings and princes, and triumphantly sets them before the eyes of the public, as by way of apology for the past having been repudiated and covered with ignominy. It would seem that of the various departments of political radicalism, which the French authors have seized upon, Bibliophile had appropriated that of calumniating to the people the ancient institutions of his country, affecting to paint them with all the accuracy and minuteness of an antiquarian; whilst at the same time no pictures can be more at variance with historical truth than are his.

Amongst the French novelists there is one class who especially affect nautical subjects. The boundless ocean and not the ever-trodden land is with them the theatre of new and unheard-of horrors and of tragic incidents. Eugene Sue holds the trident of *Littérature Extravagante*, and one example will suffice to show the measure of his talent. In his novel, entitled "La Salamandre," he has conceived a strange character in the person of M. de Schaffie. This hero is a kind of Satan whose mission seems to be that of tormenting all that come within his reach, and for this purpose is happily gifted with an iron will for whatever is evil. Neither pain nor misfortunes can make any impression upon him; neither innocence nor virtue have power to influence him. When La Salamandre has been wrecked, and the unhappy victims of hunger devour each other, M. de Schaffie, acting upon a systematic desire of wreaking his vengeance on the human race, looks coolly on amid the terrors of a stormy sea, whilst a son feeds on the limbs of his father, a sailor murders his comrade in order to eat his flesh, until at length they sink in the boiling abyss; although at the very time he is possessed of the means whereby to satisfy their cravings for food. Thus has M. E. Sue outdone both the shipwreck of Byron and Dante's celebrated death of Ugolino. The *Littérature Extravagante* can also boast of its Quintilian in the person of M. Jules Janin, the judge, from whose sentence there is no appeal, of many thousand dramas, *folies* and novels. As a consistent system of any kind is not à l'ordre du jour in French literature, Jules Janin, himself the author of some curious tales, as, for instance, "A Donkey killed and a Woman guillotined," "Sold Retail," &c., occasionally appears as the censurer of the extravagant school, though he powerfully contributes to support it by his criticisms of its products. Thus not long since, he passed an enthusiastic eulogium on a tale by a young author, which describes the *ennui* and regrets of a man imprisoned by

Napoleon, and who discovers through the grating of his dungeon a flower growing in the midst of a paved court-yard. Having no object wherewith to occupy his heart, he is smitten with a violent passion for the flower; curses the winter which withers it; calls on the spring to revive it; in short, *faute de mieux*, he becomes its impassioned and devoted lover. In giving an account of this phenomenon of sentimentality, M. Jules Janin congratulates himself that the madness of literary terrorism is passing away, and that young authors are returning to *true sentiment* and to the portraying of what is real. This avowal deserves attention, for it proves better than anything else, how far the judgment of the critic must have been distorted by the horrors of the *Littérature Extravagante* for him to consider such sickening sentimentality as a true and moral sentiment.

Simultaneously with this commendation of genuine sentiment M. Jules Janin gave to the world his celebrated novel "Un Cœur pour deux Amours." We shall cite some of its contents because it is desirable that our readers should know to what a pitch of excellence in composition the first critic of France has been able to elevate himself; he who asserts that he has thoroughly learned all the mysteries of his art. The story is as follows: During the time that the Siamese twins were exhibited in Paris, the author went frequently to see that extraordinary phenomenon, the caprice or fortuitous mistake of nature. Amongst the numerous visitors was a young man of sad and pensive demeanour, and of handsome face and figure, whom the terrible condition of the two brothers thus grown together seemed to fill with painful sensations; and who, whilst predicting to them an early death, sought to console them with the sweet hope of being united to two sisters in the same predicament who had gone before to heaven. The melancholy of the young man, and the bitter recollections by which he seemed to be oppressed, made a strong impression on our author; he contrived to become acquainted with him, and the narration of the latter constitutes the whole of Jules Janin's strange tale.

Don Martinez Juan Rodriguez Scribbler, a Spanish grandee of the first class (this was the name of the young man), inquired of our author the cause of his impertinent curiosity and desire to hear a tale full of strong and horrible facts. "Ah, if you knew," replies the author, "what horrible events we constantly hear of, what strange improbabilities are told to us for truth, what descriptions are sent to us of women branded on the forehead,

or immured alive by their jealous husbands, in short what monstrous imaginings we now see and read ; you would perhaps not refuse to gratify me with an authentic tale, however extraordinary or dreadful." Then after mentioning some of the leading characters and incidents in the novels of Balzac, M. Jules Janin pronounces an anathema against them, as improbable and untrue : let us now see how he has avoided in his tale the faults which he proscribes.

The Spaniard proceeds to relate, that in a certain provincial town in France, he happened to be present at the sale of some fine and rare wild beasts, such as hyenas, lions, tigers, &c. When the sale of the beasts was concluded, the seller brought forward two young girls between twelve and fifteen years of age, poor and sickly, and in rags that scarcely covered them. These two unhappy beings were bargained for as if they had been tigers or hyenas, when the irritated Spaniard ran up the price and bought them. He then first became aware that these two creatures were united and made up only one person. Having restored them to health, he had them baptized, giving them the names of Anna and Louisa, the same which had been borne by his mother. He acted as a father to them, and the poor children repaid him with affection and true piety. Owing to some mysterious cause these two beings always felt alike ; both suffered grief or partook of joy together. In course of time they accidentally came in contact with their former owner, and this circumstance recalling to their minds their past misery, powerfully affected them. In order to remove them from the vicinity of a man whose presence awakened in them such painful recollections, and to change the scene altogether, the Spaniard carried them to Italy.

There Anna and Louisa devoted themselves with renewed eagerness to study, and their progress was astonishing. Although so closely united in body, their faces were dissimilar ; the expression of their countenances was at variance ; the outline of their features wholly different. Anna was fair, Louisa had raven hair. Their moral dispositions were no less diverse : Anna liked calmness and sentiment, and took delight in verses of a sweet and tender character ; whilst Louisa admired the stormy days of revolution, the striking features of the new school of literature, and was charmed by enterprises marked by enthusiasm and audacity. When they read Don Quixote, Anna laughed, whilst Louisa pitied the knight of the rueful countenance. In their religious opinions, Anna believed with the resignation of a Christian, Louisa was sceptical. Their studies went on rapidly : in

a short time they rendered themselves thoroughly acquainted with history, literature, the fine arts, and philosophy in all its branches. In short, whatever they applied themselves to, their minds seemed at once to absorb : they knew it from beginning to end ; they exhausted it to its very source. What philosophical discourses does not our author put into the mouth of these unhappy creatures ! What pseudo-profound inquiries à la Jules Janin, full of sarcastic smiles of light scorn, of ingenious comparisons, are they not made to exhibit !

During this narration, the author indulges himself in his known garrulity ; he describes the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, discourses of Italy, is enchanted with the odes of Horace, and puts them in the lips of the helpless Anna and Louisa.

The two poor sisters having read and learned everything, begin to feel an intolerable satiety and *ennui*. The Spaniard wished to check them in their career of acquirement, which whilst it seemed to have no distinct object, was destroying their peculiar organisation. But Louisa, *la femme forte*, wondering how that which they knew, could be called learning, replied to him ; "These miserable rags of opinion, which we gather as children pick up the pieces of a broken toy, do you call these learning ?"

One day seeing Louisa amusing herself with a flower and Anna wrapt in the contemplation of the heavens, he asked the former what she was doing with that flower ? "I contemplate the constitution of the heavens," said Louisa ; "And I," replied the other, on being similarly questioned as to her occupation—"am amusing myself with botany." The Spaniard was lost in wonder and admiration at this double creative power of mind, at their faculty of seeing all at once, and at their common simultaneous analysis of subjects so sublime as astronomy and so complicated as the science of plants.

The Spaniard was relieved from his perplexing situation by the suggestion of a Russian prince residing in Italy, who advised him to *distrain* the sisters by introducing them into the bustle of the world, by taking them to balls, by awakening in them the seductive idea of pleasing others, by interesting them with the novelty of society, and finally by the all-powerful charm of love. In furtherance of this ingenious plan the prince gave a magnificent ball, where the infinite variety of costumes, faces and features of foreigners from all parts visiting Italy, the pomp displayed by the wealthy prince, the attractive appearance of the young people of both sexes assembled there, rendered this fête one of the

most splendid which the fashionable and uniform sky of Italy ever covered, as with a panoply of gold and pearls. Anna and Louisa drew the eyes of all present upon them—no wonder—and the affair ended by the prince falling in love with the former, and the Spaniard with the latter. Now came the puzzle. How was the limit to be marked, where the sentiment of the one was to terminate and that of the other to begin? How was the individuality of the one to be separated from that of the other? For no sooner does one of the lovers declare his passion to one sister, than the other is attained by the same shaft. Thence arises jealousy, an intolerable, terrible jealousy. The lovers, unable to endure so extraordinary a situation, quarrel and fight a duel. The Spaniard is wounded and falls, upon which the prince takes flight. The Spaniard being thus left without a rival, after a lingering recovery devotes all his love to Louisa, and the unhappy Anna isolates herself from her sister, though by what means the author has not thought proper to inform us. Her individuality fortunately ceases to communicate with that of her sister, just at the very moment the Spaniard would have it so, but she is consumed by a lonely love, is desolate, forsaken, and her strength gradually fails. At length when her illness has reached its height, it communicates itself to her sister, and they both expire in the arms of the Spaniard. It is true, that the celebrated Dupuytren—God knows how he got there—had proposed the separation of Louisa from her sister, but the Spaniard chose rather to see them die together, than to take advantage of the life of one of them.

It would be difficult to imagine a more flimsy composition than this production of the Quintilian of the *Littérature Extravagante*. What are those pseudo-discussions of Anna and Louisa about botany and astronomy, Dante and Horace, but the most manifest counterfeits? And in keeping with the philosophy is the whole story—the love of two men for the two halves of an unfortunate monster; the jealousy of the lovers, and the crowning conclusion by the Spaniard refusing to acquiesce in the separation. It would appear as if Jules Janin had written this in mockery of the good sense and moral feeling of his readers; or it may perhaps be more proper to say, that the living French authors have so undermined all good sense, that they themselves, in perfect good faith, offer, as something profound and wise, an absurd fiction without a single sound thought or truth in it, whilst the deluded public entirely partakes their opinion.

If more were needed to justify our censure of the *Littérature Extravagante*, we could multiply similar extracts almost without end, not excepting from our quotations even Balsac himself. Indeed, "*La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*" of this author, one of the tales in his celebrated "*Histoire des Treize*," is one of the most obscene and immoral productions that ever came before the public. Balsac in general is the novelist of the boudoir, and he most usually describes the intrigues of the fashionable world, particularly that of Paris. In this respect he stands quite apart, and enjoys a greater degree of popularity than any of his brethren. Whilst they make excursions either into history, or extravagant poetry, in political, moral or religious speculations, Balsac keeps the ground accessible to all, namely, that of domestic gossip (*la chronique scandaleuse*), and successfully cultivates this kind of novel, the most popular in France. In accordance with the recent political changes of his country, he introduces now and then into his novels, persons of the lowest rank, seasons his tales with liberal and philosophical discourses, and spares neither blood nor license, whilst at the same time he always paints the refined society of saloons, adventures of the ball and promenade, and keeps his readers constantly in the midst of that company to which they are pleased to look up as to a model of *bon ton*, and of the highest civilisation. It is therefore considered as essential to good breeding and a mark of fashion, to be either in ecstasy about the firmness, or in sadness over the fall of some heroine of the *Contes bruns*, or the *Contes drolatiques*, and to be well acquainted with Madame de Bauseant, the Baroness Musingen, Lady Brandon, the Princess de Langlais, Messrs. de Monniveaux, Ban, Guerroles, Rastignac, Henri de Marsay, and others of the notorious company of the "*Histoire des Treize*." It would take too much time to review all the works of Balsac, for their number is great; but it is easy to appreciate their tendency, as all have been written under the influence of one ruling idea. They present in fact the very essence of that corrupt society, which seeks only for sensual pleasures—a society from which all generous sentiments have been driven out, and over which egotism hovers like the angel of death, pouring from its baleful cornucopia, scepticism, infidelity, and moral degradation.

From many French authors we have selected only such as differ very much from each other, in order the more easily to present a view at once of the monstrosities respectively invented by them, and concentrated in the wild and intricate region of the

*Littérature Extravagante.* These leading authors may be considered as so many sorcerors, each of whom sends forth a particular cloud over the intellectual horizon of his country, and spreads there a different kind of contagion. No wonder, therefore, that a union of so many clouds spreads over France a "palpable obscure," and that the combination of so many poisons produces so much phrensy. On all sides dark spectres are rising; satiety of life, hostility towards society, and a desire to destroy all sacred ties.

There have been already many youthful victims, who having learned from the novels of Sue, Hugo, and others, how heavy a burthen is life in the midst of a heartless society, and how easy and sublime it is to throw off the load when it becomes intolerable, have destroyed themselves with a strange and melancholy cruelty, varying and, as it were, poetizing their modes of self-destruction. Some have suffocated themselves with the fumes of charcoal; others have poisoned themselves with prussic acid; whilst some have thrown themselves from the steeple of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, as if to point to the source whence they drew their desperate resolution. Others have recorded in writing their sufferings up to the last moment, and the operation of the charcoal on their frames; and whilst initiating the public in their last struggle of life, seemed to wish to acquaint it with the horrible results of their terrific aberration. These experiments on the most tender members of the social body, give cause for serious reflection; the operation of the poison has as yet manifested itself on the epidermis alone, but it is sinking every day deeper and deeper into the system.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Histoire des Rois et des Ducs de Bretagne.* Par Mons. De Roujoux. Paris. 1828-9. 4 vols., 8vo.  
 2. *Memoires de l'Académie Celtique.* Paris. 1807-10. 6 tom.  
 3. *Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes, et Patois.* Par Bottin. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

THERE is within a few hours' sail of the south-western coast of England a part of the kingdom of France, the history of which is most closely interwoven with much that is deeply interesting in our own. It abounds with scenery of the most beautiful, as well as of

the grandest kind.\* Its southern division contains a people primitive, and therefore most curious in their customs; who do not speak the language of France in general, but one of the most ancient in Europe. Its antiquities, Celtic and Druidical, both in extent and number, are such as no other country can boast. Its churches contain specimens of architecture, equal in beauty to those of its sister province, Normandy. The remains of its feudal fastnesses are of such grandeur and magnificence as to astonish all who behold them. The wars to preserve its freedom, gave rise to deeds of heroism, rarely if ever surpassed. Its history presents to our notice facts as full of interest as ever fiction feigned; and it numbers among its warriors some of the greatest names in the records of France. And yet, notwithstanding these strong claims to our notice, if we speak of the subject, even to a tolerably well-informed Englishman, he knows but little either of the past or present condition of Britanny or the Bretons.† What is the reason of this neglect we know not, but such is the fact. We shall now proceed to prove to our readers that this eulogy upon Britanny is not undeserved, and we have no doubt that they will not regret that the subject should again be placed before them. In our second number we very briefly noticed the History of Britanny by Mons. Daru; we shall in this article enter a little more at large upon the same subject, and shall touch upon some other points which could not with propriety have been introduced there.

The Breton historians are extremely anxious to satisfy themselves, and to prove satisfactorily to their readers, that their province was for a very long time perfectly independent of the crown of France; and that even for some centuries before its incorporation with that kingdom by the marriage of Anne of Britanny with Charles VIII., the homage which its dukes paid to the reigning king of France was more of a nominal than of a real character. This is no doubt true in the history of Britanny before the power of France became concentrated and settled. At that time powerful dukes, like those of Burgundy

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\* The neighbourhood of Clisson may be selected as a specimen of the former, while Concarnen and Douaruenes are unrivalled for wildness and sublimity.

† Mr. Trollope has lately published his travels in Britanny, but as that gentleman visited the province neither as antiquary nor historian, his book possesses but few charms. He missed indeed the places which were most worth seeing, and if he chanced to be where the historical associations were of great interest, he was either ignorant of them, or deemed them not worth notice.

and Britanny, might laugh at the pretence of any real submission to their suzerain, though for political purposes they deemed it necessary to go through the form of doing homage for their territories. Like a feudal baron in the early parts of our own history, who did service indeed to the king, while he was fully conscious that whenever he pleased he could set his sovereign's power at defiance. So in the history of Britanny, we find that not only the nobles, but the clergy set at naught the authority of the duke, who was frequently obliged to make concessions; while he, in his turn, acted without any regard either to the wishes or the commands of the king.

The first account which we have of any intention on the part of the Bretons to put themselves under the power of the French, was in the reign of Clovis; when the inhabitants of Nantes and its neighbourhood, and the western part of the province, anxious to protect themselves against the constant incursions from the north, proposed an alliance. This was eagerly entered into by the French, who indeed, according to Lobineau, in his *Histoire de Bretagne*, made the first advances towards a union. The feeble remains of the Roman garrisons also surrendered themselves, stipulating only that they should be allowed to keep their own arms, their standards, their peculiar discipline, and that in battle they were to adhere to their own mode of fighting. This union was of a very uncertain and partial character; for in the reign of Childebert, who endeavoured to exercise some authority over the chiefs of Britanny, we find that they denied his power and refused him any allegiance. The state of the province in the middle of the sixth century may be easily deduced from the following portion of its history: Britanny had been divided between the five sons of Hoel, or rather we should say, between three sons, as two of them had entered upon a religious life. Canao, the eldest, had Rennes and the country northward to the sea. Waroch had the Comté de Vennes; and West Britanny was divided between Macliau and Budic. Canao\* had already killed three of his brothers, and had seized on Macliau, an ambitious and unscrupulous man, and had confined him in prison, fully determined to put him to death also. He was dissuaded from his purpose, though with very great difficulty, by the eloquent entreaties of Felix, bishop of Nantes. At the desire of his brother, Macliau

swore fidelity to him, and declared that he would be content with such a proportion of his father's property as Canao might think fit to assign to him. No sooner, however, was he released, than he disregarded the oaths which he had taken, and fled for protection to Comor, Comte de Leon. Canao, on learning this, instantly sent to demand his surrender. Comor, unable to resist the power of Canao, had recourse to artifice to protect the fugitive. He caused a tomb to be built in which he secreted the living Macliau, leaving openings sufficient for the admission of air. On the arrival of the envoys he showed them the tomb. "Macliau is no more," said he, "I cannot give him to you; behold the spot where we have interred him. Tell Canao he has nothing more to fear from his brother." The messengers were so delighted at his supposed death, that they ordered their food and wine to be placed upon the tomb, and ate and drank there. Soon after Macliau retired to Vannes, which had submitted to the French; and in order to be more safe from the attacks of his brother, he made a pretext of renouncing the world, cut off his hair, put away his wife, and took holy orders. So great was the influence of his assumed piety, that he was elected Bishop of Vannes. At his brother's death he threw off the mask, assumed the title and dignity of Comte de Cornuaille—kept possession of the bishopric without performing any one office of a bishop—laid aside his clerical dress, and lived again with his wife. He was excommunicated by the bishops of the province, but this gave him no concern. His brother Budic had made an agreement with him, that whichever of the two should survive, was to be the guardian of the other's children. Budic died first, and Macliau proclaimed himself the protector of his brother's son Theodoric, who, mistrusting the protection offered to him, made his escape. He was well received by the neighbouring princes, who assisted him with some troops, at the head of which he attacked Macliau and killed him.

The history does not present much worthy of particular notice till we arrive at the thirteenth century. This period is remarkable for the increasing power of the popes. Innocent III. put the kingdom of France under an interdict, excommunicated Henry II. of England, and caused the crusade to be undertaken against the Albigenses. Honorius III. anathematized the Count of Toulon. Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. excommunicated Frederick II. four times, and distributed his possessions to others, who, however, dared not take them. Alexander IV. established the Inquisition in France; and Urban IV. took

\* This Canao, from having destroyed several wives, is supposed to be the original Blue Beard. Part of a tower, the only remain of his chateau, near Nantes, is still called Blue Beard's Castle; at least it was when we were there in 1832.



the throne of Naples from the house of Suabia, and gave it to Charles of Anjou. The bishops imitated the head of the Church, put their dioceses under interdict, excommunicated their princes, and made use, without scruple, of the power and influence which their office gave them to carry out their own measures, and to enrich and aggrandise themselves and their friends. The bishops of Nantes, Dol, Quimper and St. Malo, were lords in their respective cities, and divided the power with the reigning sovereign; they struck money, and gave letters of nobility. When required to abate somewhat from their pretensions, the invariable answer was, that they were merely servants of the court of Rome, and could not make the slightest concession without its authority.

Pierre de Dreux, who was Duke of Brittany in 1213, endeavoured to curb the power of the different prelates of his province. He attacked successively the Bishops of Nantes, of Dol, and of Rennes. His own nobles too united with him, as they were become fearful of a power which threatened to be greater than their own. The duke was excommunicated; this he heeded not. The province was then put under an interdict; the consequences of this were of a most appalling nature—no public prayers, no baptisms, no marriages, no prayers or offices for the sick, and no burials. In one place where the priest refused to bury, the duke sent a body of men, with strict orders that if the refusal should be persisted in, they were to inter the priest in the same grave with the body which he would not bury; which was immediately done. For this, and for his continual contentions with his clergy, they surnamed him *Mauclerc* (*mauvais clerc*). All his resistance, however, was in vain; the paralyzing effects of the interdict compelled him to yield. He was ordered by the pope to restore such of the clergy as he had deprived of their livings, and to rebuild or repair the churches which had been injured or destroyed.

The close of the fourteenth and the whole of the fifteenth centuries are full of interest. John IV. (better known to the readers of Froissart as Jean de Montfort), surnamed the Conqueror, from his having obtained the dukedom by the defeat and death of Charles de Blois, passed the thirty-four years of his reign in constant wars and troubles. Ungrateful to his best friends—unfaithful to his allies—twice compelled to leave the province—abandoned by both France and England—deprived of his dukedom by the judgment of his peers, and which deprivation would, in all probability, have been lasting, had not

Charles V. endeavoured to introduce the gabelle into the province. This odious tax aroused the anger of the Breton nobles, who invited the duke to return. He landed from England at St. Malo, made a treaty with the King of France, at the very making of which he protested secretly against it, and passed the remainder of his life amidst interdicts from the clergy and quarrels with the nobles,\* and died at last, not without suspicion of having been poisoned. His widow married Henry IV. of England. His son and successor, John V., was only eleven years old at his father's death: in the following year, he made his public entry into Rennes, the chief city of the province. The form of his doing, and the mode of investiture, are thus related by Lobineau: On his approach to the gate by which the town was entered, he was met by the bishop and nobles; the most holy relics were also brought, by which he swore "to defend the Catholic faith, and to maintain the church of Brittany in all its lawful rights—to preserve the counts, barons, and nobles of the country in the possession of all their liberties—to render justice to every one—to defend the prerogatives and *royal* privileges of Brittany—to restore what time had weakened, and to keep up what had been restored." After this he entered the town, went directly to the cathedral, where he remained all night before the altar of St. Peter. The next day, before the celebration of high mass, he was knighted by Olivier de Clisson, the Constable of France; after which he performed the same ceremony to his brothers, Arthur and Gilles. Before mass the duke was clad with the *royal* (this word is used in both places in the original) vestments, by the counts and barons in attendance; a circle of gold was also put upon his head, and a drawn sword in his hand, which he held during the whole service: after which he rode through the town, attended by all the nobles present. During his reign the battle of Agincourt was fought, in which his uncle, Comte de Richemont, afterwards Constable of France, was wounded and taken prisoner. The duke himself had been bribed by an offer of one hundred thousand francs, and the promise of the town of St. Malo, to send forces to the assistance of the King of France. Six thousand men were accordingly sent, but did not arrive till after the battle. The duke died in 1440, and was succeeded by his brother, Francis I., who married Isabella of Scotland. His memory is stained by his cruel and unjust

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\* His treatment of Clisson is full of the liveliest interest, and well deserves perusal.

treatment of his younger brother, Gilles, a prince of great talent, much esteemed by his uncle, the Constable of France, and by many of the most powerful nobles of Brittany. He was of a generous though hasty temper, and not free from the vices of his age. His history is so peculiar, that we shall give a little space to the detail of it. The first mention which we have of him is in the very beginning of his brother's reign, when he was sent on an embassy to England. It is said that he was selected on this occasion because he was known to be a favourite with Henry VI. Shortly after his return, he began to speak publicly, and with great bitterness and discontent, of the portion which his father had left him—being only the lordship of Chantocé, and a small sum from the public revenues. These speeches were repeated to the duke by his enemies, with every aggravating circumstance, which had the natural effect of incensing the duke violently against him. They had several interviews upon the subject, and in all these the duke endeavoured to persuade his brother to be satisfied with the partition made by his father. This kind of advice was by no means acceptable to the prince, who at last quitted his brother's court in great dudgeon. The constable, who entertained great affection for Gilles, was exceedingly chagrined at this quarrel, and by means of his influence an apparent reconciliation was effected.

However poor Gilles might have been left by his father's will, he held very large possessions in right of a young child whom he called his wife—the castles and lordships of Chateaubriand, Montafilant, Beaumanoir, Bain, la Hardouinae and Guildo. This child, Françoise de Dinan, was the daughter of Bertrand de Dinan and Catherine de Rohan, and had been by them promised in marriage to the Sire du Gavre, eldest son of the Count and Countess of Laval. A written contract had also been drawn up, with the consent, such as it was, of the child herself. But at the death of her father, which happened not long after, Gilles had carried her off, kept possession of her person, and avowed his intention of marrying her as soon as her age would allow. This marriage, if we may so call it, was perhaps the main cause of all his misfortunes; as his most persevering enemy was Artur de Montauban, who had determined, if possible, to have the young Françoise for his wife. She, however, always declared that she loved du Gavre, and would marry no one else. This affection increased with her years, though she had no opportunity of seeing the object of her love. The following curious docu-

ment is quoted from the original by Lobineau, as proving the fair lady's determination; it must be observed, the declaration was made after the death of Gilles. She first states the promise made by her parents: "Et pour ce que de present suis en age suffisant de pouvoir contracter et accorder de moy mesmes mondit mariage avec mondit Seigneur du Gavre; comme j'ay tousjours eu bonne volenté et encor ay de ce faire, ce que bonnement ne puis de present, pour ce que suis detenue de Monseigneur le Duc de Bretagne;\* je Françoise dessusdite fais veu à Dieu et à Nostre Dame, et jure aux saintes Evangilles de Dieu, et prometz par la foy et serrement de mon corps, et par ces presentes à mondit Seigneur du Gavre: que jamais tant qu'il vivra, n'auré autre mary ne espoux que lui; et d'és à present le prens pour espoux et mary, luy promettant que toutes et quantes fois que je seray en ma franchise et liberté, seray preste et contente de l'espouser et consumer ledit mariage en sainte mere Eglise, et accomplir de ma part lesdites promesses et convenances d'entre nos seigneurs te dames, nos peres et meres, et ratiffie et approuve par cesdites presentes lesdites promesses et convenances per eulx faictes, sans jamais aler à l'encontre. Et en temoing de ce, et affin qu'il cognoisse mieulx ma bonne volenté, j'ai signé ceste presente cedula de mon seing manuel cy mis. A—le—jour de May, 1450. Françoise."†

But to return to Gilles. In 1446, the before-mentioned Montauban,‡ Jean Hingant, an officer of the duke's court, who had been personally insulted by the prince, and Jaques d'Espinai,§ Bishop of St. Malo, and afterwards of Renne, all three in the confidence of the duke, and much esteemed by him, determined to work the prince's ruin. To effect this they took every opportunity of spreading reports to his prejudice. The prince, indeed, could easily have removed these calumnies, if he could but have persuaded himself to live

\* Pierre II., who succeeded Francis, kept her as a kind of prisoner, that he might enjoy her revenues. She sued him afterwards, and obtained some restitution.

† Lobineau, *Hist. de Bretagne*, tom. ii. p. 1125.

‡ Alain Bouchard, an almost contemporary historian, says, the duke was attached to Montauban, "plus que raison et nature ne permettoient." To such an extent did he carry his confidence, that he took no offence at his wife's embracing Montauban publicly. She openly avowed the greatest fondness for him, and made common cause with him against his enemies.

§ In 1456, when articles were exhibited against d'Espinai, we find among other charges, "propterea quod suspectus non immerito habitus est mortis Egidii fratris Ducum Francisci et Petri."—Lobineau, *Hist. de Bret.* tom. ii. 1173.

with the duke; but being unable to control his temper, he kept at a distance from the court, and thus left the field open to his enemies, who failed not to avail themselves of the advantage. Gilles was passionately fond of shooting with the bow; and, in order to attain greater excellence, he sent to Normandy for some English archers, that he might avail himself of their instruction and superior skill. This was immediately turned to account by his enemies, who represented to the duke, and afterwards to the King of France, that Gilles had boasted he could bring over the English whenever he pleased, and that he had already garrisoned one of his strong places on the sea-coast with English archers. This was more readily believed, because the prince was known to be in great favour with Henry, who, according to report, had offered to make him Constable of England. It was agreed upon by the king\* and the duke, at a conference at Chinon, that as soon as the latter had taken his departure, the king would send a party of soldiers into Brittany to seize the prince, and deliver him up into the hands of his brother as a prisoner. The duke thought by this mode of proceeding to remove all obloquy from himself, and that as Gilles was made prisoner by the soldiers of the king of France, he would be looked upon by the people as a state criminal, and consequently that no reproach would attach itself to him on account of any treatment which the prince might afterwards receive. After the arrival of the Duke in Brittany, the king sent four hundred lances, under the command of De Coetivi, the Admiral of France. These reached the Chateau de Guildo† on a Sunday, while Gilles was amusing himself at tennis, with some of his squires. On hearing that the soldiers were those of the King of France, he ordered the gates of the castle to be thrown open; he himself went to greet Coetivi, and asked what tidings he brought of the king. The only reply given was, "We are come to take you prisoner." They then seized the keys of the castle, laid hands on all the gold, silver, and jewels which they could find, not heeding that the latter were the property of his betrothed wife and her mother, and carried him off to Dinan, where his brother was.

The Constable knew nothing of this plot against his nephew till after the departure of the four hundred lances, when the king informed him of it. He then remonstrated so strongly on the cruelty of putting Gilles into the power of his brother, who was known to entertain such unfriendly feelings towards him, that the king was moved by his representation, and said to him, "Beau cousin, purvoiez-y, et faites diligence, autrement la chose ira mal." The Constable set forward with all speed, but did not arrive at Guildo till after the prince had been taken. He, however, went with Gilles to Dinan, and begged of the duke at least to see his brother. Not liking to refuse the Constable so reasonable a request, he consented to an interview. Gilles was conducted to the chateau, accompanied by the Constable and his own brother Pierre, who succeeded Francis in the dukedom. These knelt to the duke, and entreated with tears that Gilles should be forgiven, saying that he was more unfortunate than guilty. To the solicitations of his brother, the duke replied with scornful reproaches; to the others he gave weak and evasive reasons, but expressed his full determination to keep the prince a prisoner, and to bring him to trial as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. In the meantime, Gilles, under the guard of Montauban,\* was continually removed to different places of confinement. The Duke commanded Olivier du Breil, Procureur General of Brittany, to prepare charges against the prince. It was not till he was threatened with deprivation of his office, that he proceeded with the odious task. Heavy accusations were laid against the prince, for the violation of different young girls and women. "Soit que cela fust vrai," says Lobineau, "soit qu'elles eussent esté païées pour mentir, aux dépens de leur honneur et de leur conscience." The duke then summoned his council, which was composed chiefly of his brother's enemies, to take the charges into consideration. Letters from England which had been found at Guildo, were produced, read, and commented upon, and his own servants were examined against him. But upon all the evidence of every sort which could be obtained, Olivier du Breil merely brought forward a general accusation, without specifying any particular crime. This greatly enraged the duke, who by threats and menaces at last compel-

\* The king was quite willing to take any means to put an end to the ducal family of Brittany, which at that time consisted only of five persons, all without children; the reigning duke, his brothers Pierre and Gilles, their uncle the Constable, and their cousin Francis—because, at their deaths without heirs, the province would become his.

† The ruins of this castle still form a beautiful object.

\* "Au Sire de Montauban à valloir sur son ordonnance pour la garde de Monsieur Gilles cinq cents livres." Extrait du compte de Morice de la Noë, Trésorier et Receveur Général.—*Lob. Hist. de Brit.*

led Du Breil to lay a charge of treason and lese majesté against him. The subject was then brought before an assembly of the states. The Constable, accompanied by a number of his friends, attended at the trial; when, notwithstanding all the efforts of the duke, no condemnation followed. Still Gilles remained a prisoner. A second attempt was made to procure his condemnation, but in vain; while every opportunity was taken to prejudice the king against him. The duke finding that he had no hopes of procuring his brother's death in this way, spoke to Jean Hingant and Olivier du Meel, of getting rid of him by some other means. He calculated with great certainty upon the co-operation of the former, because he had always apparently been devoted to his interests; and also because he knew him to be the declared enemy of Gilles. The enormity of the crime, however, alarmed him; and in his hesitation and agony, he sent for Du Breil, to whom he made known the wishes of the duke. Du Breil reproached him with being one, if not the chief instigator of the quarrel between the brothers, and advised him, if his remorseful feelings were indeed sincere, to quit the province for a while, and thus put himself out of the way of persuasion. This he did;\* and the duke upon being told of his departure, merely said, "Let him go, he is a coward and good for nothing." Olivier du Meel fell into the plans of the duke without hesitation; and, after consulting with Robert Roussel, the chief of the duke's household, they concluded that the most easy as well as the most effectual way of removing the prince would be by poison.† One Jean Rageant was sent to Lombardy, to procure some for their purpose. On his return well furnished with the necessary drugs, some experiments were made with them upon animals, all of which succeeded admirably, to the great satisfaction of Du Meel. They were then tried upon the prince, being mixed in the soup which was served to him at dinner. As it was their intention to bring about a gradual death, it is probable that the doses were not sufficiently strong; or it may be, that the strength of the prince's constitution enabled him to withstand their pernicious effects: at any rate the attempt proved vain.

\* His absence was not for any great length of time; as we find afterwards that the duke employed him to conduct his duchess from Vannes, when that city was visited by the plague.

† It is not improbable that Montauban himself might have been of this council. He was of the family of Visconti by the mother's side, and is supposed to have inherited from her the Lombard vices of the age, poisoning, assassination, &c.

In the mean time his friends continued to make great efforts to procure his release. They took an opportunity of informing the king, that the unfriendly feelings of the duke towards his brother took their rise from a demand which the prince had made for a larger portion of his father's property than the duke was willing to give—that this quarrel had been fomented and increased by Montauban and his accomplices for their own purposes—that the prince, by the violence of his temper, had given offence to some of his brother's favourites, who missed no occasion of irritating the duke against him—and, above all, that his future wife was extremely rich, and had excited the cupidity of them all. While these representations were made to the king, the friends of Gilles were busied in endeavouring to influence the council; and Guillaume de Rosnyvinea promised the members of it ten thousand crowns, if they procured the liberty of the prince. Induced by this bribe and by the influence of others, the council advised the king to send the Admiral of France, Pregent di Coetivi, to bear an order to the duke to release Gilles.

The admiral hastened to Vannes, and had an interview with the duke, who, not being able to oppose the commands of the king, gave the necessary papers to set the prince at liberty. Immediately on receiving them, De Coetivi set out for Montcontour, where Gilles was then confined. In this matter the duke is accused of dissimulation, and the admiral is strongly suspected of having been bribed by the enemies of the prince, who, on hearing what had been done by the council, took fresh measures to prevent his release. Scarcely had the admiral quitted Vannes, when a letter was given to the duke, purporting to come from Henry VI., King of England, demanding the liberty of the prince, and threatening, in case of a refusal, to send an army to enforce compliance. This letter was forged by one Pierre de la Rose, who had been a long time in England, and knew the style of the despatches of that court. No sooner was this received, than the duke forwarded it to the king, and sent off messengers to contradict the order for his brother's release. The admiral feigned great surprise at this change in the duke's intentions, but left the poor prince in the custody of his keepers, who immediately removed him to the more retired Chateau de la Hardouinae.

His enemies now began to be weary of delay. They had tried an accusation, which, had it been successful, would have deprived him of his honour, as well as of his life—in this they failed. Then they had recourse to poison, which did not operate upon him.

Even the lengthened and close confinement to which he was kept, with all its attendant discomforts, so insupportable as they thought to a prince of his rank and age, did not appear to affect him so prejudicially as to give them hopes of seeing him die soon enough for their purposes. At last they resolved to put him to death by violent means. The fear of the consequences, however, made them anxious, if possible, to procure the sanction of the duke. The prince had repeatedly written to his brother in respectful language promising submission to him, denying and renouncing all alliance with the English. These letters never reached their destination, but in their stead others were substituted full of defiance and reproaches. Irritated on the receipt of one of these forgeries, the duke gave utterance to language which was easily interpreted into a wish for his brother's death. The chancellor, Louis de Rohan, who had married a niece of Montauban, drew up, as if coming from the king, an order to put the prince to death, and took it to Eon le Boudoin, the keeper of the seals, to have the seal of the chancery put to it. This Eon refused to do, whereupon the chancellor himself affixed the seal, and sent it to the Chateau de la Hardouinae. The duke, in all probability, knew nothing of this. When his keepers received the order, they deliberated how to put it into execution; and fearing any appearance of violence, they resolved to starve the prince. To accomplish this they shut him in the lowest part of a tower of the chateau, forbidding every one to take him either bread or water. There was a grated window in this chamber which opened towards the ditch which surrounded the building. The cries of the prince entreating the passers-by for food were continually heard, but no one dared to give him any. At last a poor woman, who lived near the chateau, taking pity on him, let herself secretly down into the ditch, and daily placed upon his window such food as her means enabled her to procure. For six long weeks was the prince thus supported, but feeling himself becoming daily weaker and weaker, he begged of the woman to request a priest to visit him, that he might confess, and obtain the absolution of the church before he died. A cordelier was induced to come, to whom the prince confessed through the window. He could not refrain from telling his confessor of the cruel and unjust treatment which he had received from his brother, who had always refused to listen to his complaints and his vindication. He charged the priest to find the duke, and to tell him the state in which he left him, and to say, that since he was refused justice in this world, he appealed

to the judgment of God, and summoned the duke to appear before that judgment-seat. In order to make this citation of more effect, it is said that he procured the means of reducing it to writing, and fixed the term for the duke's appearance within forty days; "*par cette impression de l'Esprit de Dieu, qui fait quelques fois penetrer les mourans dans l'avenir,*" adds the Benedictine Lobineau.

Astonished at his continuing alive, and anxious that he should be dead before the return of the duke from Normandy, when they knew that renewed efforts would be made for his release, his guards, or, as Lobineau well calls them, his executioners, resolved to smother him. They accordingly entered his room very early in the morning, and finding him in bed, and very weak from his poor supply of food, they put a towel round his neck and tried to strangle him. Failing in this, from the struggles of the prince, they effected their purpose at last by smothering him between two mattresses. As soon as they had perpetrated the deed, they stopped up his nose and ears that no blood might flow, and placed him in a handsome bed in another room, that it might appear he had died from natural causes. They then went to hunt with a party, which had been purposely invited for that morning; in order that they might easily prove their absence from the chateau when the death of the prince was made known. During the chase a man came in great haste to tell them that the prince had been found dead in his bed. They put on the appearance of being deeply affected at the news, and entreated the party present to return with them to the chateau, to see what had taken place, which, however, all refused to do. A common grave was prepared, and the abbot and monks of a neighbouring abbey of Boquien performed the funeral rites, and a simple tomb of slate, inscribed with his name, was all the memorial of the unfortunate prince Gilles.\* During this time the duke, who was carrying on the war in Normandy, had taken Avranches, and was on his way to Mont St. Michel, where he intended to sleep. While passing over the sands towards the mount, he was accosted by a monk who wished to speak with him in private. The duke stopped; the monk told him of the state in which his brother was, and in the name of the prince cited him to appear before the tribunal of God within the space of forty days. The monk retired. The duke,

\* The writer of this article spent some hours in endeavouring to find the few remains which exist both of the chateau and the abbey, but, from the ignorance of his guide, was unable to discover them.

naturally of a weak mind, was alarmed at the awful nature of the summons, and before the time had elapsed, sickened and died.

We must now pass from the history to the original language of Brittany. The language of Brittany; the ancient, but now lost one of Cornwall; the Welsh, the Irish, and the Gaelic, are all derived from one common Celtic stock. The two latter preserve the pure and primitive forms of the original and more ancient Celtic, which was spoken by those first tribes which passed from the East by way of the Euxine, and along the Danube, into Gaul. These were succeeded by the Cymri, who followed in their rear, and gradually displaced them in England and Armorica, where their own language was substituted instead of the earlier Celtic. The Celtic and the Cymraig differ too much to be considered as dialects of the same tongue; but they resemble each other quite enough to be called sister languages, having the same origin from some more ancient and mother tongue. "The Celtic and Cymraig," says Murray, "though probably little corrupted by ancient revolutions, have both undergone those changes which affect the purest dialects. Excepting in the terms which it has borrowed from the Latin and English, the Celtic possesses an unrivalled and striking originality in its words, a resemblance to the oldest varieties of language, and internal evidence that it is derived from the earliest speech of Europe. At the same time it has suffered from a barbarous mode of pronunciation. Many words have been corrupted by the unnecessary introduction of aspirates and guttural sounds. The Cymraig being exposed for so many centuries to the influence of Latin, Saxon and Norman, is not so pure as the Celtic. The power of corrupt pronun-

ciation has been felt by the Welsh, as well as by the Irish, dialects. The orthography of the Welsh has been absurdly changed, with a view to adapt a written to a spoken language. The Irish has escaped this needless deprivation. The Welsh is least corrupted when well spoken. The Irish is least corrupted when well written. Ireland enjoyed the use of writing very early. The dialect of the Irish written monuments is far more original and authentic than the vernacular Scotch, or even Irish Celtic. The Scottish dialect must be viewed as a distinct, but at the same time modern, variety of the Irish.\* To enable our readers to see at a glance the resemblance between the Irish and the Scottish Gaelic, we will transcribe the first two verses of the parable of the prodigal son.

## IRISH.

"Do bhadar dias mac ag duine airighe.

"Agus a dubhairt an tì dob òige aca ré na athair: Athair, tabhair dhmah an chuid roitheas misì dod mhaoin: agus do roinn seision a mhaoin eatorra."

Tiomna nuadh, &c. Re Huilliam o Dombuill, Shacklewell, 1813.

## GAELIC.

"Bha aig duine araidh dìthib mhaic.

"Agus thubhairt am mac a be òige dhiubh r'a athair: Athair, thoir dhomhsa a'chuid-roinn a thig orm do d'mhaoin. Agus roinn e eatorra a bheathachadh."—Tiomnadh nuadh, &c. Edin., 1813.

We shall quote the same verses in two several dialects of Brittany, and point out the words that are common to the Cornish and the Welsh. The words in Italics are pure Cornish, the authority for which is "Pryce's Archæologia Cornu-Britannica." Where the letter D is added, the authority is "Davies' Welsh and Latin Dictionary."

## DIALECT OF LEON, OR DEPARTMENT OF FINISTERRE.

"A man he had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father: "Eunn den<sup>1</sup> en doa daou vab<sup>2</sup>:† hag<sup>3</sup> ar<sup>4</sup> iaouanka<sup>5</sup> anezo<sup>6</sup> a lavaras<sup>7</sup> d' he dad<sup>8</sup>: my father, give to me the portion of fortune which falls to me. And his father gave va zad<sup>9</sup> roid<sup>10</sup> d' in al loden zavez a zigoves in. Hag he dad a roax his portion to him." he lod d' ezhan."

## DIALECT OF TREGUIER, OR DEPARTMENT OF COTES DU NORD.

"A man he had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father: "Eunn den<sup>1</sup> an efoa daou vab<sup>2</sup>: hag<sup>3</sup> ar<sup>4</sup> iaounonkan anee<sup>5</sup> a laras<sup>7</sup> d' he dad<sup>8</sup>: my father, give to me the portion of goods which falls to me: And he divided." ma zad<sup>9</sup> reid<sup>10</sup> d' in al loden mado a deu d' in: Hag ho rannas.<sup>11</sup>"

\* "History of the European Languages," vol. ii., p. 318.

† Vab is here put for mab. This change in the initial letter depends upon a rule of euphony belonging to the Breton language: thus t, in the word tad, is sometimes replaced by d, sometimes by s, accord-

ing to the word or particle which precedes it. The same is common to the Welsh.

<sup>1</sup> Dyn, Welsh D. <sup>2</sup> deau mab, Corn.: dau, Welsh. <sup>3</sup> ac, Welsh. <sup>4</sup> a'r, Welsh. <sup>5</sup> ieuangaf, Welsh. <sup>6</sup> anedho, anedhe, Corn. <sup>7</sup> llefaru, Welsh D. <sup>8</sup> tat, Corn. <sup>9</sup> nhad, Welsh. <sup>10</sup> rhoi, Welsh. <sup>11</sup> rannys, Corn.: raunodd, Welsh.

Rostrenen, in the preface to his "Dictionnaire François-Celtique," mentions a very old Breton manuscript preserved in the King's Library in Paris, entitled, "Des Prédications de Guinclan, Astronome Breton. Il marque au commencement de ses prédications qu'il écrivoit l'an de salut 240, demeurant entre Roc'h-hellas et le Porz-guem, entre Morlaix et Treguier." The very great age ascribed to this is, we fear, sufficient to warrant a disbelief of its genuineness. He quotes also "Les Statuts Synodaux du diocèse de Léon du 13me, 14me, 15me siècle écrits en Latin, mais dont une partie étoit traduite en Breton en faveur de ceux qui n'entendroient pas le Latin." This is a MS. The first printed book in the language that we have been able to meet with is, "Une tragédie en vers Bretons de la passion et la résurrection de Jésus-Christ et du trépas de la Sainte Vierge—imprimée à Paris, en caractère gothique, 1530, chez Yves Quilbeveré, Rue de la Bucherie."

The Breton language had the honour of persecution. The Council of Rheims, held in 1813, declared all who continued obstinately to use it, "barbares, antechrétiens, et inhabiles aux fonctions publiques."

As a specimen of the poetry of the Bas-Bretons, we will place before our readers a ballad of the sixteenth century, which has been published by M. Frémenville, with a translation into modern French. The name of the author is unknown: it is still, however, a great favourite with the peasants, who sing it to a simple Breton air, perhaps contemporaneous with the poem. The heroine of the ballad is Marie de Keroulas, the only daughter of François de Keroulas and Catherine de Lanuzouarn. The mother, being left a widow, compels her daughter, contrary to her inclinations, to marry the Marquis de Mesle, of the noble house of Du Chatel. The affections of Marie, however, had been bestowed upon another, and she employed tears and entreaties to obtain permission to be married to him. The mother remained obdurate; her vanity being flattered by an alliance with the rich and powerful Marquis. Marie, submissive and obedient, yields, gives her hand to François du Chatel, and dies of grief a short time after.

The ballad opens with the supposed happiness of Marie in being so richly dressed, and in being permitted to join in the dance with the gentlemen; for the Marquis de Mesle had arrived at her mother's with a large train. Marie, however, hears of his arrival with pain, thinks that it forebodes ill to her, and wishes that she was a pigeon-blue, that she might listen to the conversation of her mother and the Marquis. She speaks

also of her love for Kerthomas, (who was a younger son of the house of Gouzillon,) who also is alarmed at this visit of the Marquis. Marie tells her mother how much disturbed she had been ever since the arrival of the Marquis, entreats to be allowed to marry Kerthomas, whose addresses had hitherto been sanctioned by her mother, and whose feelings she tries to enlist on her side, by describing the grandeur of the mansion of Kerthomas. But all in vain; her mother bids her abandon such thoughts, as she was promised to the Marquis. She then returns the presents which had been made to her by Kerthomas. The verses in which she does this we shall quote, with Frémenville's translation:—

"Eur gaolen aour ag eur signet,  
Gant Kerthomas oent din roet;  
Ho comeris en eur gana,  
Ag ho restaulin en eur woela.  
Dalc 'hit, Kerthomas, ho koalen aour,  
Ho signet gant carcaniou aour;  
Na ven ket leset ho kemeret,  
Miret ho re ne zlean ket."

"Un anneau et un signet d'or,  
M'avoient été donnés par Kerthomas;  
Je les acceptai avec des marques de joie,  
Et je les lui remettrai en pleurant.  
Repreniez, Kerthomas, votre anneau,  
Votre signet avec sa chaîne d'or;  
Puisqu'il n'est pas permis de vous accepter,  
Je ne dois pas garder vos dons."

The ballad goes on to describe the great regret felt at her departure—her own farewell—the affecting leave which she takes of all—the kiss she bestows upon the door. She bids the poor be comforted, and to come to her new abode at Chateaugal, where she will distribute daily alms—an exercise of charity which does not please the Marquis. Shortly after her arrival at the chateau of her husband, she anxiously inquires for some one who will take a letter to her mother. A page hastens with it. As soon as her mother receives it she sets forth immediately for Chateaugal, and on her arrival learns that her daughter is dead. She reproaches herself bitterly for her cruelty in compelling the marriage, and retires to a nunnery. The whole story is told with simplicity and pathos. The rhymes of the original are very inartificial, the same word being allowed at the end of each verse of the couplet; and a recurrence of the same syllable, sometimes only of the same letter, is all that seems to have been required.

From the language we naturally turn to the monuments of very remote antiquity, which abound in the province; but of these

we shall at present describe only the Roche aux Fées, and the far-famed stones of Carnac. The Roche aux Fées\* is about six leagues S. E. of Rennes, and a mile and a half S. of Essé, and is situated in a field which takes its name from the monument, and is called the field of the Roche aux Fées. When perfect it was composed of forty-two stones, thirty-three of which, fixed upright in the ground, formed the sides of the gallery, if we may so call it: the other nine formed the roof. Some of the upright stones, from not being sufficiently strong to bear the superincumbent weight of the others, have lost their perpendicularity; some have given way altogether, and the covering stones have in consequence fallen. Three of the stones, which form the south-eastern entrance, appear to have been roughly squared on the principal face; the rest have never been touched by any tool. The direction of this curious work is from south-east to north-west. It is divided into two distinct chambers:† the one towards the south-east is small, and covered with a single stone, and is much lower than the others; that towards the north-west is much larger. Conjecture has, of course, been busy to endeavour to ascertain what was the object for which it was erected. Ogée, in his *Dictionnaire de Bretagne*, supposes it to have been the tomb of a Roman general: a supposition which has nothing to bear it out. Deric, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Brittany*, speaks of it as a building which had been dedicated to pagan ceremonies, and thinks that the smaller chamber was a sanctuary. Others ascribe it to the Druids. Either of the latter hypotheses may be true. Formerly a forest surrounded it. It was at one time preserved with great care; but since the revolution, much injury has been done to it by the wanton folly of the peasantry, who imagined that a treasure lay buried under it.

\* There are many monuments of a similar kind in different parts of France ascribed to the same agents, the Fairies. La Cabane des Fées in the department of Creuse, La Tioule de las Fées in the department of Cantal, La Motte aux Fées in the department of the Maine and Loire, La Tour aux Fées in the wood of Marshain, not far from Le Mans; besides many single stones in Brittany and elsewhere which are called Pierres des Fées. The only rival in the British dominions to the Roche aux Fées is the sepulchral monument at New Grange, near Drogheda.

† La Grotte des Fées, about three leagues from Tours, is similar to the Roche aux Fées, but much smaller: it is about the same height, and is covered in the same manner; and there is the like division into a smaller and larger chamber. Fragments of stone have been turned up by the plough in its neighbourhood, though there is no quarry near, as if there had been stone huts about it.

But of all parts of Brittany, of France, and we might say of all parts of the world, there is no place so full of objects interesting to the student of Celtic antiquities as the department of Morbihan. Cromlechs, Kistvaens, Menhirs, meet our view at almost every step. And in that department so rich in these remains, the richest spot is in the neighbourhood of Lochmariaker, within a short distance of which village there are at least thirty objects well deserving the closest examination.

But far superior to everything else, both there and elsewhere, standing without the slightest approach to rivalry, and compared with which all other monuments, not even excepting the pride of our own country, Stonehenge, sink into comparative insignificance, are the Stones of Carnac, as they are called. What shall we say of a remain which can be distinctly traced in its windings for upwards of seven miles, and which almost beyond a doubt extended yet further, which is composed of eleven parallel rows of stones varying in height from five to seven teen feet; the number of which, at no extravagant computation, must have consisted of at least ten thousand,\* and the whole width of the avenues varies from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet. In connection with it, we find two perfect tumuli, one near Crukenbo, the other near Kerdescant, with the ruin of a third not far from Kerzerho, besides the very large one near Carnac, on which a chapel is built dedicated to St. Michael; one curvilinear area, near Le Maenec, with traces of a second; two kistvaens, the table stone of one of which is thirteen feet long, and eight feet wide; of the other, fifteen feet long, ten wide, and four feet thick; besides natural mounds, on all which one or more cromlechs are placed. Taking all these things into consideration, we may well join with Godfrey Higgins in saying that this monument "certainly sets all history, and almost (!) all theory at defiance."

From this account of it we can excuse our readers even if they indulge a little incre-

\* This is according to the computation of M. Sauvagère, a French engineer, who estimated the number of stones between Le Maenec and Kerdescant at four thousand, the distance between the two places being 2 1/4 miles; if then the stones were uniformly disposed, the whole number would be above ten thousand. Many have been used to build the chateaus of Kergonant, Plouharnel and Du Lac. Cottages and walls, and perhaps the village of Carnac, have been formed from its stores. Mr. Deane was told by a man at Auray, the master of the Hotel-en-bas, that from 1500 to 2000 had been removed between Carnac and St. Barbe.



duity. We ourselves plead guilty to the charge; for when Monsieur Loroy was describing it with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, we could not help thinking that the obliging and gentlemanly prefect was at least painting it somewhat poetically. But on visiting the monument, all doubt and misgiving was swallowed up in surprise and astonishment. Those of our readers who may wish for a very detailed account of the whole of this monument, may consult volume xxv. of the *Archæologia*, where a beautiful plan is given by the Rev. J. B. Deane, from a survey made under his own inspection. From this paper we shall make two extracts, one describing the view from a mound about three-quarters of a mile from Kerzerho, the other, the description of a stone, the fourteenth of the monument situated on the road from E. deven to Carnac.\* Speaking of the former, Mr. Deane says,—

"I cannot imagine a scene more interesting. A heathen temple surviving the storms of at least two thousand years, retaining for the space of eleven furlongs almost its original unity, and the whole spread out like a picture at the spectator's feet, while each extremity points to a distant Christian church (those of Erdeven and Carnac), built perhaps out of the ruins of some portion of this once magnificent temple: a lake below, the sea beyond, barren plains and rocky hills, form a combination of art, nature, and religion, which cannot be regarded by a contemplative mind without feelings of peculiar pleasure."—*Archæologia*, vol. xxv. p. 217.

Upon the sloping surface of the stone, to which we have alluded—

"There is an artificial cavity, having every appearance of being designed to receive the body of a human victim preparatory to sacrifice. There is, however, another stone exactly similar, and more distinctly marked, and perfect, upon a rock altar, on the east side of the Lake of La Trinité, at a short distance from the path leading from the ferry to Lochmariaker. Lying down upon the stone, I found that the shoulders were received by a cavity just sufficient to contain them; while the neck reclining in a narrow trench, was bent over a small ridge, and the head descended into a deep, circular groove beyond it. From the narrow trench which received the neck, was chiselled a small channel down the inclined plane of the stone. This being on the left side of the recumbent victim, was well adapted to carry off the blood which flowed from the jugular vein. A person lying in these cavities is quite helpless, and in such a position a child may sacrifice the strongest man.

Cæsar and Strabo\* both speak of the homicidal sacrifices of the Celtic nations. The latter describes with pictorial effect the chief Druidess cutting the throats of the victims one after the other, and receiving the trickling blood in basins, and pronouncing omens according to the manner in which the stream flowed."

Extraordinary and immense as the monument at Carnac is, no record whatever exists to show its object and design. The Breton peasants preserve a tradition, taught perhaps by the first preachers of Christianity among them, that these stones represent a heathen army which pursued St. Cornelius, because he had renounced paganism, and that being hemmed in and unable to escape, he had recourse to prayer, upon which they all were turned into stones. Others have ascribed it to the work of supernatural dwarfs, who to show their own strength, compared with the feebleness of ordinary men, brought the stones from the neighbouring quarries, and fixed them where they are. With others Cæsar was the architect. Some who view all ancient monuments, the object of which is buried in oblivion, as connected with astronomy, believe that the parallelitha represent the eleven signs of the primitive zodiac. Mr. Deane, in an extremely interesting book on the Divine worship of the Serpent, is of opinion that it was a Dracontium, or Temple dedicated to the serpent; and supposes its windings to represent the sinuosities of the reptile's path.

He remarks in the paper in the *Archæologia* already quoted,

"The sinuosities are evidently designed, and not accidental. In many places the ground is so level that it might easily have been carried on in a straight line, had straight lines only been required. But even in the levels, the deviations are frequent; and in other places hills are ascended which might not only have been avoided, but which are actually out of course."

The last hypothesis which we shall mention is that of Godfrey Higgins.

"I take the liberty of suggesting, whether it may not have been used as an instrument to mark the passing years, like the Etrurian nails. May it not have been made when the Bull with his horn opened the vernal year, and the instrument itself have been formed at first of a number of stones, equal to what the Druids suppose to be the number of years, which had passed from the creation or any other grand epoch, as tradition says (?) they annually added a stone to it."†

\* Among the stones of the monument near Carnac, the botanist may find the *Lobelia urens* in great abundance.

\* Strabo, tom. 1, p. 451, B. Casaubon, Amstel. 1707.

† Higgins' Celtic Druids, LXXXVIII; Anacalypsis, vol. i., p. 340.

Whatever may have been its object, there it now stands, the wonder of the world. And we feel some, we hope, pardonable pride, that Mr. Deane, an Englishman, should have been the first to survey it as it deserves, and to hand down to posterity a full and correct plan of it. We think that even in this brief notice we have said enough to satisfy our readers that Brittany is well worthy of the full investigation of the Celtic antiquary. And we wish that some zealous, well informed, but not visionary traveller, would devote the same attention to the other parts of Morbihan, which Mr. Deane has given to Carnac, and to the neighbourhood of Lochmariaker. A little inconvenience he must make up his mind to bear, from a want of some of those things which he has been accustomed perhaps to consider as necessary to his comfort; but he will find a people, kind, simple-hearted, reserved indeed, but perfectly willing to render him any service in their power; while from the authorities he will meet with the greatest attention, and the promptest readiness to assist him in his researches. Time is of course gradually working his slow progress of decay with these monuments, but the wanton hand of man is far more destructive. As the only records of the earliest traces of civilisation in Europe, and of the earliest worship of our common ancestors, it would be matter of great regret not to possess the most accurate accounts, the most minute details of them, and glad should we be if any remarks of ours should lead to so desirable and to so good a result.

ART. VIII.—*Industrie Française. Rapports sur l'Exposition de 1839.*—(French Manufactures. Reports on the Exhibition of 1839.) By J. B. A. M. Jobard. Paris, 1841.

M. JOBARD commences his labours with a flattering dedication to the King of the Belgians on the immense progress of art in Belgium, and especially her railroads. These encomiums certainly appear well merited by the nation; but the king has in reality very little to do with the matter. This writer, in an introduction of great merit, next proceeds to contrast ancient and modern inventions, in which his tendencies naturally lead him to immensely exaggerated statements of the power of the latter; and an enumeration of the progress of manufactures in France then follows. We shall proceed step by step with

these stages of the introduction, and then lay before our readers such topics from his review of the Exposition of 1839 in Paris as may command general interest. It is with us matter of deep regret that something similar and equally comprehensive in its objects with the Exposition in France does not exist in England and Belgium, for the Society of Arts is, alas, a poor approximation to it, and is nearly unknown to the country at large. Such an exhibition of the entire progress in arts and manufactures of the country, opening the eyes of the public to the value of an article, possessing them with right notions on the important question of its production, either at a lower rate, or of superior quality or duration, constituting a check on the extortionate tradesman, encouraging the industry of our artizans also by proportionate rewards, would at least be as edifying a spectacle as the Smithfield show of fat oxen, sheep, and pigs. The intimate knowledge acquired of the value and improved process of manufacture, the close inspection into the gradual progress of art, the ingenious devices to attain particular objects, the immense impetus given to the thinking principle, and the resources which chemistry especially is everywhere displaying, could not but produce amongst our countrymen results of the highest importance to civilisation. But we must not hope, we fear, especially under present circumstances, that England will receive any intuition towards bettering her social condition from France; nor, we fear, is France likely to amend her still more numerous defects by the example of England. The proper interest of each country appears likely to be buried in the turmoil of military preparations, and their relative retardation in improvement will be of course in proportion to the years consumed on belligerent matters. War is the bane to civilisation among the equally civilized, though the sword may become the propagator of science in the case of inequality of natural endowments. M. Jobard falls foul at the onset of the Greeks, denying to them even the name of industrious: certainly to no ancient nation could he have done less injury by such an observation. Since, were we to describe a nation whose technical skill appears far in advance of the surrounding powers, we should assign this honour to them. Even Juvenal, though he charged them with quackery, admits their varied talents.

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes, Augur, schenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit."

Costume, dice, needles, pins, combs, all fall under one sweeping censure. Yet M. Jobard might remember that the cogged dice

found in Pompeii would seem to indicate, in the second article at least, considerable mechanical skill; and, when we consider that the needle is a quotation, and a fair one, of high excellence in art, needing the rare combinations of temper, sharpness, pliancy, in a most wondrously small compass, and that, probably, that fatal implement wielded in the time of that martyr to good housewifery, who is reported to have died by its prick, scarce matched the Greek, the boasted modern improvement seems rather questionable. We are, we confess, of that unpopular class that lean to periods of revival and decline:

"Alter erit tunc Tiphys. et altera quæ vehat Argo  
Delectos herosas: erunt etiam altera bella,  
Atque iterum Troje magnus mittetur Achilles."

We admit the clumsiness of much of what is Greek; we know the ancients did not possess the principle that velocity may supersede power. The cannon ball surpasses their battering ram. But we cannot think the screw of Archimedes so low an invention as M. Jobard appears to rate it. If not a water mill, it at least is a valuable instrument for the raising of water, and he who reduced the quadrature of the circle to the determination of the ratio between the diameter and circumference, at least deserves respectful mention by those who have as yet never trisected the obtuse angle, nor arrived at the duplicature of the cube after a trial of 2,000 years. The clock we allow to be one of the most superb trophies of modern invention, though clockwork was probably known to Homer; but the clepsydra might be adjusted with some accuracy. We are pleased to find M. Jobard allowing to the ancients at least praise for their pottery; that of Egypt has never been rivalled, and probably never will; and Wedgwood has to acknowledge every excellence in his varied art to Etruscan vases, and might even improve his elegant shapes by some yet resting in the collection, the unsold collection, of Athanasi, which contains vases perfectly novel, even to eyes long accustomed to Greek and Egyptian forms. The woven wind of Juvenal is also no inelegant description of thin and exquisite workmanship in linen if not silk. The quotation of Epaminondas, in proof of the paucity of dresses of the ancients, we think unlucky as an illustration, first as a Theban, next as a poor man, not being the first of the latter unhappy genus who has been confined to his bed while his clothes have been in the suds. From the days of Robert of Normandy these crosses have alighted on both gentle and simple, suzerain and villain, when the auri sacra fames was on them, but ungratified. There is, too, another circumstance, that the appli-

cations of all nations have been invariably to particular branches, whether in literature, art, or manufacture. M. Jobard concedes to Greece the mastership in philosophy, literature, architecture, and sculpture, and to us the humble office of being scholars and imitators in these branches; but he exclaims they never discovered printing, steam, powder, spinning, railroads, gas lights, double sluices, balloons, the telegraph, post, compass and America, chemistry, anatomy, surgery, algebra, descriptive geometry, the decimal system, geology, statistics, notes, fountains of type, zinc, platina, nickel, mirrors, and coals, heliography, galvanism, felt, fire-ships, the cutting of the diamond, the telescope, the microscope, the rotundity of the earth, and all that exists upon its surface.

Arago would except steam from the above, which was known, he considers, to the ancient Egyptians. Railroads, also, we are prepared to contend are ancient, or, at least, questionable: gas we concede.

Balloons also, but the flight of Dædalus looks wondrous like aerostation. The telegraph, the post, the compass (yet the properties of the magnet were known), though not applied to naval tactics, and the singular story of Abaris carried on an arrow round the world, Herodot. 4, 35, seems to hint at the compass in his ship, and he is also represented as *divining* by the arrow. The ships of Alcinous, which were animated by such an intelligence that they needed not on the darkest night to stay their way, look wonderfully like compass-steered vessels. Jamblichus also tells us of Abaris, that Pythagoras stole from him the golden arrow with which he directed his way; probably, simply a gilded magnet. China has been acquainted with the compass from remotest time. When shall we have a history of this singular people from a competent judge of their language, and a deep antiquarian and orientalist?

America is questionable, for who peopled her? If the antiquity of Mexican remains attain the tenth of what has been claimed for them, their origin would induce a belief of a navigation of higher power than the ancient trireme, and yet where did not the Phœnicians penetrate, even with that simple style of naval architecture only? In chemistry the Egyptians, however, could not have been unskilled; and the atomic theory, its great triumph, is, most probably, of a highly remote antiquity. Anatomy, as far as outward observation of the just configuration of the muscles, the Elgin marbles prove; and the Egyptian could not be ignorant of the same, since even embalming must have led to some proximate causes highly favourable to far

ther investigation. The simple surgery of Homer could not be much amended on the battle plain. Algebra is the clear production of the Arabians. The Diophantine problems have certainly worked our brains for one of Granta's children, and the mutilated form in which they remain contained evidently higher points than even these, which however carry us to the simple quadratic. Our triumph here with what is lost, not before us, even in this single writer, is not so highly eminent or perfectly conclusive. In mixed geometry we possess unquestionable advance, but in the pure our progress is exceedingly low. Decimals, and to these might have been added logarithms, are a great step assuredly. Geology has to attain fixity before it can much advantage us. It requires also such a combination of excellences to form the perfect geologist, that we doubt extremely whether the conclusions of this science will be trustworthy for some time. Statistics were followed to a limited extent compared with our own researches, and the philanthropy of statistics, a principle originated by Christianity, is certainly the unique product of our æra. The bill of exchange, the product of Jewish invention, possibly the result of persecution, which induced them to give money this shadowy shape, must have been known to the Phœnician in all countries. He could not have used gold or silver in all cases, and barter must have quickly led to bills of parcels, and these to bills of exchange or something analogous. Printing with moveable types is the greatest modern discovery, and may certainly be considered purely modern, always excepting block printing, which, as we have recently shown, is of the remotest antiquity. Zinc, platinum, and nickel, the evidence in favour of these, is extremely doubtful as points of discovery confined to the moderns. Glass the Egyptians manufactured in vast profusion, but certainly do not seem to have applied it to mirrors. Coals are very questionable. Theophrastus certainly mentions *αὐρανοὶς αἰνῶν*, cap. 136. Heliography, perfectly unique, of slight value, but curious in physical fact, since writing with sunbeams up to the present age has been rather a fanciful allusion than a living reality. Of Galvanism we do not possess any knowledge sufficiently accurate to enable us to state the extent of ancient information; but the probability is that it was unknown in the galvano-plastic form.

With respect to electricity, it is clear that Numa possessed the art attributed to Franklin of eliciting the lightning from the clouds, whence arose the worship of Jupiter Elicius; and that Tullus Hostilius, less happy in his

practical knowledge than his predecessor, perished by a similar death to that of Reichman in his trial of Franklin's experiments. It was through a failure in his physical process that Hostilius perished, his war-hand was out of practice in philosophy. Livy says, lib. i., 31, "*Ipsam regem tradunt volentem commentarios Numæ cum ibi quædam occulta solemnia sacrificia Jovi Elicio facta invenisset operatum his sacris se abdidisse: sed non rite initum aut curatum id sacrum esse; nec solum nullam ei oblatam speciem sed ira Jovis sollicitati prava religione fulmine ictum cum domo conflagrasse.*"

Felt we fully concede as far as known. Fire-ships also.

Diamond cutting, probably not known; yet the perfection of the ancient intaglio seems to presume great excellence in working a material very nearly approaching in hardness this precious stone. The telescope, purely modern we believe, but still difficult to conceive as such in anything like a long progress of ages. The microscope, modern inventor unknown; but instruments somewhat analogous must have been in use in those minute works of the Ilias shut up in a nut-shell, and the ivory ants of Callicrates, so minute that others could not distinguish their members, which appear to indicate high artificial resources; and even the powers assigned to the Nauscopite of the Mauritius seem scarce superior to his who could number the galleys issuing from the harbour of Carthage at Lilybæum, distant 125 miles. The mighty inventor of the burning lenses had doubtless drawn the deduction as to their other powers; and if so, the microscope is but a brief remove. The rotundity of the earth was certainly known by the Hebrews; and, we conceive, was a doctrine of very remote antiquity, familiar to the Babylonian calculator of eclipses, and Thales, who predicted a solar eclipse. It is somewhat surprising in the above enumeration, that the electrical telegraph should not have been specified, and the whole reasoning of M. Jobard is the reverse of his expressed opinion. He maintains the direct negative on this question, and conceives that we have to relearn what was once known to the ancients, and that most modern discoveries are the simple reaction of principles that formerly prevailed. Probably this is paradoxical as a general principle; but it is true in numerous individual instances assuredly, and should somewhat humble the arrogant pretensions of the moderns, who, whether in the Battle of the Books or Sciences, maintain an empire of very inferior extent compared to the enormous proportion to the past claimed by

themselves. M. Jobard appears to appeal triumphantly in favour of modern progress, to the impossible case of civilisation being checked; but does the reign of the Czar over Paris appear an event less improbable in the chapter of accidents than Alaric at Rome? Would the city of the modiste and the mantua-maker, the cuisinier and the restaurateur, remain, then, in all its exquisite refinement? It would retrograde assuredly in these points and numerous others; for no ambitious state, no highly belligerent power, no empire that has universal rule for its object, can attend highly to the arts and sciences. Virgil says of his countrymen,—

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera :  
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus :  
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus  
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent :  
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

And so it must be. Ambition knows no rival in the heart: she may pride herself on statues and pictured trophies of her victories; the arts may be invoked to embellish them and perpetuate; but this is placing them in a false position—they should be loved for their own lustre, not for transmitted light. On this principle, had Charlemagne been as ignorant as M. Jobard, on the erroneous statements of Gibbon, supposes, to us it had not been wondrous in the king of the Romans; but the pupil of Alcuin could assuredly write. Eginhard, the very authority appealed to in proof of this monstrous assertion, informs us that Charlemagne wrote the history of the ancient kings in verse; and Lambecius declares that the imperial library still contains a MS. corrected by the hand of Charlemagne himself. Accounts, too, vary most wondrously, if M. Jobard be right, who states that the people and the priests were clothed in skins wild as the Cossacks, and that on days of ceremony they simply threw over them a covering of linen, surplice (*superpelles*.) We doubt this statement excessively; since we find Clovis so struck with the external pomp of the Roman Church, with the splendid apparel and ceremonies at his baptism, that he simply demands, and manifests certainly no small ignorance in the question, whether what he saw was the kingdom of God, which had been promised him. No, replies the eloquent St. Remi, it is but the beginning of the road which conducts thither. We fully concede the question of the opposition of the chivalric spirit to the handicraft or serf, simply the Roman and the servile revived, and therefore but the adumbration of the above theory. Years roll on, and monarchs rose amid them. Louis XI. and Henry IV., found the value of other pursuits as well as

military matters. To the latter monarch France is indebted for her carpets, glass after the pattern of the Venetian, and the digging of her mines. Colbert created an amazing influx in the operative principle. In cloth France even equalled Spain and Holland; in lace, Brabant; in silk she vied with Italy, and in the loom with Flanders. As to the great project of this minister, the canal of Languedoc, Vauban declared he would sacrifice all that he had done to be the author of that superb work of art. M. Jobard considers, however, that this great minister confined the mechanical ingenuity too closely by his regulations as to the companies of what we should call the merchant guild. The constraint exercised in consequence when a discovery partook of various crafts, and the compulsion on the inventor to affiliate himself to each at ruinous cost, made labour become a simple duty question. In 1791, the abolition of merchant companies gave greater freedom, and a patentee right, which was joyously received by the heavily taxed artisan. This principle of the patentee, however, produced, both in France and England, correspondent evils. Like Morrison, with his pills of death in this country, numerous quacks possessed themselves of the law of patent. Our author proposes to get rid of empiricism by a brevet among the guilds; but this, we fear, whether in the medical profession, which is incompetent by its influence to suppress quackery, or in mechanic art, would be equally unsuccessful. The world is opposed to monopolies, even when they work it good, which they occasionally do. The party most to be dreaded and most hostile to industrious mechanical art, is the capitalist, who, availing himself of the tremendous power which the use of the cylinder has afforded him, forms certainly a check to many advances and improvements, although at times he aids them for selfish reasons, and for the maintenance of enormous gains. With instances of this kind the political economist must deal, and their exposure will be nearly equal in the main to their legislative abolition. The policy of France at the present instant is sensibly indicated to her by Jobard. He tells her to investigate her state, to improve her internal resources, and that, whatever be her power, she is no match for *all the world*; that though she likes progress, she values military progress too high; that intellectual glory is a prize she has yet to reach; and if France has not learnt this lesson, that it will soon be read to her in lines which time will never efface; in effect, the complete denationalism of France must be the result of her present plans. War drove her on her own internal resources; her chemists supplied her

with saltpetre, sugar, indigo, leather, and even arms, we might say. The Directory ordered the first Exposition of manufactures in France: it only lasted three days; and even that small space abundantly sufficed for the few objects meriting attention. The second took place in 1801, on which occasion one solitary bronze medal was issued. In 1802 the first piece of French muslin made its appearance, which was pronounced by the examining committee to be English. The year 1804 produced higher developments. Three Expositions, which furnished a vast number of exquisite ornaments for the churches, took place on the Restoration. In 1818, 1823, 1827, evident indications of great advances in woollens, metallurgy, and mechanical combination, appeared, and Ternaux produced his celebrated cachemires. The Exposition of the year 1834 as far surpassed all the previous as the one M. Jobard treats excelled even that period. Deeply is it to be regretted, as he justly remarks, that, from present appearances, it will not be exceeded by the next, since anarchy and war are not favourable to the progress of honest industry. The following are the views entertained by Villermé on the use of machines, to which Jobard owns himself a convert. First, that it is impossible to do without them if a nation keep in the van of civilisation; secondly, that they bring in greater manual labour eventually, though they may disturb the course of it for a time, which he instances in the manufacture of Tulle in England, which now employs 200,000 workmen, while by manual labour only 2000 found occupation. Thirdly, the elevation of man from the brutal state to the intellectual, the engine becoming the motor agent instead of the man.

Still as the same writer justly argues, the large capitalists produce extensive evils: 1st. the passage from the state of the labourer to the employer becomes daily more rare; 2dly. the capitalist is also necessarily more estranged in his feelings from his workmen, than in that period when he dined with them, and treated them more on an equality; 3dly. the total extinction of that powerful bond that once united two classes, the agriculturist and manufacturer, by the diminution of the number of the small landowners, who maintained themselves on the soil with the aid of some handicraft employment. The fearful battle at present waging in England, the senseless declamation against the corn laws, all partake of the monopolising spirit, which operates from the master to the man, neither understanding that in ruining the farmer they ruin themselves; and that it is only by a balance of interests, impartially

held, that both estates can expect to mutually benefit each other. Mechanical production, by throwing enormous masses into the market, certainly works to the fearful issue of the crisis in commerce, which manifests itself with alarming frequency, and which appears to return by almost a regular law. Such are in substance the remarks on the use of machinery, the "pour" and "contre:" we now pass to another subject, the reward due to the inventive faculty. The following remark is equally sound and forcible: "We do not hesitate to declare our belief, that the country which shall first place on the same footing thought materialized in machinery, and the creative faculty in books—which shall bestow on inventors the same privileges as authors, will soon become dominant over the other nations, and by a far surer process than war." Our author deprecates most forcibly the brief continuance of patents for simply five, ten, or fifteen years—just enough in some instances to show the way to their successors. Arago held the crude notion at one period, that long patents were a check to the free development of industry; the following remarks convinced him of the unsoundness of the principle:

"Invention is civilisation: the inventor is the author of all the combinations that God has not made; he is the continuer of His work, the promoter of all advancement. The inventor is the first man in the world; for he makes something out of nothing, gives a value to what was valueless, motion to inert masses, power to weakness. Watt, in imprisoning steam in a cylinder, has given England fifty millions of hands: nature had not furnished her with this immense appliance. All which exists on this side of brute nature is the work of invention. Inventors seek out and find new processes, simplify mechanism, diminish bodily labour, shorten distances, explain phenomena, subdue the elements, and transmit them tractable and powerful into the hands of men. They are the head and soul of a nation; without them there can be neither progress, nor riches, nor power. The country which possesses the most of them, renders its neighbours tributary and subservient to itself. Other nations will buy its books, pictures, designs, colours, stuffs; they will require also its laws, regulations, plans; they will visit its monuments, depositories, schools—for all this is so much invention. Mind works equally in the arrangement of a chart or a poem, a picture or an art; while one genius combines parts of machinery, another arranges hemistichs and rhymes, lines and colours, black and white. The people which have no contriving powers are savage, and they remain so until the inventor civilizes them. Cadmus, Triptolemus, Oannes, Moses, Mahomet, Leibnitz, were inventors (we might feel disposed to except the two last). An idea is the property of him who first possesses it. It belongs to him, were it only by the natural

right of the first occupant. He has the power to promulgate or to conceal it. It belongs to him with a juster title than the field or the forest, which may be inherited; for if you had neither your field nor forest, another would enjoy it; you have not made them, but the inventor has made his discovery.

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"Every invention or importation constitutes an addition to the common stock, since it will employ workmen, make things useful, revive commerce and industry, bring in foreign capitalists, or prevent our own from going to seek other products elsewhere. The office of patents ought to be simply the body corporate of inventions! A patent there deposited, is nothing else than fixing a determined date, which ought not to cost more than the inscription of the birth of a child. Inventors and importers, who place their industry under the protection which the law offers them, have then a right to the protection and to the encouragement of every government which comprehends its own interests, and those of the people whom it governs; it would be shameful to deprive them of it in countries where alien laws and confiscations are abolished. The smaller a country is, the more ought it to offer facilities and attractions to inventors, in order to induce them to endow it with their industry. If they only find dislike and opposition on the part of the rulers, not only do they retire, but even the inhabitants themselves of that very country convey the product of their own industry where it meets with encouragement; for it must be allowed that the successful alone have a country, all other persons are cosmopolites."

M. Jobard next proceeds to show that those countries which have earliest recognized the property of thought, have been the most successful in civilisation and prosperity. Thus in 1423, England fixed her law of patents; in 1790, the United States and France; in 1812, Prussia and Russia; in 1817, the Low Countries, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg; in 1820, Austria and Italy; then Spain, Portugal, and the two Sicilies; and lastly, Turkey, Persia, and India, which have no law of this character, have no discoveries save in some trifling matters, and remain in their middle-age position, a prey by their credulity to the alchemist, astrologer, gipsy, Jew, vending throughout their nostrums, their infallible elixirs—beguiling alike prince and peasant. M. Jobard seems to be of opinion, that the abolishment of the law of copyright with the author, engraving with the painter, cast with the sculptor, and patents with the inventor, will bring us back to this period. This is somewhat hard to credit, but it will assuredly injure all these noble spirits, and retard the progress of civilisation; art will become again a *mystery*, if there be not protection for the discoverer of new appliances to aid her objects. The consequence of this

neglect of public enrolment will be, that with the inventor they will perish, or, at least, very frequently. The ancient purple, Naples yellow, malleable glass, nielli,\* painting on glass, and many other discoveries, have shared this sad destiny. Still with the ennobling spirit of modern invention, with inventors thoroughly imbued with high sentiments of the beneficial influence of their discoveries on mankind, this vaticination; we trust, will not be realized.

The portions of the Exposition that M. Jobard has touched upon in the present volume are, first, steam engines, next flax and spinning engines, paper, metallurgy, and lastly, sounding. With respect to the first, France still retains her *penchant* for oscillating engines instead of fixed. We have oscillation on the centre of the cylinder, on its base, vertical, horizontal, &c. Passing the oscillating engine of MM. Derosne and Cail, and the rotatory engine of Pecqueur, we proceed to consider that of M. Pelletan, which is unquestionably entitled to great praise on the ground of economy of fuel, giving only four kilogrammes per hour to produce a one-horse power. The public are already familiarized with the celebrated pamphlet of M. Andraud, and the application of air as a locomotive agent in the room of steam. The splendid hypothesis of Berkeley on the non-existence of matter, scarcely appears to surpass M. Andraud, who speaks of muscular labour as already terminated. Undoubtedly, the skill of engineers has greatly increased the motor agency of man, but still we may entertain reasonable doubts as to such a consummation, for some time at least. The engines of M. Pelletan do not exceed 20-horse power. Still the French seem to attach a value to these engines which, we fear, time will not confirm. The machine in question can, however, move with a pressure equal to fifteen or twenty atmospheres, while the engines with a piston do not in general work under higher pressure than five or six atmospheres. Air, we all know, can become dilated, and acquire a strong elastic force at a very small expense of combustion. One kilogramme of coals can raise 10,000 litres of air at 1000° of temperature. This source of power would be preferable to steam, which cannot bear anything like this elevation. The speed of these engines is spoken of as twenty leagues per hour. Such engines, when applied to vessels, possess the advantage of less ponderosity, and require neither

\* An error, as we have shown in a previous Article, No. 52.

chimneys nor boilers. With all these advantages, we fear the principle is too fine, too scientific, to admit of the same general application. We shall now proceed to the flame engine of Galli Cazala. When this professor presented himself before the Academy of Sciences, he declared that money expended on steam was thrown away, and that he possessed the means, at a sixth of the expense, of obtaining all its power, clear of its difficulties and dangers. The professor is assuredly greatly wanted in this country, where the revolting number of accidents from steam, will, we fear, induce the public to prefer an inferior locomotive agency, unless railways can be made less disastrous.

The name of "Flame Engine" is certainly not incorrect, as applicable to this invention, since its boiler only contains flame and gases, produced by the combustion of coal in the compressed air. The fire, hermetically closed, is fed with air by a pump at the command of the engine itself. The more the air is compressed the stronger the combustion. The part of the air not employed in combustion acquires rapidly a double volume, as well as the azote, carbonic acid, oxide of carbon and other gases produced by combustion. The heated gases mingle in a great reservoir, where a great part only of the ashes and black smoke deposit themselves. It is in this reservoir that it obtains the elastic combination used to raise a piston of immense bulk. The engine has great defects, but the inventor has subdued many of them, and it is well worthy of deep consideration. Galli Cazala himself has demanded from the Academy the severest possible scrutiny into the accuracy of his invention. King William felt great interest in this discovery, and intended to drain the lake of Haarlem with the engine, but difficulties occurred which prevented this trial of its powers. The great advantage in this engine is, its perfect freedom from danger. We next proceed to the simple engine of M. Rouffet, patronized by that Mæcenas of artisans, Baron Seguiet. Compactness and utility are its distinguishing features. A small boiler, with a cylindrical fire-box, in which is plunged the motor cylinder, then a winding tube chimney in the boiler, abutting on the ventilator or Erickson aspirator. Place the whole on four small wheels, and you will have a moveable steam engine without chimney, applicable to all rustic labours,—to building, digging, draining of canals, felling of timber, &c. This artist and M. Bourdon have resolved the following problem. Construct a machine of from one to four-horse power, which may be placed easily as a stove in a workshop, without the neighbours being

alarmed or complaining of it as a nuisance. In passing forward we regret to perceive that the establishment at Creuzat is now enabled to form locomotive engines without even the fire-box from England. The engine of Deridder may be considered also an epoch in mechanical history. Its weight is only five tons, including the tender. The artist has suppressed four wheels. The piston gives 220 blows per minute, in lieu of 180, the greatest swiftness of ordinary engines. It obtains, from holding its steam, three kinds of speed, according to the need required. Ordinary locomotives weigh twelve or fifteen tons; each waggon three or four. It will convey 70 or 100 persons; but as the passages to and fro can be multiplied, this is perhaps no detriment, but better than the heavier and fewer passages usually undertaken. The inventions next submitted—for the French are a far more timid nation than the English, who endure exploitation with perfectly Dutch or Russian equanimity—are safety apparatus for steam boilers; and we are satisfied that nothing short of condemning the engineers to be placed, like the inventor of the brazen bull, in their own boilers occasionally, will stop this, or, as a minimum, boiling one hour per diem for a twelvemonth, to be inflicted on the operative engineer.

We regret that we cannot enter into the details of the furnace of M. Barthelemy, admirable for its economy, and though we do not object to those immense edifices, called by a French poet "cathedrals of industry," we shall be happy to get free from the sight of them, and to see combustion carried on without infecting an entire city, as at present, with the breath from these immense colossi, who appear, like the Titans, constantly breathing flame from their hundred mouths, polluting our towns with their noxious smoke and deleterious fluids. M. Jobard appears to view with great satisfaction the novel method with the chain employed on our Blackwall railway with locomotive engines, and he pays the English the following honourable tribute:—"The English will doubtless examine this cord principle thoroughly; for we must allow that in England alone is money spent to obtain important results: everywhere else inventors and inventions are left to perish in all the anguish of abortive offspring." The steam boiler of M. Beslay and the Baron Seguiet come next in order. To this last we shall give some attention, regarding, as we do, its noble author still more than his exquisite invention, which is however the most useful production, probably, of the entire Exposition. "With this nobleman there exists," says M. Jobard, "no trace of envy nor



jealousy, but a noble, beneficent spirit to all engaged in the chymical art. Whenever he perceives an attentive workman, he extends to him his patronage. He can appreciate the watching, trials, patience and genius to produce the smallest discovery; he knows, by experience, how many plunges a man must make into the unexplored abyss, and how many empty oysters he must bring to the surface, before he can meet with a pearl of price. He alone knows their anguish, appreciates their suffering, and does them justice."

The Baron Seguier has invented the first boiler in which an attempt has been made to produce the circulation of the water by the difference of temperature. It only occupies a fourth of the space required for others; its tubes are riveted, and can be wrought with ordinary skill. M. Jobard calls this invention the "*pivot of French industry*." This distinguished invention is only breveted to France, though applications were made to Messrs. Newton and Berry for England; but the perfection of English work so far surpassed the French, that it was considered useless as an attempt; it will in consequence be probably anticipated by the boiler of Mr. A. Perkins. This gentleman's plan consists in applying some modification of the hot water apparatus he has so long used with unexampled success for warming buildings. Mr. A. Perkins has had one of twelve-horse power at work for eighteen months, and another of forty-horse power for five months, and is at the present moment extensively engaged in manufacturing them. The advantages are perfect safety from explosion, a great saving of space and weight, amounting to one-half, and some economy of fuel. Mr. A. Perkins has obtained a patent in France, and has made arrangements for introducing them into that country.

With respect to the next point, spinning.—The house of Marshall, of Leeds, works up 18,000 pounds of flax per diem, whilst the largest firms of France scarcely arrive at 500 or 600. Leeds is not alone; Preston, Dundee, Aberdeen, Belfast, all contain vast establishments, and another is also establishing in Leeds. Marshall will soon double his power of productiveness, and while France and Belgium make one step England can easily make twenty, so that only a rest on her part for a long term of years will ever place these nations on a level with her. Were we to take Marshall's house and the largest firm in France, the ratio is but 36 : 1, and this is constantly increasing on the part of England, who supplies her own consumption and the Continent's also by these gigantic appliances.

In the importation of flax, France has increased 30,000,000 francs during the last year, but this is only at the rate of the annual manufacture of one English house, Marshall, alone.

No less than 3,348 exhibitionists in spinning machines and manufactures appear in the Exposition of 1839. The French government, in 1814, manifested extreme bad faith with respect to these engines for spinning flax. Napoleon had offered a reward of one million francs to the inventor of a machine for spinning it. A clever mechanic, named Gerard, contrived to spin an extremely fine flax, which he sent to the government, expecting to receive the reward by return of post. But he was deeply disappointed to learn that they required a finer number still. "I could easily have effected this," said the workman, who himself told the anecdote; "but this effort would only have been attended by the demand for a still finer manufacture, until I had arrived at the thinness of the spider's web, and yet I should not have touched my million."

The object of the government was simply to promote the efforts of the industrious artisan, but with no intention of offering to him any recompense. M. Jobard enters under this head into a long dissertation on the impolicy of the English government, in not permitting at one period the exportation of machinery; but with respect to the steam engine this is surely not wrong. Let the Continent purchase as many as it may, they soon become useless, for their work is not good enough to repair them in their smallest details, and were it not for the English workman raising his hammer against his country, they might be exported ad libitum, for recurrence must perpetually be had to England for their repair and constant supply. The French are totally incompetent to work, to repair, or to make engines. Their spinning engines, however numerous, scarce merit attention, and we proceed to our next head, paper.

We pass the early observations of our author, and proceed to his first notice of paper made of dung. A single horse can furnish easily a kilogramme per day; a barrack of horse might provide a government with sufficient for its supply. Amid the succedaneums for rags, this is not the least ingenious; straw paper is next given, and two receipts for its manufacture, to which we refer our readers. The process of manufacturing paper of bamboo, as adopted in China, is also set forth; and further, from bark of trees, in the same country. The manufacture of a paper from reeds is strongly recommended to

public attention, and it appears that the banana gives a far more beautiful and strong texture than any that we can produce from rags. The importation of Chinese paper into France during three years, amounted to 7062 reams, or 139,240 francs.

Metallurgy is the next subject to which we have to direct attention. Nothing can more characterize the indolence of the French as to the resources of their own country, than the fact that a geologist discovered an iron mine in Brittany, which gave 60 per cent. of metal, and yet the inhabitants could not be induced to work it. M. Jobard takes the opportunity, however, of correcting the notion that Napoleon was supplied with his projectiles from British and not from French industry. The note of General Evain, on the materiel of Napoleon, is extremely curious. France, it appears, only commenced in 1800 the regular manufacture of projectiles, but was enabled in 1814 to supply all her exigencies from herself.

In the manufacture of copper France is making some progress. Imphy throws out sheets of immense magnitude. MM. Wilz, Stephan, and Oswald of Neiderbruck, have manifested great ingenuity in their articles. A method of hardening copper appears to be the great desideratum in its manufacture and application. Were this realized, war might be carried on as in the days of Homer, and other chieftains raise the brazen spear. The Egyptians unquestionably possessed this lost art, and worked with copper tools upon granite.

To steel the attention of the French has long been directed with considerable effect in articles of ornament, and also others. The tempering of it is treated with considerable power by Jobard, and we shall state all we consider important in his paper on this subject. With respect to what passes in the mysterious process of tempering steel, the facts are as follows:—A bar of steel, after having been tempered to its hardest pitch, being placed on red-hot iron or burning coals, undergoes chromatic changes, into straw colour, gold colour, purple, violet, dark blue, light blue, grey or watery hue. If we dip this bar in cold water while its surface undergoes one of these changes, the steel acquires different degrees of hardness corresponding to the hues above described. Skilful workmen judge by the eye of the degree of heat which their steel ought to receive before plunging it into water. They raise it to cherry-red heat, which gives it its highest hardness, and then withdraw it. It is not necessary that it receive its second hardening on coals, or in liquified metals, but in oil ;

for there is no hardening which requires a higher temperature than we obtain from boiling oil. Oil in a state of ebullition contains more heat than melting lead. Oil does not boil under 521 centigrade degrees, but lead melts at 312°, and pewter at 227°. M. Themar, of Brussels, tempers all his needles by burning oil. It is curious, but yet true, that a treatise on the tempering of steel is not to be found either in France or England. Electricity is involved in this process as in the formation of magnets, but the hardness acquired by steel at the instant of its cooling down, M. Jobard thinks, favours the crystallization of carbon, which would become diamond itself, were it pure from the interposition of iron. Taking water, however, at mean temperature, and steel at cherry-red, for our starting point, we shall obtain a temper harder or softer in proportion to the cold or heat. The immersion of steel at red heat in snow and ice is attended with excellent success, but very cold acidulated water has given greater hardness and stiff temper. Pure nitric acid renders steel brittle when we carry up the temperature to cherry-red, but if we dip as the steel reddens, the effect is excellent, according to Reaumur. And this principle of tempering at the lowest possible heat at which steel hardens is now getting greatly into use. Passing from the anvil to the hardening process, is completely disappearing in practice. If steel is immersed in mucous or soapy bodies, the temper is too tender, by reason of the steel surrounding itself with a mucous covering, which preserves the metal from immediate contact with water and softens the affection.

In Switzerland they temper their hatchets by passing them through grease before they plunge them into water. The joiners of this country temper their gouges and scissars by plunging them in mutton-fat ; others place oil over the water in which they plunge their steel. All this has no other effect than getting rid of harsh temper, as they call it. The scythes are heated at the forge, and in char coal, to a white heat ; they then dip them in a mixture of beef, mutton, and veal fat ; they clean them afterwards and pass them in the flame until they trace the bluish hue. This is a soft or retarding tempering. Workmen understand well that on surrounding a bit of steel with fat, and placing it on burning coals until it ignites, they obtain a good result generally. Practice has proved to them the degree of heat when oil takes fire, and also that which gives the retarding requisite for certain springs and steels. Cutlers do not wait so long ; they only stay until the oil smokes. A workman of Liege,

Brisart, is in possession of a superior temper for files. He sells them dearer, but they last four times as long as the others, and their remains, shortened as knives, are capable of cutting iron and copper without blunting their edge. The triangular files, for saws, or Raoul, are also capable of marking even the best English files. These workmen ought to be nationally recompensed and their secrets diffused. The trial to which the files of Raoul were submitted, appears to have been extremely fair. The English files whitened in seven distinct instances, while Raoul's were unchanged. It is affirmed, on the authority of Mr. Gill, that their manufacture is as follows, which we give, though Mr. Jobard does not mention it:—Two pounds of mutton suet, *not rendered*, but only chopped small, two pounds of hog's lard, two ounces of white arsenic, powdered. These being put into an iron vessel with a cover to it, must be boiled until a handful of mouse ear, *Hieracium pilocella*, fresh gathered, and which had been put into the mixture at first, shall become crisp and float on the surface of the liquor, a proof that all moisture is driven off. This operation, as well as quenching any article in it, in order to harden it, must be performed under the hood of a smith's forge-hearth, so as to carry off, as much as possible, the noxious arsenical fumes which arise, and the operator ought to close his mouth and nostrils to prevent his inhaling them. It is somewhat singular, but an air tempering is all that the celebrated Damascus, and we believe we might also add the Delhi, blades receive. The wonderful hangs over all Eastern actions, but here the assertion, that these celebrated sabres are tempered by cleaving the north wind with them, is not untrue. In the former, the sabre is simply brought to a red heat, and presented to an opening through which the air streams with great velocity, and the wondrous temper of these blades will enable them to cut into most European sabres without turning their edge. The Indians prepare a steel of admirable temper from the old iron hoops of barrels from Europe, which they bury to increase the oxydation, and to purge the metal, as they say. Their kreese or national poignard, as well as their sabres, are fashioned with much skill, and do not yield in hardness and elasticity to the Damascus blade.

An ancient Turkish legend relates, that one day a warrior being without arms for an ensuing combat, snatched from the forge a yatagan, red hot, and urged his horse to a gallop, flourishing the blade around his head, which air cleaving gave it an excellent temper. The material of the Damascus blade,

now much used by our own cutlers, the celebrated Wootz has conferred on our language the term *damask*, from the wavy character of this celebrated steel. The meteoric iron presents, when wrought, the same appearance. Tavernier states, that the steel susceptible of being *damasked* came from Golconda, obviously alluding to Delhi blades. Professor Crevelli has succeeded in an excellent imitation of these celebrated oriental sabres. We extract from the *Allgemeine Militar-Zeitung* his method.

"A long flat piece of malleable steel, of about one inch and a half in breadth, and one-eighth in thickness, is to be first bound with iron wire at intervals of one-third of an inch. The iron and steel to be then incorporated by welding, and repeated additions (from 10 to 20) of iron wire are made to the first portion, with which they must be finally amalgamated. This compound material is then to be stretched and divided into shorter lengths, to which, by the usual process of welding, grinding and tempering, any shape may be given. By filing semicircular grooves into both sides of the blade, and again subjecting it to the hammer, a beautiful roset-shaped Damascus is obtained; the material can also be made to assume any other form. The infusion by which the figures are made visible, is the usual one of aquafortis and vinegar."

These sabres have been submitted to the following severe tests—cutting off hobnails, which had been placed in great numbers behind each other; cuts upon a strong iron plate and many folds of cloth; horizontal blows upon a wooden table; and finally, like the celebrated Andrew Ferrara blades, powerful bending upon both sides. Out of two hundred and ten blades, examined by a military commission, and each of which was required to perform thrice on iron and twice against a flat wooden table, not a single one snapped or had its edge indented. In Prussia and Silesia an equally valuable manufacture exists. The process appears similar to the Andrew Ferrara, which probably obtained its excellence from the welding. Andrew Ferrara is said to have carried one of his blades wrapped in his bonnet. Elasticity and power of edge appear to be the common property of the Andrew Ferrara, the Damascus and Delhi blades, together with those at Milan manufactured under the direction of Professor Crevelli. Interlamination is probably the peculiar and yet unfathomed mystery. Andrew Ferrara is commonly supposed to have welded the blade of alternate layers, about two or three lines thick, of iron and steel, which approaches closely to Professor Crevelli's method.

With regard to air tempering, the rude method of the Asiatics ought certainly to

yield to the plan of M. Thillorier, who, by his apparatus for congelation, obtains a degree of cold  $100^{\circ}$  below zero. What then ought we not to expect from this method, if the quality of temper depends on being submitted to a low degree of cold? Thillorier, for thus discovering congelation of carbonic acid, has become a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He has announced his intention of liquifying atmospheric air.\* On the whole, however, it is more than probable that the entire secret of tempering consists, as Jobard appears to think, in the establishment of some method to heat equally the masses of steel in all their parts, and in the preparation of an oil bath raised to a temperature correspondent to that previously bestowed upon each mass. The masses might then be withdrawn, or left to cool in the oil. Cutlery, arms, carriage springs, might all be treated in this manner. The skill of some workmen, particularly those of Solingen, is now so expert, that they can temper swords and foils at a single essay. With respect to iron itself, the best comes from Sweden, the next from Belgium, and the third in quality from England.

*Lead.*—France and Belgium are poorly supplied, internally, with this valuable material. Brittany contains a mine of lead, from which Notredame was probably sheeted, but it is not worked. Silver was also a product of this mine, and, report says, in considerable quantities. England and Spain supply their wants. Belgium contains only one mine, Vedrin, and this, report says, exhausted. Fifteen millions of kilogrammes of lead are supplied to France, and one million to Belgium, from these sources. The working of either the French or Belgium mines is rendered completely nugatory by the immense quantity poured in at a lower rate from abroad, far below the price at which they can produce it from their own mines. M. Jobard, who is a man of peace, takes every opportunity of deprecating the use of this material for any other than peaceable objects.

There is a curious calculation in Gassendi, which proves, by contrasting the supply of the material to the Emperor Napoleon with the expenditure, that each man killed in one war, the Austrian campaign, had cost his weight in lead. Amid the curiosities of the

Exposition under this material, is the process for soldering lead by lead of the noble plumber Baron Debassyns de Richemont. The remarks made by Jobard on the perpetual fires caused by plumbers, who burn recklessly cathedral after cathedral from their carelessness, are highly judicious. They unquestionably should never be admitted into any building except under a surveillance of a very different character to that exercised at present.

*Zinc*—is the next material under consideration. The excellence of the zinc de la Vieille Montagne does not escape observation from our author. The thinness in which this material is manufactured meets with just censure. In England, the generality of zinc articles are from this cause totally useless within a few months of erection. In Russia, zinc ornaments in lieu of bronze are very common. Zinc has not much aided the lithographic artists: zinc plates for engraving, however, our author thinks may be made available. This metal, heated to  $210^{\circ}$  centigrade, becomes friable, and can be reduced to a fine powder, which, with the aid of oil, gives a colour of extreme utility to protect houses from the variations of the atmosphere, and will supersede the use of white-lead.

The immense apparatus for boring into the surface of the earth comes next under consideration. This apparatus for the acupuncture of the globe, as constructed by MM. Degouse and Mulot d' Epinay, costs 80,000 francs. M. Jobard treats this subject with some pleasantness, not being himself a capitalist, and frankly owns, that when a hospital could be constructed at the same cost, as well, if not the deepest bore in the earth, assuredly the dearest to the paymaster, is not the most cheering of prospects. Champollion states boldly that he was convinced that Moses, before passing into the Desert, had provided himself with instruments for digging wells. The Pacha has recently, at the suggestion of the French, sent for an apparatus of this description, and designs digging wells in the Desert, for the convenience of travellers. In the Oasis of Ammon many pierced wells are extant of high antiquity. That extraordinary nation, the Chinese, has used the sound for this purpose for a very long period. Their method has been essayed in France, and we believe with some success. The bold spirit of Jobard suggests fixing his boring implements at the bottom of the mines Guanoixuato, in Mexico, which are 1,800 feet from the surface; or at Liege, where they have excavated to 1,200 or 1,500, thence to descend several thousand feet, either by the Chinese method, or the Artesian

\* We are not certain that this has not been achieved already by Mr. Perkins. This gentleman placed a glass tube in the compressing engine under a pressure of 28,000lbs. to the square inch, and when it was taken out there was a small globule of fluid at the bottom of the glass and no appearance of air in the tube. Dr. Wollaston and Sir H. Davy considered this the liquefaction of atmospheric air.

bore. Amid the expectations fervidly indulged, and boldly expressed, as to the result from boring into the earth, M. Jobard enumerates lighting on petroleum, mineral\* salt, educing a violent and perpetual current of carbonated hydrogen, and the metals and gems preserved from oxydation by the depth from the surface at which these treasures repose, and stirring up the extinct volcanos, pent within the earth, to gain fresh produce from them. Taking Jobard's deepest excavation as the indication of the extent into the epidermis of the earth to which we have progressed, we find all yet done not even bearing the proportion of a scratch on the skin to the entire diameter of an orange. We have assuredly not even got through the rind at present, since not one twenty-thousandth part of the earth's diameter is as yet penetrated. The position, then, is curious and unique to which we may arrive by the auger of the earth-piercer. It should be applied on both sides of the earth, and as near as may be at the same point. Various new bodies as yet unknown may become visible by this process; the abodes of the sauri and the megatherion deeper developed; and if our knowledge is rare and curious from the bodies bared to our view in the small portion as yet explored, who shall affix the limit to the recondite rarities that may yet spring forth, the friendly gnomes of earth that shall mingle with men, and supply more than even the fancy's tasking,—indicating in the operations of science that truth far exceeds in wonderment the force of fiction.

The cause of the introduction of the wooden sound in lieu of the metal is so curious, that we think it right to detail it. A carpenter having dropped his measure into a well, filled with water to the brim, the engineer called out, "Another tool to recover!" "Don't trouble yourself," said the workman, "my measure is of wood; it will return." His measure appeared shortly afterwards, and he seized hold of it the instant he saw it on the surface. "If our sounds would return so!" murmured the engineer. "They would just the same were they of wood," replied the chief miner Kind. This led to the ingenious substitution. The well at Cessingen has reached the enormous depth of 1787 feet.† Its cost has amounted to 116,000 francs. This, according to report, is very far inferior in depth to the Chinese, who dig wells of 1800 and 3000 feet, and at the low sum of 10,000 or 20,000 francs. The regu-

lations laid down for the prosecution of these singular undertakings by Jobard appear extremely judicious. The inventions of M. Kind have furnished immense facilities for these difficult achievements; but without drawings, which the nature of this work will scarce admit, we cannot give a perfect illustration of them. Descriptions of machinery are seldom understood without this aid, and even then read by but few, save those intelligent persons who take a deep interest in the immense motor agency at present in play. Among the curious facts stated above by M. Jobard, as likely to arise from boring the earth as described, one of the most improbable, the ridicule of every salon of savants in France, has just been realized. A bore effected in the Lower Rhine gave out oil of petroleum with the gushing water. The proprietor has already obtained 200 hectolitres.

M. Jobard proposes a different sound from any at present used, not of solid iron, but of hollow tubes, of three or four inches in diameter, similar to our gas conducts; the lower part consisting of a steel ring, and the play would in this case be circular, and leave its centre intact.

As M. Jobard has not distinctly described the rest of his apparatus, we merely indicate the great variety of his invention, which is by circular pressure, since in all the other details we must await more accurate description. His own opinion of the power of his instrument is evidently high, and he speaks of its accelerating force as equal to gunpowder. One curious point connected with these investigations, is the great question of central heat, on which we may expect many useful hints in their progress.

We now close our review of M. Jobard, whose work certainly exhibits great talent and ingenuity, a clear conception of the resources of modern art, embellished by brilliant and playful sallies that enliven us in the course of grave inquiries. *Dulce est desipere in loco* appears his plan, and in it he is assuredly successful. His book is as pleasing as it is instructive. The feeling expressed throughout for quietude and calm to prosecute the discoveries, the immense discoveries opening to the resources of genius, is most natural. Men of sense must applaud the spirit that would bring heads into contact for the mutual elevation of the species, rather than idly knock each other's brains out to please a Thiers or a Paris mob. The philosopher looks on war with horror; it is to him the eclipse of science; it is the breaking up of all those bands of social intercourse among the enlightened of all nations, which

\* This was found at Acton, 306 yards deep.

† The excavations in Mexico are of course distinct from the boring process. The latter already surpass in depth any ancient excavation.

tend to the improvement of possibly even the universe. And assuredly if the few men that have wit and good feeling in the world, could be combined, and their votes taken, they would be unanimously for the cessation of this scourge of nations, this source of barbarism, this extinction of all organisation in chaos and endless night.

ART. IX.—*Du Catholicisme, du Protestantisme et de la Philosophie en France.* Par Francisque Bouvet, en Réponse à M. Guizot. Paris, 1840.

THERE are few subjects on which, however deep the interest expressed in some directions, more real ignorance exists than on the great constituents of pure Catholicism. The three great Church Communions, the Greek, the Roman, and the Protestant, are all, in the mass of their members, in a happy ignorance of what their constituent principles really are; the Dissenting bodies are still more palpably in error in establishing *dissent* as a bond of union; *they*, however the others may unite in the great feeling of Catholicism, until they repudiate that principle, can never approach to the description of a Christian church. In the Greek communion, though more eastern in tone than the others, intelligence and rational devotion are at an extremely low ebb. The Roman possesses far weightier material, much learning, deep devotedness, and large world-attractiveness, which, however mistaken in its application, is a genuine Catholic principle, and as such ought to be respected. The Protestant is superior to the Roman or Greek in the rationality of her devotion, in fixing her authorities on the Bible, and not independent of the Bible; but has possibly a tendency to rationalize too far, though this is checking on her part, but still she is embarrassed in the application of her distinctive appellation, which embraces the Lutheran denier of episcopacy equally with its firm Anglican supporter. The confession of Augsburg, the noblest document of Catholic confession on earth, independent of the church's creeds, is, we regret to say, little understood by most who call themselves Protestants; and their great embodied statement in England, in the thirty-nine articles, is equally unknown to them. The writer of the present article was in conversation, some time since, with a lady, well connected, whose minister had been preaching a series of discourses on the thirty-

nine articles; and she put to him, with the greatest simplicity, the following question, "Where are the thirty-nine articles to be found?" To which, he replied, in your Prayer Book, and if you give it me I will show them to you. They were then pointed out; and the exclamation was, "How strange that I never looked in that part of the book before."

Great ignorance then demonstrably prevails among the most rational body of Christians, as to the great constituent principles of Catholicism. The Dissenter, a very wide term of course, too wide to admit of description here, throwing out the Unitarians in company with the Deists, talks largely about religious liberty, but admits very little of it into practice in his own community; and wherever, as in the case of the pilgrim fathers, or the covenanters, he forms a distinct religious body, lays down principles far more stringent than any of those against which he has denounced his Maranatha. In looking at these bodies, at the first glance one should be apt to consider that Catholicism were extinct; but still three out of them retain an affinity that is hourly strengthening in resemblance to their lost parent. The Greek Church will obviously follow in the wake of the Romish, whatever direction that may take; for though the Patriarch may resist the Pope in any temporal assumptions, or interference with his spiritual authority, yet Rome, the mistress of the world no more, with scarce sufficient power to preserve her Italian states, and with the principles of the Popedom hourly weakening in the most Roman Catholic country next to Spain, having no established church there, will grow gentler and gentler still in her Asiatic elements of power, since she is wisely contending for rule amid the European, and trusts again to establish herself as the centre of intelligence. The Greek church is also grossly venal; all its offices are matters of sale, metropolitans, archbishops or bishops. The Patriarch of Constantinople is its head; the celibacy of the clergy is prohibited, and the priests marry before ordination. It contains a most ignorant class of ecclesiastics; they deny purgatory, and yet their liturgy seems expressly to imply that Christ endured the pains of Hades; their communion is in both kinds similar to the Protestant. This church, that of the voluptuous Greek, the Levantine, and the Russian, boasts no adherents likely to influence highly the coming events that are now culminating in their ascent.

The battle for the souls of the world, for the dominion over the regions of spirits, for mastery in a strife that involves all the ele-

ments of political, mental, and spiritual power, lies in consequence between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant; the Dissenter being *hors de combat*, for in his communion there can be no fixity; and the challenge has been fairly thrown down by an English prelate, and has never yet been met, to point out any Dissenting denomination that has remained unchanged in doctrine for one hundred years. The mighty principles then of Catholic verity are before us, to determine on between the two great leading religious communities. And among the first great questions to be arranged is the precise element of spiritual power.

The British Church has for centuries affirmed the great principle, that ecclesiastics are subject to the crown, a principle that even Spain never conceded to Rome. There can be no harm, as far as we can see, in all these churches meeting together, and agreeing among them to elect a universal head. This might be arranged by a rota of elections, leaving it in Rome, Greece or Britain; but to expect that an Italian sovereign is to lord it over other states than his own, is to anticipate an absolute impossibility. An evil fraught with such vast mischief over the past centuries, that it may be said to have been the dead weight on the progress of Christendom for ages. But this ecclesiastical primacy of earth must have a power purely spiritual, and must also himself be amenable to civil obedience and to temporal rule. Here, then, is one great question disposed of, which preserves as much immunity from the secular power as is desirable, and keeps the spiritual intact. The sovereign of a land, then, must be the head of the church in that land; he must rule her in temporalities, she him in spiritualities. As to the question of an infallible head, this is only a vast absurdity. The intelligent Romanist, when closely questioned, seems to fight off the discussion; one ascribing it to the Pope, another to a general council, some to both, all denying it on matters not spiritual, and the whole question fairly resolves itself into that great fundamental doctrine of every existing Church, that the true Church has in fundamentals never been wrong, that she has always possessed light enough to guide her to salvation, though in some communities in a distant, dangerous and darkened route. To this extent only can the infallibility of any Church be pleaded, and to this extent it may be fairly carried. It is evident, that the line of the glorified must be continuous throughout all ages, as well as the revelation, and it were ill for the Protestant to deny the excellency of a Gregory or a Xavier. But there is one subject

connected with this question, of such vastly important results, that it is only fitting to enter upon it fully, and this is—the authority of the Church. In illustration of this point we shall recount the following anecdote.

Some time since, a Protestant minister was requested to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a sick and aged lady, which he accordingly did, and she received the holy elements with her sister. After the sacrament was concluded, the sister of the invalid said that she was a Catholic, and she hoped she had not done wrong in receiving it in two kinds; the minister told her that she had assuredly not done wrong, for that her reception of it was in the ancient Catholic usage. He then showed her the passage in the 1st Epist. Cor. "As often as ye do eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death until he come." The same minister was afterwards in conversation with the Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolical depute, and narrated the anecdote. "Yes," said Dr. —, "but you seem to forget that in that you evinced great ignorance of the MSS., the generality read *or*, and not *and*, in the passage, thus making it a matter of indifference whichever be administered." The Protestant replied that he was a minister with a large cure of souls, a humble parish priest, but still he had contrived to retain some ancient scholarship, and having had means of collating every MS. in the world on that passage, knew he could not be mistaken. "It matters not," was the reply, "the authority of the Church is sufficient for us." "But do you mean to say that the authority of the Church is to obtain against the authority of all the MSS.?" This was simply answered by a repetition of the authority of the Church. "Well, then, if it must be so, I take you on your own principle: St. Paul knew the practice of the Church in his day, he would not have contradicted that of the other apostles, yet St. Paul administered it in both kinds. St. Paul is a fair representation of the Church in his day, and St. Paul obviously administered the sacrament, in both kinds, to the laity." "But how weak your Church stands in the question of authority." "On the contrary, it is stronger than your own, for your Church authority is distinct from the Bible, while our Church authority is of the essence of the Bible. We claim a power for the Church on the Bible declarations of it, you claim that power simply on our own." "But the right of private judgment then is claimed by you?" "Only so far as the Bible does not enlighten us, only in things foreign to the Bible; on all in the Bible we are agreed, and also to obey what the Bible defines to be the true authori-

ty of the Church." Now, any principle like that, maintained in this anecdote by the Romanist, of a Church authority, not based on the Bible, was shown to be untenable at the Reformation. The right of private judgment is no more allowed to the Protestant than the Romanist. But the Protestant sees his Church in the Bible, and the Romanist out of the Bible. The Word reproves and informs the Protestant, but the will of the Romanist is blindly submissive to *dicta* on Church authority, independent of Bible authority. Now the proof of the two dispensations is shown in their relative position to the world at large. Germany, Sweden, and England are in a greater state of worldly splendour, and of intellectual might than any countries opposed to them. The monarchy of one German state, Prussia, has gone through a severe struggle, but the ultimate triumph of the *Agenda* principle is safe. The feeling also throughout that country, and the wish to secure a clear apostolical succession is extremely strong. Amid all the conflicting notions of theology, this principle has been adding growth to growth. Sweden may be fairly adduced also as a nation in a high commercial prosperity, and with a nobility of strain about all her acts, that indicates the glorious untrammelled liberty transmitted by the great Gustavus. England had always her ancient British Church of the remotest antiquity, and the catholicity of that Church begins, as we have stated, to deeply influence the world.

It will be urged she is dividing, and that the Oxford Tract party is an approach to Rome. But Rome herself does not labour under this impression; nor do the Oxford Tract men themselves at all participate in this sentiment: men of high acquirements as they are, though they have credit for vastly more extensive resources than they possess, evincing a tendency to learning beyond piety, to rites beyond their object, to saints obscuring a Saviour, to substitute religiousness for Religion. Many of their practices are worthy of no graver censure than laughter, but their affected follies in acts of devotion, of which the following anecdote may serve as a specimen, deserve something graver. "A short time since the minister of a large parish in town accepted the offer of the services of a gentleman of this religious tendency to read the prayers: to his astonishment and dismay, instead of reading the prayers as usual with his face to the congregation, as directed in the Rubric,\* this individual turned his back on

them, and no person save the minister of the church, seated at the altar, could in consequence hear the service. At the conclusion the minister of the church stated, that the congregation, he regretted to say, were not greatly benefited by the exertions of the reverend gentleman." To which the reply was, "It was very unimportant; they performed the act of worship." "I hope, sir," was the retort, "you will at least allow they did not render a *reasonable* service."

The same Oxford Tract gentleman had on various occasions given his diocesan no small trouble; and at the ordinary visitation of the diocese, the Bishop reproved him strongly for his general conduct: to which he replied by requesting that his lordship would name some particular cause of offence. To this the diocesan replied, that his whole conduct was an offence; but that if he were asked off-hand to name something at the instant that struck him, the method in which the scarf was worn by him, totally different from the practice of all his surrounding brethren, was sufficient. "St. Ambrose, my lord, directs the scarf to be worn so." "Sir! don't tell me of St. Ambrose! he was Bishop of Milan, not your Bishop! I am your Bishop!" was the keen and common-sense reply of the diocesan. Now really, follies of this character, and an attempt by the Oxford Tract party to place St. Ambrose and St. Augustin by the side of apostles, must bring upon Protestantism immense scandal. And though no man can approve of the description given, not long since, in a sermon at St. Paul's, which first stated, there was a great man, and his name was Moses; and then a second great man, and his name was Jesus Christ; and then a third great man, and his name was Luther: attempting to show three great revelations under these names; and placing the last as not the least; which statement would drive the mass of Protestants into Romanism rather than embrace such notions; yet is the Oxford abuse of Luther—the most uncalled-for and evil-minded to the welfare of Protestantism. That *truthful* intellect, as he has been called by a writer of great force and power, a constant contributor to this journal, ill deserves this of any Protestant. He won their liberty, their freedom; he wrought their Church-deliverance; he established the Reformation. His moral courage is unequalled—a thing unmated by man; the burner of the Pope's Bull; the daring vindicator of his principles before the diet at Worms; the powerful intellect that threw off the fetters of monachism, and burst into the light of Protestantism, however his mind may be accompanied by some weaknesses, the e<sup>h</sup>

\* "He that readeth so standing and turning himself, as he may best be heard of all such as are present."



from its giant swell deserves, and has hitherto received from the liberated sons of thought and reason and religion, the fitting meed for his Atlantean exertions.

Where are the inquisitions, indulgences, excommunications, Latin services, jesuits, monks, monasteries, where are the "peine dure et forte," the rack, the lone cell, the closed Bible, the confessional, and the Breviary? Ask the history of their death or dying throes, and all will tell you they are entombed or entombing fast by Luther and the Protestants. The blows this champion of truth dealt forth, have compelled them either to resign life, or at the best, to protract its mortal struggles only for a brief time.

How eloquently have Luther's merits, his just claims, been stated by a great leading intellect of the present day.

"The monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo X., who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was anything, arrived at Wittenberg and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought indulgences in the confessional of his church; people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step forth against indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery; that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the beginning of the whole reformation. We know how it went forward from this public challenge of Tetzel on the last day of October, 1517, through remonstrance and argument; —spreading ever wider, rising ever higher, till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended. His thought was still far from introducing separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom. The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about the monk or his doctrines; he wished, however, to have done with the noise of him.

"In a space of three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by fire. He dooms the monk's writings to be burnt by the common hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome the century before. Poor Huss; he came to that Constance Council with all imaginable promises and safe conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him in-

stantly in a stone dungeon, three feet wide, six feet high, seven feet long; *burnt* the true voice out of this world, choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done."

Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist! Writing like that is the result of an era of the mind that Puseyism wits not of, and Romanists dread to look in the face. But this is not all.

"I for one pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan by this fire decree of his had kindled into noble, just wrath, the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest, it was now kindled. 'These words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on earth and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire. You will burn me and them for answer to the God's message they strive to bring you? You are not God's vicegerent; you are *another's* I think! I take your Bull as an emparchmented lie and burn it. You will do what you see good next; this is what I do.' It was on the 10th December, 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther with a great concourse of people took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire decree in the market place of Wittenberg. Wittenberg looked on "with shoutings." The whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that shout! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. \* \* \* At bottom, as was said above, we are to consider Luther as a Prophet Idol Breaker, a bringer back of men to reality. Luther said to the Pope, this thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It is nothing else, and so much like it is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact, God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I a poor German monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless, one man on God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triple hats, with your treasures and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the devil's lie, and are not so strong!"

The description of Luther at the diet of Worms is equally vigorous. "The young Emperor, Charles V., with all the princes of Germany, papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there. Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and

power sits there on this hand: on that stands up for God's truth one man, Hans Luther, the poor miner's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, and advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him with still more earnest warnings, he answered; 'Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would on.' The people on the morrow, as he went to the hall of the diet, crowded the windows and house-tops, some of them calling out to him in solemn words, not to recant. 'Whosoever denieth me before men,' they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world lying in dark bondage of soul, paralyzed under a black spectral night-mare and triple hatted chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not, 'Free us, it rests with thee; desert us not.' Luther did not desert us. His speech of two hours distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission—not submissive to any more than that—his writings, he said, were partly his own—partly derived from the word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it, unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless, which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood in sound truth and the word of God he could not recant it. How could he? 'Confute me,' he concluded, 'by proofs of scripture or else by plain, just arguments. I cannot recant otherwise, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do sought against conscience. Here stand I. I can do no other; God assist me.' "

Let the supporters of the cell, the cloister, the indulgence, the Latin service, and the breviary, stand up and answer the man of the Bible, the Protestant champion, the faithful witness of Truth. Let the puny modern revilers of Luther, who won their yet young liberty, stand up, and they will sink like the snow drift under the blows of this *Malleus Hereticorum*, this Son of the pure and unspotted Catholic Church.

No! among the many benefactors to earth Luther certainly ranks among the chiefest, and the "spleeny Lutheran" is the most formidable modern opponent to Rome. Any attempt, however, at the introduction of Lutheranism, Calvinism, or any other appellations simply derived from the systematizing of man on the purposes of God, we think indiscreet; but assuredly to abuse Luther is both ungrateful and ill becoming those whose yet young liberty, we reassert, is an heirloom from the German Professor, and even

the House of Guelf owes its seat on the throne of these realms to the house of Luther. He was the giver of a Protestant succession to the throne of these realms. The Oxford party can never be an influential body for any length of time: they will not be without their useful end; they will direct us to much of what is excellent in a different way to the excellency of the age; they will revive a taste for time-honoured antiquity, but they must not imagine that senility is without accompanying disadvantages. Their mortification of the body, as a psychological principle, is ridiculous, and it is reported that the distinguished wife of one of the leaders died through denying herself, in sickness, the requisite comforts to ensure a return of health—from positive bodily discomfort. How many removes from Simon Stylites is this conduct! The character of their leading writer is anything but amiable—a chilling concentration of university pedantry and ecclesiastical pride. The bishops never can support them, and while on this subject, we do most deeply regret to perceive, in all recent appointments, a total want of piety as a great constituent principle of choice in episcopal sees. The Whigs, of course, have never claimed to possess much of this latter quality. The utter absence of deep, lone and abstracted principle in dignitaries appointed by that party is very remarkable. Many are practical men, active and zealous in their respective dioceses, keeping the business of them well going, but are not eminent for their piety.

There is also manifested a reckless disposition to erect churches, to push them into being, and then, before they can well walk, to make them self-supporting. This is a vile modern innovation; our wise ancestors never built a church without taking good heed how it was to be supported. The consequences of a system that has thrown the church on the voluntary principle, have of course been proportionately alarming. Few rents, a most irregular and uncertain income, independent of the scandal they occasion, and their questionable justification by ancient precedent, have been made the means of carrying out the system. And, though it is unquestionably true that new churches are no sooner built than filled, and, further, without detriment to other and more ancient churches, yet this would not be the case were they not supplied, in most instances, with men of high talent and powerful energy, and who are made subservient to a popular pleasing system, rather than to a religious self-denying ecclesiastical spirit. Of course, these teachers of the people are, to a great extent, tinged

with a love of popularity most fatal to that spirit that is not of this world. But still the principle has been one well constructed, however it may victimize a few early possessors of these benefices, whose lot is indeed hard, for they have to maintain their novel position, to root out the prejudices of old parochial authorities, and to raise up around them a class of devoted servants of God, that will not think Mammon ill expended on the service of the temple. The nation generally, must, however, take up their position, demand their supply with the necessary means of carrying on devotional exercises, legislate on the old parochial church estates, sweep them into one mass, and make them generally applicable for the purposes of the people. The corruption that exists in the management of the church property, throughout the entire country, demands the interference of the legislature. The measure is accompanied with great difficulties, but England requires a complete new modification of parishes. A system of fusion here would be accompanied with mighty benefits. The livings are already undergoing some change; those in the gift of the crown are at present augmenting with the stalls and dean and chapter property, which, however questionable as a just act, will, we trust, lead to some good. But the great land-owners must be called on to lend their aid, and patrons of livings must be prepared to step forward and endow the new churches, which will become, eventually, even a matter of temporal gain to them.

With this healthy and extended application of Protestantism at home—for the bulk of the people will now have the power to attend divine worship, and the poor, who have been somewhat too abundantly allowed for in the scheme to the deprivation of the minister and to the placing them impolitically too much in the eye of the congregation for their faded, worn and ragged habiliments, cannot complain of a want of church room. We have, further, a visible extension of our pure principles of Faith in all quarters of the world. Episcopacy will soon be established wherever the British power is dominant. We have a Bishop of Australasia; Indian Bishops, and even a sort of Primate; the West Indies have long enjoyed, like the East, most valuable men in this capacity. The Canadas are equally fortunate. A Bishop of New Zealand will shortly leave England: Australasia will be equally well looked to in other parts besides Sydney, as indeed her wants require—North, South, East and West. Malta and the Ionian Isles will also constitute a fresh nucleus of Protestantism that will soon overpower the

Greek follies in the might of a stronger system. Africa will probably meet with similar attention; a foundation is laid westward and southward. The enormous increase of English possessions brings with it, necessarily, a British Church, and this will ere long far surpass any of the infirm forces of the Vatican. The Roman Catholic Church has now changed its political aspect to another, which bids fair to be the last of its Protean transformations. It has become essentially radical, and is now attempting to combine its canonized absurdities with the movement principle. In this respect it has followed in practice the advice of one whom it repudiates in theory, that noisy, factious, turbulent demagogue, the idol of George Sand and Jeune France—the Abbé de Lamennais. But this will never be endured. In England, O'Connell and the anti-Church party are likely either to be dropped by the Whigs, or *proh pudor!* to drop them. The present cabinet is in a situation that cannot hold long; and though we are not among the alarmists, or among those who think it likely that a dissolution is at hand, still the parliament itself must become defunct in three years, at the farthest possible period, supposing it to run out, which it never is allowed to do. The Whigs like to talk in this style, in order to shake a few loose Conservatives, who are afraid of their seats; but how can they dissolve? If they do so they insure a comfortable addition to their opponents of at least fifty, with which opposition they could not go on one hour. One reason for no dissolution. Then, supposing the Whigs, in the height of their desperation, to rush upon a dissolution, this is not to be done without going to the crown to give good reasons for this procedure, and for the exercise of this dangerous experiment. The crown would naturally say, that its high powers are not to be trifled with, and resist any attempt to embarrass the only chance of a permanent administration. England is not so lost as to allow of her highest legislative functions being thus trifled with and abused. No, the next parliament seals the doom of the O'Connell, the Radical, the Roman Catholic party in England. They have placed themselves with the movement, and by the movement they shall perish. It had better become the high spirit of this party to have spurned such association, but "*no scitur e sociis*" applies to them in Church and State. They may work the propaganda fund, they may determine to exercise it on England as they do, but all their forces cannot stem the irresistible weight of the English Clergy.

While there remains in every one of our

ten thousand parishes (and they are twice ten thousand virtually), a gentleman the equal to any in it in intelligence and station, the superior in most to all; while the parochial connection is maintained as it is by the constant ministration of the Church, with its solemn rites and services, this influence will ever be dominant in the land and to it all parties must tend. The true Church was strong enough in ancient day to resist all attacks from within, and even to endure the schisms and heresies of Macedonius, Arius, and Socinius; and the British Church is at present assuredly strong enough, even when bearing bishops within her tainted with the leaven of this last heresiarch, to resist O'Connell and the popedom; and to more than mate the Salomonean flashes of Wiseman by the thunder from heaven's own artillery of truth, wielded by Turton. Genuine Saxonism is now the element of the world. All races are destined to bow to the sons of Japhet. "God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant," is the divine decree. All shows that the Saxon is dwelling in the tents of the Asiatic—all indicates the doomed African race to be his age-bound servant. Power rolls on, but ever westward, ever amid the Saxon stock; and if even America rise to a higher power, it is but the dominancy of the same principle. Should Australasia ever work into the scale of nations, and the elements of power, this is but the continuance of the same principle, the ennobling of the Saxon. New Zealand will soon receive the same impress, and it will be a glorious race when the finest of the savage nations unites with the Saxon in a common strain. The elements of a race that will probably move higher still will then be in combination, influencing deeply the powers of mortality, and by their agitation producing a world renovation from hemisphere to hemisphere, from England to her antipodes. And what are the forces that can withstand these coming events with such shadows before! The Czar is fully occupied in keeping the barbarous nations beneath him still barbarized, the oriental empire is already gone to its grave, and a few hundred British troops master the Pacha of Egypt, and dictate, when well managed, laws to the Tartar horde within the great wall of China. Brahminist, Buddhist, and Mahometan alike bend before the Saxon Protestant. And do we hear men talk of the revival of Popery, of the recurrence to that dissent from the high principles of Catholicism? Do we hear of its progress? The following eloquent language will show that if it be in progress it is unquestionably

to the tomb:—"Popery can build new chapels: welcome to do so to all lengths. Popery cannot come back any more than Paganism can, *which* also still lingers in some countries. But indeed it is with these as with the ebbing of the sea; you look at the waves oscillating hither and thither on the beach; for minutes you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is; look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival. THOR may as soon try to revive. And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely as Thor has done for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say the old never dies till this happen, till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transferred into the practical new. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever was of truth in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose." And all these forms simply last for a purpose for that distant period when the catholic harmony of heaven shall still all discordant notes in sainted peace. But there are two denominations, or rather there is *one*, to whose reformed purity all must arrive. It is tauntingly reproached to that one that the religion of the head is more potent in her than the feelings of the heart. But in practice, the deeds of her children refute this assertion; in universality and charity she is not exceeded; she is not equalled by any existing religious denomination. The ruling forces of empire are with her, and however reluctant to admit the principle, all will be compelled to bow to her aristocracy of soul. Her truthful earnestness must be successful.

"Her weapons, like the sword  
Of Michael from the armoury of God,  
Are given her so tempered that neither Pope  
Nor Papist can resist their edge."

For it is idle to call her the religion of the head; Protestantism belongs equally to the heart. And where, in right-minded persons, are heart and head discordant? It is only in the madness of intellectual strife, and not in its truth and soberness, that the conclusions of the twain are at issue. The sanctified reason knows its just bounds, and has none of that "vaulting ambition that overleaps it-

self." It is then, in a general tendency to such a catholicity of sentiment as the Bible prescribes, that we confide for the world's complete and entire renovation. It is impossible for Protestants, with this reprobator of evil before them, not to bow to its infallible tribunal. The crafty politician may attempt the revival of the opposite system, but it would require a host of doctrinaires to convince us to the contrary. "Roman Catholicism," says the author whose name stands at the head of our article, "has vanished at the aspect of civilisation. It is undergoing due suffering for the evil of having subjected all spirituality to its views of temporal aggrandizement. It is gone." Italy, Austria, Spain, and Ireland, are its lingering refuge. It is only in *La Coda dell' Universo*, with this Barebones assemblage, that it holds its session. Has it contributed to modern light or progress? Has it aided or been a dead-weight on civilisation? Its very efforts at motion are they not spasmodic and unnatural?

It cannot walk in proportion to the speed of all around it. It is dishonest also. Who is there in the present Roman Church that believes in the dictum of Gregory IX.—"There is only one name in the world—the Pope. He only can bestow the investiture of kings; all princes ought to kiss his feet. No one can judge him; his simple election makes him a saint; he has never erred; he never will err. He can depose kings, and absolve subjects from their allegiance." If this is disowned, which it is by many a Romanist, why is not a council called to make it the deed of all? If not, is the Council of Constance that negatives infallibility, or the Council of Trent that asserted and denied it, to command adhesion? Or must we go with the Jansenist, who denies infallibility on matters of fact absolutely, and simply allows of it on points on which no person has any information whatever? Is this a system to stand in modern light? And again, though we see no possible objection to a head of the Church, as we have stated, yet St. François de Sales is as strongly Protestant in feeling on the subject as any of the reformed faith.

"The members of a religious body," says he, "will always be enough united when they shall be animated with the like spirit, when they shall have the same education, the same laws, and shall all keep in view one common end. The first Christians, who were of one heart and one spirit, in whatever part of the world they had rested, would have been of the same sentiments. Love would have been a sufficient bond of union. Love, like theirs, needs not necessarily a chief head of union. A religious body without a single

head may have its inconveniences; but those who have one sustain numerous unpleasant-ries also. A supreme head, if corrupt, rapidly spreads that corruption among the members; whilst the same vital effects do not follow when a bishop or inferior pastor fails, for then all do not fail with him."

That is pretty conclusive from one of the Romanist denomination, and it is now time for us, having thus proceeded to greater length than we intended, to close by investigating a few fresh points in the great progress of ages. Has Romanism, during this progress, propagated science? She suffered numerous valuable discoveries to perish, and simply tended those that suited her selfish ends. Has she raised man in the sphere of common manhood? Have her Lives of the Saints, the Roman Catholic exemplars, done as much good as even Plutarch's? It is with us matter of doubt. What has been her family influence? Cold, chilling, contracted. Setting aside the holiest ties, the dearest links of connections, lending herself to every selfish scheme of the ambitious parent; destroying the love also of the child to the parent, the parent to the child; fixing affections on her Roman petrefactions, totally abstracting kindly sentiments, and appropriating to herself, with a greedy clutch, the possession of house after house, and kingdom after kingdom; until even the statute of mortmain was drawn across her giant incursions on property and possessions. On the manners she exercised no beneficial influence. See even attempted to contract Dante into her own dwarfish dimensions; but the Nazarite burst the cords of Rome, and recorded her damning offences in characters that will never die. Look, however, at the gloom and horror which she imposed on that master mind. As to the laws, she has always been rebellious to human rule; never giving to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's; but grasping Cæsar's possessions and his subjugated realms.

As to human liberty, her offences are so foul with inquisitions, torture, auto-da-fés, that they need but be glanced at. Even her Michael Angelos, her Raphaels, come to us, splendid as were their works, with the terrible sense of the moral evil by which even their labours on St. Peter's were maintained, by the soul-damning indulgences of Tetzel. This is a fearful summary; and the evils of Protestantism can never, from its self-corrective principle, reach to this formidable accumulation. It is at least allied to sound philosophy and pure reason; and with even these secondary guides, her steps might well be steadied from the fearful lapses of the sister community; but there is more than these,

she bears within herself, "the lamp unto her feet, the light unto her paths." Every question now becomes submitted to the great principle of revealed truth. Even were her guides to fail, the people would not; but her guides cannot fail, for the power of their system works effectually within them.

A Church that derives its power from the divine oracles, and consults them for its course and way, that seeks to obtain of them the great truth, will never want that aid and assistance that is promised to honest endeavour and manly purpose. But a Church that derives her power from other and questionable sources, that has bound herself up in an iron bond of infallibility, that quietly per-

mits the acts of demons to be termed her acts, must be prepared to abide the fearful demands of an enlightened age, the inquisition of the sons of knowledge. If she be found wanting in the constituents of a true Church,—if she be found unequal to describe her own true power,—if she be detected assuming false elements of it, and making a totally wrong estimate of its extent,—if she be arrested with a lie in her right hand, she must be prepared to meet the brunt of a shock that has been concentrating its force for many an age, and powerful indeed must she stand, if she can abide the issue, and not sink from the earth as Smyrna and Laodicea.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES

OF RECENT CONTINENTAL PUBLICATIONS.

ART. X.—1. *F. W. Reimer, Mittheilungen von und über Goethe, aus mündlichen und schriftlichen Quellen.* (F. W. Reimer, Communications of and concerning Goethe, from oral and written Sources.) Berlin. 1840.

2. *Johann Heinrich Merck, ein Denkmal herausgegeben von Dr. Adolf Stahr.* (Memoir of J. H. Merck. By Dr. A. Stahr.) Oldenburg. 1840.

We have classed these two books together, as the intentions of their authors in publishing them were similar; Dr. Reimer, entering the lists highly indignant at the violent and often unjust accusations of the younger German writers against Goethe; Dr. Stahr, to rescue from oblivion the memory of a remarkable man, supposed to be the original from whom Goethe took many features of his Mephistopheles. We think the latter has been more successful in his attempts, and it is not a little singular that a man like Merck, who exercised considerable influence over the illustrious men who shed such lustre upon the city of Weimar, should have remained unknown amidst such a book-writing people as the Germans. This ignorance is such, that we have sought his name in vain amongst the

novelty-loving volumes of the numerous Conversations-Lexicons.

Another volume on Goethe, we think we hear some of our readers exclaim. Yes, gentle reader, and a goodly octavo of five hundred pages, marked, moreover, Vol. I., and how many are to follow, dependent knoweth not. The author was intimately acquainted with Goethe, lived in his house for years, and was consulted by the poet in the composition or publication of most of his works during this long period. When we add that he bears the character of an honest and truth-loving man, we have said quite sufficient to account for the interest with which we opened the work. It is with reluctance that we feel ourselves compelled to state, that it has hardly equalled our expectations. Goethe was a great man as well as a distinguished poet, and the best proof of this is, the magical influence which he exercised upon all who came within his sphere. To this many of the most eminent men of Germany will willingly bear witness. Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers is Dr. Eckerman, whose interesting conversations with Goethe need no recommendation from us, as they are doubtless in the hands of all German scholars.

The work before us is of a different nature. Dr. Reimer, instead of giving us his own reminiscences of Goethe (which however we hope he will do on a future occasion), has unfortunately adopted a polemical tone of no ordinary severity. We say unfortunately, not that we would blame him for the feelings which he entertains on this subject; on the contrary, they are highly honourable to him; but it was incumbent upon him to maintain the position which he had taken up by other arguments than by quotations from Goethe's works, for it is in these that its chief merit consists, and the student who is not deeply read in some of the less known works of the poet, will find in the volume before us an interesting collection of table talk.

That there has been a growing spirit of opposition to Goethe, which has not hesitated to attack his character in a manner which must give pain to every well-wisher to the Germans, we are compelled to admit. Yet we think it would have been wiser in Dr. Reimer not to have taken up the cudgels on behalf of his friend and patron, but to have left it to time and the influence of his own best defence, his works. For the manner in which he has conducted his cause will convince no one, and excite still more violently the passions of party spirit. As we do not recollect to have seen this reaction against Goethe taken notice of by our critics, we shall say a few words upon the subject.

We believe that the higher and more philosophical writers among the Germans still look upon Goethe with the veneration which during his lifetime he universally commanded. The Berlin Academy held a special sitting this year in honour of the poet's birth-day, a fact which may deserve mention, should Dr. Reimer's ominous chapter on the faults of his countrymen reach a second edition. But the periodical literature is mostly in the hands of younger men, with the exception of Wolfgang Menzel, whose antipathy to Goethe almost equals in violence his patriotic hatred of the French. The light and frivolous tone in which many of these spurned the dead lion, was well calculated to excite the indignation of Dr. Reimer, and he prefixed to his volume the following words from Bidpai, "For it is said, that he who withholdeth a testimony for the dead, shall be scourged with scourges of fire at the day of the resurrection." We turned eagerly to the chapter on Patriotism, (*Deutschheit*), and regretted not to find it more satisfactory,

for this we suspect to be the chief reason for the violent opposition, the insulting remarks heaped upon Goethe's memory, that, living at a period during which the French Revolution and Buonaparte's usurpation reduced Germany to the lowest depth of degradation, he has nowhere exhibited a feeling such as was to be expected from a leader among the people. True, he was a poet and not a man of action, but Dr. Reimer has not given us any proof of Goethe's feelings on this subject, even in private conversation. If he be in possession of any such, we would respectfully submit that it is his imperative duty to make them public. For although it cannot be doubted that an event which changed the condition of the continent must have deeply affected a mind like Goethe's, yet with the exception of a few secondary works, it does not seem to have produced such an impression as might have been expected. Fichte was a man of science, and the courage with which he delivered his "Speeches to the German Nation," at a time when his voice was drowned by the noise of French drums in the streets of Berlin, will render his name immortal, when little or nothing of his philosophical system will be remembered. Since the battle of Waterloo, the German mind has taken a more practical direction, and the literature of the day, although trammelled by the fetters of the censorship, becomes more and more mixed up with politics. It is not therefore surprising that the restless long-spirited, the political complexion of the younger writers, should feel discontented with the plastic repose that pervades the works of Goethe. As party spirit is seldom just, so we find a host of scribblers, and some writers of note too, denying him the place to which he is unquestionably entitled. But we doubt not that in time the fierce attacks will subside, and that when he shall have been longer numbered with the dead, the clouds of party vision will disperse, and he will again enjoy the undivided admiration of his countrymen. It is no small proof of a noble character that in his voluminous works and the numerous collections of letters to and from him, nothing mean or ungenerous, nothing positive, has been advanced against him. The charges are merely negative; his antagonists and deprecators can only assert that he did not express such sentiments as might have been expected. We hear not a word of a want of patriotism *proved* against him.

Man can only work in the sphere allotted

to him, and the more clearly defined that sphere is, the less right we have to require that he shall be equally great in those regions which his tutelary genius warns him not to enter. Goethe has over and over again told us, and we believe it was a peculiarity which he inherited from his mother, that it was his custom to put aside whatever was disagreeable or intolerable to him, and we think this remark more serviceable to him than the vague observations by which Dr. Reimer excuses his silence by alleging his delicate position as a minister, &c.

One of the most successful chapters of the work is that relating to Bettina von Arnim, the celebrated heroine of Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*. This lady had encouraged and doubtless entertained the belief that many of Goethe's sonnets, and of the most interesting compositions of his later years, were inspired by her letters; and we well recollect the astonishment which we felt, that a young lady should thus step in between Goethe and his high renown. Dr. Reimer somewhat rudely destroys the halo which had surrounded the Child.

"Another work" (in the preceding chapter he had cautioned the reader against considering Falk's little volume as authentic) "has, in the eyes of the ignorant, injured him whom it was intended to exalt, inasmuch as it not only exposed him to ungrounded reproaches of coldness and hardness of heart, but threatened to diminish or destroy his claim to genius, the originality of the finest compositions of his later years, the Sonnets and the Divan. This was Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*. . . ."

"When Goethe published his autobiography, under the title of *Fiction and Truth (Dichtung und Wahrheit)*, he meant to say, it was the veil of fiction in the hand of truth. Truth was the body, fiction the dress, the frame that inclosed a real picture. In the correspondence, fiction is the principal subject, round which the authoress has occasionally hung a frame. The whole is, in one word, a romance which borrows from reality time, place, and circumstances; but the heroine is in imaginary, more in fantastic than real, love with Goethe; sometimes scolds and quizzes him, sometimes plays at love with him, and feigns nocturnal visits, promenades, and cloak-scenes with him. . . . He bears with her as with a child, as it was his wont, out of common gratitude to bear with inconvenient people, if they did not go too far, and then to hastily break off such a connection."—(*Works*, p. 47.)—pp. 31, 32.

It must be confessed, in the exposition which follows, Dr. Reimer does not treat the lady with great politeness, although he does justice to her extraordinary talents. Already, in 1807, in Goethe's house, she complained to Reimer, of the coldness of Goethe's behaviour to her.

Our author then proves by those stubborn things, dates, that many of the sonnets were not addressed to nor written under the inspiration of her magic pen. How then could Bettina delude herself into such a strange supposition?

"As to the sonnets which Bettina *bonâ fide* assumes to have been composed and addressed to her, they were neither written for her nor to her; it is possible that Goethe may have sent her some of them, as he willingly communicated his newest compositions to his friends. He even writes once to Bettina and tells her she may consider the enclosed sonnet as 'addressed to herself, because he has nothing better to say. But he neither took nor borrowed his subject from her, to restore it to her in poetic forms. Goethe's fancy and heart could not be so poor in his sixtieth year that he was obliged to borrow his feelings from Bettina, to put them into verse, as the Greek Hypophetes did the inspired natural sounds of the somnambulant Pythian priestess. The subject is taken elsewhere, and many of the circumstances mentioned in the sonnets cannot, from time and place, as well as other circumstances, refer at all to Bettina.'"—pp. 34, 35.

"The numerous admirers and worshippers of the *immortal child* will of course consider my confessions as mere blasphemies, but mindful of my motto, I could only write *as* and *what* I know. Others may think of them as they please, I say only, *dixi et salvavi animam meam*."—p. 38.

"Out of gratitude for Bettina's attachment to his mother, for the communications which she received from her respecting his childhood and the history of his youth, without which Goethe could not have *begun* his *Autobiography*, but certainly likewise in memory of Bettina's beautiful mother, in whose company he had passed many happy hours, in the house of Madame de la Roche, from all these motives he allowed her to follow her own humours, whether natural or studied, found pleasure in her genial, although odd, clever and fantastic character; bore with equanimity her caresses and whims, and as it could only be question of a paternal, not passionate return, what could he do for so much mirth and attention, but occasionally give her some pleasure with such poetic sweetmeats as he happened to have at hand, a fresh flower, a juicy piece of fruit from his poetic garden, as if they were made and grown for her. But this was all. If she required more or went so far as to be troublesome to him, he could not, as he himself confesses, do otherwise than break off the connection, and that she was troublesome to him with her passionateness, Bettina herself allows."—pp. 39, 40.

We doubt not that this is the true state of the case, and fortunately Bettina's genius can bear the blow, although a few blossoms may fall from the wreath of glory with which her blind admirers have crowned her.

Dr. Reimer has devoted a long chapter to Goethe's personal appearance; we



need not dwell upon it, all who have seen him will acknowledge the justice of Napoleon's observation, *c'est un homme*. The leading features in Goethe's character are to be found in his works. Far from being reserved, he was the most communicative of men. Schiller tells him to his face "that he is made to be inherited and plundered by others during his life, as has often happened, and would happen still more frequently, if people only knew their own advantage better. It is the fashion to call him interested, and yet he says of himself "to be disinterested in everything, most disinterested in love and friendship, was my greatest delight, my maxim, my practice."—(*Works*, xxvi, p. 291.) Dr. Reimer's volume contains many proofs that this was not an idle boast.

The long chapter on religiousness would lead us far beyond all reasonable limits. Those who have studied Goethe diligently will know what to think of his religious opinions, and it would require a volume to make them intelligible to others. Our principal object is to place before the English reader the present state of public opinion in Germany respecting their great poet, nor have we heard that his countrymen have found his religious opinions repulsive, whatever objections might be advanced by many religious and excellently meaning persons at home. We could, however, have wished, that the anecdote of the Anseres Christicolæ (p. 393,) on which Dr. Reimer seems to look back with some complacency, had been omitted; it is frivolous, to say the best of it, and our author has attached too much importance to what was doubtless a mere joke.

Our readers will be able to gather our opinion of the work before us from what we have said, and we shall now conclude our observations by a few short remarks upon Dr. Stahr's life of Merck.

This remarkable man was first known to the public by Goethe's remarks on him in his Autobiography, in which Dr. Stahr complains that the poet has not done justice to his friend. He was however almost totally forgotten until his name was honourably mentioned in one of the numerous publications of letters to and from Goethe, &c. Böttiger of Dresden, with a petty love of scandal, has not spared Merck, but this is a misfortune that may be easily borne, as his journal, which his own son had the want of taste to publish, does not speak more favourably of any of

the great men of his time. The biography of Merck remains to be written, for Dr. Stahr's book although valuable, exhibits more of collectanea than finished and connected description. His appreciation of Goethe, before he became distinguished, proves his penetration; his just although sometimes severe criticisms on the works which Goethe submitted to him in manuscript, mark his taste and the soundness of his judgment. The variety and versatility of his talents is extraordinary, equally so the influence which he exercised over all around. The Duchess Amelia, the mother of Karl August, the celebrated friend of Goethe, was much attached to him. She had paid several visits to the Rhine in his company, and thus writes to him, Aug. 14, 1778, after one of these trips—

"Never shall I forget the goodness of Providence in giving me a friend like yourself, who in such strange and oppressing circumstances remains true to his heart and to his belief in truth and goodness; inclosing these in the depths of his heart and bearing with courage the will of the Lord."—p. 97.

Her illustrious son writes to him in the same strain of enthusiasm.

"The purport of my letter, dear Merck," says the duke, "is like a whetstone to pure Darmstadt steel, to excite sparks. I am in the worst letter-writing humour in the world, and am so spoiled by receiving good letters from you that I can hardly live without them."

That he owed this favour to his manly character, his knowledge of mankind and his social qualities, and not to servile flattery, is evident from a letter of Goethe's to Wieland, in which after requesting Merck to cultivate the acquaintance of the hereditary Prince of Darmstadt, he begs him "to lay aside some of his usual reserve with princes, and to be as open and natural with him as the prince by his behaviour might encourage."

Goethe's mother, an excellent judge of character, called Merck her dear son, and the list of his correspondents includes the names of many celebrated contemporaries, among others those of the travellers Banks and Forster. At a later period he devoted himself to natural philosophy. Osteology and mineralogy, particularly antediluvian fossils, attracted his attention, and his valuable collection was bought after his death by the Grand Duke of Darmstadt and forms the principal part of the museum of that city. His rest-

less spirit was not satisfied with this; he established a manufactory, a bleaching ground and a printing office. These numerous undertakings, too much at any time for one man however active, proved ruinous, and Merck put an end to his own existence. It was found after his death, however, that his affairs were not so bad as he had feared, and the dread of a deficit in the public chest intrusted to him was unfounded, as there remained a surplus. The latter half of the work consists of selections from his contributions to the literature of the time.

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Art. XI.—*Die Gûnderode. Zwei Theile.* (Gunderode. Two volumes.) Grûnberg and Leipsic. 1840.

BETTINA von Arnim, the heroine of the "Correspondence of Goethe with a child," has here published the letters which passed some thirty years ago between herself and the friend whose tragical death, in a letter to Goethe's mother, forms one of the most interesting parts of the first named work. As we have thought it our duty, in our notice of Dr. Reimer's work on Goethe in our present number, to give some extracts from the chapter in which he speaks of "the immortal child," although our remarks may have given offence to her admirers, we gladly avail ourselves of the contemporaneous appearance of the work before us to do justice to the real merits of this distinguished lady.

Whatever objections may be advanced against the matter-of-fact truth of the form in which she has chosen to give to the public her celebrated correspondence with Goethe, we ought not to omit the circumstance that even according to Dr. Reimer's own showing it was possible for Bettina to suppose that some of the sonnets were composed by Goethe for her. There may have been some self-delusion, we confess, but then it was not so very unnatural in an enthusiastic girl of fifteen or sixteen. But be that as it may, there can be no doubt that she is a woman of eminent genius. Her extraordinary talent in grouping everything that comes before her into a poetic picture, the rich flow of her somewhat too fantastical imagination, her cheerful and happy humours, her soundness of judgment, except when she willingly gives way to wanton caprice, form a union of qualities but seldom found in the same person.

There is in truth much in the volumes before us which we could have dispensed with, and we venture with all due politeness to whisper our opinion that they would have been improved by being curtailed one-half. For with characteristic inconsistency, soon after pronouncing with all the positiveness which becomes a young lady, her hatred of philosophy and philosophical dissertations, she favours us with awfully long diatribes, which, if not philosophy, we suppose were meant for it. The great defect of the work indeed consists in these attempts to reduce to language, and express with clearness, subjects which have defied the unassisted powers of reason from the beginning of creation to the present day. But when leaving these unfathomable depths, she returns to real life, and pictures nature, men and things in her own peculiar and forcible style, we are irresistibly attracted by the charms of her eloquence and her quickness of perception. It is true she does play the mad-cap occasionally, and clammers up rocks and ruins in a most unaccountable manner. Her letters display too a laudable contempt of punctuation and postscript, which occasionally bear the same proportion to the body of the letter as Mr. O'Connell does to his tail. Well: every one to his taste; we would rather have half-a-dozen such works, although there may be a spice of romance in their composition, than a score of books written according to critical rule and measure. And if there should be any German scholar who has not yet become acquainted with Bettina von Arnim, we are sure he will thank us for the present introduction.

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ART. XII.—*Vittoria Accorombona. Ein Roman in fünf Bûchern, von Ludwig Tieck. Zwei Bûnde, Zweite Auflage, mit einem Anhang.* (Vittoria Accorombona. A Romance in five Books, by Ludwig Tieck. Two Volumes, Second Edition, with an Appendix.) Breslau, 1841.

THE extravagant applause bestowed upon this work, the blind enthusiasm of many of the German critics (although fortunately some of the more recent reports take a juster view of it), and the remarkable sentiments contained in it, have induced us to make a few observations, which may not be uninteresting to the English public.

The professed object of Tieck in the volumes before us was to rescue the memory of Vittoria from the calumnies (!) of the English dramatic Webster, in his play of the White Devil, or the tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Bracciano, with the Life and death of Vittoria Accorombona, the famous Venetian courtesan.\* As the materials for this purpose are somewhat scanty, the novelist was naturally driven to his own mind for resources, and herein consists one of the incongruities of the work, that he has made his characters of the middle ages speak the sentiments of the nineteenth. This of itself is no small objection, but he has made his work, as we shall see, a vehicle for disseminating opinions, which had formerly been the favourite topics of some younger writers in his native country, but which even these had gradually abandoned. In many respects the action of the romance corresponds with that of the drama. We will not drag the reader through the crowd of worthless characters that appear and disappear at random. A hypocritical pope who had passed his life in stooping to look for the keys of St. Peter, which he found at last, a lustful cardinal who proposes to a mother the dishonour of her own daughter, a lawless nobility in league with cruel and triumphant banditti, form the principal features of society, or rather anarchy in Rome at the period of which we are treating. The mother of Vittoria and of her two brothers lives at Tivoli, devoted to the education of her children. The dangers of the times force her to take refuge in Rome, where her daughter marries the insignificant Peretti, nephew to Cardinal Montalto, afterwards pope. Vittoria, celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, becomes the centre of attraction, and an introduction to her house is eagerly sought by wits and men of learning. Amongst others, a stranger who leads a wandering life in the neighbourhood of Rome, is introduced. Of stately form, although no longer in the bloom of youth, the care bestowed by the author soon points him out as likely to be the hero of the tale. His character does not display any peculiar marks of greatness, of which therefore the reader is made sensible by the persevering reflections of the author. This personage proves to be the Duke of Bracciano, who at this *conversazione* at

the Peretti's hears from a thoughtless secretary of his brother-in-law's, the reigning Duke of Florence, a story highly injurious to the reputation of his wife, who, by the bye, he himself abandons to indulge, it would seem, a truant disposition. The Duke returns to Florence, invites his consort to a country-seat, and after removing her attendants, strangles her. His subsequent behaviour is full of hypocrisy. He pretends a sorrow which imposes upon none, and invents a fictitious account of her sudden death. Yet Tieck after this represents him as a glorious, and, we had almost said, a perfect character. We have little doubt that this conception, which we consider erroneous, arose from a partial application of the sentiments expressed in Macchiavelli's Principe. He evidently wished to infer that different countries have different modes of judging of crimes, and must be supposed to display his hero in the light in which he would appear to his countrymen in the age in which he lived. But if for the sake of the argument, we admit this to have been Tieck's intention, and no other explanation has occurred to us, we are the more at a loss to account for the sentiments which he puts in the mouth of Vittoria. To require approbation for the fidelity with which he adheres to the opinions of the times which he describes, whilst in the same work he can only carry into execution his professed object (to rescue the character of Vittoria) by glaringly violating this principle, is surely inconsistent.

The Duke returns to Rome and enters the apartment of Vittoria, just after a conversation respecting the murder of the Duchess. The company take part against the Duke, except Vittoria, who excuses him on the plea of destiny. We then learn by the subsequent confessions between the lovers, that Vittoria and the Duke had fallen in love at first sight. We own this part struck us as mightily ridiculous; the Duke cold and calculating, not fair but fat and forty, fell in love at first sight! From this moment the romance breaks down, and Tieck deprives himself of the only means by which he might have saved it. It may be said that the Duke was a man of high poetic feeling; Tieck endeavours to make him appear so, but without success. And then the love scenes. Why the tawdry stuff that the celebrated poetess and her vaunted duke utter would disgrace the quondam productions of the Minerva Press.

\* Old Plays, vol. vi.

Let any of our German readers turn to pages 229—234 of the second volume, and they will be of opinion that we might have made use of stronger terms.

We have read Tieck's works, as they appeared, with great interest, and many scenes in the volumes before us are written in that powerful style of which he is confessedly a master. Yet most of the characters burst upon us too suddenly, and there is no previous development; the second volume is weak and tedious. The long ravings of the mother of Vittoria fatigue us, for there is too much method in her madness. The comic characters are less happily drawn than usual, they are stereotype, and any one acquainted with Tieck's manner can foresee the coming wit. The tendency of this romance has however caused more regret than surprise. His latter productions were not free from objectionable parts. Although all the works of Tieck's second and third period (for most of his earlier productions seemed to us unimportant), display great talent, yet there was hardly one of them that did not contain some drawback upon the pure enjoyment that works of fiction should afford. Tieck is a master in satire, but his satire is not cheerful; he appears to dwell with delight on descriptions of the evil and terrible, in which it must be confessed he is often remarkably powerful. There was, however, one work, which we could never read through—William Lovell, we found it absolutely disgusting. On conversing with some German friends, and reading several criticisms upon it, we found that the received solution was that the poet, in elaborating his work of fiction, had worked his way through the thorny path of temptation, as the man who once begins to doubt must pass through the dangerous ways of scepticism to the light of philosophic truth. We have Goethe's own assertion that this was often the case with him, and his works and life bear manifest proofs of its truth. We trust it may be so with Tieck; we have no wish to judge uncharitably of a man to whom we are indebted for many amusing hours; but we have thought it our duty, when we saw others blinded by the high authority of his name, to declare our conscientious opinion.

We have reserved for the conclusion our remarks upon Vittoria's extraordinary sentiments on marriage, considering the age in which she lived. With all due submission to his German defenders, we

cannot find their arguments free from sophistry. We consider Tieck to have been guilty of an anachronism, to have placed the opinions (respecting the so-called emancipation of women) advocated by young Germany of the nineteenth century, in the mouth of a woman whose assertion of them is highly improbable. Whilst the younger writers, as they advance in years, are abandoning the opinions, which, by an injudicious prohibition of their writings, acquired greater popularity than they otherwise would have done,—whilst most of them (for their name is *not* legion) are settling down into respectable husbands and fathers, and thus affording the world the most desirable instance of self-contradiction, Tieck, in his old age, takes their place. We need not enter upon a refutation of his arguments; common sense will, we doubt not, remain triumphant.

Professor Braniss has written an essay upon the work before us: that the publishers have thought fit to append it to the second edition, is sufficient indication of its tendency; our previous remarks preclude the necessity of any further allusion to it. We sincerely wish M. Tieck many years of happiness, to enjoy the pension which the king of Prussia has recently conferred upon him; but we have no desire to read any more productions of his pen, should they resemble Vittoria Accorombona.

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ART. XIII.—*Jury—Schwur oder Geschworenengericht als rechtsanstaht und politisches Institut. Die grossen Gebrechen unserer deutschen Strafrechtspflege, und das Schwurgericht als das einzige Mittel ihnen gründlich abzuhelfen.* (The Jury considered as a legal and political Institution. The great Defects of our German Criminal Law, and the Jury the only sure means of remedying them.) Altona, 1840.

THERE have been several valuable works on the theory and practice of German criminal law, in which the defects of the existing system were exposed by men of the highest character and reputation, but this dissertation by Professor Welcker, which originally appeared in the *Staatslexicon*, and has been printed as a separate work, is one of the first attempts to bring this question of vital importance before the general public. The English

reader need hardly be told that, with the exception of the Rhenish provinces, trial by Jury does not exist in Germany. Soon after Prussia came into possession of this valuable addition, a commission of five gentlemen was appointed by the king to inquire into the working of this system, the most valuable inheritance of Napoleon's dominion. Two of the commissioners were from the Rhine, the other three from parts of Prussia where the Jury has not been introduced, all of them men of high character and standing in their profession. Their opinion was *unanimous* in favour of publicity and trial by Jury as a legal institution. That their opinion of it as a *political* institution was more guardedly, although not unfavourably, expressed, was natural.

It would, at first sight, appear, that the German system, by which circumstantial evidence is not considered conclusive, but the confession of the prisoner is necessary to his condemnation, should possess greater security and peculiar advantages. Yet the work before us furnishes abundant proof of the uncertainty of this mode of proceeding. A man deprived of his liberty is of course under suspicion, it is but too often the interest of the examiners to prove that he has not been falsely suspected; the harassing mode of cross-examining the accused at different periods, and comparing his answers with his previous depositions, when length of time, want of exercise, and many other circumstances, may produce discrepancy in the testimony even of an innocent man, lead repeatedly to the most melancholy results. M. Welcker relates many instances of confessions which were false. His extracts from the work of Herr von Arnim, minister of justice in Prussia, reveal a case that happened in 1800, in which seven persons confessed themselves guilty of arson. They were condemned to be dragged to the place of execution on a cow-hide, beheaded and burned. The sentence was approved, and ordered to be carried into execution. One of the prisoners had already put on the dress in which criminals are executed (*derbekleid*), and, on receiving the sacrament, repeated his confession and accusation against his fellow-prisoners. At this critical moment, by the merest accident, a journeyman bricklayer, from another town,

who happened to be in the place, gave evidence, which proved that the accused could not possibly have been guilty of the fire imputed to them, and which they had all, with one single exception, confessed. They were all, of course, pardoned. The torments of constant cross-examination, the blows which they received as punishments of their false (!) assertions, were the causes assigned for this extraordinary self-accusation. M. Welcker relates that one of the prisoners had died in consequence of the treatment he experienced from the lower police and officers of justice. The punishment for lying was such, that after the fresh examination, resulting upon the proof that they were probably innocent, and which ended in their acquittal, one of the accused was condemned to receive two hundred blows. Frederic the Great had abolished this punishment, but we have been informed that blows are now inflicted as punishment for falsehood in several states of Germany. When we consider that an investigation often lasts some years, that the examiners, proceeding from a pre-conceived opinion, may consider that as false which may afterwards prove to be true, and above all when we reflect that there is no publicity to control them, we can form some idea of the abuses to which such a system is liable. We have purposely confined ourselves to a bare exposition; our object is not to inflame the passions or excite animosity, but, by directing public attention to the work before us, to invite examination into the abuses in the criminal law of Germany, and which, as long as publicity is withheld, it is not in the power of the most humane monarch to prevent. We hope that the greater publicity now allowed in the proceedings of the provincial diets sitting in Prussia is but the beginning of a reform in this respect; we cannot conceive a nobler act of mercy and justice than to introduce publicity into judicial investigations.

There are many other important topics alluded to, and numerous proofs of the bad working of the present system, which we would gladly notice, did our limits permit. We conclude with strongly recommending this Essay to the attentive consideration of all, whether friends or opponents of the Jury system.

## MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

### FRANCE.

THE re-appearance in Paris of M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, is one of the most important musical events of the season. This incomparable musician has created an immense sensation in the artistical world, and in the salons. We do not imagine that De Beriot, or even Paganini himself ever excited more admiration, more enthusiasm. At his concert, in the *salle* of Henri Herz, where he introduced a new fantasia of his own composing, he excited the greatest sensation by his wondrous execution and expression of all that music can convey. After treating his hearers with a concerto full of the most delicious and harmonious combinations, he performed his new fantasia, in which capricious movements mingle with delicate and brilliant melody. To the difficult movements invented by Paganini, and the elegance, purity and grace of De Beriot, add a powerful individuality, and you will appreciate in imagination all that is extraordinary in Henri Vieuxtemps. More than 200 persons were turned away from the doors of the concert room. He is to appear in London at the Philharmonic, on the 13th of April.

Auber has added another gem to his immortal crown, by his *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. This beautiful opera was produced on the 6th inst. at the Opéra Comique, with the most triumphant success. The music is declared by the best musical critics to be the most careful and brilliant of this celebrated composer's works; it is much in the style of his *Fra Diavolo* and *La Fiancée*. The overture commences with a sweet *andante* movement, and is most effective throughout. A *déjeuné* scene, and a *soirée musicale* are beautifully conceived and sustained. The libretto, by the never-failing Scribe, is most highly spoken of; the story details the adventures of Catarina (Mme. Thillon,) who visits Rebolledo, a

banished noble, who practises coining in a cavern, and holds one Don Henrique (M. Couderc) a prisoner. Catarina's object is to sell the crown jewels, for the payment of certain debts contracted by the state, and to replace the gems by false diamonds. Here she encounters Don Henrique, with whom an attachment is speedily formed, and she endeavours to effect his escape; but the police are meanwhile in search of the banditti, and frustrate all her efforts. The banished noble is at length restored, and the lovers united. The opera is full of bustling incidents, and the conversations are carried on with great spirit and point. The opera increases nightly in public estimation; and on the sixth representation, upwards of 100 persons left the doors, unable to gain admission.

The French are unquestionably *au fait* at describing, not only the manners of other nations, but what is far more difficult, describing themselves correctly. The following sketches respecting the Parisian balls will be found to be most correct:

Everybody goes to the Grand Opera. Creditors and debtors meet there and shake hands; the duchess grasps the arm of her *femme de chambre*, and the ambassador asks her porter's wife the name of the wag who so boldly catches her by the waist—it is sometimes her husband. All converse, but none recognize each other. There is too much *esprit* in France to commit such blunders. At the masquerade, ignorance is wisdom. Intelligent men judge of women by their hands; the most splendid velvet, the most magnificent satin, have no meaning. The domino's sole mask is the glove. On the left bank of the Seine, the Prado is the private domain of students; but if we were to mention all the ball establishments which open their doors to the public, a page would not contain their names. After those great lords of the carnival, the Opera, Renaissance, Valentino, and Musard, what a swarm of balls is there not

between the Bastille and Madelaine, and Montmartre and the Pantheon! Every arrondissement, quarter, street—the most obscure places, the humblest roofs, the most remote gates, have their own. Go, explore and search; you will not find a family non-represented in that saltatory chaos.

When the *jours gras* come, the saltatory fever makes all legs frisk. The wisest and most demure breathe the mania in the air. The ball attracts women as the loadstone does iron. The grisette then extemporises a costume with what rags she can collect; the student eats dry bread, drinks water, and pawns his cloak, in order to dance sixty hours in the uniform of a hussar. They who have nothing borrow, they who owe, buy, and all Paris responds to the call of *Mardi Gras*.

Masks drop off on Ash Wednesday, but the ball dies not: when the loud noise of the carnival has passed away like a storm, the Faubourg St. Germain and Faubourg St. Honoré throw open their folding doors, and the embassies dance. Musard's ball is an extinct glory, a declining reputation, an invaded kingdom, a dismasted ship. All its dancers now come from the Lafitte and Caillard coach-offices; it recruits its *habitués* in the *rotondes* of the *diligences*, and at the railway terminus. It is beloved at Pithiviers, revered at Chateaufort, esteemed at Limoges, admired at Carpentras, but nearly forgotten at Paris. It is frequented by commercial travellers and first-year students; after a *début* at La Chaumière, grisettes pass on to Musard's ball, but do not even tarry there. Balls have their ruins as well as empires. The demise of the Rue Vivienne balls has also turned to the profit of those of Rue Saint Honoré; at first languid, they have now firm quadrilles and substantial waltzes. Valentino reigns and governs with success, and the Carnival reckons him one of its first ministers.

The *bals masqués* expire every Ash Wednesday; they revive for a moment on the Thursday of the Micareme, to last but a night. But during the whole Carnival, they reign unrivalled throughout the galvanised town. Paris sleeps not. Who is it that does not go to a masquerade? All rush to them. The twelve *arrondissements* spend their time in losing it, and each does so with miraculous success. Who will now talk of the Venice Carnival? Paris has stifled that ancient glory; the Riako is eclipsed by the Boulevard des Italiens.

The Musard and Valentino *soirées* have

been attractive and well attended this season.

PARIS.—M. Péronnet gave one of the most brilliant morning concerts in the *salle de Pleyel* last week, at which Mdle. Nau warbled an Italian air most delightfully, and received great applause in a duetto from *Belisario* with Baroilhet. Duprez also assisted, and was received with thunders of applause, particularly in a song from *La Dame Blanche*, "*Ah quel plaisir d'être Soldat.*"

Great preparations are making at the Académie Royale, for the production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. This beautiful opera will be performed in a few days, and will be followed by Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

M. Sudre, the inventor of a musical language, by which he professes to converse with persons of any country or language without speaking, but by the aid of musical composition (a performance on any instrument is all that he requires,) has now arrived in Paris, after a successful tour through the French provinces. At Nantes, Rouen, and Lyons, his performances excited the greatest attention.

It is stated in several well-informed quarters that Fanny Ellsler will return to the Opera at Paris this month (March,) and that she has refused the liberal offer of Laporte, to perform in the new ballet of *Jupiter et Danaë*.

*The Drama.*—At the Theatre du Vaudeville, M. Deforge's new two-act vaudeville, entitled *Une Nuit au Sérail*, has been the chief attraction. The piece is founded upon the travels of Lady Montague and her imbecile Lord; the chief incident is an intrigue at the harem, where the lady discovers and deceives her husband, the whole concluding in the triumph of conjugal honour. The decorations and *mise en scène* in the second act, are described as truly superb. Mdle. Brohan, the accomplished actress, sustained the part of Lady Montague. *Le Neveu du Mercier*, a serious comedy, has also been a successful production.

The Theatre Port St. Martin has been crowded every evening to witness the new drama of *Pauline*, founded on Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of *The Lady of Lyons*.

The only novelties produced at the Theatre de Renaissance have been *Frédéric Lemaître* and *La Fille du Tapissier*. Liszt is performing in this city, and is attracting great attention; yet he does not succeed so well as in London, where he will return early in May.

The present month closes the theatrical career of Mlle. Mars, who retires on the 31st March.

AMIENS.—M. Paul Formany has invented a new instrument, which he calls the chromatic kettle-drum; it contains fifteen skins, producing full and half tones. M. Hiller, director of the orchestra of this city, has composed a Funeral March and several other pieces for this instrument.

### ITALY.

Doehler, the celebrated pianist of Italy, competitor of Liszt and Thalberg, has just received the Order of San Lodovico. He received this distinction after a concert given at Florence for the benefit of an unfortunate family, in which he introduced pieces of his own composition, and a new fantasia on the melodies of *Giovanni da Procida*, by Prince Poniatowski.

A new tragedy by G. B. Niccolini is, indeed, a treat for the literati of Italy. *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra* is founded on the well known story of Fair Rosomond. The author has so successfully wrought up his subject, that it has become an established favourite both at Rome and Florence.

Mercadante received the appointment of professor to the Musical Academy of Bologna from Rossini's recommendation; but he declined it, in order to accept the pressing invitation of the King of Naples to that court.

*The Opera and Ballet in Italy.*—Most of the operas produced at the great Theatre of La Scala, at Milan, are in two acts, each being divided into several *tableaux*. After the first act the ballet is performed; and, as it takes up at least an hour and a half, the singers have time to rest, and prepare for the second act. If it be considered that the Italian *artistes* sing five or six times a week, it will be easily conceived that such exertions must require the repose thus contrived for them in the course of every representation. In the winter season, or what is called the Carnival, which is the most important of the three seasons, the opera is followed by a second ballet, in the comic style, which protracts the performance to at least midnight.

The scenery appeared to us somewhat less splendid than we anticipated, from the great fame it enjoys in Lombardy; and we must pronounce the Académie Royale of Paris superior in that respect. But the costumes, and particularly the ballets, are extremely rich, though we can scarcely bestow upon them the epi-

thet of fine, for we are not such enthusiastic admirers as most people seem to be in that part of Italy of the *éclat* of spangles, and a profusion of gold and silver gauze, jewels, &c. An actor representing a person of rank would not venture on the stage without a variety of embroidery and feathers, which are often but ill adapted to severe historical tradition. The *prime donne* all look as if they had dipped their velvet dresses into a stream of gold, and the humblest *confidante* glitters like the heavens in an Italian night. There is a wide difference between these habits and the chaster ones of the Académie Royale, where poor Nourrit, with his wonted tact, ornamented with silk lace only the cloak and doublet of *Ruoul de Nangis*, in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. At Milan, *Fernando Cortez*, on his way to the conquest of Mexico and Peru, would be covered with gold. At Naples, the fishermen in Auber's *Muette de Portici*, which opera is played both in that capital and at Milan under the title of *Fenella*, wore gold lace on their caps and cloaks.

On the other hand, in compliance with a tradition very detrimental to illusion and to the *coup d'œil* harmony, the choristers, and all the inferior members of the *personnel*, are dressed in the same manner. Thus, in a group of lords, all resembled one another as regards the colour of the doublet, cloak, and accessories of the costume, so that one fancies one always sees a company of soldiers of some unknown corps. The women have all of them the same dresses, either with or without a train, the only variety admitted being that of their faces. This sameness of costume must be very repulsive to the fair wearers, for the blonde is clad in yellow, if yellow be the order of the day, and the brunette is not at liberty to choose such colour as may suit either her complexion or taste. The worst of this usage is, certainly, that it impairs the variety of the picture which the stage presents, especially in the *finales*, where this uniformity of costume is detrimental to the illusion of the dramatic situation, and to the effect of the details of the *mise en scène*.

Nothing, however, is omitted, so far as this system of *mise en scène* will admit, to render everything as rich as possible. In the course of this season alone, in which the pit has proved very severe, we have seen three or four ballets produced, got up with a splendour at least equal to what the Grand Opera of Paris displays



once or twice a year, and makes the whole press praise and puff for months together. Velvets, satins, spangles, gold cloth, pearls, helmets, and plumes, are lavished with extraordinary profusion upon the immense dancing, capering, and pirouetting *personnel* of La Scala; and if perchance, the prying public recognize in a new manœuvre, anything that has been used before, they hiss it; the ballet is damned, and in this *fiasco* all the splendid costumes, in short the whole magnificent *mise en scène*, is condemned to vanish along with the ballet master's composition. In the last season of La Scala, the pit hissed four ballets successively, which have not ventured to figure again on the play-bills. As many operas had the same woful fate, whence we may conclude that the Milanese are determined to assert the superiority of their lyric stage at any cost.

Notwithstanding its vast dimensions, the house is a very sonorous one. This must be partly owing to the absence of the rows of galleries and open boxes, which absorb a large proportion of sound at the French theatres. When the public condescend to listen, which is not always the case, the slightest emission of sound reaches the remotest parts of the theatre. We have heard at La Scala singers gifted with no great voice, who were, nevertheless, perfectly heard. The tenor Salvi, who sang *Roberto Devereux*, in the autumn of 1839, and whom we heard several times at Milan at that period, is an admirable singer, but his voice is not one of a powerful description; yet, as he is liked by the public, he was listened to, and that was as it were to give him more voice. The celebrated Moriani, whom we had later an opportunity of hearing during the carnival season, did not give rise to such regret, for his voice is so fine, so pure, and so powerful, that it soared above the buzzing of the boxes and chat of the pit. We do not mean to say that Moriani sang amidst downright noise; but it may be pretty generally observed in Italy, that the principal *morceaux* only are listened to, and that such attention is even more real in the pit than in the boxes.

Most travellers who only pass through the cities of Italy carry away with them superficial and false opinions, which a little conscience would prevent their expressing. Thus it is alleged, that the same opera is always performed several months together at the great theatres;

and yet nothing is at more variance with the truth. For our part, within the lapse of scarcely three months, we saw at La Scala seven operas, four of which were entirely new to the public, and three revivals of works which had been forgotten. Of the four novelties, three were expressly written for the Scala carnival. This is an *ensemble* of labour and exertions, that reduces to a very little those of other great theatres, which exhaust all their *personnel* when they succeed in getting up two or three new operas in a year. But on the other hand, what a profession is that of Italian singers! To sing every night before the public, rehearse every morning the opera which is to be produced next, learn all the novelties written expressly for the theatres they are at, and pay no attention to indispositions often more annoying than real illness—such is their task. To stand it, they must have a bronze chest and iron courage. Add to this, that male singers must sing with full chest, head and mixed voices not being admissible in the theatres of Italy.

*Rossini's Facility of Composition.*—The air 'Di tanti palpiti,' is termed in Italy the *aria de rizi*, which originated in the following manner: Rossini had composed for the entry of *Tancredi* a grand air, which the *prima donna* Malanotti rejected. The cantatrice having declared her dislike to it only two days before the first performance, the young composer returned to his hotel in despair, and sat down to table. As most dinners in Lombardy commence with a dish of rice, which is liked but little done, four minutes before it is served up the cook is in the habit of putting the important question, *Bisogna mettere i rizi?* The question was put to Rossini, the rice put on the fire, and before it was ready he had written the celebrated 'Di tanti palpiti.'

M. Schöberlechner, pianist and *maitre de chapelle* to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, gave a grand concert at La Scala recently, in which his daughter, Sophia Schöberlechner, made her *début* here, and caused a very splendid and crowded assembly on the occasion. She has acquired great repute at Bologna, Venice, and other cities; and it would appear she has strong claims to be considered second to no female singer at present in this country. She sang a cavatina from *Belisario*, and a magnificent rondo from *Anna Bolena*, and was most enthusiastically applauded. She is expected shortly to grace the

boards of La Scala, as her dramatic acting is stated to equal her great vocal powers.

### GERMANY.

BERLIN.—The departure of Mdle. S. Löwe for Paris and London has created a pause in musical affairs; indeed, since the accession of the present monarch, the drama has been rising into greater attention. Mdle. Fassmann from Munich, performed Agathe in the 200th representation of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Beethoven's *Egmont* has also been received with favour by crowded houses, and Meyerbeer's *Crociato* has been attractive at the Königsstädter theatre. For dramatic representation, Schiller's *William Tell*, *Piccolomini*, and the *Robbers*, are all on the eve of reproduction.

DRESDEN.—Madame Schroeder Devrient continues to be an unceasing attraction; her recent performance in Goethe's *Tasso* has, if possible, added to her fame.

PRAGUE.—Halévy's comic opera of *Le Sherif* was adapted by Swobada, but owing to the inefficient manner in which Sir James Turner performed his part, it did not succeed. Bellini's *Norma* in the Bohemian language, and Marschner's romantic opera of *Hans Heiling*, have been the recent attractions.

VIENNA.—The only musical novelty in this city was the successful production of Reuling's new grand opera of *Alfred der Grosse*; the opera is most beautifully and effectively got up, and has the advantage of a well-written libretto by Herr Müller.

The number of musical publications which have appeared in Germany during the year 1840 has exceeded that of 1839, by 168 publications; the total number in 1839 being 2483, and in the year just completed, 2651. The latter are thus specified. 104 orchestral pieces, 134 for the violin, 48 for the violoncello, 76 flute, 32 other wind instruments, 7 for the harp, 43 for the guitar, 1178 for the pianoforte, 39 for the organ, 101 hymns, 744 songs, duos, &c.; 57 complete operas, and 52 works on music, exclusive of newspapers, and 24 works of instruction.

FRANKFORT.—Neeb has a new grand opera in a forward state, entitled *Domenico Baldi*; the music is very highly spoken of.

LEIPZIG.—Ole Bull, we regret to say, had reason to complain of his last reception in England, owing to some accidental circumstances by which the public at-

tention was diverted from him to a far inferior artist. Ole Bull has expressed himself delighted with his debut in this city, having given three public concerts, all of which presented full audiences, well disposed to appreciate his wonderful power over "the leading instrument." In the Gewandhaus he played an Adagio of Mozart, which alone we considered one of the finest displays of the pathetic in music that we ever witnessed. This *Adagio* is the same which Ole Bull performed at Salzburg, the birth place of the divine composer, when his widow paid him the high compliment of declaring that he alone possessed the power to express exactly what "her Mozart" intended by his affecting music,—most of the audience were in tears. In fact the main power of Ole Bull consists in the delicate lights and shadows of his playing.

HANOVER.—Donizetti's opera of *Lucia di Lammermeur* has been performed with great success by an Italian company; but the most attractive production of late has been Gutzkow's tragedy of *Werner*. The forty singers from the Pyrenees, who last year visited London, are now performing in this city.

A subscription has been opened at Leipzig and Dresden, to remove the remains of Carl Maria von Weber from the Catholic chapel in Moorfields to Dresden.

THE DRAMA IN GERMANY.—The Gelehrtengesellschaft of Hungary has offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best tragedy, and the like sum for the best comedy.

More than one attempt has been made to dramatize the life of Savage. However interesting his biography is, in the nervous style of Johnson, the subject is wanting in one of the chief requisites of the drama—unity; and it is therefore no wonder that M. Gutzkow's drama, notwithstanding single beauties and the injudicious efforts of his eulogists, has failed in making an impression on the stage. He has been far more successful in his *Werner*.

The *Dramatic Annual*, by Dr. Franck, contains *Irrgänge des Lebens*, a tragedy in five acts by Pannasch; *Christine von Schweden*, a drama in three acts by Vogel; *Richard Savage*, a tragedy in five acts by Gutzkow; *Worcester oder Geist und Narrheit*, a comedy in three acts by Dr. Franck, and an article on *Dramatic Literature and the German Drama in the 19th century*, by E. Reinhold. Another interesting work containing a good selection of new and original German dramas.

&c. is the Berlin Theatre Almanack for 1841, containing *Die Naturkinder*, a comedy in three acts by Cosmar; *Stiefmütter*, a comedy in two acts, by Schmale; *St. Peter, or the Poor Painter*, and *Frauenfreundschaft*, each in one act.

#### SPAIN.

The theatrical horizon of Spain, which has been clouded for a long period, is now assuming a brighter aspect. No new opera has been produced, or any revived worthy of notice. Quintana has produced two new classical tragedies, *Pelayo and the Duke of Visco*; the former proved the most successful. Burgos has written several new comedies; the most successful were *Los tres Iguales*, *El baile de mascarar*, *El optimista y el pesimista*, and *Desenganos para todos*. Martinez de la Rosa has also recently written *Œdipus*, a fine play; *Nina en casa*, a pretty comedy; and *Conjuracion de Venecia*, a drama, founded on modern habits and tastes. The Duke of Rivas, the author of *Don Alvaro*, has produced what he calls a philosophical spectacle, entitled *Fuerza del sino*, and it has become an established favourite with the people of Madrid. Gil y Zarate, the talented author of *Carlos II.*, and *Doña Blanca de Castilla*, has produced a new drama, entitled *Rosmunda*. But the most celebrated Spanish dramatic writer of modern times is Breton de los Herreros; his comedies vie with those of Moliere, Moreto, and Goldoni, both for peculiar situations and witticisms. His five-act comedy, *La Marcela*, was actually performed twice over from the beginning to the end—such were the unreasonable demands and enthusiasm of the audience: we believe no parallel case can be found in the annals of any other European stage. He has also written a new tragedy, *Merope*, and a drama, *Elena*, both of which proved highly successful. A drama, by Eugenio Harzembusch, entitled *Los Amantes de Teruel*, is also an established favourite. The most recent production is *Los Polvos de la Madre Celestina*.

#### TURKEY.

The Sultan has conferred on Donizetti the decoration of Nitscham Ifcihar, in magnificent diamonds. The brother of this popular composer is the principal musical director to the Grand Seignior.

#### AMERICA.

NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.—*Don Gio-*

vanni proves a great attraction still at the National, and so the managers are very wisely "keeping it before the people." Each repetition is more successful than the last, and from present appearances, it bids fair to rival any other production upon the New York stage.

THE WOODS.—The *Boston Post*, speaking of the Woods in *La Sonnambula*, says—"Mrs. Wood's opening recitative of 'Dearest Companions,' we have always considered as an unfavourable opening piece for the *prima donna*. With the exception of the latter part, it did not come up to our anticipations. The air, however, of 'While this heart,' was most beautiful; we could almost go with the most enthusiastic admirers of the singer, in their verbose descriptions of its beauty. Mr. Wood, in 'Take now this ring,' though good, was inferior to Wilson in the same passage. Wood's 'Still so gently,' and his wife's 'Ah don't mingle,' were as good as ever. They altogether surpass every one else in these songs; and besides, have become so associated with them, that we cannot now relish the efforts of other performers. The only good acting on the stage was Mrs. Wood, Andrews, and Mrs. Smith."

PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.—Buckstone has written a new piece for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, entitled *The Banished Star*; and it has proved highly successful, and will, no doubt, be among the earliest novelties at the Haymarket Theatre in London.

#### LONDON.

COVENT GARDEN.—A long farce, under the ridiculous title of *London Assurance*, has been the chief novelty presented to the public at this great national theatre. The new comedy by a young author under the assumed name of Mr. Lee Morton, was most decidedly triumphant; for we never beheld an audience more completely carried away by the mirth-moving merriment of the scene. It is really one of the richest and raciest comedies which this charming lessee has ever presented to us. The situations are funny beyond description, the incidents ludicrous, and the dialogue full of point and humour. Sir Harcourt Courtley, Bart. (Farren,) a gentleman of the school of fashion, exhibiting some of its worst vices in his character, is about to marry Grace Harkaway (Madame Vestris,) a young lady of nineteen summers, who has 15,000*l.* per annum, and does not care whom she mar-

ries; but the dowry on her marrying any one without Sir Harcourt's consent is bequeathed to his heir apparent. The baronet has a son Charles (Anderson,) of whose pursuits he knows nothing, and whom he imagined to be a simple youth. Squire Harkaway (Bartley) visits the baronet, and encounters Dazzle (Mr. Charles Mathews,) a person Charles Courtley had picked up in the streets, and who is invited by the squire to his seat in Gloucestershire. On arrival at the squire's, they are introduced to Lady Gay Spanker (Mrs. Nisbett) and Mr. Adolphus Spanker (Keeley,) a quiet husband, who plays second fiddle to his wife. Charles Courtley falls in love with Grace Harkaway, the affianced of his father, and the passion is returned. The baronet recognizes his son, but Charles denies the relationship, and declares his name to be Hamilton, at Dazzle's suggestion; and the baronet confesses himself deceived—this is the greatest absurdity of the piece. Lady Gay Spanker, the fox-hunting beauty, in order to assist the lovers, lays siege to the old baronet; and so far succeeds that an elopement is planned, the failure of which leads to the exposure of Sir Harcourt's weakness, and he finally relinquishes all claim to the hand of the fair Grace, in favour of his son. Harley plays an eccentric attorney, and Brindal has a good part in Cool, the valet. The triumphant success of this play may be fairly attributed to the very perfect manner in which the chief characters are sustained. Madame is always charming; but Mrs. Nesbitt has seldom a character so capable of displaying her abilities as Lady Gay Spanker; it has been evidently drawn for her; and her neighbour Constance, in the *Love Chase*, has been in the author's remembrance when he compiled this comedy. The dialogue is lively, full of puns, and exhibits great farcical extravagance. It is altogether a production of great promise from a young author; and is likely to become a lasting favourite, while the characters are sustained by the present chosen few of Covent Garden: it will not bear transplanting. The scenic illusions and the stage arrangements are brilliant and effective in the extreme.

*The Captain of the Watch* is an attractive and bustling farce, full of intrigue and equivoque; the situations are humorous, and Charles Mathews is quite at home as the Captain.

*The Embassy*, a new three-act drama

from the French, is the latest novelty. Miss Ellen Tree re-appeared at this theatre, in the part of the Baroness du Pont, one of the ladies of the Queen of Navarre, who loves and is beloved by Viscount René de Rohan, a young nobleman, whose life is forfeited. Rohan is believed to be dead; and she is about bestowing her hand on the Duke de Nevers (Moore,) when Rohan (Anderson) arrives, bearing a despatch he had forcibly taken from a courier; the despatch contains a warrant for his own execution. His presence prevents the marriage, but he is condemned. The Duke acts with dignity and generosity; suppressing his own passion, he pardons de Rohan, and the lovers are united. Madame has a gay and lively part, in which she assists materially in keeping the drama from condemnation. It is impossible to speak too highly of the *mise en scène*; and the stage arrangements are most beautiful and elegant.

A very elegant ring, opal, surrounded by diamonds, has been presented to Mr. R. Hughes, the leader, by the members of the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre as a testimony of friendship and esteem for his courteous and gentlemanlike conduct in that responsible situation.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Mr. Webster, the able lessee, has closed this elegant theatre, for the needful purpose of repairing and beautifying; but he has promised the public, in his parting address, to open his doors on the 12th of April with the re-appearance of our old favourites, Power and Buckstone, to whom is to be added Celeste. New dramas by Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Poole, and Bernard, are also to be produced; but we fear we shall have occasion to regret the absence of the great tragedian Macready;—Charles Kean's stage trickery will be a poor recompense.

**THE ENGLISH OPERA** has at length been opened under favourable auspices. It is conducted by a clever manager, who has carefully studied the history of the English Opera, and who has had more experience in the management of musical theatres abroad than any other of our composers. The theatre has opened with an excellent orchestra, including among others G. Cooke and Lazarus, and ably led by the veteran Loder. The chorus has been most carefully trained and well selected; and the company contains some of our most able singers—Wilson, who has been warmly greeted on his first and

subsequent appearances; H. Phillips, Stretton, Allen, and Barker; Madame Balfe, as *prima donna*, Miss Gould, and Miss Howard. The house opened with *Keolanthe, or the Unearthly Bride*, a new opera, by Mr. Balfe. The opera opens with a chorus of students, congratulating Andrea (Wilson), on his approaching marriage with Pavina (Miss Gould). Andrea has copied from the lid of a sarcophagus the portrait of Keolanthe, an Egyptian princess, whose beauty occupies his wakeful hours. When he retires for the night, Ombrasto (Phillips) appears, and offers to teach him a spell to re-animate the princess, who has been dead a thousand years. Andrea accedes, and they are transported to the great pyramid of Egypt, where the resuscitation takes place. The Princess (Madame Balfe) beholds in Andrea the image of her former love, and they are united: this terminates the first act. The second opens with a fête at the palace of the prince and princess, which is interrupted by the application of Filippo (Stretton) for shelter for his sister Pavina, who has fainted. Upon her admission, she sees Andrea the husband of another, and dies. Her brother Filippo challenges Andrea, but is killed, and when the Inquisition are about to drag the survivor (Andrea) to torture, Keolanthe appears, and is informed by Ombrasto of Andrea's perfidy; she then consigns him to despair, and disappears.

The surrounding scene changes to the student's own apartment, where he is awoke from his strange wild dream by Filippo and his friends leading in his bride Pavina.

*Keolanthe* as a musical composition is unquestionably a great acquisition to the English stage, and exhibits a most favourable specimen of this talented composer's abilities. It is full of beauty and melody. The concerted pieces are effective, and the beautiful trio of "Sweetly sleep till rosy dawn" possesses great originality. To appreciate the music of this opera fully, it must be seen more than once. Madame Balfe has a fine rich voice of considerable sweetness, and possesses an animated and pleasing countenance.

The dialogue and twaddling rhymes are decidedly inferior to the musical composition; yet we cannot but admit the *libretto* as a whole is a great improvement upon what we have had from the hands of Mr. Haines and others. This remark reminds us of what Hogarth has justly

observed, which we will take the liberty of quoting:

"The English Opera has fallen into contempt, not because the public are unable to appreciate its merits, but because its merits are far below what is required by the taste and intelligence of the public. In the earlier periods of the musical drama, music performed the part not of a principal, but of an accessory. It was used to give an additional charm to the beauties of poetry, and additional force and expression to the language of passion and feeling; and in proportion as the musical part of this entertainment has acquired an ascendancy, the poetical and dramatic part has declined. 'Whenever,' says Metastasio, 'music aspires to the pre-eminence over poetry in a drama, she destroys both that and herself.' 'Modern music,' he adds, 'has rebelled against poetry; and neglecting true expression, and regarding all attention to words as downright slavery, has indulged herself, in spite of common sense, in every sort of caprice and extravagance; making the theatre no longer resound with any other applause than that which is given to displays of execution, with the vain inundation of which she has hastened her own disgrace, after having first occasioned that of the mangled, disfigured, and ruined drama. Pleasures which are unable to gratify the mind, or touch the heart, are of short duration; for, though men may suffer themselves to be easily captivated by unexpected physical sensations, they do not for ever renounce the use of their reasoning faculties. These remarks of the greatest lyric poet of Italy are not less applicable to England than to his country. The times were, when the greatest poets of England did not disdain to look upon music as the sister of their own art, and employed its charms as a powerful auxiliary to the dramatic muse. Even before the opera in this country assumed a separate form as a branch of the entertainments of the stage, music was largely employed to heighten the pleasure and effect of theatrical representation. Shakspeare not only takes every opportunity of expressing his passionate love of music, and of describing its effects, but, in the greater number of his plays, makes use of it in many forms, both vocal and instrumental."

We have now hopes that the lyrical drama of this country will revive; but the public must not withhold their support of the *native opera*, because idle fash-

ion would lead them to other establishments. While speaking of native opera, we would suggest to the manager the propriety of reviving such established favourites as the *Padlock*, *Duenna*, *No Song no Supper*, *Cabine*, *Comus*, *Love in a Village*, *Quaker*, *Siege of Belgrade*, and a host of English comic operas, rather than resort to Donizetti or M. Ambrose Thomas. The *Matrimonial Ladder* is a very amusing comic operetta. A new opera by Macfarren, the composer of the *Devil's Opera*, is in operation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Italian Opera* commenced this season some weeks later than usual, with Cimarosa's beautiful opera of *Orazj e Curiazj*, but it was very indifferently performed, owing to the non-arrival of the chosen stars of this theatre. The leading characters were filled by Madame Viardot and Mario, both very excellent performers, but unfitted for this beautiful specimen of the old lyrical tragedy of Italy. It has been followed by Rossini's celebrated opera of *Tancredi*, reproduced after a lapse of some years. M. Pauline Garcia added another wreath to her already verdant crown, by her beautiful performance of *Tancredi*. Persiani, in the part of Aine-naide, exhibited her wonted skill and delicacy. Yet the great theatre does not fill from two causes; first, the superiority of the German company in the choruses and concerted pieces, and, secondly, the paucity of talent now on the boards of her Majesty's theatre.

DRURY LANE.—The German company, under the direction of M. Schumann, commenced their season of fifty nights with a numerous company of well-selected performers, including Madame Stockl Heinefetter, Madame Schumann, M. Haitzinger, and Sesselman. To these the bills have announced the engagement of the celebrated Madame Schroeder Devrient, and Meyerbeer: neither of these stars, however, are likely to appear in London; from which the public will perceive the English manager has not left off his puffing propensity. The operas of *Der Freischutz*, *Jessonda* and *Fridolin* have been most effectively produced, and the choruses have excited the greatest enthusiasm; they are really magnificent.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.—The Anniversary Festival will be held on the 31st, when Mr. Harley's speech, respecting the management of the theatre, is looked forward to with interest.

On Wednesday the company performed

*Massaniello* in German, for the first time in this country; and the public had then an opportunity of witnessing how fully these artists are out of their element in either a French or an Italian opera. Madame Schumann was entirely lost as the Dumb Girl. Haitzinger's music was perfect; but in manner and gesture it was evident there was something wanting. Mozart's *Titus* is to be performed on the 31st inst.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season commenced with the following selection.—Sinfonies No. 4, Haydn, and in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto pianoforte, Madame Dulcken, Weber; Overture, *Ulysses and Circe*, Romberg; Concerto violin, M. Deloffre, Mayseder; Overture, *Joseph*, Mehul; Scena, Miss Masson; "*Sommo Ciel*," and scena, Miss Birch.—*Ah perfido*. The whole of the performances were loudly applauded, particularly Madame Dulcken and Miss Masson's. At the second Concert, Weber's Mermaid music, from *Oberon*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, were performed in brilliant style. Belioz's overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* met with a very indifferent reception.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. George Perry, the leader of the orchestra of this very excellent society, reproduced his oratorio of *The Death of Abel*, a few days since at Exeter Hall. The oratorio is unquestionably a work of merit, and reflects great honour on the composer. The music bears all the peculiarities which distinguish the style of Handel, and we have no doubt it will become a standard oratorio, although it has not yet been repeated. The solos were effectively sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Phillips, Leffler and Hobbs.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has been taken by Mr. George Wild, from whose experience in stage management the public may confidently anticipate a good selection of novelties. He is one of the best low comedians on the boards, and he deserves every success.

THE PRINCESS'S.—It is rumored, our old favourite Mr. Willy intends re-opening this theatre shortly, with Promenade Concerts; we know no one more capable of conducting a promenade concert than this celebrated violinist.

ADELPHI.—This theatre will shortly close, after a short but successful season. The only novelty has been *Satanus*, an adoption from *Le Diable Amoureux*, which has been so attractive at Paris, at her Ma-

jesty's theatre in London as a ballet, and at the Queen's. The plot details how his satanic majesty is represented to have entrusted to an inferior female demon the task of betraying the soul of a certain Italian Count; the female demon is exhibited tumbling headlong in love with her victim; love is shown to be the great reformer even of devils; the bewildered little demoniacal female practises acts of devotion, in her earthly sojourn, that set all her confederates below fairly aghast; and when, at the conclusion, her infernal master wishes to pull her back to Tartarus, it is found that he has suddenly lost all further power over her. So potent is love. Mrs. Honey is the bewitching demon at this theatre.

**THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.**—This rising little theatre has been nightly filled to witness *Satanus* and other novelties, which the lessee has presented to the public. The scenery at this house is fully equal to that of any minor theatre in London.

The *musical world* has been a most indefatigable censurer of the Promenade Concerts; and it has repeatedly declared these concerts to be "a foe to the interests of music;" for our parts, we believe this species of entertainment to have been productive of great benefit to the musical profession: with all its defects at Drury Lane, from the introduction of cannon and red fire, it has tended very materially to make the English public acquainted with good music. The gratification of hearing the magnificent symphonies of Beethoven and Haydn, is sufficient to redeem all the follies that have been committed; and we are not disposed to forget the great services rendered to the public by Messrs. Arnold, Laurent, sen., Harper, Platt, Hatton, and G. Cook, for introducing these delightful concerts to the British public.

Mr. John Hullah has afforded efficient aid in cultivating a taste for music, by opening a singing class for schoolmasters at Exeter Hall, on the system of M. Wilhelm of Paris. This method is clear and progressive; but it overcomes all the difficulties that present themselves to the uninitiated, as the system is gradual and sure; three classes have been already formed.

Two societies, having for their object the support and advancement of the legitimate drama, have created considerable sensation among the admirers of good acting.

The first of these, the SHAKESPEARIANS,

have done a great deal for the support of the legitimate drama, and have kept up a taste for the plays of our best authors, at a time when the regular theatre has been desecrated with the extravagance of melodrama, outrageous farce, and pantomimic spectacle. This is extremely creditable to the Shakspearian Society, and the members of it deserve the unqualified thanks of the community for the attempt, and also for successfully withstanding the influx of a spurious dramatic literature, which has almost swept from the English stage the great, sterling, and standard plays of Shakspeare and his followers. Their leading star (Mr. Barnard Gregory) has been effective as Rienzi, Shylock, Sir John Falstaff, and Othello; he is generally considered to resemble Edmund Kean; but in this opinion we cannot concur.

The THESPIANS rank second only to the Shakspearians. Messrs. Silver, Harcourt, Wightman, Cowper, Wilson, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, are each excellent in their several styles of acting, and fully prove that genuine acting cannot be taught; that a player must have genius to appreciate the poet's language, to enable him to enchant an audience by its recital.

The SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS recently gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music, consisting chiefly of the productions of the members, and affording the British public an opportunity for evincing its disposition towards promoting the interest of native talent. Mr. Willy led a very full band, in his usual able manner; and Sir George Smart, the ornament of the profession, conducted.

One of the five genuine signatures of Shakspeare in existence (three are affixed to his will,) was recently sold for one hundred guineas; and the fifth is about to be offered by auction; the signature is "WILLM. SHAKSPEARE."

"The Free the German Rhine."—*Mills.*—A Popular German Patriotic Song, founded on the recent exposition of the designs of France with respect to the Rhenish Provinces of Germany. The original poem by N. Becker, with the music as composed by Dr. Schumann, of Leipzig, is now singing with the utmost enthusiasm in all parts of Germany. The spirit of the original poem has been preserved in the present translation by J. W. Hudson, and the alterations have been carefully adapted to the English taste.

More than one hundred persons have composed music to this popular poem,

but Dr. Schumann's is admitted to be the most perfect in originality and expression.

Mr. Duncombe, M. P., has been presented with a beautifully chased silver cup, cover, and salver, with the Duncombe arms on one side, and the following inscription on the other, "To Thomas

Slingsby Duncombe, Esq. M. P., in gratitude for his parliamentary services in favour of those theatres which are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain; and which his labours have relieved from certain painful restrictions. This cup is presented, &c."

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### FRANCE.

THE want of public schools for young children is almost as great in France as in England. In 321 communes or parishes there are 575 infant schools, which instruct 50,000 children, but there are ten of the departments which have no infant schools whatever; for although accommodation has been afforded for the instruction of five millions of children, yet only three millions attended during the last winter, and but 1,800,000 during the summer. The number of normal schools in France is also far too limited, being only 74, which are enabled to perfect 900 schoolmasters annually, while the annual number required is full 1500. In the department of the Upper Rhine there are 767 schools, partly parochial and partly private, for the poorer and middle classes; these are attended in winter by 67,000 children, and in summer by 30,000. In addition to these, there are 15 private schools for the higher classes, and 16 schools for Jewish children in this department.

The third part of E. Burnouf's *Collection Orientale*, entitled *Le Bhagavata purana, ou Histoire poétique de Krichna*, has just been published at Paris. The first portion of this work, published in 1837, was *Raschid Elden, Histoire des Mongols de la Perse*, and the first volume of the second part was published the following year, entitled *Abou'lkasim Firdousi, Le Livre des Rois*.

According to a recent calculation made by M. Villeneuve-Bargemont, the number of mendicants in France amounts to 178,000 persons; of these 40,000 are aged, 32,000 sickly and ill, 76,000 are children, and 30,000 healthy men and women. This calculation shows there is one mendicant in every 166 inhabitants.

Adam Michiewicz, the celebrated professor of the ancient languages of eastern Europe, has been appointed professor of the Slavonic language at the University of Paris.

An Academy of the Art of Poetry was established at Toulouse in 1323, under the direction of seven poets of rank. Artists who contended for the prize, which consisted of a flower of gold or silver, were sometimes subject to an oral examination as to their acquaintance with the principles of the art, and their capacity to feel and estimate the merits of the passion which formed the general theme of poetry. The problems proposed were often difficult of solution. The following is an example: Imagine two lovers, one of whom is constantly harassed by jealousy, and the other, on the contrary, enjoys calmly and without suspicion the affections of his mistress; which of the two loves most? To judge of the correctness of the answer, *A Court of Love* was summoned, consisting of a jury of ladies, whose decisions were registered and respected as decrees.

The *Libraire d'Education*, published under the auspices of Victor Boreau and L. F. Hivert, is proceeding rapidly towards completion. The History of France, in 2 vols., by Boreau; the History of England, by Boreau and Lafon; the History of Russia, by Duchiron; the History of Poland, by Cynski; the History of Italy, by Boreau and Duchiron; and the History of Germany, by Boreau, have severally appeared. The two next volumes of this work are *Littérature cours méthodique* and *Siècles Littéraires de la France*, and will shortly be published.

A very entertaining work, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, has just appeared from the pen of the talented authoress, who writes under the title of George Sand. The work has not been published in any of the French magazines, as is usually the case with this writer's productions.

Ferdinand Dugué, a youthful poet of great promise, whose verses are distinguished for tenderness and sentimentality, has just published a collection of Sonnets, which he entitles *Les gouttes de Rosée*; and he justifies himself for



the title in the following concluding lines of a sonnet, dedicated to Marie:—

"Votre amour est la fleur, mes vers sont la rosée  
Dont les gouttes souvent ressemblent à des  
pleurs!"

The good people of Brittany have some curious legends connected with the story of the famed Eloisa and Abelard. They believe Eloisa to have been a witch; and de la Villemarqué has an interesting poem, in his collection of Poetry of Brittany, giving a description of the various charms and spells used by Eloisa. Pope, at the head of his poem, states: "Eloisa and Abelard flourished in the twelfth century. They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion."

Professor Boutriche, the author of several chronological works, has just published his *Tableau comparatif et historique des Religions anciennes et modernes, des principales Sectes Religieuses et des Ecoles Philosophiques*. This comprehensive work is represented to be well-digested, and as exhibiting great talent and research.

M. de Lamartine has just issued his report to the Chamber of Deputies on the state of literary property in France; it is exceedingly well written. He justly observes, "While we make a code for the protection of literary property in France, the necessity of an international code everywhere discovers itself in the complaints of our writers, the losses of our publishers, and by the unanimous cry all over Europe against the scandalous pillage of public and private property, which, doubtless, the silence of the law of public right sanctions, but which is, nevertheless, a disgrace to civilisation. Hardly is a book printed in London, Vienna or Paris, than the foreign printers seize it, and without submitting to the regulations of the public revenue or of national labour, without advancing the interests of the publisher or author, they print it in every form, and inundate Europe and America with their piratical literature, which always proves the most profitable speculation, because the traders in this disgraceful traffic never reprint books of which the success has not been already established, and the profit consequently certain."

### GERMANY.

The new number of the German Quarterly Review, *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift*, contains articles on the Fluctuations in the Circulating Medium—Germany and Switzerland—On the Defence of Western Germany against France, &c. &c.

An English journal, edited by E. A. Moriarty, and entitled *The English Examiner*, appears weekly in Leipzig; some of the articles are well written.

By a recent stamp law all newspapers published in the Austrian dominions, or foreign newspapers brought into that country, are required to be stamped; the charge for each number is fixed at one kreutzer if printed within

that realm, and two kreutzers if printed abroad and not exceeding one sheet; the stamping will take place at the post-offices on the frontier.

The duty on books and music entering the Austrian dominions is 10s. per cwt. A reduction has been made on all plates, maps, plans and illustrations belonging to and accompanying the works. The duty on plates, engravings and drawings on paper is reduced from 6l. to 1l. per cwt., paintings pay 10s. The export duty on all the above-mentioned articles is 1l. 5s. per cwt.

The government of Saxony has instituted a pension fund for the widows and orphans of schoolmasters of evangelical schools.

At a meeting of German naturalists at Erlangen, Dr. Coch, of Jena, presented his new map of the Caucasian provinces, the result of three years' residence in those provinces. Professor Olympios, from Athens, attended the meeting, and furnished the society with some most interesting details respecting the natural history of Greece.

Kronberger, the spirited publisher at Prague, has just issued the first part of Franz Palacky's *Böhmisches Archiv*. This interesting work will consist of twelve parts, forming four volumes; the first part contains the writings of the Emperor Sigismund from 1414 to 1437; King Wenzel and the Herrenverein from 1394 to 1401; and the writings of Wilhelm von Pernstein in 1520.

The Zoll-Verein has been renewed for the space of eight years longer by several of the minor German states. On the other hand Holland has withdrawn from the conditions of the treaty of commerce with Prussia.

The line of railway from Magdeburg to Leipzig has been exceedingly flourishing. From its opening on the 18th August to the end of the year (1840), 200,000 persons, paying 20,000l., have travelled along the line, and the receipts for goods have exceeded 5,000l.

*Death of Carl von Rotteck.*—This melancholy event, which occurred on the 26th December, has deprived the literary world of Germany of one of its most popular historians, and the constitutional cause of one of its most uncompromising and strenuous advocates. As a proof of the estimation in which the *Weltgeschichte* was held, a bookseller in Brunswick gave the large sum of 1,500l. for the right of publishing it a short time since. The town in which he lived has actually, it may be said, gone into mourning for his loss.

A recent official statement of the number of students in the several Universities of Prussia at different periods exhibits a surprising reduction in the return for the last few years. The total number of students in 1829 was 6097, but in 1839 it was only 4582; a falling off of one half has taken place in the theological and juridical faculties, while medicine and philosophy have received additional attention.

A professorship of modern Greek literature has been attached to the University of Berlin, and Dr. J. Franz has received the appointment; he has promised his assistance in the continuation of Professor Büchke's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcorum*.

Dr. Breitenstein, who taught His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg musical composition, has received a handsome gold snuff-box from His Royal Highness.

The various plans and estimates ordered by the King of Prussia relative to the building of the superb cathedral of Cologne have been laid before his Prussian Majesty, who has determined on proceeding with the work, and at least to connect the façade with the magnificent choir.

PRUSSIA.—Schelling has been appointed to an office in the department of Justice in Berlin, with liberty to give what lectures he pleases. The atmosphere of Munich does not seem favourable to the study of science; for this celebrated professor has announced a course of lectures on the Philosophy of Mythology, with the humiliating addition, "if a sufficient number of hearers could be found." On this occasion, however, the lecture-room was crowded; and the students received him with enthusiastic applause. Schelling is not the only loss which the capital of Bavaria will suffer; Cornelius goes to Berlin, and Kaulbach will most probably follow.

Dr. Pertz of Hanover, the editor of the "*Monumenta Germanica*," has, it is said, been offered the place of librarian at Berlin. It is not certain whether he will accept it.

In Berlin, 13,000 children are educated wholly or partly at the expense of the city. In 1819, the public funds only contributed 430*l.* yearly for the poor and for the purposes of gratuitous instruction; at present 43,000*l.* are voted annually for this purpose. The prison discipline, we believe, did not produce a favourable impression on Mrs. Fry, on her recent visit to that city. All children of a certain age are required by law to attend some places of instruction. The following statement is from a recent German paper:—Of 100 children of the age required, 91 attended the public schools in Prussian Saxony; in Silesia, 86; in Brandenburg, 84; in Westphalia, 83; in the Rhine provinces, 80; in Pomerania, 76; in Prussia proper, 74; and in Posen, 61. In the city of Berlin, only 59 children in every 100 visited the public schools. It is much to be regretted, that the list does not likewise give the proportions of those who attend private schools.

According to the new law for the protection of literary property, the duration of the copy-right was extended ten years; it expired previously after thirty years from the death of the author. A question has arisen whether the new law should be retrospective. The booksellers of Berlin have sent in a memorandum, but we believe that no decision has yet been published.

Strauss's new work, "*The Christian Dogma in its Contest with Science*," has appeared, and excited a great sensation. The hopes that were entertained that the author of the "*Life of Jesus Christ*" would, in his theological studies, soon see reason to abandon the negative position which he had taken, are little likely to be fulfilled. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic admiration of a numerous party, we cannot think that this new work will add to his reputation. It resembles more the work of an advocate of preconceived opinions, than the work of a man, who with courage and boldness sincerely seeks

after truth. We trust that no injudicious attempts of prohibition will raise his popularity; and we have then little doubt, that as the works of this writer become more numerous, they will bring their own antidote with them. Meanwhile, the friends of the Church should not be idle.

Henry Heine, the celebrated author of the "*Buch der Leier*," has, in his last production, "*Heiue über Borne*," shown how deeply a man can sink, who wanders without fixed principles. Glaring self-conceit, arrogance, and a want of sincerity, are throughout apparent. Even in his best productions, there was always much leaven, yet even his worst enemies could hardly have prophesied that he would have sunk so low.

Prince Puckler Muskau, whose "*Letters on England*" excited so great a sensation some years ago, loses ground in the opinion of his countrymen, notwithstanding his frequent attempts to attract their attention. Immermann's satirical sketch of the Prince, in his "*Munchausen*," seems not far from the truth.

The censorship on the publication of works in Bavaria was so severe under the Prince Theodore in 1798, that a work on Cookery was prohibited, because it contained a recipe by which fish might be prepared so as to resemble meat dishes.

Brockhaus of Leipsic has published a work by Talvj, on the unauthenticity of Ossian's Poems, more particularly Macpherson's collection.

The first circulating or lending library in Europe was established at Wetzlar by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the termination of the seventeenth century.

## ITALY.

The first part of an architectural work of great promise has been published at Florence, entitled *Opere Architettoniche di Raffaello Sanzio*. The illustrations and remarks are by Carlo Pontani, who appears to have a most perfect acquaintance with the history and progress of Grecian architecture.

A very comprehensive work, descriptive of all the galleries of paintings in Rome, is in course of publication in that city.

Literature in Italy has sustained a great loss by the death of Dr. Gage, who had scarcely completed the third volume of his *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secola XIV. XV. XVI. pubblicato ad illustrato con documenti pure inediti*, when he died at Florence, at the age of 37, universally regretted. The *Carteggio* is published by Molini of Florence, and is a work of great value, exhibiting great historical research.

A new romance, *Gina novella Italiana*, by L. Romani, has appeared at Milan, and is attracting considerable attention. This novel possesses the great novelty of drowning all the characters introduced in the story, by which a termination to the romance is easily effected.

## SPAIN.

Periodical literature continues to revive, both in Madrid and Cadiz. The best conducted journals are *El Piloto*, *El Correo Nacional*, and *El*

*Mensajero*. The best literary periodical, the *Revista de Madrid*, is but little known in Europe. Among its contributors are some of the most learned men in Spain; Alcalá Galiano, Martínez de la Rosa, Puche y Bautista, the Marquis of Vallgornera, de Santiesteban, Silvela, Peña y Aguayo, Benavides, and Calderon Colantes, supply the best written articles. One of the most valuable works of recent date is a Dictionary of Ancient Spain. *Tarraconense Beticay Lusitana*, by Don Miguel Cortes y Lopez.

Llaguno's *Dictionary of Spanish Architects*, with explanations by Juan Cean Bermudez, contains some valuable chapters on the History of the School of Painting at Seville, and a full description of the celebrated Cathedral at Seville. It was from this work that the late Frank Hall Standish gleaned some valuable information for his last published work, *Seville and its Vicinity*.

Four volumes of Don Manuel Jose Quintana's learned work, *Vidas de Espanoles celebres*, have now appeared. Don Jose Gomez Hermosilla's translation of Homer's *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, are considered by the Spanish people as the best translations of Homer in any language.

Quinto has also published the first volume of his *Constitutional Antiquities of Aragon*, entitled *Discursos Politicos sobre la Legislacion y la Historia del Antiguo Reyno de Aragon*. Zorilla's Collection of Ancient Legends, *Leyendas y Tradiciones Historicas*, are in course of publication. The first volume has excited great attention for the valuable information it contains.

*Calderon's remains*.—By a lucky accident, the remains of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca have been discovered. As the workmen were pulling down the decayed cloister of St. Salvador, a tomb was found under the walls of the vestry, which proved to be that of the poet. An architect, who was fortunately present, read the inscription, and saved the stone. Calderon had been buried in the Trinity cloister; but with the destruction of this building in the middle of the last century, all traces of the place of his burial had vanished. His remains have been brought to the church of Alocha, a kind of national pantheon, and a subscription has been opened for the erection of a bronze statue to the poet in some public situation.

#### BELGIUM.

*The first printed Newspaper*.—It has recently been discovered by E. Gochet, of Brussels, from a marginal note in the handwriting of Adrian de But, a Dutch monkish writer of the fifteenth century, that printed papers, conveying newspaper information, were circulated in Europe before the year 1460, and were, without doubt, first printed at Mayence. The first printed newspaper of which any trace can be found was printed in 1455, and gave intelligence of the peace of Karaman with the King of Cyprus, and the conquest of Servia by the Turks, in 1454. It was made known in these words:

"Czu nuwen meren schribet man vns alus  
Dz in die Turkey der mechtige Charamannus

Der etwan den konig von Cypern hatte gefangen  
Deshalb ym dz kongrich must langen  
Czins vnd tribut all jar  
Solichs habe er en gelediget offenbar  
Vnd ist widder den grossen Turken bereit,  
Getrulich zu helfen die cristenheit  
Darzu schribt man vns vorbas  
Wie die grois Turke vs gezogen was  
In die Sirplie mit siner stercke."

The number of works published in Belgium during the past year amounted to 320; being an increase above the year 1839 of twenty works. 218 were in French, 92 in Flemish, 6 in Latin, and 4 in the German language.

#### SWITZERLAND.

Isenring, the celebrated painter of St. Gallen, has invented an apparatus upon the principles of the Daguerreotype, by which he is enabled to take portraits in any size and with the eyes open; the latter has been long considered the most difficult point to accomplish.

The University of Zurich has 143 students, and the new Botanical Garden is now completed. A society of arts has been formed by the towns of Bern, Basle, and Zurich, and the first exhibition is to take place at Zurich early in the spring.

#### RUSSIA.

The arbitrary conduct pursued by the imperial government of Russia, in prohibiting the printing of books in Poland in any other than the Russian language, has been followed up by a similar course of conduct towards the Jews, who are forbidden by a recent Ukase from printing works in Hebrew, German, Polish, or any other language than the Russian, in any town or city except Wilna and Kiew. Several thousand persons have been thrown out of employ by this severe edict. In the provinces of Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the country on each side of the Caucasus, there are upwards of two millions of the inhabitants professing the Jewish religion. They have 1,007 parishes or congregations, 586 synagogues, and 2,377 schools for children professing the Mosaic faith. In these districts 60 printing establishments have been stopped, and the families depending thereon for support left to starve; the works emanating from these establishments were all printed in German or Hebrew. This Ukase does not extend to the Karaer, a Jewish sect, who reject the doctrines of the Talmud, and who have printing establishments at Dechufutkale and Kosloff, from whence several interesting works have issued by the assistance of Sinia Bobowitsch.

The Russian Chinese scholar, Hyakinth, (Bichurir,) has published an Encyclopaedia, under the title of "China and its Inhabitants."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The late Frank Hall Standish*.—The entire stock of this well-known author's works, including his library and valuable collection of paint-

ings, will be removed to Paris, as soon as his Majesty Louis Philip, to whom they have been devised by will, shall have determined upon where they are to be placed. The paintings, including some of the finest Murillo's, will, it is expected, grace the walls of the Louvre. Previous to his death, Mr. Standish had nearly completed writing the Life of Cardinal Ximenez: this work will, no doubt, be preserved, with other interesting documents left at his residence in Seville, and which, from his long residence in Spain, and his great antiquarian research, will be found to be replete with interest and information. It is to be hoped these relics will fall into the hands of his half-brother, Sir Hugh Purves Hume Campbell.

The establishment of a German Newspaper in London, entitled *Die Deutsche Presse*, is one of the many proofs of the increasing taste for the acquirement of the German language; indeed, the acquisition of this language has become a *sine quâ non* in all branches of polite education. The Court, it is expected, will patronise this effort. The newspaper will be printed by H. Passargé, who has recently reprinted some of the best and most popular of the German classics, including Goethe's *Egmont*,

*Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Hermann and Dorothea*; and Schiller's *Don Carlos*, *Jungfrau von Orleans*, and *Dreissigjähriger Krieg*.

Mr. Birch, the translator of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which has been so favourably received, has nearly completed his translation of the Second Part. Nos 1 and 2 of this portion of the work have already been published, and have commanded a greater degree of public attention than the First Part, owing to the number of translations of the First Part that have appeared. Both parts of the work are embellished with beautiful steel engravings, after M. Retzsch, and will form the most complete translation that has hitherto appeared.

MADAGASCAR.—A printing press has been introduced at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, by the missionaries, who are actively engaged in printing a translation of the Bible into the Malagasee language. Four of the natives are sufficiently versed in the business to act as compositors, while the press-work is executed by two more, and several others aid in correcting the press.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has given 50*l.* to the London Library, and has promised a donation of German books.

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2. *Ceremonies, Customs, Rites, and Traditions of the Jews*. By Hyman Isaacs, a converted Jew. London.

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"EXCEPT the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." In these words of the Psalmist may be summed up the history of countless schemes projected in various countries for the emancipation of the Jews, without first trying to convert them to Christianity. The total failure of all attempts at a reform of this kind may be viewed as a second standing miracle corroborative of that other generally admitted one—the continued existence of the children of Israel as a distinct nation. False philosophy, not unlike the apostate emperor of old, has only made another unsuccessful experiment of its strength, in trying, as it were by underhand

dealing, to rebuild the ancient Temple of Jerusalem, upon the ruins of which has been raised that Church against which the powers of hell shall not prevail. The followers of this pagan school of philosophy seem to have been visited by a mental blindness equal to that of the objects of their pity; and it is a melancholy consideration that they should still be so far from discerning that not only they, but a thousand apostate emperors, will labour in vain to rebuild that Temple of whose foundations it was predicted that no stone should remain. Warburton, on Julian, contains a perfect analysis of the entire story of the attempt to rebuild the Temple by that emperor. Ammianus Marcellinus, an unquestioned authority, states the fact; and Gibbon owns the story stood equally confirmed by pagan and Christian authorities. We are decidedly, after a diligent examination, in favour of the miraculous intervention. The true believer will not require from us any proofs of this; a few words on the subject will satisfy him, though to false philosophy their real purport will ever remain unintelligible.

The Jewish nation was a chosen one; even unchristian philosophers have latterly conceded this point. To preserve in their purity the sacred traditions of man's creation, and the belief in one God, amongst nations polluted with idolatry, until the hour of divine mercy should arrive, was the object of that heaven-given mission. The hour having struck, the God-promised Messiah appeared on earth; not to abolish but to complete

law, by adding to it universal charity. Thus by the grace of Heaven, and only by the grace of Heaven, all men have been made brethren and adopted as children of one God. The stiff-necked people, however, rejected that infinite grace, and thus excluded themselves from the pale of the Christian commonwealth. So long as their soul shall remain unchristian, it is folly, nay it is sacrilege, to adopt measures for rendering the Jews legitimate subjects of a truly Christian state. No complete emancipation of them is possible, except by their previous conversion; and until this shall be effected, the utmost that ought to be granted them is toleration; anything more will prove vain wisdom, false philosophy and unsound policy. This is the condition which was predicted to them by their deliverer from the Egyptian bondage:—"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone."—Deut. xxviii. Again: "And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."

These passages, however, are unintelligible to the votaries of what the Germans would call *halb-philosophie*; truly a half, or rather perhaps altogether a false philosophy; the abortive productions of which are all those systems of Utilitarianism, Socialism, Chartism, and of any modern "ism," which lead away from God, as a half philosophy never fails to do. To such, society is a mere agglomeration of men, held together by self-interest; a state which might be expressed by the problem—from a given number of knaves to produce so much virtue. The effect of such a doctrine may be to cause a generation to abound in money and cheap knowledge, but to despoil it of faith and deprive it of wisdom and happiness. In other words, it does but attempt to restore the ancient idolatry, and its advocates care not whether the Jews become converted or unconverted members of the state.

A humble and sound philosophy pursues a totally different course, and truly it has been said of such, that it leads to God. To this philosophy, states are not agglomerations of men from fortuitous causes, but living individuals, distinctly and wonderfully articulated, having a God-given existence. Their soul is incorporated into appropriate organs, called social institutions, one of which—the Church—opens the way to, and connects them with, heaven. Every subject of a state is an integral member of one of such individuals, as

intimately united thereto as a limb to the body. The highest duty of a subject therefore is, to be so entirely a member of the state as not to have a separate existence from it: his happiness in this world depends on this condition. The soul of modern states is free, having been delivered from slavery by Christianity, and this freedom forms the line of demarcation between ancient and modern society.

In Greece and Rome, the most important measures were not ultimately decided upon by man's will, but by chance, by all kinds of auguration. Thus the member of a state must not only be united bodily to it, but his very soul must be merged in it, and he must be absolutely a Christian. Any departure from this rule will produce weakness, sickness, and perhaps the death of a state; just as a derangement in the body will cause its premature dissolution. It follows, that modern republics, though they be Christian, are more liable to such a contingency; being deprived of the most important organ, namely, the head. It follows further that all the members of a state ought to belong to one established Church, and wherever the contrary is the case it proves a source of weakness to that state, which then ceases to live by its internal vitality, and must seek its support from without. Where, however, the number of Dissenters is small, and the state powerful, the danger is less imminent. Strictly speaking, religious sects can be only tolerated in a state, and the rank they hold in it can be only one degree higher than that held by Jews. The conclusion at which we again arrive is, that no complete emancipation of the Jews, not preceded by their conversion, is possible, or would be safe: and that without this condition, toleration alone can be granted to them. This ought not to be refused by any Christian state, as it is expressly commanded by our religion: "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab, be thou covert to them from the face of the spoiler: for the extortioner is at an end, the spoiler ceaseth, the oppressors are consumed out of the land."—Isaiah, ch. xvi.

We now proceed to consider the practical bearing of the foregoing observations in reference to the state of the Polish Jews, and on our way we will also cast a glance at the Jews in France and Germany. It appears that of the two modes proposed for their emancipation, that of accomplishing it without their previous conversion to Christianity is the most popular in both these last named countries. It cannot excite wonder, that in France, where the king no longer rules by the grace of God, but by the will or caprice of a sovereign people, and where the state does not profess a distinct re-

ligion, all persuasions, and even the Mosaic, enjoying the same privileges and liberties, the Jews are in possession of all the rights belonging to a French citizen. It should be remembered, too, that the number of Jews in France is extremely small, not exceeding fifty thousand upon a population of thirty-four millions. Their conduct has been of late honourable, and it is said that no less than twelve hundred of them served in the armies of Napoleon.

In Germany they are much more numerous, and so far as outward appearances are concerned they are fast losing the distinctive characteristics of their nationality. Those of Berlin rank above the others by their riches and superior learning, and a greater part of these have renounced the doctrines of the Talmud, confining themselves to a kind of Mosaic rationalism. They went so far as to establish a public worship in which the German language was substituted for the Hebrew: but the government prohibited this innovation, as evidently indicating a deistical tendency. This occurred some fifteen years ago; but we are at a loss how to explain another measure of the late king of Prussia, by which it was prohibited to apply to them, in official acts, the name of Israelites instead of Jews, which latter carries with it a certain degree of opprobrium. Much illiberal feeling respecting the Jews prevails in Germany, even amongst the respectable classes of society; as may be inferred for instance, from the following malignant remark of Heine, a converted Jew, who when taunted with his extraction by his literary opponents, sarcastically replied, "Why then did I pay five ducats for my baptism?"\* The Jews of Hamburg and of Frankfurt follow in one respect the example of their Berlin brethren, namely, of endeavouring to do away with all outward distinctions of their nationality, in order that they may obtain access to the quarters inhabited by the Christians. They usually occupy a separate quarter in towns, which in most cases they cannot exchange for another, except on condition of assuming the dress and external habits of Christians. Many writers belonging to the school of young Germany consider this superficial reform as sufficient to entitle the Jews to an equality of rights with the Germans. The following passage, characteristic of the flimsiness of the modern German school, contains the substance of what is now going on in Germany with regard to this subject:

\* No fee is charged in any church for baptism, or for the other sacrament. The sum commonly paid at baptism is simply for registration; in many countries purely a civil and legal act, in England of blent character, civil and religious. Heine confounds some civil demand with the ecclesiastical.

"Among the many isolated and petty questions which, during the silence that prevails on great leading questions, have been thrust forward into notice, that of the emancipation of the Jews plays an important part. Numerous pamphlets have been written on both sides in almost every German state. Riesser of Altona has used the most energetic and talented language. What he, himself a Jew, has said in favour of the rights of Jews, ranks among the master-pieces of political eloquence. Yet the children of Israel suffer even to this day from the petty regulations of Germany, and they have been granted such poor rights as they do now possess only in a very few places. In one city attempts are made to educate them; and we see the most ancient nation in the world treated like a little child which cannot stand on its own feet—(they cannot in fact, but neither can the author perceive this). In another it is wished to convert them, with all possible forbearance. They are not compelled, certainly, to become Christians; but they cannot claim the rights of citizens—nay scarcely those of men—so long as they are not Christians. Here they are openly hated as a foreign people, upon whom, as we are ashamed to kill them, we vent our barbarian courage in another way. There men play the masters over them, the gracious protectors; but take care not to emancipate them, lest by so doing they should lose the pleasure of playing the part of patron. Even some liberals are found who oppose the emancipation of the Jews, merely on the ground that Christians are not yet wholly free. Everywhere we find that petty pride which ridicules the Jews, tormenting them at one time with refusals, at another with half-concessions, or with obtrusive offers of instruction. We can scarcely be surprised that men of talent and education, such as have of late years arisen in considerable numbers amongst this race, should become exasperated at this despicable ill treatment. But the wrath of a Börne, the sarcasm of a Heine, will not aid the Jewish cause, because they keep up petty antipathies, and because, under their protecting shield, a brood of common-place Jewish youths is fostered, who load with open scorn everything which is holy in the eyes of the Christian and the German."\*

Crossing the frontiers of Poland on the side of Germany, we are struck by the sight of a curious race, distinct in every respect

\* This passage is taken from the history of German Literature, by Wolfgang Menzel, translated from the German, with notes, by Thomas Gordon, Oxford. The work is, however, neither a history of German literature, nor is Herr Menzel likely ever to write one. He may be called the Jules Janin of young Germany, and his merit consists in agreeably expressing commonplace good sense and often nonsense. The cardinal sin of the writers of his school is a striving to dismiss great questions, which they are incompetent to fathom, with a jest, designed for wit. We do not speak of the merits of the translator, for there can be none in the translation of such a work; we only regret that he did not make a better choice in order to do justice to his talents both to the German and English public.

from the rest of the population. The flowing beards and long robes with hanging sleeves of the men, and their sharply marked features; the raven black locks and eyes of the women, their towering head-dresses and strange necklaces and arm-bands, present to us a picture which, like a solitary monument of Gothic architecture in some modern city, carries our memory many, very many centuries back. These are the world-famed Polish Jews. They are the best preserved mummies of the remotest time. The dirty appearance of the quarters which they inhabit, and the eagerness with which they are seen flocking wherever an occasion of gain without labour presents itself, if associated with the late disasters of Poland, will add another dark feature to her gloomy aspect. The Polish Jews may be likened to a black veil hung all over the country, if we forego the other rather illiberal simile—that of leeches sucking the life blood of the country.

This external contrast increases as we enter an inn tenanted by a Polish Jew, which now happily is becoming scarce. The house consists of a large room destined for the visitors, and of a smaller one appropriated to the family. The latter is usually crowded to excess; piles of feather-beds are the most conspicuous objects there, but they present so uninviting an aspect, that a traveller, however weary, will feel but little inclination to rest upon them. The design of this display is to disgust intruders, and to screen riches under the cover of apparent wretchedness. Usually several families crowd into this little hovel, which is divided into as many compartments, not by partitions, but simply by lines drawn with chalk on the floor: the society is generally increased by the presence of a calf resting close to the fire-place, and of geese cackling in baskets under benches, the representatives of sofas and chairs. The kind of *charivari* produced by these singular inmates, in unison with the crying of children and scolding of women, need not be described; but we must not overlook those rough cupboards, loaded with silver plate, rich female ornaments, glittering with pearls and jewels, and above all with bonds for large sums of money lent at the most usurious interest. The contrast which the Polish Jew exhibits in his external appearance with the rest of the population will be yet heightened if we take a view of the state of his mind.

After having consumed the day in serving his customers with wine, brandy or beer, calculating all the time what may be his gains from some drunken peasant, upon corn,

hay and wood, or the sale or purchase of old clothes, the Polish Jew will shut himself up at night in his narrow closet, which does not even offer him the benefit of quiet, and refresh himself by studying for hours the treasures of Rabbinical lore. He will first plunge into the voluminous Talmud, and endeavour to silence his conscience—for he has still a conscience—by its subtleties; then he will take a flight in Cabala, and review the most important questions on the nature of soul and body, their connection, the mystery of creation, &c. Nor does he omit to sharpen his talent for disputation by the metaphysics of Aristotle as expounded by Maimonides, or by the Hebrew version of Euclid. Such is still the ordinary Polish Jew, and such he was a thousand years back. An exile of twenty centuries, whole generations have grown up and died away under the rod of persecution; but he does not act up to the *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco* of Virgil, for he has neither sympathy nor pity, though a whole Jerusalem of sorrow has risen around him. It would appear that there is a zenith for man's feelings, which, once passed, his heart will be but hardened by misfortune, which Schiller truly says "*nur härten seinen härten sinn.*"

To complete the peculiarities which distinguish the Polish Jew, not only from the rest of the Polish population, but also from the other branches of his race, it is necessary to mention the strange idiom—a kind of corrupt German—which he generally speaks. It is supposed that this jargon was brought from Germany when the Jews, persecuted by the first crusaders, took refuge in Poland, where they were well received. By this, however, must be understood, that at that time the greatest number of them migrated into Poland, as the Polish historians bear sufficient testimony to Jews having settled in that country prior to the first crusade. Of the six millions of Israelites who, according to Gregoire, are now scattered over the earth, two millions live in Poland, forming one-tenth of the population of that country. By the absolute estrangement in which they live they are doubtless a source of weakness to their adopted country. Now the fact we wish to impress on the minds of our readers is, that this estrangement is not the result of any want of efforts on the part of the government to amalgamate them with the nation at large, but chiefly to the exclusive egotistical soul inherent in the Jewish people.

According to the testimony of the Polish historian Dlugosz, the Jews early enjoyed privileges and liberties which placed them decidedly above the inhabitants of towns

and the peasantry. To mention one instance, Saint Judith, a queen of Poland (1079—1102), expended large sums of money in order to redeem from prison Christian debtors insolvent to the Jews; a right which at that epoch belonged to the nobility alone besides. But the greatest favour was shown to them by Casimir the Great, who put them in possession of all the rights enjoyed by Polish subjects. In his statute of Wislica (1334) Casimir calls them his able and faithful subjects ("idonei et fideles"). These privileges were so high as to draw upon Casimir the censure of partiality, arising, as it was said, from his affection for a Jewess; but this accusation has been proved to be without foundation. Amongst other privileges the Jews had that of being tried by the common or territorial law, to which the nobles alone were amenable, whilst the citizens were ruled by the so-called law of Magdeburgh, or German municipal law. It was likewise enacted that the evidence of a Christian should not be received against a Jew, except it were also corroborated by a Jew. When money was lent by a Jew on goods pawned by a Christian, the oath of the former was sufficient, without further evidence being required. This last law was manifestly partial, considering the subtle precepts of the Talmud, which at one time allow, and at another command, all kinds of mental reservation in the transactions of the Jews with the *Góim* or Gentiles. The Jews were even permitted to lend money on landed property, and in case of the insolvency of the owner to take possession of it, which right was at that epoch confined to the nobles. They remained in quiet possession of their privileges until 1406, when, owing to their avaricious propensity, which drew upon them universal odium, they suffered a cruel retaliation from the inhabitants of Cracow, who were excited against them by a preacher. Since that time the current of public opinion decidedly set against them; and when the Chancellor Laski, under King Alexander, inserted the privileges granted to the Jews by Casimir, though much modified, into the statute published in 1507, he was suspected of having been bribed by them. It does not appear that the condition of the Jews by any means deteriorated in consequence during the two next centuries. Of their state in the southern provinces of Poland, where popular opinion was least favourable to them, Gratiani give the following picture in his biography of Cardinal Commendani.

liveliness by the vile means of usury and servitude, though they do not despise this kind of profit; but they possess land, carry on trade, and apply themselves to various studies, particularly to those of medicine and astrology. They are almost everywhere employed in the collection of tolls on different merchandise. They frequently acquire considerable fortunes, and are not only placed on the footing of respectable people, but sometimes in authority over them. They have no particular badge to distinguish them from the Christians; they are even allowed to carry a sword, and to go about armed. In one word, *they enjoy all the rights of other subjects.*"

It appears, however, that they subsequently much abused the power which Gratiani says they possessed, and in conjunction with the Jesuits and the stewards of the great land owners, who were usually absentees, caused that horrible revolt of the people of Ukraine\* in the seventeenth century known as the rebellion of the Cossacks, and which lasted for a hundred years. The Cossacks vented their rage particularly against the Jews, and on one occasion 14,000 of these were massacred in the town of Constantinow in Volhynia, where they had attempted to defend themselves. Since that period the prosperity of the Jews, as well as that of the country in general, has been destroyed, and it is with much justice that the Polish historians accuse them of having contributed to the decline and partition of Poland.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Poland ranked amongst the most civilized countries, the Jews also followed the ascending movement, though, as ever, their chief care was to perfect their Rabbinical learning. According to Basnage, one of their historians, the Polish Jews possessed at that time many printing presses; there were four at Cracow, where the Talmud of Babylon was published in thirteen volumes between 1603 and 1617. The towns of Zolkiew, Lublin, Posen and Wilno, were equally famous for their Hebrew printing presses. A Jew was the first professor of the Hebrew language at the University of Cracow, where another also taught law with great credit for many years. Since the partition of Poland, which the Jews have had more than one cause to regret, every vestige of their learned establishments has vanished; but they have remained unchanged as when they once stood weeping over the ruins of their city. It is an unquestionable fact, that by their dangerous *status in statu* they had a large share in the late misfortunes of Poland; and a serious question

"In those countries a great number of Jews are to be found, who are not despised as in other countries. They do not there get their

\* See the article on the Songs of the Ukraine, in a number of this Review which appeared last year.



arises, what is to be done with them in any state where they may multiply to such an extent as they have done in that country. The only means by which the evil attending on this could be averted, appears to be their conversion, to effect which all Christians should unite their exertions and prayers that the prediction of the prophet may be soon accomplished: "The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God. For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return: the consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness,"—Isaiah, ch. x.

Since the partition of Poland, the condition of the Jews has undergone more or less change under the three respective governments that divided the spoil. In Austria, Joseph the Second granted them some new privileges, but subjected them to military service, which they consider the heaviest of all inflictions.\* In Prussia they were exempted from military service, but on the other hand were subjected to new strict regulations. In Russia, during the reign of Alexander, they were not liable to military duty, and instead of serving paid heavy taxes. At the accession of the present emperor that exemption ceased, and military service is now exacted from the Jews with more severity than from other Russian subjects. In virtue of an ukase issued last year, the Jews are bound to furnish two recruits for every deserter. Boys from ten to twelve years of age are usually carried off and sent to naval establishments to be trained for sailors, but two-thirds of them die prematurely from the hardships they undergo. The Jews are also forbidden to enter Russia Pro-

per or Muscovy, under any pretext whatsoever; nevertheless they contrive to creep in there under the garb of Christians. The reason which Peter the Great gave for this prohibition was, that the Jews must starve there, as they would be outwitted in their dealings by the Russians. All these oppressive measures proved to the Jews a calamity such as they had not experienced for many ages, and they whose policy since the partition of Poland was always to side with the stronger party, now began to pray for her restoration. The author of a work more than once alluded to in this Journal, in referring to the causes of the last insurrection, thus adverts to the Jews:

\* It is said that a regiment having been formed of Jews, and ordered to march to distant quarters, they applied for a passport, lest they should be annoyed on the way. The following curious anecdote relative to the same subject is well known. The Jews having heard that they were to be subjected to military service, they bribed several members of the imperial privy council to oppose the measure, but could not get access to Prince Kaunitz, who supported it. At length they offered a large sum to his principal servant if he would procure for a Jew an interview with his master, which was to last only a minute, and during which the Jew was to utter but a single word. The curiosity of Kaunitz was excited and he granted it. An hour before the council was to meet, the Jew arrived; and, having deposited on the table a sealed packet, retired, making a bow and saying only "Schweig" (Be silent). When the subject came under discussion others of the council spoke warmly against it whilst Kaunitz remained silent. On the emperor inquiring why he did not defend the measure he had before advocated, he replied, placing the packet of bank-notes he had received from the Jew on the table, "This I got for being silent; ask these gentlemen what they have received for speaking." The bribed councillors were confounded, and the measure was carried.

"Aliens did not escape the universal oppression, and Nicholas now compelled the Jews settled in the country to take military service. Persecuted during the middle ages in every other country, the Jews had found in Poland an asylum so hospitable that it was proverbially called their paradise, as it was also the heaven of the nobles. Their number is not accurately known, but it is certain that there are as many in Poland alone as in all the rest of Europe. The prejudices of the Jews must be understood before the offence given by this new ukase can be fully appreciated. Their customs do not allow of military service, and least of all in Russia, where no one who has not received baptism can rise from the ranks. What cares a Jew for any war that does not tend to the recovery of the Holy Land? To preserve, and if possible to increase the race, is also one of the sacred dogmas of their religion and their policy. During twenty centuries of persecution they have maintained a kind of negative existence, and may be said to have in many countries rendered themselves a poison, in order that oppression may not digest them. The new ukase proved for them an era of calamity. The young men being chiefly taken as recruits, the population was diminished both by the chances of war and the loss of heads of families. The Jewish soldier is not allowed to marry, nor can he enrich himself by mercantile pursuits. In the Russian marine the Jews usually average one in three; and now, by a second ukase, Jewish children were seized and sent to Sebastopol and other ports of the Black Sea, to be brought up as sailors, but every one of these infant victims perished in the hospitals. In every instance this exterminating system proceeded with equal severity. The Jews of Ostryn (a miserable borough belonging to the Count of Saint Priest, a French peer) being in arrears for taxes to the amount of 50,000 paper roubles, Nicholas ordered 'the account to be settled by taking one Jew for 500 roubles,' and 115 were accordingly torn from a community of scarcely 1200, including women and children. In bitter aggravation of this cruelty they were prohibited from entering a Muscovite province on any pretence whatsoever, and thus by diminishing the numbers and the gains of his Jewish subjects, Nicholas created a host of dangerous malcontents. Though very numerous in the

Muscovite provinces, it would be difficult to prove their origin. It is said that at St. Petersburg alone there are 8000 baptized Jews, and numerous instances show that the race does not die under any metamorphosis, least of all in Russia. The oppression of Israel is as keenly felt by the humble pedlar as by the rich monopolist, the state dignitary, or the general officer. What prodigious numbers of these mysterious personages swarm in Russia! They are closely connected with their brethren in Poland; and these again with those dispersed over the continent, forming an association more powerful than the Russians are willing to admit. The financial operations of the empire are in their hands, as well as the army contracts both for peace and war, and all the inferior official medical establishments. On the issuing of the ukase the Jews began to pray for the success of the Poles, whom it rested with them most effectually to assist, by furnishing arms and money, or by reducing Russia to a state of bankruptcy."

The above remarks apply more particularly to the Jews in Lithuania, Podolia, Volhynia and the Ukraine. Those in the so-called kingdom of Poland, as declared by the Congress of Vienna, amounting to 400,000 in a population of four millions, met for a time with a better fate than the other Polish Jews. Having wrung from the united potentates of Europe a semblance of liberty, as their little kingdom was to be bound to Russia only by virtue of a constitution and a separate government, the Poles eagerly seized the opportunity for making a part of their country the means for the restoration of the whole, and endeavoured to invigorate it by raising all parties in the moral scale. The Jews accordingly became one special object of the care of the government. Besides all public schools and universities being thrown open to them almost gratis, a committee was appointed for the promotion of still more effectual measures for their reform. One of these was the establishment of a seminary at Warsaw, where the future Rabbis and professors of Jewish schools should be educated. The course of studies was a double one; that of the Talmud, a knowledge of which, in spite of its absurd doctrines, is indispensable to a Rabbi; and that of the Polish language and literature, mathematics, history, geography, and the grammatical knowledge of the Hebrew. This last met with the greatest opposition from the Talmudists, who consider that a grammatical knowledge of the Hebrew language leads to infidelity. To understand this, it must be remembered that many passages of the Talmud are founded upon misinterpretations of the Scriptures. The object of this establishment was to counteract indirectly the Talmudic absurdities, and, by opening the minds of the rising generation to

worthier subjects, gradually to bring them to acknowledge the divine truth of Christianity. It met with more success than was at first anticipated, and in a short period numbered about two hundred pupils, many of the Jews taking pride in having their sons educated there. At the outbreak of the insurrection of 1830, however, the establishment was broken up, never to be restored; and many of the students entering the national ranks, fought nobly for the independence of Poland, and some of them now share the fate of the exiles.

Five years ago an attempt was made to establish a seminary at Cracow on the model of that of Warsaw, and a Jew of high literary merit was placed over it. We are, however, unable to state to what extent it proved successful. The Jews of Cracow, 12,000 in number, forming one-third of the inhabitants, live in a separate quarter, called after Casimir the Great, the town of Casimir, and they still enjoy some of the privileges granted them by that king. They have their own municipal corporations, called *Cabala*, which assess taxes, judge minor disputes, and decide upon divorce, the maintenance of synagogues, &c. The principal objection against the *Cabala* is the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over the community, by subjecting a Jew, for an infringement of the rules of the Talmud, to *Cherem*, or anathema, which is as fatal as that of the Vatican used to be formerly.

We have endeavoured to give a sketch of the external state of the character of the Polish Jews. It remains to speak of the inward soul which animates that strangely articulated social body. As the greater number of them adhere to the principles of the Talmud, by which the most minute actions of their life are regulated, a few words respecting this extraordinary work may be acceptable.

It is stated in the work, that after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus such of the learned Jews as remained in Palestine collected the fragments of Jewish learning, and, having established an academy at Jafna, revived there the ancient worship. Rabbi Jochannan rendered the most important services to this academy, and his accomplishments are said to have been so transcendent that it would be impossible to do them justice "should even all the heavens be paper, all the trees in the world pens, and all men writers." After some time another academy sprung up at Tiberias, which entirely obscured the light of that at Jafna, obtained considerable privileges from the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and gave birth to that strange compilation of Jewish learning known under

the name of the Talmud. It consists, as is well known, of two parts, called respectively *Mishna* and *Gemara*. After the destruction of Jerusalem, the chief object of the Jews, under the guidance of the Pharisees, was to collect their ancient traditions, which had increased to such an extent that it was become necessary to commit them to writing in order to preserve them from being lost or deformed. After many unsuccessful attempts to arrange them under distinct heads, Rabbi Judah, surnamed the Saint, president of the academy of Tiberias in the second century, after forty years' labour, at length succeeded in making a digest of all the traditions and interpretations of the Scriptures, as a complement to the written law. These traditions were held to have been imparted to Moses on Mount Sinai, and to have been transmitted by him to Joshua, from whom they descended to the Prophets, who in their turn finally delivered them to the Grand Synagogue; and as compiled by Judah they now constitute the *Mishna*. The *Mishna*, however, did not entirely satisfy the Jews, in whose opinion a further commentary upon the traditions was indispensable; and accordingly one was composed by Rabbi Jochannan and called *Gemara*. The *Mishna* of Judah, together with this commentary, bears the name of the Talmud of Jerusalem, whilst the same *Mishna*, with another *Gemara*, written by Rabbi Asa of Babylon, who died there in 427, is called the Talmud of Babylon. Both these works were equally esteemed by the Jews, who seem to value them even above the Scriptures, which latter they compare to water, but the *Mishna* to wine, and the *Gemara* to an aromatic liquor. Both *Gemaras* contain only the parables and precepts of the Jewish elders, which inculcate in most instances a deadly hatred to everything which is not Jewish; and this may be easily accounted for, partly by the persecution which the nation endured in those days, and partly by their blindness of heart, which prevented them from receiving Jesus as the Messiah, and prompted them to transform their heaven-bidden neutrality into hostility towards other nations. The unsocial spirit of those precepts was subsequently increased by the commentaries of different Rabbis, written under the feeling of deep injuries; and however much it may have been repressed or softened in other countries, it continues to exist in its full intensity amongst the superstition-ridden Jews of Poland.

A proficiency in Talmudic learning constitutes a kind of aristocracy amongst the Jews, and by its means a humble pedlar may obtain the hand of the daughter of some rich

Jewish banker. Aristocracy of birth is disregarded except in the case of a descendant from Aaron. The education of a Polish Jew begins when he is four years old, and his mind is so early defiled by the impure disquisitions of the Talmud, that he becomes unable to entertain any sentiment with regard to the other sex but that of the grossest description. The Jews marry when very young, and the circumstance that their inclinations are never consulted by their parents, is calculated to stifle in them all refined feeling of affection. Marriage is to them an absolute obligation, and this may be the cause that profligacy is so rare amongst them.

Their favourite occupations are retail trade and inn-keeping. A Jewish smith, carpenter, or bricklayer, is a rare phenomenon, but a Jewish tailor or furrier is not uncommon. Agriculture, for which in Poland they enjoy such excellent opportunities, does not accord with their views, as they live in the expectation of being recalled to the Holy Land. To this belief may be traced the astonishing indifference which the Polish Jew, in spite of his proverbial thirst for gold, exhibits on the loss of fortune. Messiah will come, and amply recompense him; such is the philosophy, or rather mistaken faith, which supports him in adversity.

As the Jews consider women as inferior beings to men, they keep them in a kind of oriental subjection, though certainly the condition of the former materially improved after the abolition of polygamy about 1060 through the influence of Rabbi Gerson. They are seldom acquainted with the Hebrew language, and generally know only so much corrupt German as is necessary to enable them to keep their accounts, and read novels written in the same jargon. A divorce is easily obtained, but seldom sued for.

There exist amongst the Polish Jews four principal sects, which must be considered as so many principal organs of the spirit that animates this body. What has been already said of them generally, is to be understood particularly of the first sect, that of Rabbinites, or Talmudists, the most numerous of all, and considered as descendants of the Pharisees.

The second sect is that of the Chassidim or Hassids, of quite modern origin and found only in Poland. They, however, claim kindred with the Assideans mentioned in the Book of the Maccabees,\* who were remarkable for the most rigorous observance of the Mosaic law, and devoted to the service of

\* 1 B. ii. 42.

the Temple. But except the name, which means zealous, pious or holy, the modern Hassids have nothing in common with their ancestors, notwithstanding the pretension they make to superior sanctity. The founder of this sect was Rabbi Israel Bashlem, of Miedzybor in Volhynia, a town belonging to the Czartoryski family, about the year 1760 or 1765. He gave himself out for a prophet, and pretended that his soul was in the habit of quitting his body to visit the regions of the spiritual world, in order to avert from our earth many evils with which it is threatened by malignant spirits. In addition to such extravagance, he affected the most exemplary piety of demeanour, and in a short time gained ten thousand followers. Their actions unfortunately contrasted too forcibly with their assumed sanctity. Rabbi Israel was denounced by the Talmudists as an ignorant man, but dangerous to the state by his ambition, and an underminer of Judaism. He defended himself by the assistance of some of his wealthy adherents, and published a work, which is certainly full of abomination. His disciples are enjoined in it to refrain from cultivating their minds, on the ground that all knowledge is injurious to religion; they are also forbidden to shed tears during prayer, as God sees with more satisfaction his children full of joy than of grief. One of the leading maxims inculcated by the Rabbi was, that his followers may commit all manner of sin, and obtain absolution from one of their chiefs without amending their courses. This pernicious principle was the real cause of the rapid progress his doctrines made amongst the uninstructed Jews, forty thousand of whom had embraced them at the time of his death, which occurred fifteen years after he started as the founder of a sect. Two of his works were published after his death: in one of them, called *Kesser Shemtov*, he grants absolution for all sins, past and future, provided the offenders bring up their children in the Chassidim, and avoid all connection with such as are not followers of his doctrines. In the second work, called *likale Amruvew*, published at Lemberg, he tries to show that, in order to make the nearest approach to the Divinity, it is requisite to commit sin upon sin, because God being supreme in the scale of beings, and an obdurate sinner lowest, they must, on the supposition that the scale is of a circular form, be contiguous to each other. It might almost be suspected that this work was composed by an adversary, with the view of bringing him into discredit, for it is hardly possible to suppose the human mind capable of being so distorted or blinded.

His successors, nevertheless, seem even to have surpassed him in the wickedness of their doctrines, and to have proscribed every kind of virtue. In a book called *Roam Hamelah*, written by Rabbi Meleh, it is expressly said that every leader of the sect can remit unconditionally the greatest crimes. The use of medicine is also prohibited, upon the assumption that He who can grant eternal life may protract at pleasure temporal life. But such things, stated by Rabbi Lobel, the greatest antagonist of the Chassidim, should be received with caution, as it is a very common occurrence that one sect ascribes to another opinions and conclusions which neither respectively may have admitted.

The Hassids during their prayers more resemble a congregation of madmen or jugglers than persons engaged in devotion. They perform gesticulations of the strangest kind, strike their heads against the floor, jump about, and utter the most discordant sounds, but whether from assumed or real fervour it is difficult to decide. They make the same kind of uproar in their rejoicings at the conclusion of the Sabbath, and the police is often obliged to interfere in order to quiet them. For their Rabbis they profess a veneration equal to worship, and pay implicit obedience to their decisions, not unfrequently giving them credit for superhuman virtues. They relate that a Rabbi of the town of Mohileff, in White Russia, was endued with seven kinds of wisdom, each more perfect in degree, the last excelling all the rest. Of this he seldom availed himself, but whenever he did open his lips under its influence the air around was filled with fragrance. In the beginning of Napoleon's campaign in 1812, this Rabbi was one of the influential personages who had been carried away by the Russians, and the Hassids think that the failure of Napoleon and the success of Alexander were owing to the advice given by the Rabbi to the Czar respecting the mode of conducting the war. He died the same year, and was buried at Hadziacz, near Pul-tawa. His admirers built a house over his grave, in which a lamp is kept perpetually burning. Many of the Hassids are in the habit of making a pilgrimage to this Jewish Mecca, and leave their petitions in writing addressed to their deceased relations or friends, in the full belief that they will reach their destination. This circumstance may tend to account for the prodigious increase of the Hassids during the present century in all the Polish provinces incorporated with Russia.

We have travelled thus far with feelings much like those of Dante;

"*Ah! quanto a dir, qual' era, e com dura,  
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,  
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.*"

And in the midst of this desert are glad to perceive at a distance a greener spot. We allude to the third sect of Polish Jews, called Caraites, or purely Scriptural Jews. Their origin has usually, though not altogether satisfactorily, been referred to the ancient Scribes, who adhered strictly to the Scriptures, disregarding all traditions. The Caraites do the same, but instead of viewing them as a sect, we are inclined to conclude from the disquisitions of Scaliger, Trigland, Morinus and others, as well as from what we have ourselves seen of them, that they are a remnant of true primitive Jews. This opinion is strengthened by the recent discovery which Mr. Samuel, to whose work we shall hereafter advert, thinks he has made in Daghestan of the ten lost tribes. The Caraites speak amongst each other Turkish, which would point to their migration from the Crimea, when the latter country was a Turkish province, and where, as Dr. Clarke relates in his interesting account published about fifty years back, they still inhabit a town and portion of land. In Poland they are found in two places only; in the Lithuanian town of Troki and at Luck in Volhynia. Both their pursuits and conduct are honourable; agriculture is their favourite occupation, and although they have been settled in Poland for several centuries, there is no instance on record of a Caraites having ever been tried for a public offence.

The fourth and last is the sect of the Frankists, founded in the last century by Jacob Frank. He was a native of Wallachia, but little or nothing is known of the early circumstances of his life. About the year 1757 he came to Poland with the avowed object of reforming the perverted doctrines of the Talmud, the followers of which accused him of infidelity. Supported by some influential partisans, Frank successfully resisted the Talmudists; but the affair becoming serious, both parties were summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court of Lemberg, and subjected to a singular trial. They were commanded to hold a public disputation on the merits of their respective tenets, and the defeated party was to embrace Christianity. Frank acknowledged himself vanquished, and was accordingly baptized with his followers, the most distinguished persons in the country standing as godfathers. From Lemberg he proceeded to Warsaw, where the number of his disciples considerably increased; but a rumour being spread that he was in the habit of entertaining them in secret with the most fantastic visions, he was again

cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal. There he affirmed that our Saviour and the Prophet Elias had appeared to him, prior to his arrival in Poland, commanding him to convert the Jews, and that he was still reminded in nightly visions of his mission. He added however in conclusion, that should the Church disapprove of his proceedings, he was ready to obey its command as became a dutiful son. He was acquitted of having any bad intention, but lest he should at some future time use his influence for a bad purpose, he was confined in the monastery of Czenstochowa. On being released some time after, he retired into Austria, where Maria Theresa gave him protection, with the intention of making him instrumental in the conversion of the Jews. After a residence of several years at Brünn in Moravia, and then at Vienna, he finally settled at Offenbach near Frankfort. There he lived in regal state, and was waited upon by chamberlains and pages, his disciples. The rich contributions he constantly received from Poland, enabled him to defray the expenses of his court until his death in 1792. He was buried according to the Roman Catholic ritual, and a cross was erected over his tomb. His daughter next presided for some time over the sect; and it is generally believed that the present chief of the Frankists is a distinguished lawyer, a member of the late Polish diet, now living in France as an exile. A great number of them reside at Warsaw, all moving in the respectable circles of society, and are mostly physicians or lawyers.

Some assert that the Frankists only outwardly profess themselves Christians, and that in their hearts they adhere strictly to pure Mosaism. It is difficult to decide this question; but there is no doubt that such a simulation of Christianity by the Jews has many precedents. There are unquestionably swarms of such mysterious personages in Russia, who not unfrequently hold high offices in the state. It is also a historical fact that the same simulation was practised with perfect success in Spain and Portugal. A Jew is said to have even exercised the office of grand inquisitor in Portugal, and only to have revealed, on his death-bed, his real faith. According to the testimony of the celebrated Orobio, a Spanish Jew, who says that he himself feigned Christianity, monks of various descriptions, and even Jesuits, used to come from Spain, and expiate their simulation before the grand synagogue of Amsterdam. With such facts as these before their eyes, those who think that the Frankists are only half Christians have some reason on their side.

The real tenets of Frank have never been

accurately ascertained. He is said to have maintained that both Elias and our Saviour were still in this world, and that they continued to appoint twelve Apostles for the propagation of Christianity. Though he did not himself claim to be considered as Messiah, he yet never objected to being called so by others. It is also asserted that he believed that he had received a commission to unite all religious persuasions. Until more satisfactory proofs be adduced to the contrary, we may however call the Frankists Judeo-Christians. They have incurred much obloquy for the exclusive spirit that prevails amongst them; which, politically speaking, is *l'esprit du corps*, but which cannot certainly be allowed to be very Christian. Should this reproach be made against them by a Pole, it might be accounted for on the ground that they were only half Poles, though not half Christians; many of them, however, warmly espoused the cause of Poland's independence on the late occasion.

A most valuable addition to our information respecting the Jews under the Russian dominion at the present day has been lately furnished by the Rev. J. Samuel. His work, to which we have already alluded, is a well written volume on a very interesting question, which, though it has been often asked, has not yet been answered, namely, what has become of the Ten Tribes of Israel? Our author flatters himself that he has discovered the remnant of them—all that we are led by prophecy to expect—in Daghistan, a wild, mountainous country, situated to the south-west of the Caspian, bordering on ancient Media, and now nominally subject to Russia. Mr. Samuel is not a mere theory-monger, but is fully qualified to investigate his subject, being himself a converted Hebrew of the tribe of Aaron, and well acquainted with the rites and customs of his nation. To these advantages he adds a knowledge of the New Testament, and a deep religious sentiment and zeal, which supported him throughout his laborious journey. Having been sent as missionary to the Asiatic Jews, he visited India, Persia and other adjacent countries, and whilst exerting himself to bring them over to Christianity, he had ample opportunities of observing them as an antiquarian and a Jew. We will sum up his arguments in favour of his opinion, as far as our limits will allow. The Jewish power began to decline upon the death of Solomon, when the Ten Tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam and formed a separate kingdom. After a protracted period of civil and foreign wars, this kingdom was destroyed, and the people were carried into captivity by three several deportations.

"First, Of the two and a half tribes on the other side of the Jordan, by Pul and Tiglath-pileser.

"Second, Of the bulk of the seven and a half tribes, by Shalmaneser.

"Third, Of the remains of the latter by Esarhaddon, who swept the land of even the poor lingerers on the mountains of Israel; so that Israel could not by any means become a people, but remained broken as a nation and broken as a people too."

A similar fate some generations afterwards befell the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, but they were permitted by Cyrus to go back to Jerusalem and rebuild the Temple; whilst the ten tribes never returned. What then became of them? Mr. Samuel thinks he has discovered their descendants in Daghistan, and all the facts and reasons adduced by him seem to establish this point. On the shores of the Caspian a number of Jews are found; some in a state of slavery and ignorance; others free, but hardly more civilized; whilst those dwelling in Daghistan appear to be genuine Jews, ruling themselves according to the pure Mosaic law, unpolluted by Talmudic traditions, and to certain patriarchal customs. His inference that the latter are a part of those Israelites who were led captive into Media seems a very probable one. In the remote fastnesses of the Caucasian range they might easily have preserved their nationality, clinging to it with a tenacity peculiar to this stubborn people and to mountaineers in general. Our author thinks that their identity as primitive Jews might have been better established than it now is, had Daghistan been visited before it was invaded by Nadir Shah in the last century, when many of them were compelled to embrace Mohammedanism.

The proofs which he has collected are numerous and minute, touching upon slight differences in the rites and practices of the Hebrews, and consequently less manifest to a Christian than to a Jew. Three main points, however, may be noticed as deserving of particular attention. These Jews alone sacrifice the paschal lamb, the others substituting for it other meat roasted in a peculiar manner; they practise the ancient mode of circumcision, whilst others resort to that which was introduced after the time of the Maccabees; and finally, they observe the letter of the law concerning the Sabbath day, not even kindling fire nor a light.

"They remain," says Mr. Samuel, "in the coldest and darkest weather without these; and have no recourse, as other Jews, to the services of Gentiles to supply them with these, preserving in their own persons the letter, and destroying, through strangers, the spirit of the law. It is

remarkable that as they are quite ignorant of the oral law and traditions followed by the Jews elsewhere, and which enumerates thirty-nine different specimens of occupations from which they consider themselves prohibited, the Jews of Daghistan observe all these prohibitions except the last. This last is called *שבתון* or *שבת*, which is a reservation of a permission to carry loads from one house to another on the Sabbath day. It is allowed by the following ceremony practised by the Jews being observed. A cake, which is called *קידוש*, is consecrated and suspended in the synagogue. A string or rope is extended from each corner of a street where Jews live; and this is deemed to constitute those embraced within the extremities of the *שבת*, one family; thereby evading the penalty resulting from the prohibitory injunction.

"If we refer to the prophet Jeremiah (xvii. 21—27), we find this is in direct opposition to the word of Jehovah: 'Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers.' Thus, in this important respect, the Jews of Daghistan preserve the institution according to its appointment before the prophet in question was commanded to reprove the Jewish people for infringing thus its sanctification, which was after the captivity of the lost tribes.

"They further differ from the Talmudists in the following observances. The Jews throughout the world abstain from those duties which necessity and mercy justify, such as feeding cattle, milking, &c.

"The day is to them a day of rest, and peace, and cheerfulness; they dance, sing, and play on instruments. These are of a religious nature, expressive of religious emotions, but are expressly forbidden by the oral law or Talmud. They spend the forenoon of the Sabbath in the way described in the following Scriptures, which serve to illustrate their religious habits on that day better than any description of mine. See Exodus: also Samuel, vi. 15; Psalm lxxviii. 25, 26; cxlix. 3; cl. 4.

"The afternoon is spent in a very profitable way, quite unlike the Jews elsewhere. They resort to the dwellings of their elders and of religious men, who sit in their places of abode to receive the visits of those who come to them, and instruct them in the doctrines of their Scriptures, and make allegories of the law of Moses. This custom of resorting to holy men on the Sabbath day is a very ancient one; as may be gathered from 2 Kings, iv. 23; practices long before the great captivities. They surround these good men until sunset, who pronounce the Sabbath to be ended; the women kiss the hem of their garments, and the men the hands of their elders."

Mr. Samuel's account of the Scriptures in the possession of the Jews of Daghistan, will probably be interesting to some at least of our readers:—

"They are in possession of a few manuscript copies of the law of Moses, which are divided into five books like ours, which they call the book of the covenant, *ספר הברית* according to Exodus, xxiv. 7. They are written in the original Hebrew character, without any division of chapters, sentences, or points; which manuscripts they hold to be very ancient, and would not part with them on any account. No man under thirty years of age is permitted to read them; and I have been told, by the individual whom I sent expressly for the purpose of examining them, that their copies do not differ from the Hebrew copies in our possession, except in two places, namely, in the book of Deuteronomy, ch. xxxiii., where the last blessing of Moses places Judah after Reuben in our copies, and Simeon is omitted altogether, whilst in their copies Simeon and Levi are placed together, as in the blessing of Jacob in Gen. xlix: second, the last chapter of Deuteronomy is omitted altogether, and the book concludes with the prophetic blessing, 'Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people; saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency: and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places.'

"From this it appears that they are in possession of the original text of the book of the law of Moses: for it is certain that the last chapter of Deuteronomy was added after the death of Moses.

"They are not in possession of *ספרות*, the first prophets, which consists of Joshua, Judges, 1 Samuel and 2 Samuel, 1 Kings and 2 Kings, and the last prophets, *נביאים אחרונים*, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the minor prophets.

"They have not *תנאים*, the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Ruth, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the two books of Chronicles; but are in possession of a part of the book of Esther.

"They are in entire ignorance, with the rest of their brethren elsewhere, of the existence of the apocryphal books.

"They are very anxious to get the Psalms of David; and so ignorant are they of the New Testament, that in the year 1837-8, when two of the Jews from Andrews visited me and saw the volume, they put it three times to their forehead and three times to their mouth, and kissed it. I sold forty-six New Testaments for a high price. They are free from the hatred and superstitions of their brethren towards Christianity."

It is however to be feared, that the conduct of their new masters will soon inspire them with this hatred, since, according to Mr. Samuel, these latter carry their system of inquisition and espionage to the remotest corners of their empire.

"What a state of things," says he, "is that which owes its support wholly to bristling bayonets, where such a system of ramified espionage exists, that the very wife is an emissary."

ary to report the actions and opinions of her husband to an ever-suspicious and jealous government."

In taking leave of Mr. Samuel, he must allow us to admonish him that slovenliness of style ought not to be mistaken for ease, and that however interesting the subject-matter of a work may be, the pleasure of the reader is materially influenced by the manner in which the author communicates his information. In spite of its defects, however, we recommend the work to the perusal of our readers; and will conclude our extracts from it by the following graphic description of the country which this peculiar people inhabit, and the author's allusion to the circumstances which led him to the discovery of his "Remnant."

"Daghistan, on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, lies between the rivers Kaisin and Rubas. It is about 134 miles in length, by between 30 and 40 in breadth. It is almost entirely mountainous, as its name Daghistan implies; the plain that runs along the shore being a narrow strip. It is usually divided into the following small states; namely, Lesgestan, Schamgal, the khanships of Derbund, and the domain of Tabasseran. Lesgestan is a stupendous range of mountains, running in a south-easterly direction, of great length, but of inconsiderable breadth, and forming the whole north-east frontier of Georgia. The inhabitants are a wild, savage banditti, divided into different tribes, whose habitations are secluded in the depths of the mountains, on the loftiest summit, or over the most frightful precipices. The country is rugged and impracticable; the soil is scanty; and the level ground being insufficient to enable the proprietor to raise the means of subsistence, he increases the surfaces, to the very summits of the heights, by graduated terraces. These rude tribes of the mountains are the terror and scourge of all the neighbouring countries, as they sally down from the mountains, laying waste villages, and carrying off or murdering the inhabitants. The other districts are of the same mountainous character: that of Tabasseran is covered with wood, but the vallies are beautiful and fertile. The greater part of the country is still *terra incognita* to the traveller, especially the region indicated."

The precarious tenure by which Russia holds the Trans-Caucasian provinces in which Daghistan is situated, is thus forcibly pointed out:—

"The Russians, as I remarked before, have contracted the limits of the independent tribes between the Euxine and the Caspian, and according to the working of that colossal and dangerous power, have largely succeeded in doing so. But to reduce them to real subjection is beyond the power even of Russia: Nearly half the country of the Ackhar is marked as subject to Russia in the maps of these provinces; but

is that the garrison of Soekoon-Khrish live in a besieged city, and their authority is regarded no further than their guns can reach. Swannatiee has the same mark of subjection; though it is well known that the Swani confine themselves to the neighbourhood of the perpetual snows of Elburg, in order not to compromise their liberty. Two passes also through the mountain are marked as Russian soil; but not even the weekly mail is sent through that of Dariel without an escort, amounting sometimes to a hundred soldiers, two field-pieces and several Cossacks. If an occasional traveller wishes to try the pass of Derbund, which is in Daghistan, he is not considered safe without a similar guard."

Whilst Mr. Samuel was at Teheran, he called on the Russian ambassador, Graf Simonitch—the same who was subsequently disavowed by his court for his intrigues against England—and obtained from him permission to visit Daghistan, a permission which in all probability the ambassador was not authorized to grant. He thus narrates his visit and the consequences that resulted from it:—

"In conversation with the ambassador concerning one of the objects of my mission, his excellency informed me, that about five years previously the Russian government had sent a commission into Georgia, to investigate the character and circumstances of the Caucasian Jews. The individuals sent returned without being able to give any satisfactory account of the object they were sent to inquire into; their qualification not being such as to enable them to throw any light on a question of this character. His excellency perceiving my ardent curiosity and interest in what relates to the Jewish people, and in particular as to any facts which might illustrate the fate of the long lost tribes, spontaneously offered me every assistance in his power if I would undertake to follow up these inquiries, laying no other obligation upon me than to furnish him with a copy of my journal when I should publish it, containing investigations through the east on this important subject.

"Having consulted her Britannic Majesty's minister at the court of Persia, and obtained his sanction, I received from him a letter of protection, on which I could depend in the critical circumstances of the country at that time. The Anglo-Indian army was preparing to march towards Cabul, and all individuals in connection with England were under strong suspicion. This letter of protection was of the utmost importance, as it enabled me to resist and overcome the intrigues and repugnance of the Russian government of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, at my presence during the military operations against Khiva at this crisis; and I shall not soon forget the impressions left upon me at Tiflis after I entered upon my investigations, when summoned before the governor of those provinces. Every effort was made to daunt my courage by an array of military (consisting of Cossacks and gens d'armes), drawn up in front of the palace; the object of which



was to expel me from the country, or to induce me to retire. I was enabled, however, in the strength imparted to me at that trying hour, to maintain an independence of spirit I trust not unbecoming a British subject, and to read such a lesson to General Radzifinitzki (son of the celebrated diplomatist), in presence of the Russo-Georgian court, which he will not easily forget."

His excellency (Graf Simonitch) furnished me with letters to the Governor-General, Baron Rosen, General Brechoff, Commander in Chief of Georgia, and Civil Governor Palewandeoff. All these letters, though of importance, weighed as nothing beside the simple pass of the British ambassador."

We do not exaggerate in stating the number of Jews now under the dominion of Russia to be three millions, upon a population of fifty millions. What will be their lot at no very distant period? We venture to predict that it will prove much worse, since the Jew, however degraded, is still superior to a Russian subject, even to a noble. May a light descend upon those gloomy regions, for "as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night; birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres rise up, the dead walk, the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn."\*

ART. II.—*Géographie d'Edrissi; traduite de l'Arabe en Français d'après deux Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi, et accompagnée de Notes*, par M. Amédée Jaubert. (*Recueil de Voyages et de Mémoires publié par la Société de Géographie*. Tom. V. and VI.) Paris. 1836, etc.

If we could take a correct inventory of the acquirements, whether of an individual or a nation, we should often be struck with the extraordinary want of balance, to use a technical term, which the several members of the whole amount would be found to hold to each other. We do not mean merely that the poet would be found deficient in mathematical knowledge, or that the mathematician would be so devoid of poetical taste as to inquire, according to the college jest, what the *Æneis* proved; this sort of deficiency seems to us natural enough, and we regard it rather as a proof of the consistency of a mind or a national character with itself. But if the mathematician should be proved ignorant of the commonest facts of geography, or if a nation whose literati and Mæcenases have taken the trouble to translate the works

of half the Greek mathematicians should yet be unable to draw a map of the countries immediately adjacent to their own, we should surely be scarcely able to restrain our laughter at an incongruity as glaring as the composition of Horace's mermaid. Yet such is pretty much the position in which stand the Arabs; the inventors or disseminators of the decimal system of notation—the cultivators of mathematical science during the dark ages of Europe—the link, as it were, between the science of Greece and that of modern Europe. That they should deny the habitability of the southern hemisphere is conceivable, for the dogma was a legacy of their masters, the Greeks, in spite of the much-disputed *Periplus*—that they should imagine an island of *Wakwak* in the extreme east of Asia, where a tree bore human heads, may be excused to a poetical people, the staple of whose poetry was the marvellous, and to whom the site of the wonderful *sylva* alluded to, and of a fauna equally miraculous, was almost forbidden ground;—but why a nation whose arms at one time almost girded the Mediterranean, and whose ships held undisputed passage through its length and breadth—why such a nation should never have been able to produce a chart of the coasts of that sea which might not serve equally well for a map of the United States, is a problem of somewhat difficult solution. No doubt, however, a partial explanation of this phenomenon may be found in the national pride of the Arab and Persian, and the religious exclusiveness of the Mahomedan. Themselves inhabiting the favoured regions where the patriarchs and prophets had walked, which the last of the holy number had sanctified by his presence—even the richest provinces of Europe, and those which most excited their cupidity of possession, were considered as of very secondary importance in comparison with their own native country; and for the rest it was a matter of little interest to them, beyond the mere question of utility, what was the precise boundary of the nation with whom they permitted themselves a grudging commerce, or hailed with gladness a hearty and remorseless war.

Perhaps also much of this ignorance may be attributed to a defect inherited by the Arabs from their Greek masters—an inaptitude to put their theoretical knowledge to a practical use. In the case of the Greek philosophers, indeed, this was not in their own eyes a defect; they would have been much more likely to give that name to the *cui bono* spirit of modern times, and of none more than our own. The Greek's high intellectual development, and fondness for pure abstract reasoning, gave him a certain horror of what we call the *mixed* mathematics; whilst they tended to form his taste for that beautiful system of pure geome-

\* J. Paul Richter's *Hamperus*, Preface.

try which more than fifteen hundred years have done little if anything to improve. The Arabs were but the apes of their nobler predecessors; they were notoriously imitators rather than originators, and a certain oriental want of energy produced in them somewhat the same effect as that caused by the fastidiousness of the ancients. As Mahomedans too they were averse to innovations; the division of the earth into climates, the firm belief that the countries south of the Line were uninhabited, and many similar practices and notions, having been hallowed by their adoption by the men of the seventh and eighth centuries, were doubly worthy of the notice of the ninth, and the revolution of ages did but serve to strengthen them.

The grand problem, too, of the discovery of the longitude reduced itself among the Arabs to the mensuration of distances on a given rhumb line, by miles, fursungs, or the more doubtful quantity of days' journeys; these latter requiring of course to be determined very much by the nature of the ground passed over and the greater or less facility it afforded for rapidity of travelling. Clocks they had none—none at least which could be applied to the comparison of time in different places; the clepydra, more or less artificially constructed, being the utmost limit of eastern horology.

So much for the general character of Arabic geography; but there is a bright as well as a dark side to the picture. Though the "paganism" could never draw a passable map even of the countries they themselves possessed, they yet had facilities for acquiring valuable geographical knowledge which were denied to more enterprising nations, and for want of which the bones of many an ardent adventurer are now bleaching in the sands of Africa. That immense peninsula, which has so long stood in the immediate vicinity of Europe, as if only to mock and baffle those powers of enterprise which have "put a girdle round about the earth"—of which little more than the coasts have been touched by Christian powers, with the exception of predatory slave excursions into the interior, or of rare visits from missionary labourers—Africa was penetrated by Mahomedan adventurers from the first establishment of Islam, and in fact before the death of its founder.

From a more recent but still very remote period, Arabic traders have trafficked continually in the northern portions of Central Africa; the Mahomedan religion, that strange freemasonry which has at one time or other bound together in a chain of common interest nearly half the old world, has long been established among the most important negro nations; and during the Moorish occupation of Spain, a Berber, or North African race, once shared the dominion with the invaders of Arabic descent.

This last-mentioned tribe (the Berbers) are in many points of view by much the most interesting portion of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa. Their language, which in spite of a strong admixture of Arabic in some of its dialects, is an original and marked tongue, is spoken with slight variations from the shores of the Atlantic on the west to Egypt on the east, and from the Barbary states to the great desert of Sahara; and such remnants as have been preserved of the language of the Guanches, or aborigines of the Canaries, show that they too spoke the same widely extended dialect.

From the preceding very general remarks on the Arabic geography, it will not be supposed that much reliance can be placed upon the *unsupported* testimony even of their most respectable writers; since credulity on the one hand, and imperfect and mistaken theories on the other, disfigure the works of them all. The Arabian Nights themselves are not more fabulous than many statements gravely repeated in scientific works—and these too sometimes confirmed by a closing paragraph warning the reader against *fables*. Indeed, wild as are the topographical notions embodied in the Mahomedan fictions, they are often only literal transcripts of what is taught in the writings of bearded doctors; the route of Sinbad, for instance, may be traced almost point by point on a map of eastern construction—cannibal islands, magnetic mountains and all; just as the inexplicable wanderings of one of Ariosto's knights might be laid down upon a map of the middle ages. A brief sketch of the world according to this system is worth making, as it will assist in the understanding of some remarks which we shall afterwards have to offer upon particular geographers and their writings, and especially on the work of which the name stands at the head of this article.

The favourite oriental division, and that generally used in these works, is that of climates; but this, though convenient for reference, gives a very straggling air to their cosmogony. A climate is a zone of land and water, reaching from the extreme known west to the extreme known east, and varying in breadth from 3° to 7° of latitude. Of these climates there are seven, making altogether a breadth of something less than 37°. The immense difference between this quantity and the usually calculated extent of habitable latitude is explained by the supposition already alluded to, that the tropics, the arctic circle and all the land in the southern hemisphere, are uninhabitable—the part south of the tropic of Cancer from its intense heat and great drought, and the northern polar circle from its cold; for the Arabic astronomers appear to have supposed the increase of heat discovered on approaching

the equator to have continued after passing it, and thus to have included the south pole in the same category of barrenness and unfitness for animal life with the torrid zone. Leaving aside this division as one tending to produce confusion in a conspectus of eastern geography, by artificially dividing countries without respect either to their natural or political boundaries, and beginning with Africa, we find that, as before stated, the Arabic geographers were better acquainted with this portion of the globe than their Christian brethren of the middle ages. The Barbary coasts they could describe accurately enough; further south, nearly as far as the Guinea coast, they mark out with tolerable accuracy the situation of towns and of kingdoms, many names of which agree curiously enough with those known in our own times. Egypt, so long an Arab kingdom, was necessarily well known to them, but they had much less knowledge of Abyssinia; the famous source of the Nile, so long a *véraciter questio* with the learned of the west, was already settled, at least to the satisfaction of the less captious Orientals, early in the middle ages, and described with as much confidence and minuteness as if the ground had been surveyed with the chain. Leaving Africa, we find the towns of Spain minutely and in general accurately enumerated, an observation which may be extended a little distance into the south of France; but as we go further north in this and the adjacent countries, truth mixes more and more largely with fable. England is described in some geographers (in Edrisi, for example), but of anything further north they had but a faint idea, and speak of the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, the sea kings whose strength was felt by Spain, Barbary, and probably by the extremest coasts of the Mediterranean, by the common appellation of Majusi. Is this an allusion borrowed from the name given to the priests of the Persian fire-worship, and pointing at a supposed general resemblance between the two races in the one fact of their being idolaters, or is it from the word Majouj, which, in conjunction with Hajouj, is used in eastern geography to denote a race in the extreme north of Asia and perhaps also of Europe—a sort of half men, half demons—the people of Gog and Magog in short, of the Hebrew prophets? The knowledge of Edrisi on the subject of these northern countries is more extended than that of his fellow writers, as might naturally be expected from his position at the court of a Christian prince, and within reach of such geographical information as Europe afforded during the middle ages. Turning southward from Spain and France, we find Italy and Greece, as well as the countries immediately north of the latter, well known to the writers

of the best ages of Arabic learning—well known, that is, comparatively, and always making due allowance for the very singular misconceptions in which the most learned of the Arabs have indulged. Russia and Poland, before the rise of the Turkish empire, were but little known in the east, and we might extend the remark to the west also. The relations of Persia and the Mahommedan empire with the Tatars, gave a certain knowledge of their country to the Arab writers, diminishing in accuracy and distinctness with every degree of north latitude, though the conquests of Timour had early made known to the south of Asia the existence of a country where the sun was for many months beneath and as many above the horizon at one time; and where therefore (an important corollary for Moslem soldiers) it was necessary materially to modify the laws regulating daily prayers and other observances depending upon the revolution of the sun. India eastward may be considered as the extreme limit of accurate geographical knowledge in that direction, and the adjective is used with some laxity when thus applied, but much information had been collected by Mahommedan travellers, some of them enjoying peculiar advantages, who had penetrated into that country. China was known as a country of porcelain and perfumes, and desperate Kafir, though the eastern romances (for we are come now to the point where fact and fiction more than meet) represent the inhabitants of the celestial empire as polished, wealthy, and ingenious.\* The sea east of India is the great repository of islands full of marvels (the Arabic romancers are fond of islands, and by choice make them the scene of their stories)—marine monsters, enormous birds, and tremendous serpents. We hardly know whether an Arab topographer would class with real or fictitious existences the mountain of Kaf, the chosen abode of the Anka, Simorg, Phoenix or Griffin—that “secular bird,” which in eastern as well as western fable lives a life of many ages, aloof from all other creatures, dies on a pile of its own collecting, and leaves to a single successor its solitary and mournful grandeur. The mountain of Kaf is said to encompass the world, and in some stories a series of seven concentric Kafs is mentioned, each circle the abode of a race of Ginn, or tolerated spirits, something less dangerous than the actual demons—the *Deemon* or *Afris*.

Least however we should be lost in regions “a hundred years beyond the earth,” as has happened to the heroes of some of the stories

\* China, or Sin, is the scene of one half of the eastern romances, a princess of that country being the frequent object of the errant pursuit of a Mahommedan lover.

we have been alluding to, we return to our more immediate subject, the earth as described by Edrisi, an Arabic writer of the twelfth century. Such of our readers as are disposed to compare Edrisi with El Bekri may consult the excellent manuscript of the latter in the British Museum, No. 9577, and Mr. Cooley's recently published work on the Negroland of the Arabs. Edrisi's accuracy in many statements is more than disputable when compared with El Bekri. His distances of places are rectified by a comparison with El Bekri. Edrisi certainly copied from El Bekri, with some variations of his own, which are rarely accurate; and it would have been far better for his reputation to have adhered more closely to the source from whence he derived reputation. The circumstances under which this description was composed are sufficiently pointed out in the original preface, which for the information it affords, as well as for the sample it contains of our author's style, we think will be found interesting enough to justify our quotation of the whole.

"Thanks be given to God, the existence essentially great and powerful, incorporeal, endued with goodness, beneficence and long suffering, the sovereign judge who has all power, who is clement and merciful, who possesseth infinite knowledge, who hath given perfect forms to all that he hath created, the knowledge of whom is graven in all hearts and reposes in all minds upon visible and incontestible proofs.

"His strength and his power are certain and evident indices of his glory. All tongues publish his goodness, which the true faith confirms. The perfect conformation of beings, emanating from his divine will, constrains us to recognize his existence and his eternity. Amongst the master-pieces of this will, the heavens and the earth are signs of high instruction for him whose mind is just and his perceptions right; first he admires the heaven, its immense elevation, the beauty of the stars and the regularity of their courses—amongst them the sun and the moon shining in the firmament—the sun, the focus of light which produces the day, the moon, the torch which dissipates the darkness of the night. These miraculous signs tell him of the march of seasons and the revolutions of ages. Then he remarks the earth of which this same will fixed the first site and determined the extent—from whose entrails it caused the waters to spring, the vital principles of vegetation, and the necessary food for the fruitfulness of the fields and the fertility of the meadows; the earth which it left for the delight and the dwelling-place of man, the object of preference in all the movements impressed on the celestial bodies.—Man whom this same divine will inspired with the instinct necessary to distinguish good from evil and useful from dangerous, and granted to him the facility of transporting himself whither he pleased, by sea or by land, across the immensity of space. All proves the existence of the Creator!

"Amongst the number of the beings formed

by this divine will, the eye cannot note nor the mind imagine one more accomplished than the illustrious Roger King of Sicily, of Italy, of Lombardy and of Calabria, the Roman prince. This great king, whom heaven has crowned with glory and power, the protector of the religion of Christ, is the most celebrated and the best among all monarchs. His absolute will is the moving principle of his conduct in all affairs. He binds and unbinds according to his pleasure, he governs and judges his people with equity and impartiality, and hears their complaints with patience and attention. He has established in the administration of his estates the most admirable order and the elements of the most perfect happiness; he has carried his victorious arms from the rising of the sun to its setting—witness the countries near or distant which he has brought into obedience to him, witness the sovereigns of the same religion as himself whose pride he has humbled. He owes this astonishing success to the valour of his armies well provided with all things—to the power of his fleets, whose operations heaven protects. His glory shines in the eyes of all men, his name fills the world, is in all mouths, sounds in all ears. What desire does he form which is not followed by the promptest accomplishment? What project, difficult as it may appear, does he not succeed in executing?

"Honours and dignities are the portion of his partisans and his friends, ruin and humiliation of his antagonists and his adversaries. Of how much greatness has he not laid the foundation? The lustre with which he surrounds these dignities shines in the world with the brilliancy of the flowers in a parterre, and is beautiful as the verdure of the shrubs which ornament the groves.

"The great monarch joins the good qualities of the heart to nobility of birth, purity of manners to beauty of actions, courage to elevation of sentiments, profundity of judgment to mildness of character, acuteness of mind to an admirable perception of affairs, and a penetrating glance, which, like a rapid arrow, goes straight to the mark and enables him to judge of everything without error. The gates of future events, closed to others, are open to him. All the art of government has fixed itself in his person; even the dreams of his sleep are benefits for the future, justice and impartiality are the bases of his administration; his liberalities, resembling the waves of the ocean, are as beneficent as the rains which fertilize the earth. His acquirements in mathematics and in literature are immense; the deep study which he has made of the sciences has conducted him to the most extraordinary discoveries, in short the reputation which this great prince enjoys is so superior to that of other sovereigns, that it is useless to seek to prove such a truth by examples, the chief cities of the earth are filled with his name. If I had to enumerate the wonders which he had produced, my lungs would be fatigued, and my breath would not suffice. Who is there, who, wishing to count the pebbles of the universe, could succeed in ascertaining accurately the number of them?

"When the extent of his possessions had in-

creased, the respect which his subjects bore him was everywhere come to its height, and he had subjected to his power dominions conquered from the Christian princes, this monarch, as a consequence of the interest which he took in noble and curious studies, occupied himself with the statistics of his vast states. He wished positively to know not only the limits in which they were circumscribed, the routes by land and sea which traversed them, the climates in which they were situated, the seas which bathed their shores, the canals and the rivers which watered them, but also to add to this knowledge that of other countries than those which depended on his authority in the whole space which it has been agreed to divide into seven climates, resting on the authority of the writers who had treated of geography and had sought to determine the extent, the subdivisions, and the dependencies of each climate. For this end he bade consult the following works:—

"The book of marvels, of Mas'oudi.

"The book of Abu Nasser Said-el-Jihani.

"The book of Abulcassem Adballah ben Khordadbeh.

"The book of Ahmed ben al A'dri.

"The book of Abulcassem Mohammed el Hankali el Baghdadi.

"The book of Janakh ben Khacan-el-Kimabi.

"The book of Mousa ben Casem-el-Cardi.

"The book of Ahmed ben Yacoub, known under the name of Yacoubi.

"The book of Is'hak ben al Hasan, the astronomer.

"The book of Kedamah el Basari.

"The book of Ptolemy of Claudias.

"The book of Eresios of Antioch.

"Instead of finding in these works, clear, precise and detailed accounts, having met only with obscurities and motives for doubt, he sent for persons specially skilled in these matters, and proposed to them questions which he discussed with them, but neither thus did he obtain more light. Seeing that things stood thus, he took the determination of ordering that in all his states they should seek for well informed travellers; he had them called into his presence, and questioned them by means of interpreters, together or separately. Every time that they agreed and their account was unanimous upon a point, this point was admitted and considered as certain. When it was otherwise, their information was rejected and put aside.

"He occupied himself with this labour for more than fifteen years, without relaxation, ceasing not to examine by himself all geographical questions, to seek the solution of them, and to verify the exactness of the facts, in order to obtain completely the knowledge which he desired.

"After this he wished to know positively the longitudes and latitudes of the places and the respective distances of the points upon which the testimony of the above mentioned travellers was unanimous. For this end he had a table prepared for drawing; he had traced there one by one, by means of the iron compass, the points marked out in the works consulted, and those which had been fixed upon according to the different assertions of their authors, and of which

the general confronting had proved the perfect exactness. Then he ordered that they should found in silver, pure and without alloy, a planisphere of an enormous size, and of the weight of four hundred and fifty Roman pounds, each pound weighing one hundred and twelve drachms. He had graven there by expert artists the configuration of the seven climates, with that of the regions, the countries, the shores near to or distant from the sea, the arms of the sea, the seas and the water courses; the indication of desert and cultivated countries, of their respective distances by frequented routes, either in determined miles or in (other) known measures, and the designation of the ports, prescribing to these workmen to conform themselves scrupulously to the model traced upon the drawing table, without in any manner deviating from the configurations therein indicated.

"He caused to be composed, for the understanding of this planisphere, a book containing the complete description of the cities and territories, of the nature of the cultures and habitations, of the extent of the seas, the mountains, the rivers, the plains and the marshes. This book was to treat besides of the species of grain, of fruits, and of plants which each country produces, of the properties of these plants, of the arts and trades in which the inhabitants excel, of their export and import commerce, of the curious objects which are remarked or are celebrated in the seven climates, of the state of the populations, their external form, their customs, religions, dress, and idioms.

"I have given to this work the title of 'Recreations of the Man desirous of perfectly knowing the Different Countries of the World.'

"This work was terminated in the last days of the month of Shewâl, in the year 548 of the Hijra (answering to the middle of January of the year of Christ 1154.)"

After this introduction (à propos of which we must remark, however, that if King Roger's planisphere is faithfully represented in his panegyrist's maps, its accuracy is somewhat overstated)—after this introduction our author gives a general notion of the figure of the globe, and of the division of its circumference into 360 degrees, each degree containing 25 fursungs (the parasang of the Persians according to the Greek spelling), each fursung twelve thousand cubits, every cubit 24 fingers (breadths), and every finger six grains of barley, not laid end to end as in our ancient popular scale, but side by side. He states that no lands are habitable beyond 64 degrees N. latitude, and that the southern hemisphere is altogether unpeopled, for the reasons already alluded to. The seven climates are then described, and after that the principal seas, which, with the well-known oriental predilection for that number, are made to be also seven: بحر الصين the Sea of Sin or Indian Ocean, الخليج الأخضر the

Green (or Persian) Gulf, **بحر القلزم** the Sea of Culzum (Arabian Gulf), **البحر الشامي** Sea of Shām or Syria (Mediterranean), **البنطس خليج البناقين** Gulf of Venice, **البنطس خليج** Sea of Pontus (Black Sea), and **بحر جرجان** Sea of Jorjan (Caspian).

Then we have a description of the division of the work into seven climates, and of each climate into ten equal sections, corresponding to parallelogrammatic divisions, or nearly such, of the climates, following one another on the map and in the description from west to east. Of each of these sections the author informs us he has drawn a plate, making 70 such illustrations in the whole; these are to be found in a MS. in the University of Oxford, and in one of the Bibliothèque Royale. Of these plates M. Jaubert has given three, with the colours, lettering and gilding, "barbaric gold," of the original. Our taste would have led us to prefer a plain lithograph of the whole map, either in as many plates as the original or in a reduced size, say 10 on a sheet. This could hardly have been much more expensive than the certainly magnificent specimens given. They afford us, it is true, an idea of the *style* of the original drawings, but on the plan suggested we should have had, it may be presumed, a copy of the silver map of Roger; a map in fact of the 12th century, and one which might be fairly supposed justly to represent the geographical knowledge of that period. It is scarcely fair however to quarrel with M. Jaubert, or his "fautorea," the executive of the Société Géographique, on a matter which, after all, is a point of taste.

Our limits will not permit us any detailed analysis of the portion of Edrisi relating to Africa, with an account of the most southern portion of which known to him our author begins his description. This indeed is the less necessary, as this first part of the book is probably better known than any other division, from the excellent abstract and commentary of Hartmann. The natural products of this part of central Africa, the arms, food, manners, and dress of the inhabitants, are often minutely described, and with an individuality which gives the description something of the air of Herodotus's charming gossip. The description of Gana, a central province, whose king and inhabitants are described as Mussulmans, reminded us strongly of Major Denham's interesting account of the Sheikh of Bornou and his policy. Gana, however, as far as we can gather from our author, is considerably to the west of the kingdom

where our enterprising traveller found an organized army, and cavaliers clad in mail, inhabiting a territory bounded by deserts and countries of savages.

There is much talk, in this part of the narrative, of gold, of which the Sultan of Gana is said to have possessed a natural lump weighing 30 lbs. Denham or Clapperton, we forget which, inquired in vain for Wangara, a country mentioned by Edrisi as conterminous with Gana, and concluded, from certain indications, that Wangara was a general name for a country producing gold. Unfortunately we have very little etymological knowledge on which to try the validity of such a conjecture. Our travellers have not been philologists, nor our philologists travellers. Even the Berber, the most cultivated and accessible of the native African languages, is still almost sealed to us. A vocabulary of the language in the Bibliothèque Royale, a translation of the Gospels and part of the Book of Genesis in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a geographical fragment in the possession of the Asiatic Society, and perhaps a few other similar specimens, are all the materials we know of for the study of it in Europe. Talking of Berbers, our author has a curious story of one of them, who predicted the speedy arrival of a caravan at a watering place by taking up and smelling to the sand. This surpasses all we ever heard of savage acuteness of sense, but our geographer certainly avails himself at times of the traveller's privilege, unless indeed we should rather blame the informants of King Roger, on the "perfect agreement" of whose accounts was founded this veritable history. Begharmah, which figures so conspicuously in recent accounts of Bornou, comes next in order, and this also is said to be inhabited by Berbers, not a very probable assertion, but perhaps Edrisi has been misled, like some later writers, by the name of a Nubian race, the Barabras. The Nubian women are highly praised for their beauty, for which and for their accomplishments they are said to be eagerly sought after by the great men of other countries. We have an account of a certain wood which possesses an extraordinary power to counteract the venom of serpents, and even to deprive them of their power of injuring a man who carries it about with him. The story of the Psylli among the ancients naturally occurs to us upon the reading of this account. In our own days individuals in some parts of Africa pretend to the power of handling serpents with impunity and profess to impart it to others. An offer was made of this boon to one of Napoleon's savans, if we mistake not, but his love of science was not

strong enough to carry him through the preliminary process, in which it was necessary that the adept should spit into the mouth of his disciple.

The long sought fountains of the Nile are thus described, with that daring license of invention which the Arab often displays, loading an uncertain object with more matter of doubt, telling, as worthy Mr. Oldbuck in the *Antiquary* phrases it, a "lie with a circumstance."

"To this section belongs the place where the two branches of the Nile separate; that is to say—Firstly, the Nile of Egypt, which traverses that country, running from south to north, on whose banks and on the islands which it forms, most of the towns of Egypt are built; and, secondly, the branch which sets out from the east, and runs towards the remotest extremity of the west; on this branch of the Nile are situated all, or at least the greater part, of the cities of Soudan. The source of these two branches of the Nile is in the Mountains of the Moon, whose commencement is 16° beyond the Equinoctial. The Nile takes its origin from this mountain by ten fountains, of which five flow away and gather in a great lake; the others descend also from the mountain towards another great lake. From each of these two lakes issue three rivers, which at length unite and flow into a very great lake, near which is situate a city named Tarfi, populous, and its environs fertile in rice. On the bank of this lake is an idol holding its hands lifted to its breast; they say that this is Masakh (or Masneh), and that he was thus transformed because he was a wicked man." — vol. i. pp. 27, 28.

After the cataracts of the Nile, which are slightly alluded to, we have a curious account of a race or tribe of predatory horsemen called El-belioun, who are described as black (a word which admits of no palliation of meaning from an Arab's pen), clad in steel armour, and, *mirabile dictu*, as Christians and of Greek descent! It is curious enough that in the account of Denham and Clapperton's Journey we have mention of certain mountain-dwelling tribes south of Bornou, some of whom came on an embassy to the Bornouese camp while Major Denham accompanied it, and sued for peace. These were some of the Kafirs, whom the true believers were wont to carry away as slaves, and these wretched creatures, by no means such brilliant robbers as El-belioun, our traveller was required to acknowledge as fellow Christians. He parried this compliment by pleading that they had begged a dead horse for food the day before, but was reminded that he himself, by eating swine's flesh, was guilty of an equal abomination. The word translated Greek (*Rûmi*) is of very indefinite application in Arabic, and sometimes means nothing more

than European Christian. It would be singular enough to find that Edrisi had here recorded the existence of a remnant of Romans or Vandals. Another race of Christians is again mentioned on the coast of the Red Sea, though in his account of their migration thither our author is guilty of an anachronism, a besetting sin of Mahomedan historians. The iron and gold mines of Sofalah come in for a somewhat lengthened description, and we then, according to the plan already described, are carried eastward to India, Ceylon and China. The account of the Indian castes is tolerably correct, the names being either like the Sanscrit appellations or reducible to them by allowing for copyists' errors. The license of the Indian worship, the dancing girls attached to the temples, and other features of the Brahminical cultus, are touched upon. In the description of Ceylon the famous peak and footprint of Adam are mentioned, but the standard of size furnished by the latter is wofully belied by an estimate immediately following of the length of the patriarch's stride, a length which would much more than satisfy the most unconscionable advocate for the gradual diminution in size of the human race. The notion of sacred footsteps is very general in the East, and traces of it appear in Europe and America.

Passing from India to China we quote a description of the mode of administering justice in this latter nation, which is curious at least, though we apprehend that in the days of Edrisi, as in our own, the paternal majesty of the empire was more prompt in administering, or causing to be administered, the bamboo to the delinquent, than in listening to the appeals (or *peals*, as they are here represented) of the oppressed for justice.

"It is reported that there are in China three hundred flourishing cities, governed by princes who are all under obedience to the Baghbough, who is called, as we have just said, the King of Kings. He is a prince of pure morals, just towards his people, endued with a high solicitude for their welfare, powerful in his government, wise in his projects, provident in his enterprises, firm in his designs, facile in his administration, mild in his commands, generous in his gifts, attentive to the affairs of strangers and of distant countries, considering the end of things, and occupying himself with the interests of his subjects, who can come to him without intermediate agent and without hindrance.

"This prince has a hall of audience whose walls and roof are constructed in a manner equally solid and elegant. In this hall is a throne of gold on which the king sits surrounded by all his vizirs; above his head is a bell whence hangs a chain of gold artfully disposed, which falls on the outside of the building and the end of which reaches the basis of the edifice.

When any one has a subject of complaint to expose, he comes with a written request to this chain and pulls it. Then the bell moves, a vizir puts his hand out of the window, which is as much as saying to the complainant, come up to us. He goes up in fact by a staircase expressly destined to this object [*literally* to the oppressed]. Arrived in the presence of the king, the complainant prostrates himself and then rises. The king stretches his hand to him and receives the request, examines it, returns it to his vizirs, and gives a decision agreeable to the laws civil and religious without any other solicitation, without delay and without the necessity of recurring to the mediation of the vizir or of any other person.

"This prince is fervent in his piety, firm in the observation of the laws of which he is the interpreter and the guardian, and liberal in the alms which he bestows upon the poor. His religion, which is the worship of idols (or Buddhism), differs little from that of the Indians; for these latter, like the Chinese, do not deny the existence of the Creator, acknowledge his wisdom and his eternal power, and although they admit neither the prophets nor the holy books, yet they do not deviate from the principles of justice and equity."—vol. i. p. 101.

The famous idol of Moultan is thus described—

"Moultan is near to India, and some writers even place it in this country. It equals Mançura in size and bears the surname of the house of gold. There is seen an idol venerated by the Indians who come to visit it in pilgrimage from the most distant points of their country, and to offer to it precious objects, ornaments and perfumes in prodigious quantities. This idol is surrounded by servants and slaves, who are fed and dressed from the products of these rich offerings. It is of a human form and has four sides, seated on a throne composed of bricks and plaster, entirely covered with a skin, which resembles red morocco leather, in such a manner that only its eyes can be seen. Some persons assert positively that the internal part of this idol is of wood, others deny this. However this may be, its body is entirely covered, its eyes formed of precious stones, its head covered with a crown of gold enriched with jewels. It is, as we have said, square, and its arms, above the elbows, appear to the number of four.

"The temple inhabited by this idol is in the middle of the city of Moultan, and in the most frequented of its bazaars. This edifice is in the form of a dome: the upper part of the dome is gilded; the construction of this, as well as of the doors, is very solid. The columns are very high, the walls coloured."

From the peculiar arrangement of the work, in climates, the description of Egypt comes after that of China, and to this we turn to remark the meagre description given of this country, so interesting both to Asiatics and Europeans. More space is taken up with the recital of traditions, the descriptions

of supposed talismans, and the assignment of authors, after the oriental fashion, for the buildings whose ruins are to be seen there, than with descriptions of the ruins themselves. One of the most curious of his stories, though not the most authentic or intelligible, is one describing a Frankish invasion of Egypt. Surely this cannot be a bad transcript from a history of the Crusades.

"From this chain of hills and on the side of the sea depends a mountain, round, cut to a peak, and which it is impossible to approach from the polish of its surface and from its great height. They relate that there are the important treasures of the high priest, whose name this mountain bears, and those of certain kings of Egypt, consisting of gold, silver, precious stones, figured pottery, curious images and representations of idols, symbolical of the stars. These kings learnt by their art that a king of the Franks had formed the design of attacking them, from what he had heard of their riches, and of their power of making gold. At this they were very much affrighted. In fact, this Frank king had equipped a thousand vessels, conquered Egypt, whose principal inhabitants fled and took refuge in this mountain, and the rest in the oasis, carrying their riches with them. The motive of the Frank king's expedition was, that a high priest having been obliged to take refuge in Europe to escape from the persecutions of an Egyptian prince, he determined the king to undertake this conquest by the bait of the riches which he would find there. The conquest in fact took place; the high priest accompanied him to the mountain in question, but not having been able to climb it, and deceived in his hope, he induced the Frank king to appropriate to himself the riches of the other inhabitants of Egypt, and, loaded with these spoils, to return into his own country."—vol. i. pp. 131, 132.

The description of Europe offers little that is capable of being extracted, being often nothing more than a list of names; some of them, it is true, curious enough, as showing the extent of geographical knowledge in our author's time. As a specimen we give the towns of England as they stand in the printed text of Rome, 1592.

"In this second division of the seventh climate we find a portion of the sea of darkness, wherein is the island of Alankaltarah, *الانكلتار*, a great island shaped like the head of an ostrich. \* \* \* The shore nearest it is Wadishant, *وادي شنت* of the land of Afrandes, *افرانديس* (Flanders), and between this island and the great coast is a passage twelve miles broad. And of the cities which are in the extremest west of this island, and in a place where the land is very narrow, is Sahisnar, *ساحسنار*—between which and the sea are 12 miles. And from this city to that of Garham, *غارهم* on the coast 60 miles; and so from the city of



Sahansar to the western extremity of the island, 880 miles, and from it to the port of Derbermouzah, **دربرموزة** (Dartmouth), 80 miles; then to the portion of the island named Kernoualia, **قروالية** 100 miles. From the city of Sahansar to Salábus, **سلابوس** (Salisbury?) on the coast to the north, 60 miles, and from the city of Garham to the site of the city of Haynunah (or Hambunah) **هنبونة** which is a promontory running into the sea, 25 miles, and near it on the east runs the river Bounsiter, **بونستر** (Winchester?). To Sababúras 40 miles towards the west, and from Hambunah to the city of Sarham **سرهام** 60 miles, and it is near the sea. Thence along the coast to Hastings **هستينكس** 50 miles, and thence along the coast to Dubras **دبرس** 70 miles; and this stands upon the strait whereby they pass to the nearest portion of the continent. And from Dubras to the city of Lundras, **لوندريس** within the land 40 miles, and this city is on a great river which falls into the sea between Dubras and the city of Jarnamouh, **جرنموه** (Yarmouth?). From this last city to the city of Tar'in 90 miles, and this city is distant from the sea as much as 10 miles."

And in the same strain the account is pursued northward, giving names for which we confess we are unable to find modern English equivalents.

Some scientific fragments and accounts of natural phenomena, of a very interesting description, are to be found in Edrisi's work; from these we extract an account of a water-spout, and a dissertation on the tides—the former remarkable for its accuracy of description, and the absence of any important attempt at theorizing; the latter, less entitled to this praise, yet curious as showing how near an approximation to the true theory of the tides lay for centuries in the hands of the Mohammedan men of science, without their improving the conjecture into certainty. It contains also a remarkable and almost incredible error, for an eye-witness—a supposition that the tide rises every day at the same hour.

"From the island of Mouja to that of Clouds there are four days of sailing and more. This island is so named because sometimes there arise from it white clouds, which are very dangerous for vessels. There arises from them sometimes a point (literally *a tongue*), fine and long, accompanied by an impetuous wind. When this point reaches the surface of the sea there results from it a sort of ebullition; the waters are agitated as by a frightful whirlwind, and if this point reaches the ships it sinks them. Then the cloud rises and resolves itself into rain, without its being known if this rain comes from the waters of the sea, or how the thing happens."—vol. i. p. 91.

"The sea of China, the part of the sea of Senf which is contiguous to it, the sea of Dardari, as well as those of Herkend and of Oman, are subject to the ebb and flow of the tide. It is said that in the seas of Oman and Fars this phenomenon takes place twice in the year, so that the flow is felt during the six months of summer, whilst the contrary takes place in the western sea. Then the ebb is transferred to the west during the other six months.\*

"As a vast number of opinions have been started on the subject of the tides, we feel ourselves bound to relate summarily what has been said to complete the explanation of this phenomenon.

"Aristotle and Archimedes pretend that it is owing to the action of the sun, combined with that of the wind and the waves, (as happens in the Atlantic Sea, which is the ocean). This produces the tide, whilst, when the wind falls and lulls, the ebb takes place.

"But Satoïos\* thinks that the cause of the tide lies in the successive increase of the moon up to the full, and that the ebb is to be attributed to the diminution of the phases of this celestial body. This opinion needs to be developed and explained in detail. We say then on the subject of the ebb and flow, that we have seen with our own eyes in the sea of darkness, that is to say, in the ocean which bathes the western sides of Andalusia and of Brittany, that the flood begins to take place in this sea from the second hour of the day to the beginning of the ninth. Then happens the ebb, lasting till the end of the day; then the sea rises again during six hours, after which it falls during six hours; so that the flow and ebb are each felt, once during the day and once during the night. The cause of this is the wind, which raises the sea at the commencement of the third hour of the day. As long as the sun is rising on the horizon, the flow augments with the wind. Before the fall of the day the wind falls, because the sun is more on his decline, and the ebb takes place. In the same manner, at the beginning of the night, the wind rises anew, and the calm does not succeed till the end of the night. The high tides happen during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth nights of the (lunar) month. Then the waters rise excessively and reach points which they never arrive at until the corresponding days of the following months. This is one of the evident marvels of the Creator in these seas. The inhabitants of the Moghreb (west) are witnesses of it, and cannot doubt it. These tides are called *Féida* or inundations."—vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

We shall conclude our extracts with a few of the incredibilia of our author, premising

\* Meaning apparently that the body of water, which, by leaving the east coast, forms the ebb there, is transferred to the western.

+ Note by M. Jaubert. The name of this philosopher, probably a Greek, is indecipherable. Does the author allude to Ctesias, or rather to Posidonius, whose system in fact was somewhat like the ideas developed in this passage?—See *Strabo*, Book iii.

always that he is evidently not disposed to give them any such name. The fondness of the Mahomedan reader for accredited marvels is extreme, if we are to judge by the many works in which they are recorded, and in which the fiction is mixed up with important and valuable truths. The most famous of these is the *Ajaib Al Makhlucât*, or *Wonders of the Creation*, by *Kazwini*; in this may be found one at least of the extracts we are about to give—the one immediately following.

"They relate that at an epoch anterior to that of Alexander, there was a dragon in this island that devoured everything that came in his way, oxen, asses, and other animals. When Alexander landed there, the inhabitants complained of the mischief which this dragon did them, and implored the help of the hero; the monster had already devoured the greater part of their flocks—every day they placed two slain bulls beside his den; he came out to devour them, and then withdrew till the next day, awaiting a fresh tribute. Alexander asked the inhabitants if the monster was in the habit of coming out by one hole or by many; they replied that he always came out by the same. Then Alexander had the place pointed out to him, and went there, followed by several of the inhabitants, taking with him two bulls; immediately the monster advanced like a black cloud, his eyes glittering like lightnings, and his mouth vomiting flames; he devoured the bulls and disappeared. The next day and the day following Alexander made them place two calves near his cavern, but this prey was not enough to appease the monster's hunger. Alexander ordered the islanders to take two bulls, skin them, fill their skins with a mixture of oil, sulphur, lime, and arsenic, and to expose them in the place pointed out. The dragon came out of his cavern and devoured this new sort of prey; a few moments after, feeling himself poisoned by this composition, into which besides they had taken care to put some iron hooks, he made all imaginable efforts to vomit it; but the hooks sticking in his throat, he fell over with his mouth yawning open. Then, in accordance with the plan laid by Alexander, they heated a bar of iron and placing it on a plate of the same metal, darted it into the monster's throat; the composition took fire in his entrails and he expired. Thus God put a stop to the scourge which afflicted the inhabitants of this island. They thanked Alexander for it, showed him great affection, and offered him considerable presents, consisting of various curiosities of their island. They gave him, among other things, a little animal which resembled a hare, but whose skin was of a yellow, brilliant as gold. This animal, called the *A'raj*, has a black horn, and by his presence alone puts to flight lions, serpents, wild beasts and birds."—vol. i. pp. 198—200.

"There exist in the sea of China and of the Indies animals a hundred cubits long and twenty-four broad, on whose backs rise like humps,

and as if vegetating, rocks of scales, on which ships are sometimes broken. Navigators relate that they attack these animals with bows and arrows, and force them thus to turn from their path. They add that they seize the least of them and boil them in caldrons, and that their flesh melts and changes into a liquid fat. This oily substance is renowned in Yemen, in Aden, on the coasts of Fars, of Oman, and in the seas of India and China. The people of these regions make use of this substance to stop the holes of vessels."—vol. i. p. 96.\*

"There is in the sea of China an animal known under the name of *El-Ghaidah*. It has two wings, by means of which it rises from the bottom (of the sea) and transports itself, in spite of its weight, upon vessels. It is a hundred cubits long or thereabouts. When the sailors perceive it, they make a noise by means of pieces of wood struck one against the other. The creature retires and leaves them a free path. Besides, thanks be to God, the fate of this great animal is attached to that of a little fish named *el Mabidah*. When it perceives it, it flies and takes refuge in the abysses of the sea, at such a depth that it is safe from the pursuit of this little fish."—vol. i. p. 97.

Of *M. Jaubert's* share in this book—the translation, the notes and the various readings—we ought to say a few words, the rather as there is a spirit of very unaffected looking modesty running through the preface and notes whenever he has to speak of himself, and he in many places frankly acknowledges his obligations to his literary confreres for help in translation, or the suggestion of a conjecture. The notes are generally short, but to the purpose, and have the valuable property of coming in when they are wanted. Perhaps a little more paralleling of the Arabic with the European names would have been an improvement. The translator has adopted the judicious course of giving the Arabic as well as the Roman writing of the most important names of places, animals, &c. In spite however of the somewhat formidable appearance thus given to the pages, we can assure the general reader that he will find this a very amusing work to pick his way through—we do not say to read through—while to the student of geography it is certainly a valuable present, of which the worth is little diminished by the circumstance that there already existed the insufficient and not very accurate translation of the *Maronites*, *Ecchelenensis* and *Sionita*.

\* Many of the eastern fables of natural history appear to have arisen from mingling the accounts of two different creatures. Here, for example, if anything really existing be alluded to, we should suppose it to be the cuttle fish, much exaggerated, whilst the deliquescent properties of the smaller specimens remind us of what is told of some of the sea snakes.

ART. III.—*Om Straff och Straff-anstalter, 2dra Upplagan.* (On Punishments and on Prisons. Second Edition.) 8vo. Stockholm. 1840.

THE work bearing this title has excited so much interest in the country where it first appeared,\* and is itself so interesting and important, that we cannot help thinking it our duty to give some account of its origin, and some specimens of the style and arguments to be found in its pages.

In 1832 a board of talented jurists, after many years' labours, published in the Swedish capital their celebrated "Proposition for an amended Code of Law and Punishment in Sweden." This work, the adoption of which has hitherto been prevented by the jealousies of the court, notwithstanding that Norway already enjoys the benefits of its improved code, lays down a separate plan for the reform of prison discipline and the abandonment of corporal punishments within the kingdom. The ill success attending the scandalously mismanaged corruption-spreading Houses of Correction established in 1819 and following years, the dreadful consequences to public morals resulting from the system of modified serf-ism existing by law in Sweden under another name (*försvartshet*), and the alarming increase of crime of late years throughout the country and especially in the capital, have deeply impressed the Swedish nation with the necessity of some thorough change in their whole system of prison legislation. Taking advantage of this feeling in the public mind, and anxious that the change may be effectual, advantageous, and enlightened, his Royal Highness Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, and already not unknown as an author of taste, has entered the arena with the elegantly written pamphlet now under discussion, and more immediately intended for the perusal of the members of the Diet at present sitting in Stockholm.

This tolerably lengthy work is remarkable for its generally sound views and liberal sentiments, for its probing the question to the bottom in all its details, for the air of calm self-possession and unaffected benevolence which pervades every part of it, for the modesty breathing through the whole, and for the broadness of the principles upon which it founds its conclusions. Originality, of course, could hardly be expected on such a question; but we are everywhere struck with the noble author's comprehensiveness,

clearness and decision. It is to these qualities and to the abundance of information carefully selected from various sources, and skilfully compressed within its chapters, that it owes its welcome reception and its having reached in so few days to a second large edition.\*

True it is that this new *production*, however meritorious it may be in itself, on a *subject* new no longer, cannot but fill the mind with melancholy reflections and a gloomy foreboding. What is it that has driven so many hundreds of philosophers, men of letters, statesmen and philanthropists (as the age calls them, though they are often mere phrase-mongers), to devote week after week and year after year to the consideration of

"Subjects grimly weighty,"

social police, the laws of arrest, the minimum of existence to be allowed in prisons, and the maximum of labour to be exacted out of them? What is it that now even disturbs a prince in his palace, drawing him from his pleasures and pursuits, winning him from the delicacies of refinement and the temptations of modern luxury, and calling him from

"Parliaments and courts and pomp and state."

to questions of the prisoner's fare and the gaoler's pay, the starving pauper's prospects, and the straight and narrow cell of the criminal and the unfortunate?—Is it merely and in itself benevolence? Alas, no! We do not mean that the individuals who are daily communicating to us their thoughts on these points are more destitute of feeling than their neighbours; on the contrary, many of them are distinguished for their ceaseless exertions that they may enjoy the luxury of doing good, and for even daring to be "singular" in their ideas of right. What we do mean is, that the actual and immediate cause of this great European movement, the pressing reason assigned by these writers themselves as their apology for entering the field of controversy, is—the increase of crime, the crowding of old prisons and the want of new ones, the spread of demoralization among the lower (that is, the kernel) classes, and the alarming features gradually assuming by our modern pauperization.

Every effort, then, to, modify or amelior-

\* A translation has lately appeared in German, and a French one is said to be in preparation. One in Norwegian will be published shortly.

\* The profits are devoted by the royal author to the lately established Swedish "Gutenberg Institution," a kind of Printers' Benevolent Society formed at the late Printing Jubilee celebrated in Stockholm as well as over the Continent.

ate prisons or their denizens should be a fresh incitement to us to contemplate for ourselves how matters stand among us, and to see that this boasted philanthropy of gaol-reforms does not aim at cure rather than at prevention, and does not often legalize terrorism and suffering under the disguise of benevolent change. Certain it is that the cell-system may be made one of the most atrociously cruel, negatively effective, and at the same time apparently innocent punishments ever invented by the spirit of our modern class-legislation. In our own country we have personally known it end, more than once or twice or thrice, in madness and misery, suicide and death.

But let us listen to our royal author's observations in the first part of his first chapter.—“*On Punishments.*”

“A people's morals and intelligence are always best appreciated by the spirit of its legislation. This is more particularly the case with its criminal laws, which are more easily accommodated to the increasing claims of humanity and justice than the civil law, which is in many respects more dependent on national customs and ideas, and often on local peculiarities. At the same time it must never be forgotten, that a civil code founded on natural and reasonable motives, is one of the most effectual means for destroying antiquated abuses and deep-rooted prejudices, and constitutes a condition highly important for the development of an enlightened national spirit and a genuine love of country.

“Society, in order to advance undisturbed to its great goal—moral and intellectual improvement and general prosperity—must be built on a foundation accordant with reason, and must be so established as to give protection against whatever may disturb the general security or insult private right. The outward independence and the inward legal subsistence of the state must be secured against traitorous designs; the private man's life and welfare must be guarded against violence and persecution; property must be shielded from lawless attacks. It is from these indispensable conditions for the existence and progress of society, which is the will of God revealed in the interior instincts and exterior wants of man, that we may trace the rise of the peculiar *right of punishment* which society wields, and which finally reposes on reason and on justice.

“But an acknowledged idea of legal right must, in order to continue its quality of rightfulness, be carried out in a spirit consonant with its origin. The form which it assumes must be supported by the admitted ground, and must conscientiously and consequentially fulfil all its demands; else this form will contradict its own archetype, and will at last pass over to its opposite.

“Hence it follows, that a choice of the punishments themselves must be made under a religious acknowledgment of a superior organization of the universe, and an enlightened re-

spect for the value of man; they must be altogether just, both as regards their *quality*, or character, and their *quantity*, or the amount answering to the greatness of the crime. They must also be reasonable, that is, so psychologically calculated, as to tend to the criminal's improvement, and thus strive to prevent a renewed infraction of the system of law instituted for the common benefit.

“This, in its perfection, is the form assumed by punishment; this the end to which all organization of punishment ought to aspire. That it cannot in reality be completely reached, is to be explained partly from the imperfection inseparable from everything human, and partly from those outward circumstances which often exercise so powerful an influence as to form a kind of *relative law*. This fact may account for, and even excuse, the bye-paths to which criminal legislation has so often wandered, and where it may yet so frequently be found; but it can never be appealed to, either in regard to its historical ground or to its existence as a fact, in order to prevent an useful approach to a theory of punishment more adapted to the spread of intelligence and the claims of humanity,—for the effort to approach nearer and nearer to *perfection* is one of the marks of the divine origin of man! To listen unprejudiced to the experience so often dearly bought of past times, to draw thence learning and leading rightly to judge and answer to the demands of the present age, and thus to prepare the possibility of a rational understanding of the problem which posterity in its turn will have to solve,—this it is which constitutes the real *continuity* in the advancing cultivation of the human race. The actual value of every foundation, whether in the range of thought or of matter, depends upon the structure which can be raised upon it; for, just as undeniably as that the latter cannot subsist without the support of the former, so little can the ground constitute of itself anything whole and complete.

“Heathenism had its legal views, which were compelled to give way before the loving, the justice-breathing doctrines of Christianity. Ignorance and darkness long intercepted its everlasting and all-enlivening light, but its mild spirit overcame at last outward hindrances and worldly opposition, and taught man, even while punishing his fallen brother, to seek the fulfilment of the demands of Christian love. To adapt these sentiments to both punishments and prisons is an object of worthy emulation between the enlightened nations of Europe and of the New World.”\*

Prince Oscar next investigates the question of capital punishments, against which, whatever may be the nature of the crime committed, he opposes himself with great strenuousness. He would not retain them in any case or on any condition. For our own part we cannot help regarding the punishment of death for such crimes as rape and murder as the most agreeable to reason and

instinct of any yet adopted, and as *far more merciful* than a cagement for life in a horrible cell, where year after year goes by without human intercourse, with no interchange of affection, with an almost hunger-diet, simple but not sweet, and deprived of the least gleam of hope! What can such a life amount to but an idiotic vegetation, or the gnawing of the spirit upon itself?—"Life is more than meat and the body than raiment." There must be some shield round the sanctity of human existence more than round the "stuff" or the "states" artificially created by "the development of society. The extremes of punishing crimes against the person with death,—the same penalty as was exacted for crimes against property,—and crimes against property with perpetual

isolation,—the same punishment as is proposed for crimes against the person,—are both, and for the same reason, equally *immoral*; they put asunder what God hath joined, like for like (property or its equivalent for property or its equivalent), and life for life (blood for blood). In fact, we imagine the modern sensitiveness of executions and dread of death to arise merely or principally—not from any sentiment of mercy, for this is a virtue our statutes daily outrage, but—from the effeminate petty cowardice produced by modern selfishness and luxury. In the course of the views advanced by our author on the inefficiency of capital punishments, we are presented with the following interesting table.

"TABLE OF ANNUAL EXECUTIONS.

|                     |   |                   |   |   |   |        |   |           |              |
|---------------------|---|-------------------|---|---|---|--------|---|-----------|--------------|
| Spain               | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 122,000   | Inhabitants. |
| Sweden              | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 172,000   | do.          |
| Norway              | { | from 1832 to 1834 | . | . | . | one in | . | 720,000   | do.          |
|                     |   | from 1835 to 1837 | . | . | . | none.  | . |           |              |
| Ireland             | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 200,000   | do.          |
| England             | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 250,000   | do.          |
| France              | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 447,000   | do.          |
| Baden               | { | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 400,000   | do.          |
|                     |   | in 1834           | . | . | . | one in | . | 1,230,000 | do.          |
| Austria, in Germany | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 840,000   | do.          |
| Wurtemberg          | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 750,000   | do.          |
| Pennsylvania        | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 829,000   | do.          |
| Bavaria             | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 2,000,000 | do.          |
| Prussia             | . | .                 | . | . | . | one in | . | 1,700,000 | do.          |
| Vermont, since 1814 | . | .                 | . | . | . | none.  | . |           |              |
| Belgium, since 1830 | . | .                 | . | . | . | none.  | . |           |              |

"In spite of the number of executions, comparatively to the population, being greatest in Spain and next in Sweden and Ireland, it is sufficiently well known that the number of crimes committed there is greater instead of being less, than in many other lands where capital punishments are either quite unknown or are very sparingly used. We also find that capital punishments have been least necessary in those states where the greatest efforts have been made for the spread of intelligence and the removal of those bands which fetter private industry. The example of Prussia is in this respect highly remarkable."\*

"Another objection, not less important, attending punishments so repulsive to humanity is, that if they are applied without mercy, the supreme power is reproached as excessively severe; if pardons are conferred too often, we encourage contempt of the law and carelessness for its punishments. We have seen that in Sweden, next to Spain, the punishment of death has been most frequently applied, and yet, during the last seven years, forty-three individuals condemned to death have upon the average been pardoned annually."†

From capital Prince Oscar proceeds to

corporal punishments, which he very justly considers as highly injurious to the community no less than to the criminal.

"But, it is objected, corporal punishments are inseparably united with our manners, our habits and our traditional customs. This assertion reposes, I imagine, on a misunderstanding, a confusion of the views of a past period with those of the present. Corporal punishments were connected with public opinion, as long as they were in accordance with the prevalent religious ideas. The church itself pointed them out as a means of salvation, and the penitent sinner believed that by flagellation, bodily suffering and severe fasts, he should recover the peace of conscience he had lost. So far from being disgraceful, corporal punishments were then regarded as an act of atonement, and the only proper way to a second reception into the bosom of the church. Thus we find them united with church penance and confession, whereby the criminal, purified by his punishment, was restored to the congregation. But this belief, these ideas, have long since disappeared. Public opinion, in our day, brands the punished criminal with an almost indelible disgrace, and throws him back with detestation from its bosom. Of all those who defend the suitableness of public whipping, is there one who will take

\* Pp. 7, 8.

† Pp. 10, 11.

the whipped offender into his service? Have we not then created a class of *Pariahs*, or moral outlaws, who are compelled to regard themselves as at a continual war with society?"\*

But if corporal punishments are to be altogether abandoned, we must of course find a substitute at *least* equally efficacious without being disproportionately expensive. This leads to an examination of the so-long applauded transportation system, that mistaken theory which has inflicted such serious injury on Great Britain and her colonies by its enormous expense, its tempting laxity or passionate cruelty, for extremes beget extremes, and the flood of deep pollution it has poured into the bosom of a young world. After a calm review of the whole case, Prince Oscar very naturally concludes, that any plan of transportation would in no way be suitable or advantageous for Sweden, every possible benefit resulting from it being equally to be found at home, and "it being, if not sufficiently terrible to those against whom it is directed, only so much the more so to those whose taxed incomes must supply the financial means which are so oppressive."†

Transportation being condemned as dangerous and dear, the amiable writer goes on to inquire into the relative values of the different systems of improved imprisonment now spreading over Europe and America. The many attempts based on a plan of classification are shown to have been entire and necessary failures; no one being able to classify and gauge the evil dispositions of an evil heart, so that parity of outward offence may herd the hardened criminal with the comparatively untutored novice in vice, and all the consequences of mutual corruption speedily exhibiting themselves in the discharged but returning prisoners. There remains no choice, therefore, if we will cut down the monster by the roots, but between the Panopticon Penitentiary of Bentham, and the modified Silent System of Auburn. After having shown that the Philadelphia system, when humanely guarded, is *not* injurious to the health, and that the number of relapsed criminals is far under that attendant on the Auburn plan, we are presented with the following simplified results of the whole:—

"That the Auburn system, by completely separating the prisoners during the night, and prohibiting any communication during the busy employments of the day, already contains an important reform upon the usual prison punishments with or without classification.

"That, however, it gives occasion to danger-

ous abuses; that the discipline can scarcely be kept up for any length of time, and demands severe and capricious applications of corporal chastisements which irritate as well as degrade the prisoner.

"That, as regards the erection of the prison, it is less expensive; unless we suppose that the length of confinement can be materially diminished in consequence of the punishment being rendered more severe. In this latter case, the calculations of Dr. Julius show that the cost of building is as nine to ten in favour of the Pennsylvanian system.

"That the Auburn plan requires a greater number of men as guards than the Pennsylvanian.

"That the factory work in common of the former system, a labour which is forced by outward means, is certainly more profitable than cell free labour, but that it operates less advantageously on the prisoner's inclinations for industry and his real ability to support himself at a succeeding period.

"That the Philadelphia system works out more deeply and more directly the prisoner's mental improvement. That, through self-reflection and a painful but beneficial loneliness, it tames his disposition and quenches his evil passions. That it represents labour as a desirable and comforting employment, and encourages greater skill in the workman.

"That it entirely prevents injurious acquaintances and dangerous communications among the prisoners.

"Hence, again, we may draw the following conclusions:—

"That the Philadelphia system ought in the first place to be made use of for the separation of those unfortunate beings who are only just entering on the path of crime, from old and hardened criminals; for in this way alone can the contagious interchange of instruction, which produces in our prisons such continual and increasing corruption, be efficiently stopped.

"That this system is also exceedingly suitable for those individuals who may be regarded as capable of reformation, and who, after suffering their free punishment, will return to society.

"That all District, County, and other Detention Buildings, Houses of Correction, and Prisons in which malefactors are condemned to be confined for a term of years, ought to be provided with cells and otherwise organized on the Pennsylvanian plan of entire isolation.

"That the Auburn system, on the contrary, only seems applicable as the improvement of the prisoner is despaired of, (for instance, after many relapses, or exposure for a number of years to the deep demoralization of our present prisons), and for those who are condemned for a longer period than that for which the solitary system is regarded as suitable without injury to the health."<sup>o</sup>

Having thus established the undoubted excellence of the Solitary System over that of mere silent labour,† which always exposes

\* P. 73—76.

† For information on the American systems of prison discipline, see the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xxiii., July, 1833.

the unfortunate penitent to the recollection and future designs of his associates, the Prince examines how far this system is applicable to Sweden, and whether or not it is called for by the state of crime and the tendency of the lowest classes to *swamp* all legislative barriers by ignorant audacious degradation and brutal insolence. This subject is one of deep importance to those who have any regard for the great principles of analysis which ought to precede every important change in legislative enactment, and especially to all who have followed the late dispute between Mr. Laing and his adversaries on the Criminal Statistics of Sweden. Written so recently, and by an author so well informed and who has access to every material afforded by the private and public archives of the state, we cannot doubt the truth of the facts presented to us, or the justice of the reasonings deduced therefrom.

"The following statements, partly taken from a report delivered in 1839, by the chief inspector of the Swedish prison discipline, afford us serious subjects for contemplation.

"The number of criminals received into the county gaols and town prisons, amounted

| Population. Prisoners. |           |  |
|------------------------|-----------|--|
| In 1835                | 3,025,439 | 10,368, making 1 in 291 = 0.34 per cent. |
| 1838                   | 3,100,439 | 12,727 " " 243 = 0.41 "                  |
| 1848                   | 3,345,439 | 20,589 " " 162 = 0.62 "                  |

"The increase of population is calculated at 25,000 yearly, which, on comparing the statements of the table commission for the last twenty years, would appear to be a correct average.

"We learn from the above that, while the population only advances 0.83 per cent., but the number of prisoners (as the experience of the last three years shows us) 7.58 per cent. yearly, the latter increase in a proportion nine times stronger than the advance of the population.

"In the capital especially, this fact exhibits itself with a real melancholy truth; for if we compare the population (82,625 inhabitants)

with the number of the prisoners, we shall find

|         |                                |
|---------|--------------------------------|
| In 1835 | 2611 prisoners, or 1 in 31.65. |
| " 1836  | 3135 " or 1 " 26.36.           |
| " 1837  | 4285 " or 1 " 19.29.           |
| " 1838  | 5404 " or 1 " 15.29.           |

"This shows us that the number of prisoners in the capital has been more than doubled in the three years which have elapsed from 1835 to 1838.

"If we examine separately the increase among the prisoners condemned to hard labour, and the inmates of the houses of correction, we shall find the following results:—

#### *Prisoners for Life.*

In 1834 . . . . . 561.

1838 . . . . . 654, making + 93, or 4.46 per cent. yearly.

#### *Prisoners condemned to a certain Period of Labour.*

In 1834 . . . . . 556.

1835 . . . . . 745, making + 189, or 8.45 per cent. yearly.

#### *Pioneers.*

In 1834 . . . . . 307.

1838 . . . . . 307.

"Pioneers remaining in the county gaols in 1838, for want of room in Carlsborg, 103.

#### *Prisoners condemned to an indefinite Period of Labour.*

In 1834 . . . . . 1523.

1838 . . . . . 1699, making + 176, or 2.89 per cent. yearly.

"In addition to the above, 144 prisoners were still in the county gaols in 1838, for want of room in the houses of correction.

#### *Prisoners on Confession.*

In 1834 . . . . . 12.

1838 . . . . . 13.

"Total amount of the above-mentioned prisoners,

In 1834 . . . . . 2959.

1838 . . . . . 3665, making + 703, or 5.95 per cent. yearly.

\* "Namely, such as have been received into the county gaols on their line of route, when under transport, and thus ought only to be registered at one place."

† We cannot help thinking this very serious diminution far too great, especially as the transport prisoners were not included in the total number.

"If we add this number (3666) to that of the prisoners in the county gaols, the 1st of January, 1839, (2016,) we shall have a sum of 5681, or 1 in every 548 souls, (the number of inhabitants being reckoned at 3,100,439).

"In the same proportion as the number of prisoners, the amount of expense has also increased.

"The payments were

|         |                      |
|---------|----------------------|
| In 1824 | 153,934 R. D. Banco. |
| 1829    | 270,390 "            |
| 1837    | 464,478 "            |

"But besides these sums, the expenses for the criminal department of the city of Stockholm reached

|                        |    |                    |
|------------------------|----|--------------------|
| In 1834                | to | 6,769 R. D. Banco. |
| 1838                   |    | 11,364 "           |
| 1839, first half-year, |    | 9,485 "            |

"In these sums are not included either the allowances from the general building grant, or the several payments granted by the diet, or the separate payments of the towns for the prisoners confined in their gaols.

"If hereto we add the number of days' labour entirely lost—amounting in the houses of correction alone, where opportunities of work are notwithstanding provided on a tolerably large scale, to 110,000, only in the year 1838—we shall easily perceive how exorbitant these payments are, and how they annually increase with an increasing list of criminals.

"This picture, which faithfully represents a state of things as sorrowful to the humane as it is dangerous to the calm and contentment of society, proves most unequivocally the very pressing necessity of attempting to uproot this terrible evil by powerful and extensive measures, before its destructive plague reaches the vital principle of civil organization. In the first chapter of this work, I stated the subjects which ought to be investigated in relation hereto. The want of more general education occupies the very first place, and the surest method of advancing this national concernment is, the establishment of popular schools which shall teach not merely a certain amount of worldly knowledge, but also a deep and true religious feeling. Without this harmonious development of understanding and of feeling, the reading of a catechism will degenerate into an empty and meaningless act of memory, and practical knowledge will be easily degraded into a dangerous tool for corrupt purposes. Education, which is always the greatest balancer of prejudice and suspicion, is a *conditio sine quâ non* for the possibility of more generally spreading principles of rational agriculture, while at the same time it has a very great influence upon the enlargement and improvement of domestic arts and home employment.

"Let us never forget that 1200, or about the half, of our parishes are still destitute of schools, and that parental care—which in Sweden has long been the only means, and will long be an important one, of popular education—in our days requires the assistance of the school to preserve its influence and its sanctity.

"But if it is a truth no one will deny, that uncultivated savage ignorance is the chief source of crime, we must also admit that it is often caused by misery and want. Society ought

therefore to protect and encourage trade, commerce and navigation, and this not so much as a guardian, but rather like an attentive and enlightened physician, who knows when and how to do away with whatever hinders the free and powerful development of the natural tendencies. This should exhibit itself less in a severely juridical examination of the possibility any one may have of obtaining his support, than in actively procuring him new and widened paths for that purpose.

"An improved municipal system, and an improved poor law, are also among those measures which are imperatively called for to enable us, with any hope of success, to put a limit to the increasing poverty and demoralization which surround us. It is only by these energetic and united means that society can heal the evil at its very root."\*

But our space forbids us to extract more largely from these interesting pages, interesting in themselves and for their own sake, and not less so as showing the sentiments of the future sovereign of two united nations. Surely some one will favour the English public with a translation of the whole work.

The expense of erecting prisons on the solitary system, where required, and of modifying those already in existence, after the Auburn system, so as to ensure an efficient and moral control over the whole body of Swedish criminals, the Prince estimates at 2,777,820 R. D. Banco, or about 231,485*l.* sterling. This is certainly a large sum, but our author proves that, if things are allowed to remain on their present footing, this sum *will* be paid in a very few years without *any* improvement in those schools of crime, the existing prisons, and that a change of system would allow a material diminution of the periods of imprisonment, so as to cut off a large share of the present outlay for the support of the prisoners in the public gaols. He also recommends the *gradual* introduction of the Philadelphian system, so as to learn by experience what advantages it may possess, and lessen the expense attending its adoption.

The whole subject is exemplified in all its details. We have drawings of plans, estimates, calculations, explanations, &c., on every point. At the same time, a due regard is paid to the claims of Swedish peculiarities. The book is national, and this is not the least of its merits.

Notwithstanding the gratification which its perusal has afforded us, however, we cannot but remark one or two omissions which we would willingly see supplied in a third edition. Nothing is said as to the treatment or classification of *political prisoners*. Now if



by this silence it is meant—by the aid of a Swedish “jury,” as *lucus a non lucendo*—quietly to hand over a political opponent or unruly oppositionist, or hated man of letters, to the tender mercies and intolerable sufferings of solitary imprisonment, in a cell 9 feet by 5 (if for one year), or 13 feet by 9 (if for more than one year), with one or two hours’ exercise per week in a small yard, and without any other alleviation than “work” if requested, two or three “religious books,” and the “consolations” of the “official chaplain,”\* too often merely a sneaking, spying, tale-bearing informer,—friends and relatives being all prohibited entrance,†—then we say such a law would suit the purpose of modern state-prosecutors equally as well as the “wells” of Venice or the “fortresses” of Austria, without the odium of either the one or the other!

We also find nothing added in defence of the right of the unconvicted prisoner, to every comfort and privilege consistent with the safe keeping of his person. Solitary confinement, in his case, we would highly recommend; it preserves him from the contamination of gaol acquaintances, and affords him leisure for repose and instruction; but it should always be understood that the prisoner is innocent until he is proved to be guilty; and as such his friends should have free access to him, under proper regulations, and the indulgence of air and exercise, books and writings, should never be denied him.

This subject of the exclusion of friends is one which has been too much overlooked. Why should we endeavour to make the prison as painful, as torturing as possible, without the infliction of physical thumb-screws, pulleys, and Spanish boots? Is the great end for which we say we institute solitary cells,—the awakening of moral feelings and the restoration of its proper tone of innocence to the corrupted heart—to be accomplished by forbidding the unfortunate prisoner ever to see or hear the endearing associations of father, mother, wife and child: or do not the tender, and melting, and purifying ideas these visits would excite, aid the other appliances and connections with humanity, and a higher principle inculcated by the ministry of God

and his medical attendant? Of a verity, we are too inhuman in our projects; too refined in our exclusions of natural instinct from the prison-house. Instead of barring the cell inmate from sunbeams\* and from society, we would plant a wide garden-plot with trees, filled with singing birds, and pretty harmless flowers; we would let him bask in the golden ray and feast his eye on the shooting leaf; his wife should not be far from him, his child should once more climb upon his knee; God, man, nature, grace, solitude, society, and judgments mixed with mercy, should all call him back to innocence and purity, and then we might hear at last that gaol reformations were not† Utopian!

Before we conclude, we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Prince Oscar for the general tone of real humanity pervading his pages. He demands, for instance, that mother and child shall never be separated; that the prison fare shall not be a starvation torture; that the prisoner’s earnings shall not all be swallowed up to reimburse the state; that efforts shall be widely and zealously made by local committees and general inspectors to provide honest employment for the discharged victim of crime, poverty or ignorance; and that, above all, education, poor relief and Christian love, shall endeavour to prevent, rather than to punish, breaches of the law. Sentiments such as these do Prince Oscar honour; they will flourish when thrones are forgotten and empty titles shall be no more. They will smooth the pillow of disease and death in this world, and will “go before” to brighter realms, to welcome him to laurels which will never fade, to a crown which shall never be removed from the immortal temples it wreathes and enfolds. “I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!”

To Mr. Kelly, the proposer of the abolishment of capital punishment altogether; to Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, the elegant advocate of Victor Hugo’s notions on this subject, on which we have adverted in F. Q. R. No. 50, and to all other abolitionists, we recommend a careful perusal of Prince Oscar’s book, since they are bound to make out a system of equal efficiency and moral restraint with the one they seek to demolish.

\* It gives us pleasure to observe, that Prince Oscar severely blames the present neglect of prisons by the public, and the turning over of the important duties occurring there to a state functionary, and then washing our hands of the whole business. The chaplain he keeps as a necessary officer, but he urges the Christian citizen-philanthropist to lose no opportunity of personally visiting the poor man’s prison, and of administering to his sick soul and broken fortunes.

† The above are a part of the Prince’s proposed sizes and regulations for his new prisons.

\* We have seen in several of the newly erected more or less solitary confinement prisons of England and Scotland, that the cell windows are so constructed as to admit a little light but to exclude the sun! We will not characterize as we ought this cruel detail of a cruel system in a Christian land!

† All parties agree that, even in the new cell-gaols, partial reform is rather the result of terror or of prudence than of conviction.

ART. IV.—1. *Guida dell' Educatore, e Lettere per i fanciulli, foglio mensile, compilato da Raffaello Lambruschini. No. 1—60. Florence. 1836—1814.*

2. *Lettere Popolari, foglio settimanale, pubblicato a Torino. 1837—1841.*

3. *Saggio di Racconti, offerto ai giovani Italiani da Pietro Thouar. Firenze. 1841.*

"NOWHERE does the plant man grow so well as in Italy," was the quaint but pithy remark of Alfieri, who of all writers ought to be the least liable to the charge of patriotic partiality, if, at least, we are to believe that he was sincere in his assertion, "that Asti was his birth-place, but he looked on the whole world as his country."

That the soil and climate of the Italian peninsula is highly favourable to the growth and development of all physical, moral and intellectual faculties of the human race, as to every other kind of animal and vegetable life, it would be as idle and useless to attempt to demonstrate as it would be difficult and unjust to gainsay.

We need not go far back in the past and ascend to the happier eras of Roman and mediæval greatness, when the high training of military discipline, or the spirit of commercial enterprise, called into action the energies of that gifted nation; we have only to visit the most obscure suburbs of the *Trastevere* at Rome, the *Molo* at Naples, and the *Porto-Franco* at Genoa, or otherwise to ramble along the whole range of the Apennines, or through the vallies of Brescia and Bergamo, to feel convinced that nature is still true to herself, and that individually the plant man springs from that genial ground as robust, sound and healthful, and is as susceptible of attaining the highest degree of mental and bodily perfection, as when fostered by the blessed air of liberty, and cheered and warned by the sacred sunbeams of religion, glory and patriotism.

The comparative barrenness and deterioration of that privileged garden is consequently attributable only to one obvious reason—the want or the inopportunity of culture.

Education is all that constitutes the wide difference between a free citizen of the Roman commonwealth, and the ragged, priest-ridden, brutified Lazzarone, whose very worship is an abomination in the sight of God.

Hence the necessity of preparing the lowest classes for those political vicissitudes which may eventually rescue their country from its civil and religious thralldom, is universally felt among those Italian patriots who most earnestly labour at the promotion of their national cause. Every one feels that their

people must be seen and they presume to be freemen: that education is the first, the surest, the most efficient and radical, as well as the only legitimate revolution. Hence this word—education—which has of late given rise to so many wild and vague speculations, on which honest men of all creeds, sects and parties seem equally to place implicit reliance, but to which all of them are apt to give such strange, such widely different interpretations, has made its way and created its wonted ferment even in Italy: and surely there is no country in the world so utterly in want of the redeeming influence of that most powerful social engine, or one in which its application is likely to be attended with more immediate and luminous results. The most fertile field can best reward the toils of the husbandman.

To doubt the influence of education would be to call in question the infinite perfectibility, and, therefore, the divine origin of the human mind. And we do not, for a moment, admit that any honest man will conscientiously oppose or discountenance the efforts of those who ardently and zealously, though sometimes rather too sanguinely and indiscriminately, labour at the propagation of popular instruction.

Education—that most irresistible of moral agents, whose ascendancy can be equally extended over all created things, that Orpheus' lyre which dragged stones and trees after its charmed strains, that indefatigable virtue which

"— homini docuit parere leones,"

which gave the English horse so decided a superiority even over the native Arabian breed, cannot lose its redeeming powers when turned to the improvement of that sovereign being, whose mortal part alone is liable to the imperfections and infirmities of this perishable world.

Man is essentially the most docile of beings; he is equal to any station to which he is properly trained; who doubts it? but these universally-acknowledged and long-hackneyed truisms which sound so fair and irrefutable in theory, cannot equally stand the test of practical experiment.

Education has hitherto been considered only in the abstract, as if the whole social order could be made subservient to its Utopian views; as if, according to the ideas of Lycurgus and St. Simon, the political edifice could be based on the fundamental discipline of the school.

But the main object of education should be to fit man for life. It ought to instil into the youth's mind that there is a society already in existence, in which he is to fill a place,

in which he will have duties to perform, hardships and storms to endure. It ought to teach man to know himself, to resign and reconcile him to his lot; to recognize and adore the hand of Providence, even in those social arrangements which might strike him as unjust and arbitrary; to lift him above the petty miseries of life, not only by a firm but by an active belief in another and a better world.

Religion is the foundation of all education. But we know of no establishment, either in Italy or elsewhere, where instruction is based on such holy principles. We know of no school, however humble, in which the hope of worldly preferment is not held up as the reward of diligence and perseverance, in which study is not considered as the great leveller which is to raise the low-born and indigent on a par with the minion of fortune.

Hence the most immediate effect of education has been hitherto only to bring up a restless, anxious generation, tortured by the cravings of inordinate ambition, maddened by rare examples of individual, exceptional success; fretting, wrestling, elbowing each other with a wrathful emulation; most apt, no doubt, to give the whole social order a rapid onward impulse, but no less tending to drive contentment from the face of the civilized world. This state of feverish activity, which allows no man to rest quietly under his father's roof, which causes all human felicity to consist in the ascent of a few steps in that scale which rises as we climb, can, however, be turned to more practical objects and prove less pernicious to the social order in those countries which by their peculiar situation afford a more ample sphere of action. In England and America, for instance, there is less want of elbow-room than in many of the continental countries. America has a continent, England a world to colonize. On the back-ground of civilisation there opens before the Briton and American a wide region of swamps and forests, of islands and peninsulas, a refuge for the outcasts of society. As long as Van Diemen's Land has coasts to settle on; as long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, these two countries will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity; as long as they are in possession of such extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

The continental nations, with the exception perhaps of heroic Greece and medieval Italy, have never well understood this system of colonization, on which, however, more than on any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of social security. They never learnt, as the Britons, to carry their country along with them, to bid their homes a lasting farewell without looking back or repining. The Briton is the true cosmopolite. He is, as it has been cleverly observed, proud of his country, as of something that belongs to him, that is part of him, and that follows him from pole to pole. His rights, his inalienable franchises are his country: and wherever there be liberty, he can feel equally at home. Before the second generation he considers himself as separate from the father-land he sprang from. He forgets it, abjures it, throws off its allegiance and wars against it, whenever its claims interfere with his own interests. At home and abroad the Briton is the reasonable being par excellence. Patriotism with him is never mingled with the alloy of local predilections. The dread of penury is stronger in him than home-sickness. With him "*Patria est ubicumque est bene*." Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another; crossed by fortune at home, he resignedly migrates to new climates. The sun shines elsewhere as well—ay, and somewhat better too, than in dear old England.

But fancy for a moment these islands deprived of their safety-valve of periodical emigration. Suppose that, out of natural but narrowminded fondness, the thousands of pilgrims that embark every year for the Canadas or New South Wales, should obstinately cling to the soil, and claim their rights to drag on their life of abjectness on the step-mother land which gave them birth, and refuses them sustenance—that all the surplus population should be turned loose and hang on society!

Such is, however, the case all over the continent. Southern people especially never well understood, nor can be made to understand, the blessings of emigration. The Spaniards laid waste a whole world and exhausted themselves in a work of destruction. The French are undergoing the severest sacrifices to subdue a colony which they will never be able to turn to any profitable account. But Italy has not even an African colony, wherein to dispose of its hundreds of thousands of adventurers every year. The Italians are too fatally in love with their country to be induced, even by utter distress, to emigrate. They are the least migratory, therefore it must be feared

the most stationary race in Europe. Expatriation is for them always exile; and this world is still in that country associated with all the horrors it had under the Roman empire, when the outcast had to choose between the steppes of Scythia and the deserts of Lybia.

Hence, of all civilized countries, Italy is under the most urgent necessity of relying on its own resources. These are indeed inexhaustible; and it is difficult to understand why two-and-twenty millions of people cannot live at their ease in a country where in happier ages a population three times larger has been known to thrive.

Were we even to admit that home-sickness is for an Italian an incurable complaint, that education and opportune provisions could not wean from that fascinating country a few of its spoiled children, that they might make room for "their betters," as it is done in happy old England; or were it even to be taken for granted that such a measure would be no more advisable than it is practicable, what else then should be inculcated among the first principles of education into the mind of the Italian people, but that theirs is the true land flowing with milk and honey; that it never did, never could, prove ungrateful to the cares bestowed upon it by its cultivators; that penury and distress can only arise from their indolence and unthriftiness; that the apparent barrenness of some of its districts is only owing to neglect or mismanagement, but that their own rich, luxurious, bountiful land, will always be sufficient to them and to all that may spring from them; that theirs is the home-field in which, according to that dying father's golden advice, they are to dig, and dig incessantly, sure that their treasure lies buried therein?

Education in Italy should, then, have an essentially agricultural tendency.

Now nowhere is that first and noblest of arts, agriculture, held in more utter contempt than in the country of Fabricius and Cincinnatus—those dictator-husbandmen. The non-residence of landed proprietors on their estates, the imperfect state of the roads, the unfrequency and slowness of commercial communications, contribute to keep the Italian peasant in a state of nearly absolute isolation. Like the oaks and elms of his field, he is rooted to the spot where he grew. He is generally honest and guileless, because he is trained up in what is there called the "holy fear of God,"—because his parish priest, different from the pampered prelate in town, is himself too artless and primitive to have any power, and too undesigning or

unambitious to have any interest to deceive him. He is sober and frugal, thanks to his poverty, to the enfeebling influence of climate; he is, at least in Lombardy and Tuscany, laborious and diligent, in consequence of the reward that, owing to the liberal system of *mezzadria*, is sure to attend his work; but he is ignorant beyond all human conception. He is a creature of habit; a ploughing, reaping, threshing machine, and, as such, jealous and mistrustful of every mechanical innovation, which, by endeavouring to alleviate, might, he apprehends, supersede the necessity of his incessant material exertions: he opposes his force of inertia to all personal or technical improvement; he clings with a superstitious pertinacity to the picturesque, perhaps, but clumsy and unwieldy instruments, and to the old-fashioned systems of husbandry illustrated by Columella and Virgil. A being, in short, not many degrees above the dumb and tardy brute, the sharer of his toil.

That such a degraded race and their humble employment should be looked upon with no better feeling than commiseration we can easily understand, and we may also readily believe that the humanity of generous souls may have been prompted to raise so large, so useful and important a class from their helpless state of actual serfage and helotism.

But the education of the labourer must be effected by a universal revolution in the ideas of mankind. His humble calling must be revered and honoured; he must be made proud and fond of the share he has in the public welfare; he must feel that although there may be higher and prouder stations in life, his own is not only far from being despised or abject, but is, on the contrary, the one that is most conducive to health, contentment and innocence, as well as one of paramount, of vital importance. The first object of education, in Italy at least, should be to make every man satisfied with his lot. But with the exception of a few private institutions, such as the agricultural school at Melegnano, and the so-called technical schools of Lombardy, the object of all philanthropic establishments directed to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the peasantry and of all the labouring classes, seems rather to subtract a few individuals from the common share of misery and ignorance of their fellow labourers than to attempt a general reform of the whole cast.

"Study, my son"—says the aged husbandman, who has begun to taste of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and who judges of things according to the estimate of

worldly wisdom. "Work and endure. Yet one year or two of fagging and perseverance, and thou wilt fling sickle and spade for ever from thee, thou wilt throw off this coarse jacket from thy shoulders and don a doctor's gown or a clergyman's surplice. Look about thee, my son, who was our curate but a farmer's boy? I saw him with my own eyes a poor cripple, crawling after his father's pigs. What was our parson? why, a coachman's lad whom his master through charity sent to a law school at Pisa, and now, thou seest, he keeps coach and coachman himself, and fares like a lord. Study, my son; thou art a smart and clever lad, as your school-master said when I brought him the fat goose at Christmas. While thy father lives, were it to cost me my last mouthful of bread, thou shalt lack nothing in the world. Perhaps I shall not live to see it, but the thought of having withdrawn thee from the hardships of this wretched life will follow me to my grave and lighten the earth on my bones." It is thus that the dawn of civilisation breaks on the peaceful slave of the soil. It is thus that to the idea of mental emancipation he always associates a vain aspiration after worldly advancement. Selfishness assumes the sacred character of paternal tenderness, and affection lends its sanction to the most deplorable illusion.

From the lowest to the highest ranks of society, this fatal restlessness conspires against the peace and serenity of men's minds, and its influence is the more universally and irresistibly felt; the greater the result of that fictitious state of mental improvement, which is universally mistaken for education. Thus the poor, ignorant husbandman may perhaps covet for his son no higher preferment than a humble place among the pampered menials of his landlord's household, and the footman or butler perhaps aspires no higher than to have his son apprenticed to a woollen draper's shop, but the shopkeeper's clerk is sure to send his son to the university; so that after two or three generations, at the most, by a regular gradation, if not by a sudden transition, the good farmer's most sanguine hopes are sure to be realized, and he may rest at peace in his grave under conviction of having spoiled a good farmer to make an indifferent doctor.

It is true that such a state of rebellion against the dispensations of providence is as ancient as man himself; as ancient at least as the "qui fit, Mecenas" of Horace. It is true that it is more general and more active in those countries which boast a higher degree of social improvement; that nowhere are so many strange metamorphoses to be seen as

in America, where the same individual is by turns a farmer, a merchant, a physician, a clergyman, a professor of a university, and a member of congress: but besides the peculiar circumstances in which that country, as we have said, is happily situated, the American is almost as ready for a downfall as for a rise; and it is not uncommon in that country, during one of those commercial crises that go by the name of "hard times," to see hundreds of Boston or Philadelphia merchants, accustomed to all the splendour and luxuries of life in their Atlantic cities, repair to their western backwoods with holy resignation, and betake themselves to that hard but wholesome planter life from which themselves perhaps, or at least their fathers, have sprung.

But in our old countries there is no unexplored region to fall back upon. Once fallen, our speculator has nothing to do but to sit down in despondency, bemoan his losses, and increase the list of hangers-on and malcontents. Italy has no navy or army, no houses of parliament, and scarcely any but the most passive commerce and trade. There is no career open to juvenile ambition but the university. Whoever is too lazy to be a farmer or tradesman, or too proud to be a shopkeeper; whoever has no voice to be a singer or no courage to starve as an artist, must necessarily set up for what is there emphatically called "a professional gentleman."

Thanks to the liberal endowments of the numerous academical institutions, nothing can be easier in Italy than to become a doctor. Almost every town of any consequence boasts its university, besides a number of colleges, lyceums, gymnasiums, seminaries and other preparatory schools. Everything seems calculated to smooth the path to that happy goal which appears to the many the *ne plus ultra* of sublunary felicity. Not only is instruction afforded utterly free of expense, but not a few poor young men of "promising genius" are maintained out of the funds of the establishments. Their directors seem to pride themselves above all things in seeing their halls swarming with crowds of expectant students from every class, and setting every year new batches of hungry M. A.'s, D. D.'s, LL. D.'s and M. D.'s loose upon society.

This may seem in the abstract, and will be considered by many, as the greatest of blessings for the country; and yet, however it may sound paradoxical, we do not hesitate to affirm that education in Italy ought to begin by a suppression, or at least a reform and rigorous exclusiveness, of no less than two-thirds of its noble and ancient universities.

We may appreciate the generous and phi-

lathropic spirit that presided over the foundation of these truly republican institutions. They arose in dark ages, when the mind first engaged in its glorious struggle against brutal strength. Its champions were few and weak, and, feeling the necessity of numerous allies and coadjutors, they left nothing unattempted to enlist new proselytes in their cause. But now the battle has been fought and won. Now the motto of the doctors of Bologna, "*Cedant arma toga*," has become the order of the day, and all civilized nations are ruled by, what was the bug-bear of Napoleon and his fellow-campaigners, the *avocate*. Now scholarship has become a profession, a trade, more neat and decent, may be, but not more useful or respectable, than a great many others. Modern science no longer requires men of extraordinary genius any more than modern religion has need of prophets and martyrs. A man endowed with very common understanding can make an excellent surgeon or solicitor. Diligence and assiduity are more important requisites for a "professional gentleman" than the brightest imaginative faculties.

Why then should we be so anxious to throw open the academical halls to throngs of finished candidates who would otherwise find more suitable and profitable employment in a humble but safer walk of life? Why should we stand in such a dread lest we should fail in securing to the learned professions the highest capacities—lest forsooth

"Full many a gem," &c. &c. ?

We repeat there is need of a universal reaction, of a general revolution in the notions of mankind. It is necessary that men should fall back from those professional pursuits, which they have so improvidently invaded and overflowed, to those more tame and homely, but more sure and practical undertakings, which may admit of an indefinite number of applicants without jarring and jostling, without snarling and wrangling for that sole, meagre bone of contention—the doctoral laurel. It is necessary that by a rational retrogression they should be driven back to the field which they have so unwittingly and ungenerously deserted.

All this is to be effected by a sound and truly moral system of education. Were the world to proceed on the same footing in the long continuation of these blessed, piping times of peace;—were the zeal of the promoters of popular instruction to be crowned with complete success, and the threshold of the university to be made accessible to all, as it is already a great deal too much to many;—and this without a previous temperament

and modification of the ambitious tendencies of the human mind—without a general submission to the decrees of Providence, such as result from the established order of things—without feeling that all men may have an equal share in Adam's and inheritance, even though all be not doomed to "eat their bread in the sweat of their brow;" that happiness and contentment are doled out with wise and paternal impartiality to all the members of the human family, however wide their differences of ranks and social condition, and that efforts should be directed not to overstep the barriers that divide us from the upper classes, but to fill with credit and dignity our own station in life—without, in short, adopting as the universal social device the precept of the poet:—

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies;"—

the institution of primary and preparatory schools would have no better effects than to create a general rush of the whole rising generation to those learned professions which are considered as the most direct path leading to power and wealth and worldly distinctions; and the first intellectual enfranchisement of the labouring classes would be attended either with an agrarian distribution of property, or, if men were too wise and moderate for an open violation of laws, to a mutinous secession to the *Mount Sacer*, from which the limbs might not be as easily brought back to minister to the wants of the vital organ as in the days of Menenius Agrippa.

Hitherto man has only been kept to his work through want, ignorance or compulsion. Be it the boast of education to penetrate him with a sense of his duty and persuade him to work through reflection.

We have been assured, though the fact appears too beautiful and unprecedented for us to vouch for its authenticity, that there lives among the swamps and morasses of the island of Sardinia, a rude, primitive population of goatherds and woodmen, among whom knowledge is pursued for its mere sake, and without any secondary views of personal ambition. The young herdsman comes down rough and uncouth from his forests and hires himself as a servant to some of the rich burghers in Cagliari or Sassari, stipulating for some leisure to attend lectures at college, and after "eating his terms" in want and humiliation, and going through all the academical degrees, he repairs to his home in the mountains, hangs his laurel on his father's hut and walks out—a shepherd doctor after his father's flock, with as much philosophical dignity

and stateliness as *Abdalonimus*, the shepherd-king.

Strange that one of the most uncivilized spots in Christendom should offer so luminous a specimen of what society ought to be in its highest degree of rational improvement!

Yet until the universality of men are like the Sardinian shepherds, induced to cultivate learning merely for the soothing, cheering, humanizing influence that it is apt to exercise over the mind and heart—until they study principally, if not exclusively, in order better to understand their mission on earth, better to enable themselves to fulfil their duties and to vindicate their true rights—until they derive from their knowledge the means of ennobling their nature, and approaching, as near as can be obtained by mortal means, that future state of perfection to which divine clemency entitled them to aspire—until, in fine, education is essentially moral and religious, we have no hesitation in denouncing the university and all its accessory establishments as so many active instruments of evil.

This evil, then, has attained in Italy to the most alarming extent in consequence of political misfortunes. The ancient divisions of the territory, in so many small states and republics, naturally tended to multiply universities with indiscriminating profusion. In proportion as the different towns began to be incorporated into larger states, it would have been necessary likewise to reduce the number of their academical institutions. But as it has always been the policy of those vile governments to cultivate and foment all that remained of old emulous municipalism, they never dared or never cared to interfere with those superannuated establishments, which, useless or dangerous as they had become through the general degeneration of public spirit and activity, still flattered the vanity of the deluded Italians as monuments of their forefathers' munificence.

Thus we understand, for instance, that Charlemagne in 800, or Theodosius in 425, or whoever else it was that did it, conferred a great blessing on the human race by the installation of the university of Bologna; and we conceive also that Boniface VIII. was right, when, in 1300, Bologna not acknowledging the papal rule, he felt the necessity of a similar establishment in the metropolis of Christendom, and we equally applaud the generous intentions of Nicholas III. of Este, who, placed at the head of a rich and flourishing state, bestowed large sums for the foundation of the university of Ferrara; but now that both the republic of Bologna and the Duchy of Ferrara, with many more illustrious states, have been brought under the

sway of the pope, and that, thanks to the priestly improvidence of its rulers, the aggregate has been plunged into the utmost squalor and beggary, is it not absurd to hear that the ecclesiastical state boasts, besides its two ruling universities of Rome and Bologna, six other institutions of secondary rank, at Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo and Urbino, all of which, bad of course as they may be expected to be, are equally entitled to fit young starvelings for the doctoral gown! But there is worse. The evil is not everywhere, as in the Roman states, hereditary. In the *terra firma* of the Sardinian monarchy there were before 1820 only two universities, one at Turin, the other at Genoa, and they were numbered among the most flourishing in the country. But the active part that the ardent Piedmontese youth took in the insurrection of 1821, called forth the wrath of their despots, who wreaked their vengeance against those obnoxious seminaries of learning. The two leading universities were dissolved, and dismembered into eight secondary gymnasiums, situated in almost all the petty towns of the kingdom, and, for a better security, placed under the paternal direction of the Jesuits. Pavia and Padua, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, suffered severely from the political commotions of 1821. Bologna and all the other universities of Romagna were closed for two years after the troubles of 1831, and the university of Parma was by order of Maria Louisa divided into two branches, situated at Parma and Placentia, the small compass of the duchess's territory happily admitting of no further subdivision.

In Tuscany alone some attempts have been made to give a simpler and more compact organization to public instruction. Ever since the Florentines had established their sway over Pisa, they transported their university into that town, which their jealousy had dilapidated and deserted. Pisa increased and thrived under the patronage of all the dukes of Tuscany, and almost entirely superseded every other rival institution. Siena alone, which was united to the duchy only in 1555, and even then preserved some shade of its primeval municipal charters, continued, to our days, to have a university of its own. An attempt was made last year by the grand-duke to suppress it and transfer its funds to the further endowment of the academy of Pisa. But the prince was thwarted in his intentions by the remonstrances and petitions of the Siennese, and the project has been, we believe, entirely abandoned. The opposition of the citizens of Siena was not, however, owing to a mean-spirited jealousy

of their Pisan brothers, or to the municipal pride with which they looked on that last remnant of their republican greatness. It originated in that universal mistrust and indocility which, under absolute monarchies, keeps the subjects in a constant alarm against any measure of government; in the dread in which they stand of a power which enacts, without ever condescending to explain, administers without reckoning, without allowing them any better satisfaction than meekly to repeat, "He has given, he has taken away. Blessed be his name."

The Siennese could plainly see only thus far, that they were going to be stripped of the funds which their ancestors' liberality bestowed on their literary institutions. Whether those funds were to be employed to add new lustre to the Pisan academy, or to dry the Tuscan marshes, or to feed the pampered courtiers of his highness's household, they had no means to ascertain.

But if the grand-duke's intentions were as pure and sincere, as they were providential and plausible, why did he suffer himself to be deterred by supplications and entreaties? Is he not as absolutely free to do good, as he is omnipotent in doing evil? Could all the petitions of his two millions of subjects wrench from him a decree for the liberty of the press? Did he suffer himself to be moved by remonstrances when all Tuscany interceded in behalf of the ill-fated Antologia? Knows he not how to show himself restive, harsh and self-willed, whenever the personal interests of his family are concerned?\*

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\* It would seem, however, from the recent communications of our correspondents, as if the grand-duke were bent on carrying into execution his salutary measures, and had overcome all spirit of opposition. "Great reforms," we are told, "have, during these last few months, been introduced into the University of Pisa. New chairs have been added to the several faculties, such as the Storia del Diritto, Filosofia del Diritto, Diritto Patrio e Commerciale, Economia Politica, Geografia Fisica, Meccanica Celeste, Filosofia Morale, Agraria, Pedagogia, &c." This bids fair to raise the University of Pisa far above the common standard of all Italian universities. It seems rather strange to hear of the reinstatement of such institutions as a School of Political Economy, of Right of Nations, and other liberal studies, which were first introduced into Italy in the palmy age of Genovesi and Beccaria, and were afterwards suppressed either during the tumults of French invasions, or under the iron rule of the government of the Restoration. We accept it as an omen of a happy reaction towards a better order of things, for, hitherto, the Italian governments have been every year outailing school after school with unremitting diligence, until scarcely any but the most useless and idle branches of learning and literature were suffered to flourish. Thus, after having done away with all political and statistical sciences, the chairs of Elo-

Some opposition, on the part of the deep-rooted prejudices and fond predilections of the people, is doubtless to be apprehended. The Italians are aware of the immediate advantages of a university within the walls of every one of their towns, and may perhaps require a little violence in order that the evil attendant on such a state of things may be permanently put a stop to. But if the absolute suppression of universities is either impossible or undesirable, nothing prevents the legislature from introducing into them the most salutary reforms. If the truly philosophical spirit of the Sardinian shepherds could be made to prevail in every part of Italy, there would be no reason to complain of the idle number of Italian universities. It is not that we object to the cobbler's son being as learned as a doctor, if he can afford means and leisure to attain equal knowledge, but it is because if every cobbler's son must needs become a doctor, and no doctor is willing to fill the cobbler's vacancy, we shall soon have a society of laureates, and the world can no more go on without cobblers than without doctors.

But, it is urged, necessity will soon bring the needy to reason, and, after a few ineffectual experiments, the tradesman, *volens nolens*, will walk back to his shop. Perhaps so; but then you will have a population of fretting, murmuring labourers, cursing their fate, looking upon themselves as the victims of society, and glad to avail themselves of the first opportunity of political commotions, to avenge what they call their

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quence, History, and even Agraria, or Agriculture, were considered as dangerous, and put under the interdiction. Moral Philosophy had been most obstinately warred against. Two professors of that science received pensions from the University of Parma without being suffered to discharge their functions.

"We have already," our informant continues, "several illustrious names in science, such as Muscotti, formerly professor at Corsu, and Matteucci. The Marquis Ridolfi, the philanthropic director of the 'Istituto Agrario Toscano,' an establishment which, as every one knows, owes its origin to that nobleman's unbounded liberality, will accept the Professorship of Agraria, if government will grant him permission for a similar institution in the vicinity of Pisa. It is yet doubtful, however, if government will accede to such terms. All these innovations, good and useful as they appear in themselves, even if carried into effect, far from being sufficient to cure, will only have the result of showing more glaringly the evils of our old social systems; nor can our princes think of opening so unlimited a field of scientific inquiry, if they do not at the same time reform those abuses in their administration, which an increase of knowledge must necessarily tend to expose."



wrongs. Education, under similar circumstances, will lead to chartism! But education, well understood, far from conjuring up, will powerfully tend to avert these evils, if its prime object be the diffusion of sound moral and religious principles.

Now there is in Italy no public or private institution, in which, as in the London University College, or at the Jefferson University in Virginia, religion avowedly forms no part of education; yet it may be frankly asserted that religion is nowhere taught in Italy.

The observance of the practices of the Catholic Church is indeed more or less rigidly enforced in every academical institution. In Turin and Genoa especially, where the whole system, as we have said, is given into the hands of the Jesuits, the university is subjected to all the discipline of monastical rule.

Nothing that can be read in the history of the past equals the zeal and discernment of the monarch that presides over the destinies of those happy states. Charles Albert King of Sardinia, a prince evidently cast after the model of his noblest progenitors of Savoy, never distrusted that native instinct which, from his earliest years, prompted him to achieve great things. Atoning for that unfortunate lapse of juvenile levity—for that ill-defined vanity of precocious ambition that induced him to join the Piedmontese Carbonari in 1820—dazzled by that specious title of King of Italy which was made to gleam temptingly before his eyes—atoning for it, we say, by the laurels he afterwards reaped in 1823 at the head of a column of French grenadiers at the Trocadero against the Spanish patriots—he mounted his throne in 1831, restored to credit in the eyes of all the sovereigns of Europe. Hence, having come off conqueror of all political adversaries, and having stifled in blood all revolutionary attempts with what was then called *hasty and summary*—but what in the end proved to be efficient—justice, he was soon enabled to turn all his thoughts to the arts of peace. We should incline to think that it cannot be without considerable repugnance that he accommodates himself to the quiet and humble tendencies of the age, if we were to believe that, after the style of Alexander or Napoleon, he never sits at table more than ten minutes, and rides every day one of his horses to death. Yet, although a soldier, and a friend of his soldiers, whom he marches and countermarches to their utter exhaustion, it is evident that his heart and soul are with the priests; and those who

have seen him at the head of his ten thousand grey, white and black-hooded friars, during the solemnities of the Corpus Domini, or who have witnessed the holy wrath that was kindled in him when his people refused to volunteer their oil for the general illumination that he ordered in honour of the handkerchief of Santa Veronica, will not hesitate to confer upon him those titles to which he seems so ardently to aspire—of the sceptred Loyola and of King of the Jesuits.

Under the half-chivalrous, half-ascetic discipline of that holy militia, the pious conduct of the rising generation at the university is attended to with a vigilance and solicitude that leaves nothing to desire to the anxiety of the fondest parent; an order and silence pervades those seminaries, as well as the whole of the Sardinian dominions, especially the capital which strikes the traveller at his first arrival, and suggests to him the idea that he is entering a vast monastery or a prison.

"The scholars of the gymnasiums," says a recent traveller, "are not allowed to read any books which have not either been given or furnished by the prefect. They are forbidden to swim, to frequent theatres, balls, coffee or gaming-houses; to perform in private plays and the like; and it is the business of the police to see these prohibitions attended to."

"The students are not only under strict scientific superintendence, but also under the close surveillance of the police. No student is allowed to choose his dwelling or leave it without permission of the prefect, who appoints the place where he is to lodge and board."

"Whoever wishes to receive students into his house must undertake the responsibility for their observance of the laws which regulate their going to mass and confession, fasting, and even their clothing and their beards. Neglect of these rules is punished by exclusion from the examinations or from the university itself."

Against these paternal provisions the natural indocility of human nature may sometimes be expected to kick. But the magnanimous indignation of the pious monarch has been known to visit the refractory students so severely that it is to be hoped by this time it has come off conqueror of all opposition.

The students are ordered to confess and communicate once a month at the chapel of the university, although the leniency of the Church of Rome only expects the faithful to perform such duties once in a year. This worthy and wholesome practice proves irksome and troublesome to those bolder and more rebellious youths whose presumptuous reason cannot rest satisfied with the tenets of the Romish Church. A young student of medicine, well known and beloved at Turin

for his mental and moral qualities, was suspected to submit with repugnance to the performance of religious duties to which he could attach no heartfelt veneration. One morning he knelt with his fellow students at the communion-table, penetrated with the indignity of that sacrilegious, because compulsory, act of devotion. The officiating priest drew near, and the holy host was laid on the tip of the student's tongue. The priest's hands, he said, were unwashed—a circumstance which will not at all appear improbable considering the notorious slovenliness of the lower ranks of the Catholic priesthood; and the young Turinese, seized with a sudden nausea, turned abruptly, spat the still dry host on the floor, and hoping thus to conceal his rash deed, he laid his foot upon it. No one can describe the fury of Charles Albert when the atrocious profanation of the sacrament was made known to him. He ordered the criminal to be thrown, untried, into a dungeon of the citadel of Turin, where he has lain ever since, and where he perhaps lies still awaiting his majesty's good pleasure.

Certainly, in the eyes of a conscientious Romanist, who goes the whole length of believing what the Church teaches concerning the mystery of transubstantiation, nothing short of parricide can equal the enormity of that unhappy student's misdeeds. It was a crime—according to the letter of the law, but of a law which the pope himself would not dare to enforce—punishable with death. But even if we were not to admit the extenuating circumstance of momentary indisposition, the guilt was to be considered as a natural reaction against that rigid despotism that exacts a more implicit abnegation of reason than is compatible with the inquisitiveness of the human understanding. The prince ought to have reflected that what seemed to him an unheard-of sacrilege, would be looked upon, even in its worst character, merely as a wanton profanation among Protestants, and would pass as an idle trick in a Unitarian congregation: that, in short, what shocked his jealous piety as the most dreadful of transgressions, is merely a matter of opinion,—of that opinion on which neither cannons nor bayonets, nor kings nor Jesuits, can have any effectual control.

Another set of law-students, on the eve of receiving the highest degrees, were tempted to celebrate the happy close of their academical labours by a friendly banquet in the privacy of their lodgings. They were not over-scrupulous in the choice of their amusements, and some young ladies of rather ambiguous character were introduced among them to cheer with their presence the young candidates' convivial festivity. Midnight had long

since struck, and Turin, as usual, unlike every other Italian town, was for more than an hour plunged into the death-like stillness of sleep, when a loud knocking at the house-door announced the unseasonable, but not at all extraordinary visit of the prefect. The boarding-houses opened for the accommodation of students are liable to frequent interruptions by day and night, on the part of the officers of the university charged with the superintendence of the students' conduct at home. The landlord, who, according to the terms of his license, is obliged to perform the duties of a guardian and spy to his boarders, but who in the present instance, won by the kindness and liberality of the students, had winked at the riot that was going on within his walls, rose to admit his unwelcome visitor. The silence that reigned in the house, and the protestations of the conniving housekeeper, were not sufficient to reassure the suspicious Jesuit. He insisted on being led to the students' dormitories, and asked for immediate admittance. The affrighted rioters, pretending to be roused from their slumbers, acted their part as they could best, and pleaded their unwillingness to be seen in their bed-clothes; but as the priest continued to roar and storm at the door, the students' fear gave place to their indignation, and throwing the door ajar so as to admit only half of their impatient and incautious visitor, they shut it back upon him, and leaning against it with all their weight and might, they pressed him so rudely and savagely in their exasperation, that they nearly squeezed the soul from his body.

No sooner had the king risen from breakfast (a Jesuit is sure of admission at every hour of the day) than the inspector sued for an audience, and amazed his monarch with an envenomed exposal of the indignities he had been made to endure. The culprits were immediately put under arrest, and expelled from all the universities in the kingdom; so that the honest and brilliant career that the ceremony of the morrow was to open before them, was irreparably closed against them, in consequence of the unbalanced, but still not wholly unpardonable, frolics of the evening.

We could quote a great number of similar facts, collected during our residence in the happy and thriving metropolis of the Sardinian dominions; all equally tending to demonstrate with what consistency the observance of moral and religious discipline is enforced in the educational establishments of that country, and with what stubborn and restless spirits the provident legislator has to contend. The disciplinary code is, literally, no less severe in other Italian states; but as

it always happens in despotic countries that laws and ordinances are observed only in proportion to the personal energies and determination of the ruler and the zeal and watchfulness of his administrators, so evasion and even violation of Christian duties is with more impunity practised in Tuscany, Lombardy and Parma, where public instruction is not essentially given up to the priests, and to those most indefatigable and inexorable of all priests—the Jesuits.

This body of clever, wary and sleepless beings are watching every opportunity of re-establishing their influence in those states whence the hasty and insolent demeanour of their predecessors in the last century had driven them. Already their operations have been crowned with success in Vicenza and other towns in the Austrian dominions; and though they met with repeated rebukes at Parma, still they pursue their tenebrous work with their wonted patience and exemplary resignation.

The universities of Pavia, Parma, Bologna, and Pisa, are, or were hitherto, governed with the mildest and most conciliatory measures; but as this apparent toleration is not only never sanctioned, but is, on the contrary, in flagrant opposition to the law, and is always the result of subterfuge and deceit, it has the pernicious effect of training the Italian youth to a school of hypocrisy and base fiction, which gradually takes hold of and becomes an integral part of the national character.

Such is the kind of religious instruction uniformly administered at an Italian seminary, nor can it be expected that it should be better in other subordinate establishments. What the Jesuits are to the university, the *Scolopii*, or *Ignorantini* are to the primary schools. These last have all the ugliness without the sting and venom of the former. The ignorance from which they seem proud to take their name prevents them from exercising as mischievous an influence as their more aspiring brethren. They do not at least corrupt, if they do not edify the human souls entrusted to their care. They are the means of removing several hundreds of ragged urchins from the streets, and employing them in harmless, if unprofitable pursuits. Every traveller must have been struck, when visiting Piedmont or the South of France, by the appearance of those long processions of boys drawn up in two rows with their eyes cast upon the ground, their arms folded to the breast, marching in a profound silence, order and gravity, on their way to the "Benedizione," under the escort of two or more long-robed monks, very dark

and very fat, with a marble, lustrous countenance, with a stern, glassy look, carrying a black greasy "ufficio," in their left hand and a birch rod in the right. These are the pupils and teachers of the *Scuole Pie* or *Ecoles Chrétiennes*—in other words, the schools of ignorance.

The above-quoted traveller gives the following account of the pious exercises connected with the little knowledge imparted to their pupils by these good *Frati Ignorantini*.

"Every morning: 1, a quarter of an hour religious reading, (i. e. 'Le sette allegrezze' and 'I sette dolori' of the Virgin Mary, ascetic effusions to the 'Sacro Cuore di Gesù,' and the like); 2, the hymn 'Veni Creator'; 3, according to the season the Ambrosian hymn, and other extracts from the *Ufficio della Beata Vergine* (all Latin but the title-page); 4, mass; 5, hymn or the litanies of the Holy Virgin; 6, spiritual instruction (that is, long commentaries on the mysteries of incarnation, transubstantiation, &c.); 7, the psalm 'Laudate pueri' and a prayer for the king. In the afternoon: 1, a quarter of an hour of religious reading; 2, hymn and prayer; 3, three quarters of an hour explanation of the catechism, (namely, dissertations on the importance of fasting, confessing, and otherwise observing the five commandments of the Church). The schools last three and a half hours in the forenoon, and two and a half hours in the afternoon, &c. &c."

In similar manner are the rising generation provided with moral and religious instruction in the gymnasiums. For the rest of the population, who have no leisure or inclination to attend those daily establishments, Sunday schools, under the name of "*Dottrina Cristiana*," are or ought to be opened throughout the country. But the little attention almost universally paid to the observance of the seventh day greatly interferes with a regular organization of this wholesome institution. Neither in the Jewish nor in the Mahometan, we could almost say in none of the living religious denominations, is this practice more disregarded than in Catholic countries, and in none of the Catholic countries more so than in Italy. Here, indeed, the evil cannot be imputed to negligence on the part of the Church. The houses of public worship remain open on Sundays, as on every day, from earliest dawn till late in the evening. Prayers and sacraments, high and low masses, vespers and rosaries are reiterated at every hour of the day. The festive bells, loud even to annoyance, announce the day of the Lord. The clergy of all classes waste admonitions and reprimands against irreverence and profanation. But the original cause of such a disorder is to be referred to the Church herself, and dates from the days of ignorance and bar-

barism, when, fearing lest the unthinking mass of the lowest classes of people should abandon themselves to excesses of vice and intemperance, she countenanced and authorized such plays and spectacles as could be innocently substituted for the more brutal games of wild beasts and gladiators, of which the memory was still dear to the sons of the Romans. The fault of the Catholic church in this, as in most of her institutions, is the consequence of decrepitude. Using an authority which they believed they held from heaven, the popes and the general councils adopted such modifications and restrictions as they judged consonant with the passions of the ages of darkness and violence through which Christianity has passed, and it would perhaps be difficult to bring any argument against the soundness and expediency of any of the Catholic laws and practices, if considered in relation to the ages and countries for which they were intended. But now that the progress of civilisation has removed the causes which seemed to call forth these institutions, to insist upon their sanctity and inviolability, implies either a conviction that our generation unites the barbarism of all past ages, or a design of driving the world back to barbarous ages again. The service of the Catholic Church, consisting in showy ceremonies principally directed to strike the senses, though it may, at times, effect powerful impressions, is not apt to excite a lasting interest or to afford any kind of intellectual entertainment. Hence, as soon as released from immediate attention to the spectacle exhibited before his eyes, the Catholic, with a mind unused to meditation and fond of excitement, turns to pleasure the rest of that day that the Church has exempted from the toils of life.

It would be difficult to form any idea of the manner of observing the Sabbath in Catholic countries by what can be seen of the people of that denomination in the Protestant countries, where their priests are kept in awe by the immediate competition of other sects. The Italians, for instance, have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even then attendances on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the Church. Sermons, moreover, are only panegyrics of the life and miracles of some favourite saint, or gloomy descriptions of hell and paradise, after the poetic visions of Dante. Mass only is the order of the day, and, as priestly industry has contracted the duration of that sacrifice within the space of ten minutes, few Catholics ever think of infringing so condescending a law, except the haughty philosopher who does it as a demonstration of independence and out of spirit of contradiction. Accordingly, before day-break, before the opening of the church, a sleepy hurrying crowd is besieging the door for the dis-

charge of their duty. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise,—driver and his whip,—housekeeper and her basket,—sportsman and his hounds, supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted, a huge folio is opened, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus terminates what is called *Messa degli affrettati*; and then exit the crowd, sanctified for the rest of the day.

Towards noon all the ladies' toilets are over, all the new suits are donned; a large concourse of fine fashionable people assemble in their favourite church, generally a small insignificant building, but having the advantage of being secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. The ladies kneel at random in low pews, or are helped to chairs by the gentlemen. These last stand at the extremity of the aisle—a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, talking and laughing, and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small chapel something is going on that nobody sees and hears, and nobody cares to see and hear. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience and ranges itself into two long rows, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the ladies, who appear radiant, edified, glorified, ready for the promenade. This they call *La messa dei belli*.

Last of all, the tradesman, who, in order to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, has been at work behind the half-closed shutters of his shop, is hurried, by the last peals of the bell, to the parish church, where he arrives in time to get his two-thirds of what is called *La messa degli ostinati*.

In the afternoon all that the city possesses of proud horses and gilt chariots is prancing and glittering up and down the Corso; in the evening the cafés are dazzling with a thousand lamps, the theatres are trembling with the strains of intoxicating music, the private parlours are glowing with all the ardour and transport of an Italian soirée. This is the Sabbath in town.

In the country, in many a village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine, is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could have been in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary, and know no progress either for better or worse. They are nothing to the rest of the world, the rest of the world is nothing to them. In their genealogical traditions they go back as far as the proudest nobility of the land. The cottage of the valley is often as old as the castle towering upon the hill. Be the multiplication of the species as active as it may please Providence, in those Patriarchal dwellings there is

room for all. Here the same roof covers the numerous branches of four generations; there the old stock withers in loneliness, which famine or pestilence has stripped of its foliage. Vice in no shape can find its way to these sacred recesses. Were it even brought there from abroad, it would perish, discountenanced by that instinctive innocence, as it is said, of those fortunate climates, where all reptiles are naturally innocuous, and even such as are imported from foreign shores lose their venomous properties at the very first landing. In his conception of the purity and single-mindedness of his Lucia, and the rectitude of mind of his Renzo, Manzoni has most immediately drawn from nature.

It will be easily supposed that the tenants of these privileged districts, a primitive race among whom the use of bars and bolts is scarcely known at all, must be much addicted to the practice of going to church. No distance, in fact, no hardship of weather or road, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional studies. Still before and after the fulfilment of these duties, in the intervals between the long services of his church, morning and evening, until late in the night, he gives himself up without a scruple or restraint to such enjoyment as his limited sphere can afford. In the morning they are the sports of the wood, in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlour, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and what with jigs, *tarantellas*, *furlanas* and a variety of dances and country-dances, they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toils of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share. We must confess we have never seen an Italian minister dancing, though a Spanish *padre* we have; but we have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a fine Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun and hallooing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands in the vestry, put on in great confusion his gown, his surplice, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and his fellow hunters, as holy and infallible as ever. Such is the Sabbath in the country; and as the people see no fault and mean no harm by it, while we grieve at such a state of things, we have but the sad consolation that

it has always been so, and that, until education has brought about a total subversion of all ideas and manners, there is little hope that it may ever be otherwise.

With a people and clergy so lightly and carelessly disposed, it must be obvious that Sunday-schools, established as they are pretended to be ever since San Carlo Borromeo, have done little towards the improvement of public morals. Religious instruction has indeed, no matter how long since, been regularly afforded in every parish church on Sundays, and parents have been warmly recommended and even obliged to send their children. But the example of the parents themselves, accustomed to look on the Sabbath rather as on a day of recreation than religious meditation, cannot fail to have the worst effect. Moreover the extreme ignorance, carelessness and indolence of the clerks on whom the office of teachers devolves, and the abstruseness and mysticism of the Catholic catechism, frustrates every hope of ever bringing that scanty and imperfect instruction to bear upon the pupil's understanding. Indeed not the slightest attempt is made towards it. Children are directed to repeat every chapter of the *Dottrina Cristiana* till they have got it materially by heart, when they are considered as fit to be admitted to the sacraments. On the anniversary of the solemnities of the *Corpus Domini*, the children of every parish are mustered up in a long procession, and promenaded about town dressed in fanciful costumes of lamb-skins, gay ribands and flowers, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by the parish standard, and singing psalms and hymns; and he and she and they, who have recited the *Dottrina Cristiana* with the least hesitation and stammering, closing the rear clad in courtly robes as king, queen, knights and maids of honour, &c., which distinctions and insignia are intended to last for a whole week, during which the juvenile monarchs and their attendants are loaded with presents and caresses, and crammed with sweetmeats at every convent and nunnery in town.

All this may prove maternal tenderness and charity on the part of the Catholic Church, but cannot equally be brought forward as a proof of her discernment and judgment, and we must indeed have been hitherto stating facts and describing manners and customs to no purpose, if, from what we have said, it does not result, that, even were we unwilling to question the soundness and sanctity of the Catholic morals, were we not to doubt the holy influence of many of the tenets and rites of the Church of Rome, nothing whatever is done by their clergy, even after their own views, either in any manner addressing the understanding or intended to penetrate the heart. A religion

of symbols and ceremonies, almost exclusively directed to impress the senses, almost entirely dealing in mysteries and asceticism, is not calculated to forward the interests of a liberal, rational, practical education. Without going the whole length of accusing the Catholic priests as teachers of immorality, we have no hesitation in denying their influence as instruments of moral instruction. For them the man is sufficiently educated that has been trained to place on them the most absolute implicit reliance. The illiterate peasant, the idiot, are the best of Christians. The incompetence, or at least insufficiency, of their priesthood to administer to the wants of an active and intellectual age, is so forcibly felt in Italy, even by the most conscientious Catholics, that the whole nation seems to have come to the determination of sharing at least with them, if not altogether taking education out of their hands. In the North of Italy, under the Austrian and Sardinian governments, the state has provided for the organization of infant and primary schools. In Tuscany, at Parma and a few other states, they have been left to the exertion of private beneficence; at Rome and Modena they have been interdicted with all the jealousy and violence of arbitrary governments. The south lies still in an almost total darkness of barbarism.

At Milan and Venice such institutions have been almost altogether placed under the rule of the laity. In Piedmont, as we have seen, Jesuits and Ignorantini have everything under their control.

The traveller whom we have often quoted, M. von Raumer, gives the most satisfactory account of the state of these incipient establishments in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. Where government takes public instruction under its immediate responsibility, little of course is left to the zeal of private individuals, besides a prompt and cheerful compliance with the law. There is no doubt but that the Austrian government, when proceeding to the organization of primary instruction, only acted in compliance with the urgent demands of the most enlightened part of the nation, and that the funds for the erection and maintenance of schools have been and are chiefly furnished by private donations and voluntary contributions.

"The outlay for elementary schools," says Von Raumer with his wonted statistical accuracy, "amounted to 507,000 florins. Of this 21,000 florins were derived from endowments, 423,000 were contributed by the communes and 63,000 were defrayed by the state. In 1837, there were in Lombardy, with a population of 4,558,000 inhabitants, 4531 schools, and only 66 communes remained without an elementary school for boys. The teachers, including 2,226 clergymen, directors and school authorities,

amounted in number to 6,284. The infant schools are attended by 2,026 children and directed by 93 teachers; their yearly revenues amount to about 16,000 florins. In 1834 there were in the Venetian part of the kingdom alone, with a population of 2,094,000, 1438 schools with 81,372 pupils and 1676 male and female teachers. In the town of Venice there were four infant schools containing already 1000 children, and it is now in contemplation to establish a fifth, and to hire an entire palace for the purpose, at the yearly rent of 230 dollars."

All this may go far to prove that the natural good sense and intelligence of the Italian people needed no great compulsion to enter into the views of their legislators. Still but few of the lowest classes can be made to understand and value the blessings of education, and the rest must be guided to their own good by the argument of force. Now, "the law," says Von Raumer, "compels parents to send children to school between the ages of six and twelve, and a fine of half a *lira* per month is incurred by those who neglect to do so, but it is not enforced in Lombardy." It is much to be regretted that it should not be, and that the fear of causing some irritation among the lowest classes should deter the Austrian government from following up to the last their salutary regulation. What else indeed would be the use of despotism, if when sure of the vote of the wide majority, when intimately convinced of the sacredness of its undertaking, it should hesitate to bring to reason a few degraded beings whom their very brutality renders refractory and restive?

Have not parents been deprived by law of the right they enjoyed under the Romans of killing, selling, or disinheriting their children? Why should they not be equally deprived of their authority of killing their children's soul, by suffering them to wallow in all the wretchedness of ignorance and vice?

It is only with this object that the centralizing omnipotence of a despotic government may more readily prevail against the natural sluggishness or stubbornness of a degraded population, that the Italian patriots have resigned education into the hands of their rulers. Were it otherwise, were it not because they felt that coercive measures would be necessary to induce a few unnatural parents to perform the most sacred of their duties, they needed not to lay their funds and their co-operation at the disposal of the state; since, under any other point of view, it was neither advisable nor desirable that the great mover of public education should be utterly and unconditionally placed under governmental control. In Tuscany, where the Grand Duke never encouraged but never at least interfered with the progress of popular instruction, voluntary associations and

subscriptions have led to no less splendid results.

The imperial government could not of course be expected to give its Lombard subjects any but a thoroughly Austrian education. Thus we see, for instance, not without regret, that the rising generation in the gymnasiums are directed to study not the history of their own country, but that of the Austrian monarchy; that students are not allowed to read even such works as the "Conversations' Lexicon," &c. These jealous and narrow-minded restrictions are far from answering the hopes of the most liberal Italians, who have every reason to expect that the diffusion of useful knowledge would soon lead them, at least, to as much rational latitude and freedom of inquiry as is now enjoyed, under the same absolute rule, by the subjects of the Prussian monarchy.

Popular education in England, in America, in almost every other civilized country, may or should have no other object than to promote the greatest happiness of the lowest classes by improving their intellectual and moral condition. But in an enslaved, divided, distracted country like Italy, education is not considered as an end, but as a means. The work of regeneration must lead to a deed of emancipation. Popular instruction must be among the most active elements of nationality. The Italian people must be raised to the dignity of rational beings, that they may be fairly entitled to claim their rights as an independent race of freemen. Education, we have said it, must be the beginning of a fundamental revolution.

This, both the governments and the patriots are well aware of: hence the want is universally felt in Italy of withdrawing and emancipating, as far as can be practicable, popular education from civil as well as from ecclesiastical authority; hence also the alarm has been spread among the rulers of the land, who, perceiving the hostile tendency of the age, either hope to counteract the revolutionary influence of education, by taking it under their own immediate patronage or submitting it to priestly rule, as it is done under the Austrian and Sardinian governments; or otherwise by waging a relentless war against its promoters and abettors, as the Pope, the Duke of Modena and others, have done.

"I beg of you," thus writes one of our own correspondents, whose words we quote, because they are most apt to give the reader an idea of the state of men's minds in that country—"I beg of you to seize the first opportunity to announce among our most praiseworthy Italian publications that of the 'Letture Popolari,' published at Turin, of which the programme for this

(the fifth) year is to be found in the last number of the 'Guida dell' Educatore.' You will see by what high feelings its compilers are inspired. But behold, what I receive from one of its most active editors.

"The hour of persecution has struck for my 'Letture Popolari' also, and Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin has given the first signal of the attack. In one of his pastoral homilies, in Lent, the right reverend prelate thundered with great vehemence against them, and in the same time against all our other schemes of popular instruction. After his lordship's example, as well might be expected, violent diatribes were uttered from all, or nearly all, the pulpits in his diocese, every minister of the Gospel zealously adding his commentaries and corollaries to the paternal admonition of their spiritual leader. The most alarming rumours are afloat, and we are waiting every moment for the decree that must condemn our 'Letture Popolari' to share the fate of the 'Subalpino' (a literary journal suppressed by the Sardinian government in 1839), and nothing short of a miracle can avert the storm which priestly craft has conjured up against us. Here I subjoin a specimen of the archiepiscopal effusion:—

"Oh! this indiscreet zeal of spreading among the people the desire of reading and thirst for instruction, far from being favourable to the cause of religion and morals, is even not unfrequently fatal to the public tranquillity. Because by teaching the lowest classes how to read, without previously strengthening their understanding with the first rudiments of Christian knowledge, they learn to pronounce their sentence on all religious and political matters; they become bolder and holder in their censure of every government measure, till at length they lose every feeling of respect and allegiance towards their rulers, and are ready for rebellion and anarchy.

"Ignorance is bad: who doubts it? But there may be a kind of knowledge still worse: therefore, even in his own age the Apostle proclaimed: *non plus sapere, quam oportet sapere*"

\* Ἀγνοῶ γὰρ, εἰς τῆς χεῖρας τῆς δοθείσης μοι, παρὶ τοῦ ὄντι ἐν ὑμῖν, καὶ ὑπερφρονεῖν, παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν· ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ εὐφρονεῖν ἀκόστω ὡς ὁ Θεὸς ἐμύρασε μίτρον πίστεως. We subjoin the original text for the benefit of our readers, whose opinion may be easily formed on the profundity of the textuary who can give to *ὑπερφρονεῖν* the sense of PLUS SAPERE, or describe a state of ignorant pride of heart as a state of knowledge. True science is always accompanied with humility—ignorance with unseemly pride. The application of the text as an interdict on knowledge is perfectly absurd. When will that pregnant source of error, the Latin Vulgate, be extirpated from Romanist countries? The Apostle's argument is also wholly directed to particular offices, and his injunctions are to exercise a due humility in the wielding of even the miraculous powers, or any other gift of grace. It has nothing to do with the subject to which the archbishop has misapplied it. Where are the chances of a superlatation of knowledge for Italy? When will even her archbishops comply with the Catholic injunction "Give attention to reading," and get rid of their present deplorable ignorance, "understanding

(Rom. xii. 3). It is true that these words are meant as an admonition to those who are too prone to think highly of themselves, but such will exactly be the result of these same popular journals, which by fictitious tales, purposely selected to pervert the people's minds, seem to insinuate that virtue only resides among the lowest orders; that equity, disinterestedness and magnanimity are the characteristics of the labourer and poor, whilst oppression, injustice and hardness of heart are the appanage of the higher classes."

"What say you," continues our correspondent, "to this archiepiscopal promulgator of the Gospel?" and then, as a contrast to the gloomy prospects of the war that the friends of education are likely to endure, he subjoins a few words from another of his associates on the state of the Tuscan *Maremma*, a wild district scarcely issuing from utmost desolation and barbarism.

"I have hardly yet visited one-third of the Tuscan marches, and have already organized five societies for the institution of infant asylums, numbering nine hundred members and contributing an annual revenue of 20,000 *lire*. Words cannot express how ardently my words have been received, and what a spirit of true charity and patriotism prevails among this population, so little known and so often abused. I have seen the townspeople meeting by hundreds to draw up the regulations for these charitable institutions on the most liberal plans, and bishops and parsons vieing with the laity in zealously promoting the interests of education, &c.

"We are," concludes our friend, "neither deterred by the episcopal threats at Turin, nor elated by the adhesion of priests and prelates in Tuscany; but since we are to fight on this ground, I am glad to perceive a division among our adversaries, which gives us fair chances of victory."

Certainly as long as government does not openly declare against them, the friends of education are sure of success, at least in Tuscany, where, were it only as charitable institutions, schools and asylums might always rely on the support and favour of that benevolent population. It must not be forgotten that the north of Italy, and especially Lombardy and Tuscany, have always taken the lead, and are even now unsurpassed in Europe for their true Christian charity and beneficence; and that nowhere are hospitals,

neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." How different is the expression of Dante's ardent gratitude to Ser Brunetto compared to what the Italian child must feel to these darkeners of knowledge.

"In la mente m' è fitta ed or m' accora  
La cara buona imagine paterna  
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora  
M' insegnavate, come l' uom s' eterna."

poor houses, and orphan asylums, objects of a more assiduous and inexhaustible liberality.

As houses of charity, those educational establishments will be aided by the co-operation even of those who might be less sanguine as to the moral results attainable from a diffusion of knowledge among the lowest classes, and less disposed to lay too implicit a belief in the indefinite perfectibility of their fellow-beings. Whoever visited the infant asylums at Florence or Venice, and saw, as Von Raumer relates, "those Italian children, whom he was accustomed to behold in the streets, dirty, ragged and crawling with vermin, now clean in their persons and tidily attired in their airy and spacious school-houses," however sceptically inclined as to the future prospects of the rising Italian generation, will, at least, applaud the immediate, palpable advantages resulting from those truly maternal establishments.

We have ourselves witnessed the gratifying spectacle last year in Florence, and as we surveyed the little innocent creatures, the children of sin and misery, but recently rescued from the squalor and wretchedness of their parental roofs, still bearing on their haggard and emaciated features and on their rickety limbs the prints of hereditary disease and deformity, we bethought ourselves of Alfieri, and wondered what curse of heaven could thus have nipped and blasted the "plant-man" in that most genial soil; and offered our prayers to God that he would smile on the efforts of the new cultivators, and bear them up against the hatred and malignity of their opponents.

But what shall we say, when, foremost in the ranks of their adversaries, we meet the vicar of Christ, the servant of the servants of God, Pope Gregory XVI. himself, not only opposing reasons to arguments, sermons and homilies to pamphlets and journals, but, as a last resource, betaking himself to excommunications and banishments, and throwing schoolmasters into the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo?

We have already expressed our belief that there may be precipitation and imprudence among the champions of popular instruction, and we may, to a certain extent, chime in with the opinions of the Archbishop of Turin, that there may be systems of education far from being conducive to the happiness and contentment of individuals, or favourable to the preservation of social order. But would it not be the duty of the pastors, who are, at the same time, the legitimate instructors of their flocks, to counteract the evil tendencies of a premature culture by t'



peaceful insinuation of sound moral principles, rather than by unholty diatribes and insane persecutions? Is God's own truth so afraid of broad day-light as to have no chance to prevail but in the obscurity of a prison? Can the arrest of Enrico Mayer,\*

\* Though we have already alluded to the arrest of Signor Enrico Mayer in our article on "Copy-right in Italy," (see FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LII.,) yet we think that a few particulars of that event may serve to give an idea of the police regulations of the Italian states, and show how far the right of inviolability of person is respected in that country.

Early in the month of May, 1840, Signor Mayer applied for, and obtained from, his native Tuscan government, a passport for Naples and Sicily, the only part of Italy that the pedagogical traveller had never visited. In that epoch, it will be remembered, the differences between his Sicilian majesty and Great Britain had created an universal ferment in Italy; for such is the state of that unhappy country, that every prospect of hostilities, every anticipation of anxieties and difficulties, in which their governments may be involved, is hailed as an object of rejoicing, as a chance of insurrection on the part of the people. *Mors tua, vita mea*, is there the mutual bond of union and love between the two opposite elements of social order, power and opinion. Consequently, the Neapolitan consul at Leghorn refused to sanction, by his signature, the passport of M. Mayer. This gentleman was therefore compelled to take an unnecessary journey to Florence, where he obtained from the Neapolitan minister what he had in vain applied for to his Excellency's subaltern. Provided thus with a passport in due form, M. Mayer started, by land, towards the south, and by a direct road proceeded to Rome. Here another Neapolitan ambassador countermanded the order of his colleague at Florence, and M. Mayer was once more stopped short in his journey. He humbly and resignedly protested against this abuse of power, and prolonged his stay in Rome, hoping by his remonstrances to soften the unjust rigour of the ambassador. One morning as he, according to his wont, applied to the Post Office for his letters, he was attacked by the *sbirri* of his Holiness, and thrown into prison, while his domicile underwent the most severe and minute investigation. For more than four months he was kept in the closest confinement; he and his friends were left in a state of utter incertitude as to his fate. But the clamour raised by so arbitrary a measure, against so popular and irreprehensible a personage, was so very loud and incessant, that even the Pope's inflexibility was not proof against it. The dark and mysterious proceedings were broken short, and the prisoner was, at the request of the Grand Duke, sent back, under an armed escort, to the Tuscan confines; sentence of perpetual banishment from the ecclesiastical states was, however, issued against him, and enforced by threats of hard imprisonment and the galleys:—all this before he could receive the slightest information as to the crime he stood accused of. His guilt, however, it is well known, was only that of having by every effort promoted the institution of infant asylums, and other primary schools, against which the Pope has declared a most insane and relentless war, and having travelled through Switzerland, England and Germany, to inspect the state of popular instruction in those countries, and give an account of it in several numbers of the "*Guida dell'Educatore*."

or of any other individual, put a stop to the rapid progress of opinion, any more than all the scaffolds and burning piles of Paul IV. and Pius V. prevailed against Protestantism? The schoolmaster in prison! out upon thee, Antichrist!

Meanwhile the promoters of education are not to be easily discouraged by these first outbursts of pontifical wrath. The books which we have placed at the head of this article, selecting them from among a vast number of penny magazines, cyclopædias, and other popular publications, edited in imitation of our English works in the same style, are sufficient to prove that public suffrage is openly in favour of the institutions which such works are intended to advocate, and that the weight of opinion is more than sufficient to frustrate the evil ascendancy of power.

The oldest and most deserving of these periodical works is the "*Guida dell'Educatore*," conducted by the *Abate* Raffaello Lambruschini, an evangelical, as well as a Catholic priest. The first manifesto of the journal was published in September, 1835, and the first number appeared in January of the following year. It has ever since continued to appear in monthly numbers, and is now in the highest plenitude of success and popularity. At first the editor had to struggle hard against the difficulties of his isolated situation: but he soon found valiant fellow-labourers in Florence and elsewhere, and now there is scarcely a literary man in Italy that does not take the most lively interest in the progress of his noble undertaking. Among the most distinguished writers we notice the names of Pietro Thouar, Nicolo Tommaseo, and Enrico Mayer, whose *Fragments of a Pedagogical Journey* are intended to give a very satisfactory account of the state of popular education in every country of Europe, particularly in Switzerland, Germany and Britain. These articles were the principal guilt that called upon the author's head the papal resentment, to which he owed his confinement at Rome, and which have rendered it either utterly impossible or unsafe for him to stir an inch beyond the confines of his native state of Tuscany.

The last of these valuable, though, to the Roman see, obnoxious papers, refers to the state of education in England, and ought to prove an object of uncommon attraction to our readers, as the extensive connections and the long residence of M. Mayer in this country, and his indefatigable diligence and perseverance, enabled him to obtain the fairest insight into our political, religious and educational institutions.

It will be easily perceived that that essay

is written in accordance with the democratic views warmly espoused by M. Mayer, and almost universally prevailing in his country, but which, owing to the political organization of our free and happy island, are yet, we think, far from having thrown deep roots among our people. Apart, however, from all party spirit, M. Mayer deserves the highest credit as an intelligent, fair, and conscientious observer.

To every number of the "Guida" are annexed a few pages of "Letture dei fanciulli," consisting of tales, dialogues, biographical or historical essays, &c., calculated to the capacity of a juvenile understanding: these, together with the "Letture Popolari" published at Turin, to which we have alluded above, and the "Racconti ad uso dei Giovanetti" by Pietro Thouar, will furnish every school-house in Italy with an useful and entertaining economical library.

Meanwhile, as a proof of the universal encouragement that such works obtain from the Italian nation at large, we shall conclude this article by quoting the words of honest exultation with which the worthy Abate Lambruschini announces to his readers the reduction in the price of annual subscription, occasioned by a more extensive circulation and sale of his work.

"*La Ruche*, a French journal, edited by two excellent promoters of education, Mesdames Belloc and Mongolfier, has fallen in France. *L'Education pratique*, conducted by the clever M. Michel, also came to its end: whilst books and journals, tending either to amuse the readers with idle inanities, or to corrupt them with immoral and lubric works of fiction, are sold and republished with unabated success—while the "Guida dell' Educatore," after five years, proceeds with redoubled vigour, thanks to the persevering indulgence of the readers, and the all-absorbing importance of its subject. Were any other than myself the editor, I think I might venture to say—SUCH IS ITALY!"

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ART. V.—*History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. 3 vols. Boston. 1839—1840.

THERE are few things more interesting in history than to trace the gradual formation and development of a great nation, especially where its government has been formed on principles widely differing from those of the old world; where the sceptre and purple robe have never appeared at the head of its

councils, and where the poorest man in it may, by the universal suffrages of his fellow-countrymen, be raised to that position in which he is the chief voice of a great people, and holds communication with the kings and princes of other countries. In contemplating a democracy like the American, we have yet to learn, as time rolls on, whether the laws which govern that nation are so framed as to hold together a people which may at one time or another become too numerous a family to remain under the same roof.

The mighty continent of the new world, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, attracted the early fathers of democracy to its shores. Quitting their own country with the avowed object of seeking higher religious freedom than they conceived themselves to enjoy in it, they sought a land where they might unmolested govern themselves by their own laws, and carry out their own political and religious sentiments. From these men sprung a people, remarkable for their adherence to their early form of government, and for the prominent position they now hold amongst the nations of the earth, both in commerce and manufactures.

One result from the peculiar opinions which induced these small bands to adventure their lives and fortunes in an unknown region, would be equality of rank and position amongst their members; and their general admission of the truth, that "all men are equal in the sight of God," would give to each a voice in forming those laws which were necessarily made so soon as on their arrival at their future abode.

Mr. Bancroft has had many difficulties to contend against in compiling the valuable history, of which the three volumes already published form but a portion of the arduous task he has undertaken.

In drawing from the resources before him, it required some discrimination to separate strict facts from the multitude of vague rumours and fabulous narrative with which they are mixed, as well as to steer clear of the prejudices which warped the judgment of the early European writers.

The Americans are much indebted to him for the patience and labour manifested in his early volumes; and we feel confidence in the sincerity with which he endeavours to accomplish his object of giving to his fellow citizens a trustworthy history of their country. The work commences with the early voyages of the intrepid navigators of the thirteenth century. Columbus, whose early dreams were haunted with the existence of a western continent, established the

truth of his theory, and has handed down his name to us as the hero of maritime enterprise. Although there may be some truth in the report mentioned by a historian of Iceland, of a vessel driven from Greenland to the shores of Labrador, yet we entirely agree with Mr. Bancroft that this in no way diminishes the claim of Columbus to that discovery which had been the constant object of his thoughts, and the hope of which gave him that patient endurance of the many disappointments which so impeded the execution of his purpose. England, always interested in maritime affairs, fostered the adventurous spirit of John Cabot, and he obtained from Henry the Seventh a patent, empowering himself and his three sons, with a fleet of five ships, "to search for islands, countries, provinces or regions, hitherto unseen by Christian people; to affix the banners of England on any city, island or continent that they might find, and as vassals of the English crown to possess and occupy the territory that might be discovered."

The patent also further secured to the family of the Cabots the exclusive right of frequenting all the newly-discovered countries without limit of time. Thus encouraged, in 1497, Cabot and his son Sebastian set sail; but there is no record of their voyage—they however returned home, declaring their discoveries, and to their energy England was indebted for those rights which, although not recognized by the courts of Spain and Portugal, were too strongly established to be shaken by opposition.

The career of Cabot is sufficiently familiar to us; that of the son Sebastian was still more fortunate and glorious. His maps and narratives have not come down to us, but there appears little doubt that in his expedition for the discovery of the north-west passage, when in the service of Ferdinand of Spain, he actually passed through the straits and entered the bay which afterwards received its name from Hudson. On returning to England he was honourably received, and a pension was conferred upon him. During his extreme old age, and at the hour of his death, his thoughts wandered to his beloved ocean, so much was he attached to his profession.

The French were not long in claiming a share in the new discoveries, and in 1504 the fisheries of Newfoundland were frequented by the mariners of Brittany and Normandy. John Verrazzani was the person appointed by Francis I. to explore the new regions. A terrible storm overtook the *Little Dolphin*, which was the name of his vessel, and fifty days elapsed before they beheld the

continent. The unsuspecting natives welcomed the strangers to their shores, abounding with delightful fields and forests, but their hospitality was basely repaid by various attempts to kidnap them. Verrazzani acquired considerable knowledge of the country before he returned to France. Arriving first in the latitude of Wilmington, he passed the coast of North Carolina, after which he was greatly attracted by the harbour of New York, and thence, passing by Newport and leaving Rhode Island, he pursued his voyage until he reached the fiftieth degree of latitude. There are many conjectures respecting his death, but the common tradition is that he perished at sea. We have not space to dwell upon the voyage of Cartier, who, successful in his expedition, raised a tall cross near the small inlet of Gaspe, bearing upon it the arms of France, with an appropriate inscription. A new commission was in consequence issued, and many of the young nobility of France volunteered their services. With a solemn pageant and the full absolution and blessing of the bishop did they depart, full of hopes for the colonization of the new territory, which, in 1535, was first known by the appellation of New France. Arriving in the gulf of St. Lawrence, which then first received its name, and sailing to the north of Anticosti, they entered the harbour in the isle which is now called Orleans, and were received by the Indians of the Algonquin descent. Enduring great hardships in the winter, Cartier claimed possession of the territory, and on returning to Europe gave no very encouraging accounts of the country. Imagination, however, still rested on the advantages which might be derived from such a land, and five years afterwards Francis de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, obtained a commission, together with Cartier, who was appointed captain general and chief pilot. He was to take with him artisans and mechanics; but of those who were able to support themselves by their industry in their own country, none could be found who would accompany him, and he had recourse to the refuse of the prisons, and these formed the first population of the colony.

The expedition was unfortunate. "Roberval was ambitious of power; and Cartier desired the exclusive honour of discovery." They embarked at different periods, and the latter, after passing the winter without making any further advances in his discoveries, returned to Europe, when the former had just arrived with a large reinforcement. Roberval, however, soon abandoned his viceroyalty and his troublesome subjects, and returned to his own estates in Picardy. No further favourable results took place, nor could any

enterprise succeed, as our author remarks, from "a government which could devise the massacre of St. Bartholomew." In 1578 the importance of the fishing stations was considerably augmented, as there were one hundred and fifty French vessels at Newfoundland, and before 1609 one French mariner "had made more than forty voyages to the American coast." It was reserved however to Champlain to become "the father of the French settlements in Canada—a man remarkable for possessing a clear and penetrating understanding, with a spirit of cautious inquiry; untiring perseverance, with great mobility; indefatigable activity, with fearless courage." He was appointed by the company of the merchants of Rouen to command the expedition, and the narrative which he wrote on his return to France is full of interest. An exclusive patent was granted to the Calvinist De Monts, and we refer our readers to Mr. Bancroft's interesting account of the gradual footing De Monts obtained in the country, until the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, and La Rochelle, obtained another patent from their king, and Champlain in 1615 once more embarked for the new world accompanied by the monks of St. Francis. He did not desist from his efforts until he successfully established the supremacy of the French over the country which he colonized, and which received his bones. Still following the author in his history of the early discoveries, we find much interest in the chapter which he has given to the Spanish adventurers; this people full of romance and superstition, gave ready credence to the many legends with which the famed land was invested, and their avarice made them desirous to explore a country which in their imagination teemed with gold and precious stones. Tired with the repose which they enjoyed after the conquest of Granada, they looked forward to new acquisitions which promised inexhaustible wealth. Passing over Juan Ponce de Leon, Fernandez, and one or two others, we come to Ferdinand de Soto. Florida, which for some time had occupied the golden dreams of the ambitious courtiers of the Spanish monarch, inspired the mind of Soto with the desire of vanquishing the natives and of exploring its wealth. He had already distinguished himself by many chivalrous deeds as the favourite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, when the unfortunate Atahualpa was taken prisoner. Charles the Fifth readily entered into his project, and in 1538 a gallant fleet, with six hundred young men, who formed his companions, many of them "in the glittering array of burnished armour and very gallant with silk upon silk," gaily

proceeded to Cuba, where they were welcomed with joyous acclamations. They arrived in the Bay of Spirito Santo; and Soto, following the policy of Cortez, dismissed the ships, for fear of any of the faint-hearted returning. They carried back in them, however, Porcallo, an old man, who, despairing of success, and frightened at the first aspect of the land, prudently preferred the wealth which he already possessed. The Spaniards, ever prone to cruelty, had provided themselves with the various instruments of torture and oppression which they had hitherto used in former invasions, and blood-hounds accompanied them for the purpose of running down the unhappy natives.

The reader must peruse for himself the interesting account of the sad disasters which attended them. The yellow ore ever haunted their imagination, and they still pressed forwards through weary forests and marshes. "I will not turn back," said Soto, "till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes;" and the adventurers pressed onwards towards the north-east, passing the Alatanaba and the beautiful valleys of Georgia. The Indian guide continually involved them in difficulties, and would have been torn in pieces by the dogs, but that he was required as an interpreter. The Indians, everywhere rendered hostile by the manners of the strangers, were unsparing in their opposition. Wearied with continually lodging in the fields, they sought to occupy the Indian town of Mavilla or Mobile. "A battle ensued; the terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States; the town was set on fire; and two thousand five hundred Indians are said to have been slain, suffocated, or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and but for the flames, which consumed their light and dense settlements, they would have effectually repulsed the invaders. 'Of the Christians eighteen died;' one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain and seventy hurt. The flames had not spared the baggage of the Spaniards; it was in the town and was entirely consumed." We cannot but admire in the following extract the unyielding perseverance of the Spanish governor:

"He retreated towards the north, his troops already reduced by sickness and warfare to five hundred men. A month passed away, before he reached winter quarters at Chicaça, a small town in the country of the Chickasaws, in the upper part of the state of Mississippi; probably on the western bank of the Yazoo. The

weather was severe, and snow fell; but maize was yet standing in the open fields. The Spaniards were able to gather a supply of food; and the deserted town, with such rude cabins as they added, afforded them shelter through the winter. Yet no mines of Peru were discovered; no ornaments of gold adorned the rude savages; their wealth was the harvest of corn, and wigwams were their only palaces; they were poor and independent, they were hardy and loved freedom. When Spring opened, Soto demanded of the chieftain of the Chickasaws two hundred men to carry the burdens of his company. The Indians hesitated; human nature is the same in every age and every climate. Like the inhabitants of Athens in the days of Themistocles, or those of Moscow of a recent day, the Chickasaws, unwilling to see strangers and enemies occupy their homes, in the dead of night, deceiving the sentinels, set fire to their own village, in which the Christians were encamped—on a sudden, half the houses were in flames; and the loudest notes of the war-whoop rang through the air. The Indians, could they have acted with calm bravery, might have gained an easy and entire victory; but they trembled at their own success, and feared the unequal battle against weapons of steel. Many of the horses had broken loose. These, terrified and without riders, roamed through the forest, of which the burning villages illuminated the shades, and seemed to the ignorant natives the gathering of hostile squadrons. Others of the horses perished in the stables; most of the swine were consumed; eleven of the Christians were burnt or lost their lives in the tumult. The clothes which had been saved from the fires of Mobile were destroyed, and the Spaniards, now as naked as the natives, suffered from cold. Weapons and equipments were consumed or spoiled. Had the Indians made a resolute onset on this night or the next, the Spaniards would have been unable to resist. But in a respite of a week, forges were erected, swords newly tempered, and good ashen lances were made equal to the best of Biscay. When the Indians attacked the camp they found the Christians "prepared."—vol. i. p. 49.

Vainly endeavouring to overawe the Indians of Natchez by asserting a divine origin, he gradually sunk under the accumulation of fatigue and disappointment, and was carried off by a malignant fever. However disastrous might be the result of the expedition, yet it should not be forgotten, that to Soto and his companions belong the honour of the discovery of the Mississippi, and they were the first to observe that the sea is not salt at its mouth, from the immense volume of fresh water, which this mighty river discharges. Our readers must bear in mind, that Florida at that period was widely extended in its geography; and that the Spaniards claimed under its name the whole sea coast as far as Newfoundland, and that it included also Canada. Religious zeal met with no better success, and Florida dyed with Spanish blood

was abandoned. The efforts of France are next presented to our attention.

In 1564, Coligny obtained the consent of Charles IX. and three ships were provided for the service under Laudonniere as a leader. The voyage was favourable, and the followers of Calvin, with psalms of thanksgiving, erected a fort on the River May. Many of our readers will remember the sad termination of this attempt, on the part of France, to establish a colony through the agency of the Huguenots. It forms a striking picture of the bigotry which darkened the actions of the men of that age, whose deeds might, under other circumstances, have been chivalrous and noble. The colony already began to experience the comforts of a home, when the cry was raised in Spain, who never voluntarily relinquished her claims, that "the heretics must be extirpated." Fanaticism was at its height, and more than twenty-five hundred persons, consisting of priests and jesuits, soldiers, sailors, and other men, joined the expedition under Melendez, a man who was in every way calculated to carry out the views of the Spanish court.

"It was on the day which the customs of Rome have consecrated to the memory of one of the most eloquent sons of Africa, and one of the most venerated of the fathers of the church, that he came in sight of Florida; for four days he sailed along the coast, uncertain where the French were established; on the fifth day he landed, and gathered from the Indians accounts of the Huguenots. At the same time he discovered a fine haven and beautiful river, and remembering the saint on whose day he came upon the coast, he gave to the harbour and to the stream the name of St. Augustine. Sailing then to the north, he discovered a portion of the French fleet, and observed the nature of the road where they were anchored. The French demanded his name and objects. 'I am Melendez of Spain,' replied he, 'sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions. The Frenchman who is a Catholic I will spare, every heretic shall die.'"—vol. i. p. 68.

Melendez returned to the harbour of St. Augustine, and after a solemn mass was performed, founded the city of St. Augustine, which is now the oldest town in the United States. The Spaniards ultimately made their way to the garrison of St. John's, and a horrible massacre ensued, in which for a time even the women and children were not exempt. A few escaped into the woods, and a portion surrendered themselves, vainly relying on a mercy which had no existence in the breasts of their hardened conquerors. The infamous exploits of Melendez are too generally known to need our dwelling further on the fate of the unfortunate Huguenots.

France relinquished all claim to Florida, and the dominion of Spain was firmly established from the south-eastern cape of the Caribbean sea to beyond that of Florida.

The colonization of Virginia by the English, in 1607, occupies a prominent part of the work. Previous to this period, England had made considerable progress in her maritime affairs. Henry VIII. was favourable to the views entertained towards the new world, and he took some interest in the commercial prosperity of his kingdom. The possibility of the north-western passage was a subject which engaged much attention during Elizabeth's reign, and Martin Fro-bisher, accounting it "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate," was patronized by Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Two small ships of twenty-five and twenty tons, together with a little pinnace, set sail for the unknown regions, receiving the approbation of Elizabeth as they passed down the river. He entered to all appearance a strait, in latitude sixty-three degrees and eight minutes, but his hopes were fallacious, and he returned home without having accomplished so much even as Cabot. Such was the result of many of these early voyages. We must pass over those of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who unfortunately perished at sea.

The account of Raleigh's invincible spirit in forwarding the views of colonization is very interesting, and we think that Mr. Bancroft has not overdrawn the character of that great statesman. His genius was early displayed as "a soldier, a courtier, and a seaman," and in his later days he combined with these qualities that of an honourable statesman and an English patriot. His end was indeed a stain upon English history. His memory slumbers not in the country which is so much indebted to him; "after a lapse of two centuries, the state of North Carolina, by a solemn act of legislation, revived in its capital 'the city of Raleigh.'" The same idea occupied the minds of the English emigrants with regard to the golden resources of America, and the first settlers in the reign of King James were more disposed to augment their wealth by exploring the mines of the new country, than by the cultivation of the soil. The population of England was much increased since the Spanish peace, and James readily granted a charter to the early adventurers. Gosnold, Smith and Hakluyt, were the enterprising men who applied for it. The conditions of the first colonial charter are very interesting, and claim our attention. We must however

bear in mind that the first settlement in Virginia was undertaken by two distinct companies. The first was composed of various noblemen and gentlemen, together with merchants who resided in and about London, and the second by gentlemen and merchants of the west of England. To each were assigned so many degrees of latitude. The former from thirty-four to thirty-eight, while the latter possessed between forty-one and forty-five degrees. The land between was open to both companies.

"The conditions of tenure were homage and rent; the rent was no other than one-fifth of the net produce of gold and silver, and one-fifteenth of copper. The right of coining money was conceded, perhaps to facilitate commerce with the natives, who, it was hoped, would receive Christianity and the arts of civilized life. The superintendence of the whole colonial system was confided to a council in England; the local administration of each colony was entrusted to a council residing within its limits. The members of the superior council in England were appointed exclusively by the king, and the tenure of their office was his good pleasure. Over the colonial councils the king likewise preserved a control; for the members of them were from time to time to be ordained, made and removed, according to royal instructions. Supreme legislative authority over the colonies, extending alike to their general condition and the most minute regulations, was likewise expressly reserved to the monarch. A hope was also cherished of an ultimate revenue to be derived from Virginia; a duty to be levied on vessels trading to its harbours was, for one-and twenty years, to be wholly employed for the benefit of the plantation; at the end of that time, was to be taken for the king. To the emigrants it was promised that they and their children should continue to be Englishmen—a concession which secured them rights on returning to England, but offered no barrier against colonial injustice. Lands were to be held by the most favourable tenure."—vol. I. p. 121.

Such was the short-sighted policy shown by King James in the first charter he conceded to the mercantile corporations; a policy which was not amended in later reigns, when the civilisation and extent of New England, greatly increased, required that protection from the mother country which might tend to their mutual advantage. The rites of the Church of England were strictly enjoined; "and no emigrant might withdraw his allegiance from King James, or avow dissent from the royal creed." The president and the council, which formed a pure aristocracy quite independent of the emigrants, could summarily dispose of any civil cause requiring fine or imprisonment, and it was ordered that the proceeds of the industry of the respective colonies should, for five years, form a com-

mon stock. On the 19th of December, 1606, the little fleet of three vessels, with one hundred and five men, set sail for Virginia, and of these men there were only twelve labourers and four carpenters, together with a few mechanics. The rest consisted of forty-eight gentlemen. There were continual dissensions during the voyage. Newport commanded the vessels, and he occupied considerable time in sailing round by the Canaries and the West India islands. After encountering a violent storm, the deep waters of the bay of Chesapeake received them, "putting the emigrants in good comfort." About fifty miles above the mouth of the river which they ascended, was selected for a site of the colony. Newport soon afterwards set sail for England, and John Smith took the management of affairs. The character of this extraordinary man is singularly romantic; "in boyhood he sighed for the opportunity of 'setting out on brave adventures.'" In his early life he fought the battles of the Bata-vian republic. He became a traveller in Italy and Egypt, and on his return through Hungary he greatly distinguished himself against the Turks, in their religious wars. Here his usual good fortune deserted him, and after being severely wounded in the glens of Wallachia, he was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave at Constantinople, where a Turkish lady taking compassion on him, in the hopes of being able to restore him to liberty, caused him to be removed to a fortress in the Crimea. There he was most harshly treated; but rising against his oppressors, he escaped on horseback to the borders of Russia, enduring many hardships during his wanderings, which however were again mitigated by the gentle hand of woman; he at last, "bidding farewell to his companions in arms, resolved to return 'to his own sweet country.'" Before he had crossed the continent, the rumours of a war in Morocco attracted his daring spirit, and it was some time before he reached his native land. He then entered with enthusiasm into the project of colonizing Virginia; and his experience of human nature, his firmness of disposition, and power of enduring every hardship, admirably fitted him for the duties he undertook, of regulating the turbulent and often desperate spirits that composed the infant colony. The same romance attended him in his expedition amongst the Indians, for the purpose of exploring the geography of the country, and when surrounded by the painted warriors, who doomed him to death, from his having gained that ascendancy over their minds by his fearlessness of disposition, the tomahawk was already raised with unerring aim, when an Indian maiden,

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan the chief, rushing to him and clinging to his neck, the warrior's arm was irresistibly arrested and his life was saved. The Indians were awed by this unlooked-for interruption. They felt that it was an interposition of the Great Spirit, and Smith was received as their brother and made one in their councils.

More emigrants arrived, but they consisted of "vagabond gentlemen and goldsmiths," sent out by the council in England, with the hopes of sending home immeasurable riches. The mistaken policy of the London company caused a change in the constitution of the colony. A new charter was granted, transferring to the company the powers which had previously been vested in the king. The auspices were far more cheering, and five hundred emigrants left their native country. Lord Delaware was appointed governor and captain-general for life. The fleet unfortunately was dispersed by a storm, and only seven ships arrived in Virginia. Their arrival was a fortunate relief for the distressed colony. Smith, who resolutely maintained his authority over the "unruly herd," unfortunately met with a severe accident from an explosion of gunpowder, and resigning his command to Percy, returned to England, and for his long and faithful services received nothing but ingratitude and neglect. His memory however lives, and he justly merits the appellation of "the Father of Virginia." Had his high powers and reflecting mind met with their fellow, the first efforts in colonization would have been more successful, for he clearly perceived that it was not gold which it was the interest of England to seek for, "but to enforce regular industry." "Nothing," said he, "is to be expected thence but by labour."

On his departure he left behind him four hundred and ninety persons in the colony. In the short space of six months' indolence, vice and famine had reduced them to sixty, and if relief had not arrived so opportunely, few traces would have been found of the colony. It was on the 10th of June, 1610, that the restoration was begun, after a fervent prayer to God for its well-being and advancement. Lord Delaware's health sunk under the climate, and he was obliged to return to England, and his departure cast "a damp of coldness" on the hearts of the London company. Sir Thomas Dale, "a worthy and experienced soldier in the low countries," succeeded to the government. In a later age his introduction of martial law would have caused the utmost indignation, but the infant colony were unaccustomed to any franchises, and under Dale's administration the colony assumed a more cheerful aspect. A new

charter was issued in 1612 confirming its stability ; and the natives, feeling the supremacy of the English, recognized by a formal treaty the authority of King James. An interesting circumstance happened at this time. A foraging party stole away the daughter of Powhatan and demanded a ransom. The indignant tribe were preparing for hostilities, when a young Englishman, John Rolfe, captivated by the gentle qualities and native dignity of the fair Indian, demanded her in marriage of her father, and its solemnization was the signal for the war hatchet to be buried. She was instructed in the English tongue, and accompanied her husband to his own court, where she was admired and caressed. But, alas ! the English climate was not fitted for this gentle flower of the wilderness. She died at the early age of twenty-two, just when she was about to return to her native country. In June, 1619, the authority of the Governor of Virginia, was, at the instance of the London company, controlled by a council, and in the same month the first colonial assembly met together at Jamestown, consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of the eleven boroughs, who were styled burgesses. Such was the early dawn of legislative liberty in America. The ancient planters had already, under the administration of Yeardley, been absolved from all further voluntary service to the colony, and now the possession of their estates being fully confirmed to them, the people of England were eager to risk their fortunes in the same country : previous to this period few women had ventured to the new continent. A speculation was entered into by the corporation to send some over, and about an hundred and sixty actually embarked, being severally valued at the price of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. They were followed by many more of both sexes, so that within three years about three thousand five hundred people, amongst whom were many Puritans, increased the colony. A memorable assembly was convened in July, 1621, and a written code was given to the colony, which was very similar to the English constitution, and was the model of those which were subsequently introduced into the other provinces. Mr. Reeves remarks, in the preface to his translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, that the more ancient parts of our constitution are revived in that of the United States, while those of the Feudal or Norman are excluded. Their dispensation of justice in their county courts has originated from the Saxon laws, and this common source of

our liberties forms the basis of the American constitution. Mr. Bancroft has dedicated a portion of his work to the history of slavery and its gradual diffusion over the world, and again its diminution as the spirit of Christianity became firmer established. Tocqueville remarks that "Slavery dishonours labour. It introduces idleness into society, and with idleness, ignorance and pride, luxury and distress. It enervates the power of the mind and benumbs the activity of man." Its history may be traced in the United States from the works before us. The time has not yet arrived for its abolition ; at the present period, even when so much has been done by England for its extinction, the traffic has *increased* and is flourishing under the Spanish and Portuguese flags.

The soil for slavery was already prepared in Virginia by a kind of conditional servitude, which early existed between the servant and the master. "The supply of white servants became a regular business." They were sent over at the rate of eight or ten pounds a-piece, and often resold at forty or fifty pounds. The apprenticed servants, however, gave way to the large importations of negroes. Their labour was considered necessary to the well-being of the colony, and the policy of slavery was admitted and advocated by many of the southern states in after-times. The navigation act was an important epoch in the maritime world.

Spain and Portugal having found their way to America and round the Cape of Good Hope, tried to establish a monopoly of the traffic of the whole world ; severe penalties were adjudged against those who infringed it. The consequence was, that the seas were infested with pirates, who boldly pillaged the richly laden vessels, and often made predatory incursions into the settlements ; for the free-booter could not suffer more than the merchant who should infringe the monopoly. During the reign of James and Charles the First, the Dutch by their energy and perseverance began to engross the trade of the world ; their ships were seen in every part of the globe. So much influence did they gain, that English sailors sought employment under the Dutch flag, and "English ships lay rotting at the wharves ; English ship-building was an unprofitable vocation." The energetic spirit of Cromwell employed itself in protecting the British shipping, and the Puritan St. John devised the first act of navigation, which was carried through parliament by Whitelocke. A naval war ensued : we need not dwell on the glorious manner in which the supremacy of England was established over the seas. "Jamaica and the Act of Navigation are the



permanent monuments of Cromwell." We pass over the colonization of Maryland, merely remarking that Lord Baltimore, who was a papist, was the person who matured the plan for the colonization of that portion of America. His brother, Leonard Calvert, led the emigrants in person (consisting of about two hundred people, most of them Catholics) to the new land. Our author gives an interesting account of the early struggles of the papist colony, and we pass on to the history of the pilgrims.

The austere principles of Puritanism were practised by these emigrants. They tolerated no ceremony unless enjoined by the word of God in the book of Truth. They adhered to the Established Church as far as their interpretations would allow them, and asserting the equality of the inferior clergy, resisted the supremacy of the bishops. The surplice and square cap were rejected "as the livery of superstition." The horrors of Mary's reign induced multitudes to hurry away into other lands, to escape from the fearful oppression of their own country. There were two parties—one who tried to establish the forms of discipline in the Church, which had been approved of by parliament in the reign of Edward; the other, "on the contrary, endeavoured to sweeten exile by a complete emancipation from ceremonies which they had reluctantly observed," and these were the Puritans. Mr. Bancroft's remarks on the progress of religious opinion in England, the origin of the Independents, and the persecution of all Non-conformists, are very interesting. The account of the theological conferences which James held at Hampton Court, and the pedantry of the royal theologian, are amusingly given. The Puritans, now resolved upon exile, made an attempt to leave their native country, but were prevented by the magistrates.

"The next spring the design was renewed. An unfrequented heath in Lincolnshire was the place of secret meeting. As if it had been a crime to escape from persecution, the embarkation was to be made under the shelter of darkness. After having encountered a night storm, just as a boat was bearing a part of the emigrants to their ship, a company of horsemen appeared in pursuit, and seized on the helpless women and children, who had not yet ventured on the surf. 'Pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in distress; what weeping and crying on every side.' But when they were apprehended, it seemed impossible to punish and imprison wives and children for no other crime than that they would go with their husbands and fathers. They could not be sent home, for 'they had no homes to go to;' so that at last the magistrates were 'glad to be rid of them on any terms;' 'though in the mean

time they, poor souls, endured misery enough.' Such was the flight of Robinson and Brewster, and their followers, from the land of their fathers."—vol. i. p. 302.

They arrived at Amsterdam, and afterwards removed to Leyden, where they remained about eleven years. Still retaining a love for their government and native country, they were led "to the generous purpose of recovering the protection of England by enlarging her dominions," and accordingly Robert Cushman and John Carver were sent as envoys to England, to obtain the consent of the Virginia company. The pilgrims early displayed their principles of democratic liberty, when they transmitted their request, signed by the congregation.

"We are well weaned," added Robinson and Brewster, "from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land; the people are industrious and frugal; we are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's goods and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."—vol. i. p. 304.

The terms of the contract between the pilgrims and the London company show the severe and grasping nature of their demands upon this simple people. The whole company formed one partnership, and the services of each emigrant were rated at ten pounds a head, to go to the company; all profits for seven years were sequestrated and divided amongst the shareholders and the London merchant, who embarked a hundred pounds, and received "ten-fold more than the pennyless emigrant for his entire services." We will give the account of the departure of the emigrants for the land of promise in Mr. Bancroft's own words:

"And now the English at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure. The *Speedwell*, a ship of sixty tons, was purchased in London; the *May Flower*, a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in England. These could hold but a minority of the congregation, and Robinson was therefore detained at Leyden, while Brewster, the teaching elder, conducted the emigrants. Every enterprise of the pilgrims began from God. A solemn fast was held. 'Let us seek God,' said they, 'a right way for us and our little ones, and for all our substance.' Anticipating their high destiny, and the sublime doctrines of liberty that would grow out of the principles on which their religious tenets were established, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion and an independence of authority, such as then were hardly

known in the world. 'I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.' The pilgrims were accompanied from Leyden to Delft Haven, where the night was passed 'in friendly and Christian converse.' As morning dawned, Carver, Bradford and Winslow, Brewster, the ruling elder, Allerton and the brave faithful Standish, with their equal associates—a feeble band for a perilous enterprise—bade farewell to Holland, while Robinson, kneeling in prayer by the sea side, gave to their embarkation the sanctity of a religious rite."—vol. i. pp. 306, 307.

They arrived safely at Plymouth, and leaving behind them a few of the "cowardly and disaffected," on the 6th of September, 1620, thirteen years after the colonization of Virginia, the little band set sail for the new world, and on Monday, the 11th of December, old style, "the Pilgrim Fathers" landed at Plymouth. The rock which received their first footsteps is venerated by posterity, and travellers at the present time carry away small portions as relics. Such was the commencement of the first attempt to colonize New England, by a people whose simple virtues have been commemorated by historians and poets. Puritanism has been remembered more for its outward peculiarities than for the real truth and purity of its principles. Their enthusiasm in many instances carried them too far, and exposed them to censure and ridicule, but we must not forget that they in every way acted up to their principles, that religion formed a part of their daily and hourly avocations. Every congregation had the right of electing its own minister, and religion being with the people, and being exercised by themselves, all ecclesiastical tyranny was set aside—"the voice of the majority was the voice of God; and the issue of Puritanism was therefore popular sovereignty." With all their simplicity, activity and intelligence formed a part of their character, and with a firm faith in his Creator, the Puritan never wanted courage. "He that prays best and preaches best, will fight best," was the opinion of Cromwell; and we remember another remark of that celebrated soldier, previous to his commence-

ing a battle, which is an illustration of the blunt religious feelings of the times, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Loyalty was not inconsistent with their democratic tenets. Before even they landed they drew up a solemn instrument, commencing with

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."—vol. i. p. 309.

Their early struggles were borne with calmness and cheerful resignation. The seeds of democratic liberty took firm root, and were gradually reared until they stood in their own strength. Europe had at that time but little thought for the obscure community, which was silently making its way; they gradually freed themselves from their debts, and became the freeholders of the soil they cultivated. The progress of population was slow, but their courage failed not.

"Out of small beginnings," said Bradford, "great things have been produced, and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort to one whole nation; let it not be grievous to you that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

It was in 1622, that the extended colonization of New England was projected, and we must refer our readers to the work itself for the account of the colonization of Maine and of Massachusetts. The charter granted to this latter colony passed the great seals a few days before Charles the First announced his intention of governing without a parliament. The charter bearing the signature of that king was long preserved as a most important document, for it secured to the colony a corporation. It was not, however, until thirty or forty years after, in the reign of Charles the Second, that their existence was legally recognized by a royal charter.

The concession of the charter to Massachusetts was an important epoch in the history of colonization. It was proposed by

Mathew Cradock that the charter should be transferred to those freemen who inhabited the colony. A meeting was held at Cambridge, and an agreement made amongst men of fortune and talent, that they should embark for America, provided the whole government should be legally transferred to them and their fellow colonists. This plan was energetically advocated by the family of the Winthrops.

On October the 20th, 1629, a court was convened, and John Winthrop was chosen governor. His character was admirably formed for this office. Eminently pious, he possessed a calm decision and gentleness of temper. He was a firm royalist and opposed to pure democracy, yet possessing a true regard for popular liberties. At one period of his administration he was accused of committing some arbitrary acts, and it was on that occasion he pronounced that very fine definition of liberty which Tocqueville has quoted in his Democracy :

"Nor would I have you to mistake in the point of your own liberty. There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts to do as they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty '*sumus omnes deteriores*,' 'tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you will in all administration for your good be quietly submitted unto by all but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority."

Such were the sentiments of Winthrop which were diffused among the people, and which give us a good picture of the state of Anglo-American civilisation of that period. About fifteen hundred souls accompanied Winthrop; they found the colony in a deplorable state, and they themselves suffered much after their arrival. Their trials were augmented by witnessing the sufferings of the women, who struggled with them through the same sorrows. Arabella Johnson was hurried by grief to her grave, and her husband, subdued by disease and sorrow, soon followed her, but "he died willingly and in sweet peace, making a most godly end." Two hundred died before December. Those who survived were supported

by their faith in the Divine Being. In August, 1630, the government was more fully organized, and it was finally determined that the governor and assistants should be annually chosen. The Indians were anxious to make friends with the strangers, and both the Mohegans and nearer Nipmucks came to smoke the pipe of peace. The son of the aged Canonicus brought presents to the governor, and the great Mantonmoh, chief of the Narragansetts, became the guest of Winthrop. A friendly intercourse was also set on foot with the other European settlements, and the Governor of Massachusetts with Wilson, the pastor of Boston, made a journey to Plymouth, where they were met by Bradford and Brewster, and their friendly union was confirmed. From this moment a rapid progress was made in popular liberty. The history of Roger Williams, who arrived at Nantasket in February, 1631, contains some interesting details. His clearness of mind and the purity and truth of his doctrines are well described and commented upon by Mr. Bancroft. We have not space to dwell upon his exile and wrongs, nor upon the colonization of Connecticut in 1630. England was not indifferent to the well-being of the colonies. Many complaints were made of the disorder of the plantations, and the high church party, jealous of the success of the Puritans in the new world, willingly listened to these insinuations. Finally a requisition was forwarded, which commanded the letters patent of the company to be produced in England. Massachusetts was prepared to resist the innovation, and a subscription was raised for fortifications. The fury of the bishops made the pillory become a scene of torture and bloodshed. A proclamation was now made to prevent the emigration of Puritans, and hemmed in on every side, they tried to escape, but the Privy Council prevented the squadron of eight ships from sailing. Mr. Bancroft is of an opinion that there is nothing to corroborate the story of Cromwell and Hampden being on board this fleet. Hampden's "maxim in life forbade retreat," and Cromwell was equally resolute. The fleet was only detained a few days, and had they been on board they would have reached New England with the rest. Before the assembling of the Long Parliament, about twenty-one thousand two hundred souls arrived in New England, and in less than ten years fifty towns and villages had risen up. Rhode Island soon after obtained its charter through the energetic labours of Roger Williams, and to Sir Henry Vane it owed its existence as a political state—

"under God, the sheet anchor of Rhode Island was Sir Henry." Maine was in 1652 attached to Massachusetts, and thus extended its frontier to the islands in Casco Bay. The history of the political parties in this colony is curious: the result was the trial of Winthrop, "who appeared at the bar only to triumph in his integrity." Much discussion took place in the Parliament of England as to the allegiance that Massachusetts owed to the mother country. They contended that it should be the same as the free Hanse towns had rendered to the Empire. The Elders were prepared to resist the authority of the Long Parliament, and remonstrated with great frankness. Sir Henry Vane showed himself a true friend to New England, and after much deliberation the Parliament replied—"we encourage no appeals from your justice, we leave you with all the freedom and latitude that may in any respect be duly claimed by you." Such was the state of the colonies at the restoration of the Stuarts. Cromwell had left the benefits of self government and the freedom of commerce to New England and Virginia, and they looked forward with anxiety to the measures which should be adopted by the restored dynasty.

The Restoration naturally produced a corresponding change in the colonial policy. England was tired of democracy, and royalty was everywhere regarded with enthusiasm, but there were many who suffered as regicides, and amongst these the pious and zealous Hugh Peters; and it is a stain upon the history of our country, when we reflect that the corpses of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, by order of the Parliament, were disinterred and dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, and there hung at the three corners of the gallows, to avenge the death of Charles. A subsidy of five per cent. was granted to Charles the Second by the Parliament on all merchandize "exported from or imported into the kingdom of England or any of his majesty's dominions thereto belonging."

The New England shipping excited the jealousy of the English merchants, and it was determined that the New England merchants should not compete with the English in their markets, in the southern plantations, and finally America was forbidden either to manufacture any article which might compete with the English in the foreign markets, or even to supply herself by her own industry. Such was the increasing monopoly, and such was the policy of Great Britain towards her colonies. The colonist reaped little benefit in the sale of his produce, for the English were the only purchasers, and almost fixed their own price. "The merchant

of Bristol or London was made richer; the planter of Virginia or Maryland was made poorer. No value was created; one lost what the other gained; and both parties had equal claims to the benevolence of the legislature." Mr. Bancroft points out a curious truth with respect to the Navigation Act, involving the foreign policy of England in contradictions. Monopolizing her own colonial trade, she at the same time was making every effort to enfranchise the trade of the Spanish settlements. It was however the private merchant who gained by the taxation of the colonies, and not the people, and the monopoly therefore was a failure. Mr. Bancroft's description of Charles's character is rather biased. He forgets the dangerous position of a monarch surrounded by flattery and adulation. The character of his court was essentially vicious, but we believe that there were some good points in "the merry monarch," which might have led to others had he been more fortunate in his companions. Massachusetts was in no haste to approach the English sovereign, being strong in her charter. Plymouth, Hartford, New Haven, and Rhode Island, proclaimed the king, and the younger Winthrop went to London as the representative of Connecticut. His superior talents obtained for that colony an ample patent, and secured to the country a century of peace. Before he returned to America he assisted in the formation of the Royal Society, and has left a name equally honoured by both countries. We must pass over the history of Connecticut and the period at which Rhode Island received her charter. Its chief feature was that of religious freedom being established in every sense. "No person shall at any time hereafter be anyways called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion."

Massachusetts was divided in her opinions; the one party wished to maintain an independent administration with undiminished rigour, while the other were for making certain concessions to the ministry of Clarendon. Envoys accordingly were despatched to London, and the royal answer was returned:—

"A confirmation of the Charter was granted, and an amnesty of all offences during the late troubles was conditionally promised. But the king asserted his right to interfere in the domestic concerns of the colony; he demanded a repeal of all laws derogatory to his authority; the administration of the oath of allegiance; the administration of justice in his name; the complete toleration of the Church of England; and a concession of the elective franchise to every inhabitant possessing a competent estate."

The demand of the king was not complied with, and measures were taken for resisting

the royal authority. The intelligence was already circulated that commissioners were on their way to regulate the affairs of New England. The result was, that the English ministry considered it impolitic to interfere with the colony, and amidst the trifling pleasures of the court, Massachusetts was forgotten. Prosperity in every way attended her, and the patriarchs of the country had the satisfaction of looking upon it before they closed their eyes. In 1675, the white population of New England was estimated at fifty-five thousand souls.

"Of these Plymouth may have contained not much less than seven thousand; Connecticut nearly fourteen thousand; Massachusetts proper more than twenty-two thousand; and Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, each perhaps four thousand. The settlements were chiefly agricultural communities, planted near the sea side, and stretching along the ocean from New Haven to Pemaquid. The beaver trade, even more than traffic in lumber and fish, had produced the fine settlements beyond the Piscataqua; yet in Maine, as in New Hampshire, there was a 'great trade in deal boards.' Most of the towns were insulated settlements near the sea, on rivers, which were employed to drive the saw-mills, then described as a 'late invention'; and cultivation had not extended into the interior. Haverhill on the Merrimack was a frontier town; from Connecticut emigrants had ascended the river as far as the rich meadows of Deerfield and Northfield, but to the west Berkshire was a wilderness; Westfield was the remotest plantation. Between the towns of the Connecticut River and the cluster of towns near Massachusetts Bay, Lancaster and Brookfield were the solitary settlements of Christians in the desert. The colonies, except Rhode Island, were united; the government of Massachusetts extended to the Kennebeck, and included more than half the population of New England; the confederacy of the colonies had also been renewed, in anticipation of danger."—vol. ii. p. 93.

West of St. Croix, the number of Indians amounted to about fifty thousand. Such was the state of Anglo-America in 1675. We pass over the account of the Praying Indians, who, through Eliot and the "gentle Mayhew," were won over to a new religion. The Narragansetts, however, one of the most powerful tribes between Connecticut and Plymouth, retained the faith of their fathers, together with Philip of Pokanoket, who led about seven hundred warriors. His father, the aged Massasoit, had received the pilgrims when they first planted their foot in his country. Continued sales had gradually crowded the natives into small tongues of land, and they saw their hunting grounds and parks, their corn fields and pastures, fading from their possession. The young warriors in the wigwam listened to the tales of the old chiefs,

of the lands that their fathers possessed, and their indignant spirit longed to uproot the hatchet of peace. A man who had given information of the chieftain possessing English arms, "an unlawful thing," was murdered by the tribe. They in their turn were seized, and being tried, were executed. This was sufficient to light up the smouldering revenge of their brothers, and eight or nine white men were slain near Swansey. Then arose the horrors of an Indian war, and Philip; "against his judgment and will," was compelled to lead forth his warriors. The colonists lost no time in making preparations, and volunteers poured in from Massachusetts and joined the troops at Plymouth. It was a warfare which required constant activity, for they had to deal with men endowed with singular faculties, silent and stealthy in their movements, swift of foot, and admirable marksmen, and who possessed the superior advantage of knowing every path of the forest, and could detect, by the leaf lightly folded in the path, or even from the dew but partially scattered from the drooping plant, the trail of the enemy.

"The labourer in the field, the reapers as they went forth to the harvest, men as they went to mill, the shepherd's boy among the sheep, were shot down by skulking foes, whose approach was invisible. Who can tell the heavy hours of woman? The mother, if left alone in the house, feared the tomahawk for herself and children; on a sudden attack, the husband would fly with one child, the wife with another, and, perhaps, one only escape! The village cavalcade, making its way to meeting on Sunday in files on horseback, the farmer, holding the bridle in one hand, and a child in the other, his wife seated on a pillion behind him, it may be with a child in her lap, as was the fashion in those days, could not proceed safely; but, at the moment when least expected, bullets would come whizzing by them, discharged with fatal aim from an ambuscade by the way side. The forest that protected the ambush of the Indians secured their retreat. They hung upon the skirts of the English villages 'like the lightning on the edge of the clouds.'"—Vol. ii. p. 103.

During the winter, the war was attended with less danger to the English; for the forests were bare, and afforded little protection to the skulking natives. But the miseries they endured were very great, and one town after another was laid in ashes by the Indian warriors. Under the gallant Turner a band was successfully led against them, and their numbers dwindled away; hope deserted them, and the gradual extermination of the tribe took place. Philip himself was chased from one haunt to another; at last his wife and children were taken prisoners. "My heart breaks," said

the Sachem; "now I am ready to die." And thus passed away the Narragansetts, one of the most prosperous tribes of New England. We have a curious instance of Charles the Second's absurd liberality to his favourites when he gave away "all the dominion of land and water, called Virginia," to Lord Culpepper, at that time a member of the commission for trade and plantations, and also to Henry, Earl of Arlington, a princely and well-bred person, and fond of everything that was courtly and extravagant. The colonists were alarmed at the dangers which threatened them, and envoys were immediately despatched to remonstrate with the king. They set forth the natural liberties which they were entitled to, and their exemption from any arbitrary taxation; but they made no progress after being detained more than twelve months in the country. It was a dangerous policy, on the part of Charles, to abridge the liberties of a people who enjoyed more freedom of life and thought than any other nation. The people then "were children of the wood, nurtured in the freedom of the wilderness;" clusters of houses were rarely met with, far less a village. Even James' Town consisted of only a state-house, one church, and eighteen houses; there were few roads beyond the bridle-path; neither books nor newspapers lightened their leisure hours; and those who did possess riches lived after the manner of the patriarchs of old, with their servants and flocks about them. Such was the state of the people when Charles attempted to bind by rigid and burdensome exactions. "Loyalty was a feeblèr passion than the love of liberty"—"men feared injustice more than they feared disorder." The Seneca Indians had driven the Susquehannahs from the head of the Chesapeake to near the Piscataways, on the Potomac; and murders were committed on the borders of Virginia, which were avenged by the militia. John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, led a body into Maryland to aid the people against the enemy; six chieftains came forward, wishing to make a treaty, and such were the vengeful passions of the English, that they were murdered. Sir William Berkeley, although he is represented as a tyrannical and obstinate man, yet, with the prompt gallantry of an old cavalier, displayed a feeling which did honour to him, in rebuking the horrible outrage that was committed. Such was the state of Virginia, when Nathaniel Bacon, a young and wealthy planter, feeling the abuses of the times, was chosen by the people as their leader. His character speedily indicated that "he had not yielded the love of freedom to the enthu-

siasm of royalty." He carried his principles with him to the banks of the James' River; and the people flocked to his standard; such was the commencement of "the Grand Rebellion in Virginia." The lower counties took up arms, and demanded a dissolution of the old Assembly; Berkeley was compelled to yield, and new writs were issued. The greatest portion of the new members, together with Thomas Godwin, their speaker, were "much infected" with the political principles of Bacon, who was appointed commander-in-chief, and was hailed by the people as "the darling of their hopes." The acts of this Assembly restored the liberties of the people; but as they were not acceded to by Berkeley, Bacon withdrew from the city, and re-appeared at the head of five hundred men. The old governor advanced to meet them, and, baring his rugged breast, he said, "A fair mark, shoot!"—"I will not," replied Bacon, "hurt a hair of your head, or of any man's; we are come for the commission to save our lives from the Indians."

Berkeley eventually yielded the commission, and a milder form of legislation was adopted by the Assembly. Tranquillity did not, however, long continue; for, through the vacillation of the governor, Bacon was again declared a traitor, and the civil war was renewed. We cannot follow the varied fortunes of the opposite parties; it ended with the death of Bacon, who sickened from a fever, and with the dismissal of Sir William Berkeley. "The old fool," said Charles, "has taken away more lives in that naked country, than I for the murder of my father." The results of this insurrection were by no means favourable to the colony; for the royal favour was considerably lessened, and a liberal charter was denied to them. A patent was conferred upon them, but not giving them one political franchise.

We pass over the account of the New Netherlands, and proceed to Mr. Bancroft's interesting description of the Quakers. This sect arose at a period when great difference of opinion existed in religion; almost all parties were opposed to each other, and reform was their continued theme. On the continent the doctrines of Descartes had caused an inquiry after truth, and the study of morals and the mind. The faith of the Quaker was based upon these principles; but the chief feature in it was his possession of "the inner light," or the inward voice of God in himself. This it was that aided him in all his actions and thoughts, and, being a portion of the spirit of God, guided him to virtue. It was "the highest revelation of truth," and the Creator having given it to every man, gave therefore

equal rights to the human race—"intellectual freedom, the supremacy of the mind, universal enfranchisement." Such was the result of the contemplative devotions of George Fox, the son of "righteous Christopher," a Leicestershire weaver. Like David and Tamerlane, and Sixtus the Fifth, he employed his time as a shepherd, and his early youth was passed in frequent prayers and fasts, and deep meditation. He became miserable in his religious thoughts, and continually "questioned his life." He made a journey to London, and consulted many priests; but they gave him no comfort, and he returned again to the country to his solitary walks and secret communings. He felt that God dwelt not in temples of stone, but in the hearts of men; the light dawned upon him, and gave repose to his aching spirit; the agony of doubt was removed, and he felt that truth could only be sought "by listening to the voice of God in the soul."

"At the very crisis, when the House of Commons was abolishing monarchy and the peerage, about two years and a half from the day when Cromwell went on his knees to kiss the hand of the young boy who was Duke of York, the Lord, who sent George Fox into the world, forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and he was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without respect to rich or poor, to great or small. The sound of the church bell in Nottingham, the home of his boyhood, struck to his heart; like Milton and Roger Williams, his soul abhorred the hireling ministry of diviners for money; and on the morning of a first day, he was moved to go to a great steeple-house, and cry against the idol. 'When I came there,' says Fox, 'the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in the pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter; 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy;' and told the people this was the scriptures. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out, 'Oh no! it is not the scriptures, it is the spirit.'—Vol. ii. p. 334.

Fox was most undaunted in his enthusiasm. He proclaimed his principles everywhere; and at Lancaster, forty priests appeared against him, and he was imprisoned and ill-treated. He, however, rebuking their conduct as "exceeding rude and devilish," battled every point with them. Driven from place to place, his fame increased with his persecution, and crowds gathered together to hear him; and so powerful and vigorous were his arguments, that the priests avoided him when he came near, "so that it was a dreadful thing to them when it was told them, 'the man in leather breeches is come.'"

The principles of the Quaker exhibit, however, a dangerous enthusiasm, and re-

peatedly scriptural contradiction; they forget that the mind may be led away by too great a dependence on its powers, and that the "inner light" may, under temptation, prove but an ignis fatuus. And it remains with them to indicate the method or criterion of judgment by which a man may be enabled to distinguish the working of the spirit from the powers of his own mind, a task to which no modern metaphysician is equal. They favoured, however, no Romanist views of celibacy, no monasteries, or nunneries, "or religious bedlams;" but, feeling that the "inner light" is shed alike upon woman as upon man, that she was formed to be his equal companion in the journey of life, they founded the institution of marriage on permanent affection, and not on transient passion.

"The supremacy of mind abrogated ceremonies; the Quaker regarded 'the substance of things,' and broke up forms as the nests of superstition. Every Protestant refused the rosary and censor; the Quaker rejects common prayer, and his adoration of God is the free language of his soul. He remembers the sufferings of divine philanthropy, but uses neither wafer nor cup. He trains up his children to fear God, but never sprinkles them with baptismal water. He ceases from labour on the first day of the week for the ease of creation, and not from reverence for a holiday. The Quaker is a pilgrim on earth, and life is but the ship that bears him to the haven; he mourns in his mind for the departure of friends by respecting their advice, taking care of their children, and loving those that they loved; and this seems better than outward emblems of sorrowing. His words are always freighted with innocence and truth; God, the searcher of hearts, is the witness to his sincerity: but kissing a book, or lifting a hand, is a superstitious vanity, and the sense of duty cannot be increased by an imprecation."—Vol. ii. pp. 346, 347.

Such was the character of the people who met with so many grievous oppressions during the Long Parliament, that they eagerly looked to the new world for a resting place. We pass over the purchase of the moiety of New Jersey by John Fenwick in 1674, who safely arrived in this asylum with several families. In March, 1677, the fundamental laws of New Jersey were perfected, and English Quakers eagerly sought a land of peace and safety. The only drawback to the success of the colony was, that the agent of the Duke of York demanded customs from the ships that passed up to New Jersey. The arguments against him were triumphant, and the tax was considered illegal, and after this everything prospered. The history of the purchase of Pennsylvania by William Penn is too well known to need our commenting upon it. The character of this remarkable man is well described by

Mr. Bancroft. He was hardly twelve years of age before his religious views displayed themselves, and his father, determined to subdue his enthusiasm, shut his door upon him; but, retaining a parent's feelings, he recalled him, and gave him permission to travel. He acquired by it grace of manners and those accomplishments which, when he returned to London and became a student of Lincoln's Inn, caused him to be considered "a most modish fine gentleman." But notwithstanding the favourable position he held in life, both in regard to wealth and the preferment which was before him, he had "a deep sense of the vanity of the world, and the irreligiousness of religion." Whilst under the influence of these feelings, he met in Ireland, in 1666, his old friend Thomas Loe, who soon awoke the fires which slumbered within his breast. He returned to England, and it was a capital jest amongst his former fashionable companions, that "William Penn was a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing." Cast off by his indignant father, he became an author, and published to the world his tenets. Penn was arraigned for speaking at a Quakers' meeting. The recorder, dissatisfied with the first verdict given by the jury, abused them, and said, "We will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!" "You are Englishmen," said Penn, "mind your privilege, give not away your right." "It will never be well with us," said the recorder, "till something like the Spanish inquisition be in England." A verdict of "not guilty" was pronounced, and the impartial recorder fined the unfortunate jurymen forty marks a-piece for their independence, and sent Penn back to prison for contempt of court. The fines, however, were paid by his father, who, then on his death-bed, said, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of the priests." Many were the remonstrances which he received for "associating with such simple people," but his reply was, "I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked." It was on his release from a lonely imprisonment in Newgate, that he travelled into Holland and Germany, and married a woman, whose sweetness of temper and firmness of spirit were eminently calculated to give him happiness; "she chose him before many suitors, and blessed him with a deep and upright love."

We will not dwell upon the many noble efforts of this great man to ensure the liberty of his fellow friends. His hopes were entirely frustrated in parliament; and he turned his attention to the establishment of a free government in the new world. His exertions,

coupled with those of Barclay, had been very extensive in "evangelizing" the continent; his visits were received by the simple people with enthusiasm. Penn was eminently distinguished for his sweetness of disposition, and that perfect absence of selfishness in all his actions. He gave himself up to the consciousness of the inner light; but the great powers of his mind prevented any want of harmony in his thoughts and actions. Believing that God dwelt in every man's conscience, and that his light shone in every soul, he built, to use his own words, "a free colony for all mankind." Such were a few of the qualities of "the Quaker King," as he was designated on his arrival on the Banks of the Delaware, when about to commence "the holy experiment." How different was his entrance into the new world from that of Cortez and Pizarro! His first grand treaty, beneath a large elm tree at Shakamaxon, was made with the men of the Algonquin race; and he pronounced the same message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and irresistibly won their confidence.

"We meet," said he, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."—vol. ii. pp. 363, 364.

The warriors long after would count over their shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their memory and that of their children this covenant of peace and friendship, which was confirmed neither by signatures nor seals, but was graven on the hearts of men under the bright blue sky, and was not to be forgotten.

The City of Philadelphia, laid out in February, 1683, on a site "not surpassed," rapidly increased, and before two years had elapsed, the place contained more than six hundred houses, and education was making advances through the schoolmaster and printing press, and had thus made greater progress in that short space of time, than New York had done in half a century. William Penn having organized the government, and accomplished his mission, returned to England, where he answered all the eager inquiries after the colony by declaring that "things went on sweetly with friends in Pennsylvania, that they increased finally in outward things and in wisdom." His farewell to his people was



most touching, breathing a spirit of love and earnest affection.

"My love and my life are to you and with you, and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love, and you are beloved of me, and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace and plenty, all the land over." "And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, may soul pray to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed.—Dear friends, my love salutes you all."—vol. ii. p. 395.

The latter portion of the second volume is occupied with the account of the consolidation of the northern colonies by James the Second; and the narration of the wars of the five nations against the French forms an interesting portion of it. In 1688 the twelve states contained upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, and these were chiefly descended from the Germanic race. Few were of "the high folk of Normandie," but were from the Saxons or "low men." The revolution of 1688 greatly tended to the increase of English liberty. The abdication of James the Second, and the election of a king by the popular party, was a triumph over the old prejudices of the aristocracy. The supremacy of parliament was established, and it was a singular instance of a revolution being effected without bloodshed—so much so, that the standing armies were disbanded, and William's Dutch guards were dismissed. As the revolutionists respected the proprietaries of Carolina, the insurrectionary government very soon ceased. The people declared that they would be governed by the powers granted by the charter; and thus the legislation of Shaftesbury and Locke perished. "Palatines, landgraves, and caciques, 'the nobility' of the Carolina statute book, were doomed to pass away."

The revolution gave to Virginia a guarantee for her liberties, a just administration of law, but in other respects her form of government was but little changed. Francis Nicholson was the first person in the reign of King William who entered the "ancient dominion" as lieutenant governor, and his powers enabled him to hold almost as many seals of office as are vested in the whole cabinet of our own country, for he was lieutenant-general and admiral, lord treasurer and chancellor, the chief judge in all the courts, president of the council, and lastly bishop or ordinary. Fortunately for the good people of Virginia, his power was checked to a certain extent by

the council and general assembly. One of the chief safeguards to the liberty in Virginia, was the individual freedom of mind which characterized every landholder. Tobacco at that period was the only currency, taxes were paid in it, and remittances made to Europe in the same article, and ships were obliged to lie whole months waiting for the cargo, which was collected from the different plantations. For three-quarters of a century, Virginia had enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity and peace, and although there were occasional outbursts of party spirit, yet the colony bore a character in England for being in perfect peace and tranquillity, and in obedience to the royal authority. We shall next notice the curious account Mr. Bancroft gives of the supposed witchcraft practised in Massachusetts.

The statute book asserted the existence of witchcraft by establishing the punishment of death on the conviction of an offender. The superstition was carried to a curious extent, and was fomented to a great degree by the vanity of Cotton Mather, who "wishing to confute the Sadducees" of his times, made various experiments upon the power of demons, as to whether they could know the thoughts of others, and the inference he drew was that "all devils are not alike sagacious." "Witchcraft," shouted Cotton Mather from the pulpit, "is the most nefarious high treason against the Majesty on high," and accordingly he printed a discourse with a narrative of the case of the daughter of John Goodwin, who was bewitched, and to his great delight declared that no devils had the power of entering his study, and that God would protect him from any blows which might be inflicted upon him by unclean spirits. Many of our readers must remember the curious accounts of the supposed cases of witchcraft practised at Salem, which originated first of all in the persons of the daughter and niece of Samuel Parris the minister. Cotton Mather eagerly pursued the unfortunate victims of suspicion, and although examinations and commitments became very general, but few confessions were made, although it was hinted that the confession of the crime was the only mode to obtain pardon. Thus the gallows was set up "not for those who professed themselves witches, but for those who rebuked the delusion." Dreadful were the crimes committed by these "witch hunters," and not only were numbers of people led to the gallows, but others endured more horrible deaths; and we have one instance of a man, Giles Cory, an octogenarian, being *pressed* to death for refusing to plead; but the influence of Cotton Mather, notwithstanding his narrative of "the wonders of the invisible world," began to decline.

The last case was that of Sarah Darton, an old woman of eighty years of age, who had enjoyed the reputation of being a witch for the last twenty years. The trial came on in Charlestown; and although there were more charges brought against her than had been adduced against any other person in Salem, yet the public, tired of their prejudices, gave her a verdict of acquittal, and the indignation of the people drove Parris from the place. Cotton Mather still tried to persuade others as well as himself of his sincerity, but the errors of superstition were exploded.

The commercial rivalry between France and England is next introduced to our notice. Prior even to the days of Colbert, the former had become jealous of the colonial interests of the latter; at the same period when Queen Elizabeth had granted a charter to the East India company, France under Richelieu strove for the commerce of Asia. Again, when England took possession of Barbadoes and Nevis, and the whole of Jamaica, France held possession of the half of St. Christopher, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and other small islets. The national antipathy was fostered in every manner, and under Colbert and Leiquelay she made such rapid progress in her naval power and in manufactures, and brought forward so great a competition, that England and France were looked upon as natural enemies, independent of other causes. Religious zeal was strongly instrumental in forwarding the commercial ambition of France; and in their earliest efforts to colonize America, Le Caron, Viel, and Sagard, priests of the Franciscan order, made their way as missionaries to the neutral Huron tribe, that dwelt by the Niagara. The establishment of "the Society of Jesus" by Loyola, was contemporary with the Reformation, and its zealous missionaries, enduring every toil with an enthusiasm that enkindled with danger, raised the standard of faith in all parts of the world.

Mr. Bancroft gives us a very interesting narrative of the labours of these men in Canada, who are connected with the origin of every town in French America, "not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." Brebeuf and Daniel, and the "gentler Lallemand," were amongst the first who encountered the horrors of the wilderness. Their journey by the Ottawa river was one of constant fatigue. Continually encountering waterfalls, where they were obliged to carry their canoe on their shoulders, and often dragging it by hand over shallows and rapids and the sharpest stones, they slowly advanced with their bruised and mangled feet; yet not in any degree fainting by the way, but with the breviary hung

around the neck, and their courage supported by their undying faith, they resolutely advanced from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness. It was to the north-west of Lake Toronto, near the shore of Lake Iroquois, that they erected the first chapel, "the cradle of His church which dwelt at Bethlehem in a cottage;" and here did they begin to chant the matins and vespers, and to consecrate the sacred bread by solemn mass before multitudes of the Huron warriors, who gazed with awe and admiration upon their rites. The hunter listened to the tale of our Saviour's death, and soon a feeling was raised in his breast to mingle his prayers with the holy fathers. Not very long after, two Christian villages, St. Louis and St. Ignatius, rose up in the Huron forest. The life of the missionary was calm and uniform.

"The earliest hours, from four to eight, were absorbed in private prayer; the day was given to schools, visits, instructions in the catechism and a service for proselytes. Sometimes, after the manner of St. Francis Xavier, Brebeuf would walk through the village and its environs, ringing a little bell, and inviting the Huron braves and councillors to a conference. There, under the shady forest, the most solemn mysteries of the Catholic faith were subjected to discussion. It was by such means that the sentiment of piety was unfolded in the breast of the great warrior of Ahasistari; nature had planted in his mind the seeds of religious faith. 'Before you came to this country,' he would say, 'when I have incurred the greatest perils and have alone escaped, I have said to myself, 'Some powerful spirit has the guardianship over my days;' and he professed his belief in Jesus, as the good genius and protector whom he had before unconsciously adored. After the trials of his sincerity, he was baptised, and enlisting a troop of converts, savages like himself, 'Let us strive,' he exclaimed, 'to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus.'"—Vol. iii, p. 125.

The news of the successful labours of the pious fathers awakened the liveliest interest and enthusiasm in France. Measures were taken for the establishment of a college in New France. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, aided by her uncle, Richelieu, endowed a public hospital, and the nuns of the hospital of Dieppe were selected (the eldest only twenty-nine) to exercise their patient benevolence in attending to the wants of the sick and afflicted, and the doors of the hospital were thrown open, not only to the emigrants, but to the numerous tribes who might require assistance. We are compelled to pass over the interesting account of the various missions which were undertaken in the service of God. The adventures of La Salle and the fate of his companions will reward the reader who should peruse them. The

history of the tribes of America and their character and natural endowments is too well known to need our dwelling upon them; to this, however, Mr. Bancroft has added a slight account of their language and dialects. We merely glance at the war between the French and Natchez in 1729. Loubois completed the destruction of this unhappy nation, and the Great Sun, with about four hundred prisoners, were sent to Hispaniola, and sold as slaves. In 1738 the progress of the Anglo-American colonies was very perceptible. During that year were built at Boston forty-one topsail vessels, their burden altogether amounting to about six thousand three hundred and twenty-four tons. The increase of the colonies caused great astonishment in England. At the peace of Utrecht, the Anglo-Americans amounted to about four hundred thousand, and before it was again broken, their numbers were doubled. Free schools and colleges were established, and to the excellent and liberal-hearted Berkeley was Rhode Island indebted for the endowment of a library, and New York for a college. The press began to put forth its mighty powers; on the fourth day of April, 1704, was published the first newspaper in the new world, entitled "The Boston News-Letter." In 1740 the number had increased to eleven. The subject of newspapers leads Mr. Bancroft to expatiate upon the character of Franklin, upon whom he pronounces a just encomium, and whose writings and life are now exhibited in a complete form by the biographer of Washington, Mr. Jared Sparks. Not long after this period, the abrogation of the charters was menaced, but the bill was dropped, chiefly through the eloquent tongue of Jeremiah Dummer, a native of New England. No attempt was made by England to tax America, although urged at one time by Sir William Keith, formerly governor of Pennsylvania. He suggested to the king, that the duties on stamps and parchments should be extended to America, but the commissioners of trade gave no heed to it: Sir Robert Walpole's policy was of a different nature.

"I will leave," said he, "the taxing of the British colonies for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and beless a friend to commerce than I am. It has been a maxim with me, during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies to the utmost latitude. Nay, it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe; for, by encouraging them in an extensive, growing foreign commerce, if they gain five hundred thousand pounds, I am convinced that in two years afterwards, full two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of this gain will be in his majesty's exchequer by the labour

and produce of this kingdom, as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and as they increase in the foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted. This is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution and laws."—vol. iii. p. 383.

The result was that a tax was levied on America through its consumption. The law was exercised in the extreme point, and every form of competition in industry was discouraged. In 1719 the House of Commons declared "that erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependence on Great Britain." Then succeeded the favoritism shown by England to the sugar colonies, which was followed by the tax on consumption. The consequence of this commercial dependence was that the colonies contracted a debt with the mother country, which increased in proportion to the rigour with which the law was enforced.

The colonial credit-system is well treated by the author, and it led to the collisions between the colonies and England which, our readers will remember, took place in the reign of Queen Anne; but the chief subject of dispute was in the mercantile system and its consequences.

The latter portion of the third volume again takes up the subject of the slave trade, in which England so earnestly sought a monopoly in the same reign. Our limits will only permit us to notice the interesting foundation of Georgia, the thirteenth colony. In the days of George the Second the *crime of poverty* yearly sent about four thousand unhappy men to prison. The subject earnestly engaged the attention of the philanthropic James Oglethorpe, a member of parliament, and a man whose energy of mind and nobleness of disposition enabled him to carry out his benevolent design. His plans were that a colony should be formed of the multitudes he rescued from the horrors of gaol, together with the persecuted Protestants of England. Many sought to have a share in this excellent enterprise. A charter was obtained, dated the ninth day of June, 1732, placing the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha under the guardianship of a corporation for twenty-one years. Their common seal, with a group of silk-worms on one side, and on the reverse the motto, "*Non sibi, sed aliis*," shows their disinterested purposes. They also expressly refused any grants of lands or emolument.

Oglethorpe devoted himself entirely to the fulfilment of his design, and in November, 1732, embarked with one hundred and fifty emigrants. Their voyage was favourable, and they arrived in safety, and thus began the commonwealth of Georgia. The description of

the emigration of the gentle Moravians for the Savannah is so agreeably written that we will give one more extract.

"On the last day of October, 1733, 'the evangelical community,' well supplied with Bibles and hymn-books, catechisms and books of devotion—conveying in one waggon their few chat-tels, in two other covered ones their feebler companions, and especially their little ones—after a discourse, and prayers, and benedictions, cheerfully, and in the name of God, began their pilgrimage. History need not stop to tell what charities cheered them on their journey, what towns were closed against them by Roman Catholic magistrates, or how they entered Frankfort on the Maine, two by two in solemn procession, and singing spiritual songs. As they floated down the Maine and between the castled crags, the vineyards, and the white-walled towns that adorn the banks of the Rhine, their conversation, amidst hymns and prayers, was of justification and of sanctification, and of standing fast in the Lord. At Rotterdam they were joined by two preachers, Bolzius and Gronau, both disciplined in charity at the Orphan House in Halle. A passage of six days carried them from Rotterdam to Dover, where several of the trustees visited them and provided considerably for their wants. In January, 1734, they set sail for their new homes. The majesty of the ocean quickened their sense of God's omnipotence; and, as they lost sight of land, they broke out into a hymn to his glory. The setting sun, after a calm, so kindled the sea and sky, that words could not express their rapture, and they cried out 'How lovely the creation! how infinitely lovely the Creator?' When the wind was adverse they prayed, and as it changed, one opened his mind to the other on the power of prayer, even the prayer 'of a man subject to like passions as we are.' As the voyage excited weariness, a devout listener confessed himself to be an unconverted man; and they reminded him of the promise to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembling at the word. As they sailed pleasantly with a favouring breeze, at the hour of evening prayer they made a covenant with each other, like Jacob of old, and resolved by the grace of Christ, to cast all the strange gods which were in their hearts into the depths of the sea. A storm grew so high that not a sail could be set; and they raised their voices in prayer and song amidst the tempest; for to love the Lord Jesus as a brother gave consolation. At Charleston, Oglethorpe bade them welcome, and in five days more the wayfaring men, whose home was beyond the skies, pitched their tents near Savannah."—vol. iii. pp. 423, 424.

The remaining portion of the third volume is occupied with the invasion of Florida by Oglethorpe, and that of Georgia by the Spaniards. The expedition against Louisville by New England and the ill-success of the French fleets conclude the history of the colonization of the United States brought up to the period of the congress held at Aix-la-

Chapelle, which was to restore tranquillity to the civilized world after the long war between England and France and the other powers of Europe. The tide of human events was to be changed by a youth at that time unknown and unheard of. George Washington, the son of a widow, born at Potomac, whose early life was passed in the forests, was destined to be the means of raising up a dependant people into a nation which, casting aside all the dignified position of a monarchy, took a firm hold upon its soil with democracy as its basis. At this point Mr. Bancroft pauses in his labours, and will recommence the subject with the Independence of the Colonies and the History of the American Revolution. We look forward with pleasure to the continuation of the work, which, if prosecuted with the same research and attention he has already evinced, will meet with general approbation, and form a valuable addition to Transatlantic history.

ART. VI.—*Aperçu Général sur l'Egypte*, par A. B. Clot-Bey. 2 tom. Paris. 1840.

THE author of these volumes is director-general of the medical establishments, civil and military, of Egypt; and has been for some time high in the estimation and confidence of the Pasha. He was originally, we believe, an apothecary's boy in the south of France, where he had the run of the hospitals, and picked up medical knowledge as he could, for he had no regular professional education. Being, however, a young man of great penetration, activity and talent, he became in a comparatively short period an expert operator, and a respectable practitioner. At the beginning of the year 1825, through the influence of an agent of the viceroy, being chosen physician and surgeon in chief of the Egyptian armies, he accepted the honour, and repaired immediately to his post. On his arrival, he found the medical department of the service in a very disorganized state, and instantly set about correcting its abuses; and, in order to avoid them for the future, established regulations, which should fix the duties and determine the authority of the entire staff. Unwilling, however, to take upon himself the whole responsibility of this measure, before assuming the direction of his office, he proposed to the minister of war the adoption of the French system of rules, and the creation of a council of health. The minister approved of the

proposition, and in a short time a council was formed, composed of five members, being physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, of which council Clot-Bey is the president. Having thus accomplished several reforms in the internal organization of the Egyptian army with respect to the grades and employments of the medical staff, as well as their treatment, clothing, and general administration, he was encouraged to project the institution of a medical school in Egypt, and communicated his views to the government. Mehemet Ali at once perceived the advantages that would result from the instruction of a number of Arabs in the healing art, and of their aggregation with the army in the capacity of a sanatory official body. But as soon as the project was known, it had to encounter the most violent opposition from other quarters. Its adversaries endeavoured, by every argument that could be devised, to persuade the viceroy of the impracticability of its realization. It needed only an ordinary degree of sagacity, however, to discover the true motives of these objections; the Pasha saw through them, and a school was founded in 1827. It was first situated at Abouzabel, but afterwards removed to Cairo, where our author resides, and superintends the whole establishment. Here he practises also on his own account: and has operated successfully, he informs us, in more than 160 cases of *calculus* alone. He has acquired by his professional success and official employment a great reputation, and, with reputation, rank and fortune. In 1831, he received the title of Bey: and among many other tokens of the Pasha's great regard and marked attention, the present of the house in which he resides at Cairo. In 1839, he travelled in company with Doctor Bowring over a great portion of Syria. After landing in that province, the travellers visited Antioch, Aleppo and Damascus. Clot-Bey then proceeded to join Ibrahim Pasha in the Haouran, where he collected many valuable religious books of the Druses. "Wherever we went in Syria," says his companion, "he was regarded as a public benefactor, and followed by crowds to be healed. I never saw such marks of popular confidence and affection."

In May of 1839, on obtaining leave to quit Egypt for Europe (whither his reputation had preceded him,) in order to recruit his health, that had occasioned him some serious apprehensions of late, he thought it right to address to the ministers of the interior and of public instruction, a detailed report of the condition of the medical service of Egypt, in which he indicated the ameliorations of which it was susceptible. This he considered an obligation imposed upon him, from the peculiarity

of the situation in which he then found himself with regard to it. After landing in Europe, he remained some time in Italy, and on arriving at Marseilles, his native city, married a lady of some property. He visited Paris last year (1840), where he published the present work, and then returned with his wife to Egypt, to resume his official duties.

A more fitting season for the publication of his book the author could scarcely have chosen. At the precise moment when the present and future existence of Egypt as an Eastern *de facto* independent power, was being discussed with the deepest interest by the press, the diplomacy, and the entire political world of Europe, the appearance of these volumes, presenting a fresh weight of testimony before the tribunal of public opinion, could not fail, from the admitted respectability of the author, to exercise its due share of influence. Had any evidence been wanting to throw light on the nature of the connection which has so long subsisted between France and the viceroy, or to recommend the strict maintenance of that amicable relation in the then existing crisis, there could not, perhaps, have been found a sincerer or more earnest, and, in many respects, a better qualified agent for the work than the present witness. The book is dedicated to Mehemet Ali, but without his express authorization; in this the writer has evidently acted *à dessein*, lest it should be said, that under the circumstances it was written by the Pasha's orders, or under the influence of his government. The whole responsibility, then, rests upon the author; but could he have done otherwise, he asks, with characteristic self-gratulation, than dedicate it to him to whom he owes the position he has gained in society, and the part assigned him in the work of the regeneration of Egypt? Of course, it is evidently one of his chief concerns to set forth the character, the acts and the government of Mehemet in a flattering point of view, though he professes to yield to no personal solicitation or convenience, but to maintain full liberty of thought and expression. Moreover, he appears to us to exhibit a too marked partiality for his own country and countrymen throughout these volumes, which sometimes becomes offensive; indeed, the chief fault of the work is its exclusive nationality.

By reason of the very early progress which the inhabitants of Egypt had made in the arts of civilized life, it is natural to suppose, that everything relating to that country would always be considered as an object of curiosity and interest. It had vegetated, however, in comparative oblivion, for a considerable period, when the French expedition, at the close of the last century, re-attracted towards it the

attention of the world. Its present importance doubtless dates from that event. Since then, resuscitated, it has become an active party in a question, towards the solution of which all the political interests of the old continent are brought to bear. It has acquired, both by itself and by its relative position, no mean share of consideration; and it is therefore well deserving of being thoroughly known. Consequently, in the course of the last forty years, much additional information has been gained, and several works have been written respecting this interesting country. First and foremost were the labours of the French Institute at Cairo, which gave to the world a work of unexampled splendour and magnificence, the "*Description de l'Egypte*." Previous to the publication of this work, there were, indeed, extant the accounts of some continental travellers, such as Savary, Sonnini, Volney, and a few English; but none that treated the subject of the monuments of Egypt in anything like so elaborate, scientific, and comprehensive a manner as the work above-mentioned. Next appeared Hamilton's "*Egyptiaca*" at London, in 1809. Since then a variety of publications both on the ancient and modern state of the country have issued from the press. Among the French the most profound of these labours is undoubtedly the work of Champollion, as regards the ancient department of the subject, to whom the author of the book we are noticing acknowledges himself often indebted. Of more recent and popular works in France, the "*Travels*" of the Duke of Ragusa contain some of the most interesting details, and practical and solid opinions respecting Egypt; also "*Lettres sur l'Orient*," by MM. Michaud and Poujoulat, are worthy of notice; as are the "*Travels*" of MM. de Cadalvène and de Breuvery; but the most valuable of recent publications on the actual condition of the country, inasmuch as it is a history of the life and reign of Mehemet Ali, is the accurate work of M. Mengin. In England we can boast of two very respectable additions to our knowledge of ancient and modern Egypt, in the late volumes of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and those of Mr. W. Lane. Of English labourers in the like field of research, many other creditable names might be mentioned; still, with the accumulations of both countries, this treatise of Clot-Bey was a desideratum, inasmuch as it is a concise, methodical, and popular *résumé* of the physical, social, and political states of the actual dominions of the viceroy, brought up to the present period; in other words, a general view of Egypt, presented under all its most striking aspects, and in a portable form, did not previously exist.

It is hardly to be supposed that the author should individually possess the requisite knowledge on all the multifarious topics treated in these volumes. Accordingly, for the geographical portion of his work, he acknowledges himself indebted to the learned M. Jomard, the veteran of the Egyptian Institute, the active guardian of the traditions which attach France to Egypt, and the devoted intermediary through whom principally the lights of civilisation have been introduced into the latter country. To M. Figari, Professor of Botany in the school of Cairo, is owing a great part of the materials relating to that science; as is the zoology to M. Regis, a distinguished naturalist of the medical school. M. Bonfort, land-steward to Ibrahim Pasha, has communicated much information as regards the plants recently introduced into Egypt, as well as upon agriculture. For a great portion of the historical and statistical matter the author is indebted to M. Mengin. M. Linan, an engineer, who is thoroughly versed in the hydrography and the *cadastre* of Egypt, and who has been entrusted with the great work of canalisation, has furnished considerable assistance; and so has Cerisy-Bey, in respect to marine affairs. Lastly, something is due to M. Rosellini, for communications on Egyptian antiquities; and to M. Coste for the same on Arab monuments and architecture.

The work is prefaced by a historical introduction, bringing down the narrative of the principal events nearly to the present period, after which, the first chapter is devoted to an *aperçu Physique*, in which are treated the situation, form, geographical divisions of the country, a sketch of the geological qualities of the soil, the climate and meteorological phenomena, the river Nile, and the lakes. Some errors into which popular belief has fallen are here corrected: for instance, it is generally supposed that it never, or very seldom, rains in Egypt.\* Though there may be long periods of complete dryness, our author assures us that it rains a good deal in Lower Egypt—(il pleut beaucoup dans la basse Egypte): the rainy season usually begins in October, continues through November and December, and ends in March. During this period, there are but few weeks without rain, and it has often been known to

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\* In one of our ablest encyclopædias, now issuing, we find the following remarks: "The cause of the fertility of Egypt is the Nile, without which, as it almost never rains in that part of the world, the whole country would soon become an uninhabitable desert." "Egypt is, in a great measure, exempted from the phenomena of rain, hail, snow, thunder, and lightning. In the Delta, it never rains in summer, and very seldom at any other season."

continue for several days together. In the Delta, it rains annually from twenty-five to thirty times, but at Cairo less frequently and in less quantity. In 1824, it rained in that city for a week together so violently that it occasioned the fall of several houses, and much damage besides. In the second chapter is treated the natural history of the country; namely, the minerals, plants, animals, birds, and the different human races that inhabit Egypt. The various ancient and mediæval writers on this country were evidently very imperfectly acquainted with its botany. Delile, who accompanied the French expedition, was the first to form a flora; his labours in this respect leave little to be desired. But since then, order having been established by Mehemet Ali's government in all the districts from the embouchure of the Nile to Upper Nubia, naturalists have been enabled, without fear or molestation, to explore those parts, and to complete the work of Delile.

Before quitting this part of the author's labours, it may be proper to observe that, like most of its predecessors, this work is greatly deficient in what is really a *desideratum*, namely, some further information than we as yet possess of the geological structure of Egypt. Hitherto nearly all writers and travellers have, from some cause or another, abstained from throwing any light on the geology of this country. Even authors who have extensively written on this science, such as Lyell and others, have given but very meagre and unsatisfactory accounts, either of the valley of the Nile or the Delta. Though in the present work, as elsewhere, we are reminded of the usual mineralogical distinctions of primitive, secondary, and alluvial formations, we are yet presented with nothing as to the direction and inclinations of the strata in the mountainous ridges of the Nile, or in the transverse valleys that branch off towards the Red Sea on the one hand, and to the Oases on the other. There is no attempt made,—perhaps the nature of the work would hardly admit of any lengthened detail,—to give anything like a systematic view of the geological structure of the Egyptian soil; merely a few scattered observations on this head do we meet with here and there. Egypt still remains a field to be explored by the scientific geologist, but one that promises much. And it is a matter of some surprise, that while so many other districts have been investigated, neither the German, French, nor English geologists have yet, as far as we are aware, entered upon a systematic mineralogical survey of this most interesting and remarkable country.

The three succeeding chapters are taken up with an account of the population, habitations, towns and villages,—the religions and sects, the Mussulman law, and the administration of justice. The sixth chapter, on the manners and customs of the Mussulmans, is one of the most interesting and instructive in the book.

But after the admirable work of Mr. Lane on this subject, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to detain the reader long on this division of the author's labours. One or two remarks, however, on the conduct of Europeans towards their slaves in Egypt are worth quoting, inasmuch as they convey a sly sarcasm upon that portion of mankind who claim credit for their civilisation and philanthropy:—

"The Europeans who inhabit Egypt," says Clot-Bey, "may possess slaves through the tolerance of Mehemet Ali. One would be led to suppose, for the honour of our civilisation, that it would be a happiness for these latter to belong to masters who are natives of countries where slavery does not exist, and whose hospitable soil gives liberty to whoever may touch it; in general, however, this idea would be delusive. Those Europeans who, in speaking of Mussulman barbarism, have contempt upon their lips, seldom square their own conduct with the tone of their verbose philanthropy; many of these sell or barter their slaves. Such acts may, to a certain point and in certain cases, be justifiable, so long as they do not degenerate into traffic. It would, indeed, be a cruelty to give a young slave his liberty who was not able to maintain himself by his work, of whom, nevertheless, you might be obliged to rid yourself. In freeing him, as great inhumanity would be committed as for a father to drive his child from the domestic hearth. But to sell a slave who is able to get his living by labour, is a disgraceful trafficking; and yet many Franks speculate in this infamous commerce. There are even those who sell their female slaves whom they have caused to be *enchainés*, and who thus abandon to slavery their own offspring. Properly to describe such horrible immorality, language is too poor, or the heart of an honourable man too full of indignation. In witnessing such things, the Orientals may well pride themselves on their more virtuous barbarism, and hold in contempt our civilisation, tarnished as it is by wretches who cover their baseness with hypocrisy. It would be unjust, however, not to declare that there are Europeans whose feelings will not allow them to treat their slaves, male and female, otherwise than with kindness, who adopt all their children by the latter, and do not aggravate an offence which our manners and our religion alike condemn."

Here we may bestow a passing word on the Egyptian domestics; for these are held in high regard by the Mussulmans. They feed, clothe, and pay them. It is true the salary they receive is inconsiderable, and no less so

that they are very fond of money. Clot-Bey's account of the begging habits of these servants reminds us of Kotzebue's amusing description\* of the like practice at Naples, to which, indeed, it is an exact parallel. The constant demand of a *baschich* in Egypt is as troublesome and vexatious as the *buona mano* in certain provinces of Italy. The Egyptian servants carry their exactions to such a pitch that they solicit a *baschich* not only for the services which they or their masters have rendered you, but also for those you have bestowed upon them. Have you given an entertainment, you must also give a present to whoever comes to claim it. Do you invite a dinner-party, you must satisfy with a *baschich* the domestics of your guests. "After making a gratuitous professional visit," says our author, "I am assailed by the servants of the house that I am leaving, and forced to throw some pieces of money to these impudent beggars, if I wish to escape from their importunate cries." The viceroy has endeavoured to get rid of this nuisance, but it is too deeply rooted in the customs and habits of the people to be very easily destroyed.

To the philanthropists of Europe, we would here suggest an object well worthy of their Christian regards and steadfast efforts: and we beg to present it, for obvious reasons, in the author's own language,—uniting cordially as we do, in the sentiments of the writer, as expressed in the latter portion of the extract:—

"C'est exclusivement en Egypte que la mutilation est aujourd'hui pratiquée. C'est ce pays qui fournit les eunuques aux harems. Syout, Girgeh sont les seules villes où s'accomplit l'opération. Croirait-on que les exécuteurs de cette œuvre ignoble sont des Chrétiens—des prêtres même—des Coptes? Ces hommes, rebut et honte de la religion dont ils usurpent le nom glorieux, sont flétris par l'opinion, dans les lieux même où ils exercent leur industrie, coupable de lèse-humanité. Le village de Zawy-le-Dyr, près de Syout, est la métropole des mutilateurs; trois cents eunuques environ sortent annuellement de leurs mains. Leurs victimes sont de jeunes nègres de six à neuf ans, amenés par les caravanes du Sennaar ou du Darfour; on les vend ordinairement, suivant les chances de vie ou les qualités qu'ils possèdent, de quinze cents à trois mille piastres (de 325 à 750 francs). Le quart des enfants qui subissent cette opération ne survivent pas à ses suites; ceux qui conservent la vie sont condamnés à une existence étiolée et souffrante.

"Certes, s'il a jamais existé des crimes dont la société entière soit coupable, aucun, parmi eux, ne surpasse celui par lequel l'usage des eunuques a été créé et maintenu. L'esclavage a été activement attaqué de nos jours, non seulement par les philosophes, mais encore par les gouvernements, et l'Europe marche rapidement

vers l'époque de son entière abolition; mais l'usage des eunuques est un double outrage fait à la nature, une violation simultanée de ses lois physiques et de ses lois morales, et néanmoins, je ne sache pas que les nations qui sont à la tête de la civilisation moderne, et qui ont réuni leurs efforts pour faire cesser la traite des nègres, aient rien tenté pour détruire l'usage des eunuques. L'intervention Européenne si funeste aujourd'hui à l'empire Ottoman, qu'elle comprime sous le poids de mille intérêts politiques, dont la lutte sans issue l'énerve et le ruine; cette intervention aurait pu lui être utile, et bien mériter de l'humanité, en le dirigeant, en l'encourageant, en le soutenant dans ses réformes civilisatrices. Or, parmi celle-ci, l'une des plus louables eût été sans contredit l'abolition des eunuques. Pour l'honneur de l'Europe, je souhaite que les cabinets songent à l'obtenir du sultan et du vice-roi d'Egypte. Je suis persuadé qu'il leur souffrirait d'exprimer à ce sujet leur désir philanthropique pour le voir promptement satisfait. Méhémet Ali, qui est connu pour sa docilité aux utiles et nobles avis, mérite presque aussi précieux que la spontanéité des grandes idées, s'empresserait sans doute d'écouter leurs remontrances, et l'Egypte ne serait bientôt plus le théâtre d'une pratique qui ne peut pas être tolérée par notre siècle."

The subject of the usages and manners of the modern Egyptians has been so ably and fully treated by Mr. Lane, that, though it constitutes one of the largest and most entertaining portions of the present treatise, we shall limit ourselves to a reference which the author makes to that gentleman's implied credulity in the processes of necromancy, and to an anecdote of Mehemet Ali, in connection therewith. After describing various Mussulman superstitions, as the belief in *genii*, or *djinn*s, the evil eye, divination, &c., he proceeds to magic, and observes, that its exhibitions are pretty well confined at the present day to the imposture of necromancy. Sorcerers and sorceresses restrict themselves almost entirely to foretelling *la bonne aventure*; sometimes they evoke, in a cabalistic mirror formed of a spot of ink upon a piece of paper, the dead or the living, who are made visible to a child chosen by him for whom the experiment is prepared. The child describes the images that the power of the magician causes to pass before him; and there are not wanting credulous people who depose to the exactness of the portraits which he traces aloud. "Among the Europeans attracted by curiosity to these absurd scenes," says our author, "the English, above all, are induced to have faith in their results—results as marvellous, if they were true, as those of animal magnetism. The exact and judicious author of the *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, Mr. Lane, describes with complacency the processes of Egyptian necromancy, and does not show himself at all sceptical in

\* In his "*Die Bettelst in Neapel*."



regard to their results." Now, we demur to this mode of arguing, and to the conclusion here attempted to be drawn—a conclusion which supposes a person's belief of a thing, if he does not express his disbelief. Would not the writer himself object to be scrutinized by this process of reasoning. Even taking it for granted that Mr. Lane does not declare his scepticism in respect of the success of these magical performances, what is the legitimate inference? Not, surely, that he believes in their miraculousness—but that they are a cleverly contrived piece of jugglery, and thus he estimates them at their due worth. Would it not have been somewhat puerile and beneath the dignity of an educated man to have given us his formal opinion as to whether they partook of the preternatural or not?

While the debasing influence of the most gross superstitions is widely spread throughout Egypt, not only among the Mussulman inhabitants, but also the native Jews and Christians, the viceroy is resolved to show in this respect the superiority of his intelligence, as he has done on several occasions. One instance may suffice. At the commencement of his reign, when his power was not yet established, a sort of sybil made her appearance at Cairo, and gained a vast number of proselytes. It was given out that she had at her command a familiar spirit, whose very hand could be touched and mysterious voice heard in the dark. It was chiefly among the soldiers and their officers that she found her most zealous dupes and partisans. Mehemet Ali was anxious to know something more certain about this magician whose influence might become dangerous. He caused her, therefore, to be brought to the palace, and told her he desired to have some conversation with her *genius*. She consented to exhibit before him. It was night; the lights were extinguished in the *mandarah*, where the principal officers were assembled. Mehemet Ali had strictly warned his servants to bring a light immediately he should call for one. The sybil evoked her *spirit*. The *djinn* answered; and his hollow voice, like that of a ventriloquist, seemed to issue from the wall. He gave his hand to the Pasha to kiss, when the latter, seizing it firmly, called instantly for lights. It was the hand of the magician herself; who, on perceiving the cheat discovered, implored his pardon. The bystanders, astonished at the boldness of Mehemet, whom they looked upon as irreligious, began to murmur. The Pasha, after having reproached them for their base credulity, ordered the sybil to be thrown into the Nile. The officers manifested some unwillingness to execute the

sentence; but Mehemet overcame their scruples by telling them, that if she really had so powerful a spirit at her service, he would take care she was not drowned—but that if, on the contrary, she had him not, she would be justly punished for having abused without fear the pity of the faithful.

The literature of the Arab race is one of the richest that ever existed; but the epoch of its splendour having passed away, it is of course now considered as defunct. The language indeed survives; but ignorance and helotism having enveloped those who employ it, they have lost with their independence the glorious and fruitful muse, which once inspired in them elevated thoughts, generous emotions, and a noble and dignified bearing. The works which flowed from the pens of the writers of Bagdad and Bassora are highly elegant, ingenious, and moral. Nearly the whole of the Arabic literature of the present day, however, is confined to some popular romances or tales handed down by tradition, which never tire in the repeating or the hearing. These tales, where prose and verse are blended together, celebrate the ancient Arab life, the nomadic and pastoral existence of the Bedouin tribes. And inasmuch as they tend to throw light on the manners of these primitive people, the sturdy inhabitants of the desert, they are not without interest. They are generally a series of warlike, chivalric adventures, built upon a dramatic intrigue, in which the marvellous holds always a conspicuous place. The principal of these romances is that of *Abou-zeïd*, which appears to have been written about the tenth century of our era. The other popular fictions are those of *Antar*, *Ez-Zahir*, and *Delemeh*. The adventures of *Antar*, the great hero of the Arab race, have been translated into several European languages, and therefore are well known. The romantic literature of the modern Egyptians has been lucidly treated by Mr. Lane, to whose work the curious reader is referred.

Chapter the seventh gives us a sketch of the other inhabitants of Egypt, as the Bedouins, the Osmanlees, the Cophts, the Jews, and Franks, &c. As Dr. Clot confesses to having had frequent opportunities of studying the character and the manners of the Bedouins, during several journeys which he has made in the desert, we are bound to place the greatest reliance on his portraiture of that singular race, which does not in the main, however, substantially vary from the descriptions of some other writers and travellers. He gives us an interesting episode of one of these excursions, with the citation of which we may gratify the reader:—

"At the time that the French evacuated Egypt, a part of the garrison at Mansourah was attacked quite unexpectedly by the redoubtable Bedouins of Abou-Koura, a famous chief who had always resisted the power of the Mamelukes, and had now become master of the province. He inhabited a fortified village, called *Mit-el-Hammer*, six leagues south-west of Mansourah. In this skirmish, the Arabs carried off a young female, who became the wife of their chief, and who is known in the country under the name of the *Signora*. I had often heard speak of her, and wished very much to see her. In travelling in 1834 in the province of Charkyeh, I visited the village where she resides, and went to lodge at her house, which is a palace contiguous to other Arab dwellings. I was very well received by one of her sons. Knowing that I was French, he spoke to me of his mother. I expressed to him my desire to see her. My being a physician constituted a sufficient privilege; I was therefore conducted to her apartments. She saluted me in French, but I very soon recognized by her accent that she was Italian. I learnt that she was a native of Venice; that her father, a hat merchant, was called Bartholi, her mother, Marguerita, and herself, Julia; that she had been united to a French lieutenant, named Dévaux; that, taken prisoner by the Bedouins at the *sortie* at Mansourah, she was thrown on the back of a horse which carried her across the sandy plains until at eventide she found herself in a spacious dwelling in presence of a man enveloped from head to foot in a large white mantle, who lavished upon her demonstrations of the most passionate tenderness, caused her to be stripped of her European dress, and clothed her himself with a vast robe in the Oriental fashion, gave her six hundred purses of jewels, (about the value of 100,000 francs), and a great number of slaves to attend upon her. This man was the puissant Abou-Koura. But all this luxury and blandishment served only to disconcert and trouble her; she wept incessantly, and supplicated by her gestures and lamentations to be restored to her own people. However, at the end of eleven months she was delivered of a son. Maternal affection somewhat calmed her imagination, and rendered her captivity more supportable.

"Her *sidi*, whom she loved much, and with whom she was accustomed to live, having died, she was constrained to espouse the brother of the deceased, who was far from entertaining for her the same regards as Abou-Koura. Four years afterwards, this man died also, leaving one daughter, Aphisa, aged about two years, and his wife *enceinte* with a son who was named Ali. Though she might often have had to suffer the bad treatment of her husband, the *Signora* lost much by his death; for some greedy relations, taking advantage of the state of distress and helplessness into which she was plunged, succeeded, by force of intrigue, in appropriating the greatest part of the fortune of this family, already considerably diminished. *Mansour*, the eldest son, too young to defend the paternal heritage, was so affected at seeing it pass into other hands, that he has been insane

ever since. His brother Ali is now the only support of this house, once so colossal; it possessed forty-four villages, many thousand camels, numerous flocks, and more than five hundred slaves. Of these riches there is left but a feeble remnant, but sufficient nevertheless to maintain the family in ease and comfort.

"During the thirty-four years that the *Signora* had been in the harem, she had never been out of it, nor seen any other foreign man than myself. My presence excited in her the most lively emotion. I discovered that the love of country and the desire of liberty were not entirely extinguished in her heart. She saw me depart with the most poignant feelings, and I retired from her greatly moved. She has never heard any tidings of her family; she is ignorant as to whether the officer Dévaux was killed or not at the affair of Mansourah.

"In the abode of the *Signora* I saw all that Bedouin hospitality preserves of the patriarchal. The two repasts that I partook of there, were served up on a large circular mat (*natte ronde*). In the middle was an entire sheep, and around the borders were placed a great number of small dishes. The members of the family, the principal persons of the village, and myself, were the first to dine, squatted down upon our carpets, tearing with the fingers our bits of roast-meat, or kneading our Arab pilau into balls. We were replaced by others, and these again by the servants and the poor, of whom I counted sixty. What struck me particularly was, that the chief of the house did the honours of the table to the last; so that the poor had less the appearance of unfortunates on whom alms were being bestowed than of guests who had been invited. Moreover, this was not an act of ostentation; the hospitality of every day was the same."

With regard to the Osmanlees or Turks, pride and presumption are their moral characteristics. They entertain very singular ideas about Europeans. They are persuaded that we make war upon their *religion*, which it is our object to destroy, and that if we do not absolutely conquer the country they occupy, it is because our strength is not equal to our ambition. It is very difficult to make any of them comprehend our religious tolerance and those political considerations which are the sole barriers under shelter of which the existence of the Ottoman Empire has been prolonged to the present day. There are but very few of them that have any clear idea of the position of Turkey with relation to Europe. The most part have no recollection of the numerous humiliating predicaments to which the Porte has of late years been subjected during its conflicts with Russia. There are some who are convinced that the kings of Europe humbly pay tribute to the Sultan.

Upon many points, it is true, the Turks are forced to acknowledge the superiority of the Europeans; but, on the whole, they regard them with a sentiment of pity mingled with disdain. It is curious to observe the manner in which they oftentimes receive a European of distinction. Though they welcome him with an appearance of polite consideration, by which a person is often deceived (who is not fully acquainted with the usages of oriental etiquette), yet the fact is, they do not condescend to rise at his entrance; they scarcely move themselves upon their divan. If however they wish not to show themselves utterly impolite, when they know that a great European personage is about to pay them a visit, they give instructions to the servants to forewarn them of the arrival of the Frank whom they are expecting, and then keep themselves standing in order not to betray the concession of having risen expressly to receive him. The same sentiment of fanatical pride has revealed itself in a great number of circumstances. A striking instance of it occurred in Egypt some time ago, when an ignorant and ridiculously vain colonel refused to put his regiment through its required evolutions before the Duke of Ragusa, who was reviewing a portion of the viceroy's army. Mehemet Ali, in rising above such absurd prejudices, displays the real superiority of his understanding and sense. He always receives strangers with the utmost courtesy. He has constantly set before his officers the example of the greatest politeness towards Europeans. He has in this respect not only run counter to the prejudices of his subjects, but even braved the accusations of infidelity, which the ignorant and the fanatical have not hesitated to throw at him. He seems to seize every occasion of setting off the superiority of talents which he recognizes in Europeans over his own people, and every means he can employ to cause them to be respected by these latter. Many anecdotes of this propensity of his might be given; one will suffice.—One day there happened to be, in the divan of the viceroy, some strangers of distinction. At the commencement of the interview, Mehemet Ali ordered coffee to be brought in. The officers charged with serving it offered it with the left hand to the European guests of the Pasha. The latter, not being *au fait* at the details of oriental etiquette, did not perceive the extent of this gross impoliteness; (the left hand being considered by Mussulmans as impure, they never employ it but in offices implying a character of contamination. But hardly had his visitors left, when the viceroy, whose vigilant

eye the affront had not escaped, severely reprimanded the servitors, ordered them to be clothed with a white shirt and sent to Mecca to do the services of the Caaba, saying, "Since you are so fanatical as to disdain to show politeness towards persons whom I do myself the honour to receive, go to a city where the sight of Europeans will not annoy you, and you will not have occasion to blush at your rudeness."

The Mamelukes, who governed Egypt at the time of the French invasion, believed they possessed for their part the first army in the world. An idea of the ridiculous excess to which the beys had carried this notion may be illustrated by the following: When Bonaparte had taken Malta, M. Rosetti, consul for Austria and several other powers at Cairo, being a person of great consideration and influence with the Mamelukes, repaired to Mourad-Bey to apprise him of this event; he suggested that it was very possible that the French might intend to make a descent upon Egypt, and strongly advised him to take precautionary measures of defence. Mourad-Bey replied by a very loud burst of laughter. "What!" said he, "would you have us fear the French, especially if they are like these *cavadjas* (traders) that we have here? Let a hundred thousand of them land, and I have only to send to meet them some Mameluke youngsters, who will cut off their heads with the edge of their stirrups.\*"

M. Rosetti then endeavoured to make the Bey understand that the conquerors of Italy were something else than those poor traders that he saw at Cairo, and he insisted that he ought to put Alexandria in a state of defence. Mourad-Bey was not convinced, but out of complaisance to M. Rosetti, he sent two quintals of powder to supply the artillery of that city. The French landed; Alexandria fell into their hands. Mourad having learnt it, sent immediately for M. Rosetti, and told him with a tone of irritation that those impertinent French had had the audacity to set foot in Egypt, and that he was about writing to them to decamp with all speed. "But," observed M. Rosetti, "they are not come here to go away again at the first bidding." "What then do the hungry infidels want?" replied Mourad impatiently, "send them a few thousand pataques,† and let them go." "But, Monseigneur," rejoined the consul, "that

\* The Mamelukes used very large stirrups with sharp-cutting edges before and behind, which served as a very destructive weapon against the infantry, and even horses of the enemy.

† A thousand pataques was about fifty thousand francs.

would not buy the smallest of the vessels that have transported them:—You must prepare for defence." Mourad was still unable to understand the temerity of these Frenchmen who were foolish enough to come and measure swords with him. He was so infatuated with his own superiority that he sent against them at first but a mere handful of men. It was only when these, put to the rout in the first encounter, returned with all speed to announce to him that the French were not what he imagined, that he began to believe in the reality of danger. His arrogance experienced at length a first and grievous disappointment in the battle of Chebreis, which was soon followed by that of the Pyramids.

In a very interesting section on the Frank population of Egypt, Dr. Clot informs us, that the European *employés* of the government are not so numerous as might be supposed. They were more so at the original organization of the regular troops and of the marine; but since then, the Egyptian soldiers have been sufficiently well trained not to need recurrence to the discipline of foreigners. There are in the schools from twenty to five-and-twenty European professors; most of whom are Frenchmen. The workshops and manufacturing establishments of the government contain likewise several directors and workmen, French, English, and Italian. It is easy to perceive that Mehemet Ali, while intending to do good service to his subjects, is endeavouring to free himself from the kind of tutelage under which Egypt was held, as long as it was dependent for everything upon Europe. His desire, though laudable in itself, may be carried too far. It ought not to be concealed that, if the object be to preserve new institutions, to insure the maintenance of already acquired results, and to reach forward towards fresh attainments, the intercourse of Europeans will be for a long time to come necessary and indispensable.

Among the Franks are to be reckoned all sorts of what our author designates *hommes à projet* (project dealers), who go to Egypt thinking to make a harvest by their charlatanerie. There is the military schemer, the artilleryman with his projectiles that will destroy the strongest places, and set on fire whole fleets. One wishes to reveal to the Egyptian government the secret of a submarine boat. Another will propose a system of hydraulics promising marvellous results, or machines of a prodigious power. There are quack physicians, the depositaries of secrets of which they boast most miraculous effects. One brings an infallible specific for the cure

of the three principal endemic maladies of Egypt, dysentery, ophthalmia, and the plague. Another of the gascon tribe of some celebrity, whose ambition is less vast if not less vain, confines himself to the deliverance of Egypt from the curse of ophthalmia; more fortunate, and adroit than the rest of his kin, this man has gone on for some time "astonishing the natives," and increasing the number of his dupes. In connection with this topic Clot-Bey tells the following tale:

"It must be confessed," says he, "that there exists an extreme facility for adventurers to practise their deceptions upon Europeans, which proceeds perhaps from the unreflecting complaisance with which letters of recommendation are given to persons who are quitting their own country, and whom the writers do not sufficiently know. Hence has it happened often that sharpers, whom a respectable man would have been ashamed to have admitted into his company, have been received with all the distinction that characterizes the introduction of very honourable seigneurs. I could tell on this subject a multitude of adventures, some more piquant than others.—However I will confine myself to that of the celebrated Baron of Wulfenghen, whom his feudal title and powerful recommendations caused to be welcomed by all the society of Alexandria. Our skilful adventurer began by taking magnificent lodgings, making a great show, and receiving much company: he talked of nothing but his châteaux and his rents. All were anxious to obey his behests, and to anticipate his wishes. To him every one's purse was freely offered. The choicest company assembled at his house, and every one was proud of being admitted at the baron's, who, moreover, from a disposition in which taking manners seemed a natural element, received with courtesy plebeians, who were exceedingly flattered by the condescension with which this noble seigneur deigned to admit them to his presence. They would say—'I am going to the Baron's,' with as much pride and self-complacency as if they had been invited to attend at court. Great was the sensation, when, suspicions having been roused respecting this high personage, and he having exhausted all his resources and his expedients, it was given out one fine morning from his own mouth, that his pretended wealth and châteaux in Germany had never had any existence but in his conversation and the credulity of his kind courtiers. These, then, beside the cost of their obsequiousness, were left minus their advances to him, which were not altogether less than from fifty to sixty thousand francs. This was no small harvest of speculation for an agreeable sojourn of between fifteen and eighteen months made at Alexandria by the Baron de Wulfenghen!"

We now arrive at that part of our subject which necessitates some inquiry into the circumstances and causes that have operated to advance civilisation in the East with far greater celerity during the present century than at

any previous era, as well as a few remarks upon the government, institutions, and political resources created in Egypt by one of the chief agents of that civilisation, while it may not be irrelevant to our purpose to introduce occasional notices of some other collateral topics.

If what we witness of civilisation in the East had been the matured fruit of time, and the last resting-place of a continuous course of progression, it would require a much more extended disquisition than we have here space to allot to it, and a profound study of the internal development of the Turkish Empire. But the movement has been sudden, abrupt, spontaneous: it has not proceeded from the mass of the people; it is from one or two individuals that it has received its impulsion. It must have had, then, some grand accidental cause, either action or reaction produced by some great event easy to discover. Now, important events are followed generally by consequences unforeseen by their authors or contemporary witnesses. It is in this necessary generation of facts, in which man becomes the instrument of an energy of which he oftentimes knows not the end or tendency, that the providential power which governs and directs humanity reveals itself. We like to discover the mysterious link which unites one fact to another in the chain of causes, and from the value of the principle we deduce that of the consequence.

It appears to us that the origin of the civilizing movement which manifests itself at the present day in the East, is the expedition of the French into Egypt. It was not the sole mission of Napoleon to resuscitate Europe; his Sampson-like arm shook the pillars on which the "antique Orient" believed itself immoveably fixed and supported; and, in beholding the profound effects which his passage thither has produced, it is difficult to say if his action upon Asia has been less than that which he has exercised upon the West. The Egyptian expedition came like a thunder-stroke upon the East, and roused it at once from the sleep of centuries. Till then, its system had remained unchangeable, inaccessible to any modification. The Ottoman Empire had carried on, with diversity of fortune, long wars against Russia and Austria; but these conflicts had done nothing towards the dissolution of her antiquated ideas or established customs. Moreover, neither the Russians nor the Austrians brought on civilisation in the train of their armies, nor was it to their interest to spread its lights among the Turks; the nations subject to the dominion of the Porte believed themselves invincible, and never imagined that there could be anything

superior to the power under their own eyes. The remembrance of their former conquests filled their memory. The high and exaggerated opinion which they held of their own consideration was necessarily strengthened by the conduct of the European powers themselves; for did not these witness indeed, and permit with impunity, a few miserable barbarian pirates to make war upon Europe, defy every nation, and impose ransom and tribute upon every government?

The successes of Napoleon in Egypt were calculated to strike the imagination of the Mussulmans with astonishment; and thus instructed by experience to appreciate the military superiority of the Occidentals, they were prepared to permit among themselves the experiment of European civilisation. Among those who came to assist in the conflict against the French, fortune had conducted a Macedonian soldier, who was destined to evolve from that event the mighty consequences which it was to achieve upon the Eastern world. Mehemet Ali gained the high position he holds in the government of Egypt through a thousand obstacles, which he demolished by his courage, or turned aside by his address. One of the most formidable of these was the constant opposition of the Mamelukes, who had governed Egypt for a considerable period. The plan which Mehemet adopted to rid himself of these antagonists, and the execution of it, have been the occasion of much obloquy being cast upon his character. But in judging of transactions of this kind, we ought to take into consideration not only all the relative circumstances of the opposing parties in the individual case, but the degree of justification furnished by the existing state of the moral and political principles and practices of the people or nation among whom the transaction takes place. Judged by this test, and keeping in view the previous history of Mahometan sovereigns and peoples, can it justly be said that the viceroy of Egypt is entitled to less vindication than the sultan (at a subsequent period) for the wholesale destruction of the Janissaries at Constantinople? And yet those who are most forward to condemn Mehemet, would fain pass over in silence the deed of Mahmoud, or mention it only for the purpose of implied commendation. To us they appear as parallel cases. In both, the executing parties were moved only by considerations of policy, in which self-defence formed the prominent, probably the sole actuating element; still in the case of Mehemet we admit that the principle of high honour and safe conduct to which the Mamelukes trusted was yet more foully injured.

It is not necessary to look upon the viceroy of Egypt as an apostle either of morality or civilisation; we may regard him as a man of genius, who, having learnt nothing from the society in the midst of which he was brought up, and receiving no impulse from the people about him, has acted with immense ability in the interest of his own elevation first, and then in that of its conservation. To maintain his power, an army was necessary; not an army *à la Turque*, a turbulent militia, dangerous for those who pay it, and whom it is supposed to protect, but an army subjected to the rigour of discipline, that would submit to the tactics of military science, and ensure success in the field. The first object of Mehemet Ali was to acquire power, the second, to consolidate it, and his great merit is that of choosing and procuring the best means of attaining those ends, those means being the organization of regular troops. Following close upon the constitution of the army and the fleet, have come the establishments of public instruction, schools and hospitals, &c. It is the army and the numerous appendages attached thereto which have given to Egypt that ameliorating impulse which is now urging it onward.

But let us not misunderstand the civilizing process; the instinctive love of true glory, and the well-directed ambition of one great man have provoked it. The Egyptian people took no part whatever in the plans of Mehemet Ali, and still less, if possible, in the choice of the means combined to execute them. On the contrary, they threw in the way all possible difficulties, and in order to mould them to the new order of things, it was necessary to surmount many of their most obstinate prejudices. But we may ask, did the Russians second Peter the Great in his great work of improvement? Among barbarous nations does the humanizing movement ever proceed from the masses? Do they not, on the contrary, oppose to it obstacles of every kind? The people never originate great reformatations; the grand and noble individualities of the world impose them almost ever through much struggling and violence. The mass never care but to satisfy the wants they feel, or seek after those advantages only of whose importance they are sensible. Now barbarous nations do not perceive the wants, do not know the benefits of civilisation; in order to bring them to it they must be got under the direction of one man, who has sufficient ambition to be obliged to call into existence from his own resources, or to borrow from others the means of satisfying the wants it has created, and sufficient capacity to appreciate the importance of those

means. Such a man has Mehemet Ali been for Egypt. His example has been followed in other parts of the Ottoman empire, by the late Sultan Mahmoud in particular, and thus reforms have been undertaken in Turkey in consequence, and in rivalry of those of the viceroy; which latter, first rendered practicable by the results of the French expedition, were instituted upon the model, and in accordance with the counsels, of Europeans, and the traditions of the empire.

While there are undoubtedly many points of resemblance especially observable between the general character and spirit of Mehemet Ali, as exhibited in his passion for practical and organic reforms, and the conduct of the great Russian Reformer, Clot-Bey manifests throughout the work we are reviewing a peculiar anxiety to gain for the former the glory and honour of a second Napoleon, rather than that of a second Peter. Moreover, between the political, moral, and physical circumstances of France under Bonaparte, and those of Egypt under Mehemet, the least experienced reader will not fail to perceive a wide difference in very many respects; whereas between the latter class of circumstances and the state of Russia under Peter the Great there is a considerable, nay, may we not say, a striking analogy. That prince was the founder of Russian civilisation, as Mehemet is of the modern Egyptian. Russia, though of great antiquity, had no extent of power, of political influence, or of general commerce in Europe, until the time of Peter. Now may not the very same be asserted of modern Egypt in relation with its present Pasha? The inclination of the Czar for military exercises discovered itself in his earliest years; he formed a small company, which he had commanded by foreign officers, and clothed and exercised after the German manner. By his own example he taught his nobility that merit and not birth formed the only solid title to military employments; whence issued in course of time the organization of a considerable body of regular troops. He opened his dominions, which till then had been closed, and sent his principal nobility into foreign countries to improve themselves in knowledge and in learning. He invited to Russia all the foreigners he could find, who were capable of instructing his subjects in *any respect*, and offered them great encouragement to settle in his dominions. This is the exact course pursued by Mehemet Ali. Again; this conduct of Peter raised many discontents among his subjects, and the authority which he exerted on all such occasions was scarcely sufficient to repress them. And is not this the precise counterpart of what has happened from

the very same cause in the dominions of the viceroy of Egypt? Lastly, while we quote the words of another to speak of the creator of Russian greatness, the reader who has reflected at all on the history and condition of modern Egypt, under its reforming viceroy, will see the exactness of the parallel, and with what truth what is predicated of the one may be predicated of the other:

"It would be endless to enumerate all the various establishments for which the Russians are indebted to him. He formed an army according to the tactics of the most experienced nations; he fitted out fleets in all the four seas which border upon Russia; he caused many strong fortresses to be raised according to the best plans, and made convenient harbours; he introduced arts and sciences into his dominions, and freed religion from many superstitious abuses; he made laws, built cities, cut canals, and executed many other works; he was generous in rewarding, and impartial in punishing; faithful, laborious, and humble, yet not free from a certain roughness of temper natural to his countrymen."

There is yet another point of view in which we may survey the character of the Pasha, and which, we apprehend, redounds not a little to his credit. In a Mahometan country, where the religious and political associations of the people have been used for ages to centre exclusively round the glory of arms and of conquest, where any innovations upon these are viewed for the most part in the light of a desecration of the injunctions of the prophet, and an unpardonable inroad upon the prescriptive habits and requirements of all good Mussulmans, a chief of the authority of Mehemet would rather be supposed to avail himself of the existing prejudices of his subjects to consolidate his power, than in so many instances to have sought his object by flying in the face of their deeply-rooted prepossessions. In the choice he has made of the modes of action which lay before him, consists, we think, one of his noblest claims to the gratitude and homage of mankind and of posterity. In that election, and the spirit and manner of following it up, he is entitled to the praise and the name of a Sesostris, under whose reign did Egypt arrive at the highest pitch of internal prosperity and grandeur, as well as of external power. And here, for the purpose of illustration, we may allude to the lines addressed by Voltaire to Louis XVI., immediately after that unfortunate monarch's accession to the throne. In a kind of tale, he imaginatively represents the Egyptian king, Sesostris, when young, as wandering on the banks of the Nile accompanied only by his good genius. He inquired of the latter what he must do to fulfill the grand destiny to which he felt that he was appointed on becoming sovereign of Egypt. His genius re-

plied, let us proceed to that great labyrinth of which Osiris laid the extensive foundation, and you will learn it. Arrived, the king's attention was directed to two different goddesses, one the image of Voluptuousness with her attendants, the other that of Wisdom. On beholding the former, the king asked his guide who that sweet beautiful nymph was, and what were those three ugly fellows yonder? His companion answered, "Do you not know, my prince, who that beauty is? She is worshipped at your court, in the city, and the provinces; her name is Voluptuousness; and these hideous spectres, her attendants, are Disgust, Weariness, and Repentance." On viewing the latter, he perceived on the frontispiece of the noble portico leading to the magnificent temple that opened at her call, these words, "To Immortality." "May I enter the temple?" asked the monarch. "The enterprise is difficult," replied the genius; "many have attempted to reach it, but have grown disheartened. This beauty is the Daughter of Heaven, the Mother of the Arts, particularly of the art of governing, and of being a hero either in peace or in war; her name is Wisdom, and the noble building which has just been opened is the temple of glory, where our good actions are recorded. Your illustrious name may be registered there at some future time; choose which of the two goddesses you prefer; you cannot serve them both at once." The young monarch replied, and who will say that the reply, as well as the above description, is not as applicable in the case of the modern governor of Egypt as in that of the ancient monarch?

"J'ai fait mon choix.

D'autres voudront les aimer toutes deux;  
L'une un moment pourrait me rendre heureux,  
L'autre par moi rendre heureux le monde.

Et il donna son cœur à la seconde."

Mehemet Ali, having known how to consolidate his power and to insure its stability, is the first Osmanlee who has had just ideas of administrative government. He is the first that has applied them. Although his power may be termed absolute, he has had sufficient prudence to desire to guard himself against its too arbitrary or irresponsible exercise. He has attached to his person a privy council, composed of several members, with whom he advises on all affairs of moment. For every branch of the administration he has provided special councillors; such as the council of war, that of the marine, of agriculture, of public instruction, of health, &c.; and over all is the council of state, which embraces all the divisions of the government; and when any important measures are to be

taken with regard to agriculture or other important works, he convokes the provincial governors. Knowing that in order to secure an able administration it is necessary carefully to divide the various branches of the government, he has, after having constituted them, placed special ministers over each; thus, he has established a separate official department for the interior, war, the marine, public instruction, finance, foreign affairs, and commerce. It is, indeed, true that these arrangements cannot boast of perfection; but the viceroy is entitled to a due share of credit for the efforts he has made; for the spirit of order and system he has established in the management of affairs; for the readiness with which he has introduced into his country an administrative regularity the importance of which he has had the merit of appreciating.

The financial resources of the viceroy are, first, the constitution of property in Egypt; second, the monopoly of the fruits of the soil; and third, the taxes. Property is here constituted upon bases very different from what it is in Europe, and the mode of its establishment allows the Pasha to combine the resources upon which his power is built up. In the oriental form of civilisation, so different from ours, and where liberty is unknown, without which the right of private property, deprived of its surest guarantee, has but a precarious existence; the nature of property has never been so clearly defined as in the west. In Egypt, from the time of the Pharaohs, the soil has belonged to the sovereign. Our limits will not allow of our tracing with the author of the work under review, the state of property in that country from the conquest of Amrou to that of Selim, nor its condition under the Mamelukes. We come, therefore, down to the year 1808, when Mehemet wrought the grand territorial revolution by which he himself has become the proprietary of nearly all Egypt. He abolished the titles to certain portions of land let to the *fellahs*, but held by a kind of feudal proprietors, or middlemen, called *moultezims* (of whom there were about 6000) and took their proprietaryship into his own hands. Nevertheless he was willing to indemnify them for the loss he had caused, had a valuation made of the revenues of each, and paid them an annual sum from his treasury; leaving them, besides, a life-interest in the other species of their landed property (that which they had absolutely purchased), their title to which was well established. He took upon himself also the maintenance of public worship, and granted annual pensions to the sheiks, whose possessions had been seized for such ecclesiastical purposes. He did not,

however, abolish all religious endowments, preserving those which consisted in houses and gardens. Nor was *all* individual possession extinguished by the viceroy, property in houses or buildings being particularly respected by him.

After having substituted himself in the place of the *moultezims*, Mehemet came in direct connection with the *fellahs*, and thus has been able to organize a system of agriculture. The *fellahs*\* stand towards him in the relation of labourers, though to some lands are assigned, of which they remain the tenants so long as they continue to pay the impost. The implements of husbandry, and the cattle necessary for irrigation, are supplied to them. When the crops are got in, they are bought up at the prices fixed by the government. The *fellah* disposes freely of the cereal produce; that which he goes to sell in the towns suffers a rateable duty, to which what he consumes himself, or sells at the places of production, is not subjected.

This organization of property, and of the relations of the viceroy with the *fellahs*, has elicited the bitter remarks of some censorious persons, who judge of Egypt and its inhabitants too much according to European ideas.

"I am astonished," says Clot-Bey, "to meet with those criminatory charges, especially in the writings of the English, who forget, as it appears, that the system of the *zemindars*, which they have established in their Indian possessions, is entirely analogous to that which obtains at the present time in Egypt. The experience which the French have had of the *fellahs*, and that which all Europeans have been permitted to acquire, who have prolonged their stay in Egypt, prove undeniably that the property-system, as realized by Mehemet Ali, is in itself the best possible. It is to him that we must attribute the immense progress made in agriculture, the introduction of rich plantations unknown before to the Egyptian soil, which is eminently fitted for them, and the rapid augmentation of the products. Left to themselves, the *fellahs*, naturally indolent, and feeling only such very limited wants that it is difficult for a European to form an idea of them, would leave Egyptian agriculture to fall into decay. It is this system, in short, which has allowed the viceroy to exalt and sustain his power, and to augment the revenue of the country from thirty-five millions, the sum to which it reached in 1790, to upwards of sixty millions of francs.

"I do not deny that there are numerous improvements to be introduced; but to those who would criminate Mehemet Ali for the defects in the actual state of things, I reply, first, that this state of things is by far superior to that which it has replaced; secondly, that it is, besides,

\* From which our own word *fellows*, applied to a low person or peasant, may probably be derived.



only transitory, and promises a rich future, a future auspicious to the Egyptian people, who by degrees, as they shall become civilized, will be admitted to the ownership of the products of the soil, the number and the richness of which the existing constitution has increased."

The monopolies of the Pasha have been the theme of the most violent accusations that his enemies have directed against him; and even that singular and eccentric individual, Commodore Napier,\* in his speech at Liverpool, on his return from the East, though friendly to the viceroy, confesses to having, during one of his interviews, touched upon the impropriety of the monopolies, to which his highness retorted upon us with singular shrewdness. Undoubtedly, the system is wrong in many respects; but before making it a crime to Mehemet Ali, it were right to consider that he has not invented it; that it is, so to speak, inherent to Egypt, where it has existed from all time, and carries with it, consequently, a high character of necessity. After interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh, we may recollect, Joseph was commissioned to gather in all the produce of the land, and to distribute it to the people during the years of scarcity. Was not this monopoly? Historians ascribe it as an honour to Sesostris his having given to his subjects, for a time, the right of property, a proof that they did not previously possess it. This right of property has never been able, indeed, to acclimate itself in Egypt. The necessity of the monopoly, or at least the difficulty of replacing it by a contrary state of things, was perceived by the French administration. The idea of dividing a part of the territory of Upper Egypt among the *fellahs* was entertained for some time by General Desaix, who was never able to bring it to practice. The peculiar physical situation of the country, the circumstances attendant on the overflow of the Nile, and irrigation, as well as the moral character and position of the Egyptian

peasantry, constitute, for the present, a great obstacle to any such division. Still, the actual monopoly system is, undoubtedly, susceptible of considerable ameliorations.

The total revenue of Egypt for the year 1833, since which the variations have been inconsiderable, amounted to 62,778,750 francs, and the expenditure to 49,951,500 francs. As regards the population of the country, if ancient historians are to be credited, it would appear that it was much greater under Sesostris and the Ptolemys than in modern times. During the reigns of those sovereigns, it amounted, we are told, to between seven and eight millions. At the commencement of the present century, the inhabitants were estimated at 2,000,000; this, however, was probably incorrect, for it has been demonstrated that they amount to more than 3,000,000. Of this number, Clot-Bey reckons about 2,600,000 Egyptian Mussulmans; Copts, 150,000; Osmanlees, or Turks, 12,000; Bedouin Arabs, 70,000; Ethiopians and other blacks, 25,000; Abyssinians, 5,000; Circassian and Georgian slaves, 5,000; Jews, 7,000; Syrians and Arminians, 7,000; &c. Of the remainder, he conjectures (for the account is not based on any official census) that there are dwelling in Egypt, among others, from nearly all the nations of Europe, about 2,000 Italians, from seven to eight hundred French, and from eighty to a hundred English.

Our author describes, with interest, the happy results of the creation of the Egyptian army for the cause of oriental civilisation. Towards its organization no foreigner has contributed so much as M. Séve, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshals Ney and Grouchy. He has been promoted to the rank and title of Soliman Pasha. French officers were almost the only ones employed in the formation of the viceroy's infantry and cavalry. Among the officers of artillery, there is one Turk of remarkable abilities, Ethem-Bey, who has distinguished himself by his proficiency in the French language, the mathematics, and some collateral sciences. The Pasha's military forces amount to 130,402 regular troops, and to 47,678 irregulars. The number of the national guards is given at 47,800.

The formation of the Egyptian marine is as interesting as that of the army, which it succeeded at a considerable interval. Mehemet's fleet, such as it was, was destroyed at the battle of Navarino. After that disastrous event, M. de Cerisy, who arrived in Egypt in April, 1829, had the task assigned him of re-constructing and re-organizing the navy. His first object was to build the arsenal of Alexandria, which accomplished

\* Amid other droll adventures on which the Commodore has stumbled, one of a somewhat amusing character occurred on his canvass for the borough of Marylebone. Being interrogated sharply by some of the electors, he ceased to answer, for a time, anything at all rational; and, at last, when the question of whether he would support the *law of entail* was put, frankly owned he knew nothing about the matter. It is well that this great and important borough has other candidates for its representation of more statesmanlike views, and that in the hands of B. B. Cabbell, Esq., and Sir J. J. Hamilton, fairer issues are before her than the legislative wisdom of the Commodore is likely to provide. Who authorized Commodore Napier to discuss with the Pasha the question of the monopoly? It certainly formed no part of his instructions.

and some other obstacles surmounted, on the 3d of January, 1831, the first vessel, of 100 guns, was launched. M. de Cerisy having subsequently quitted the service of the viceroy, was succeeded by M. Mongel, who acquitted himself with equal ability and honour. At present the naval power of the Pasha consists of eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, five corvettes, four schooners, and five brigs, carrying an effective force of about 16,000 men.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into any detailed account of the actual state of agriculture, industry, and commerce in Egypt; nor, indeed, does the work before us add much to our previous knowledge concerning these subjects. We have only room for one remark. The introduction of several manufacturing establishments into that country has elicited much doubtful consideration as to the wisdom and ultimate utility of the measure. Dr. Clot endeavours to combat the objections urged against it; but his positions, even taking into account the peculiar circumstances of the particular case, are, we cannot help thinking, inconsistent, not only with the genuine principles of political economy, but also with the soundest maxims of national prosperity. The sum and substance of his reasoning may be gathered from the following remark:—

“*Cependant on doit reconnaître,*” says he, “*qu’une haute vue politique a inspiré Méhémet Ali lorsqu’il a établi ses nombreuses manufactures; il voulait donner à l’Egypte tous les éléments de l’indépendance; et, dans ce but, il faut avouer qu’il ne devait pas négliger de lui assurer les moyens de secouer le joug industriel de l’étranger.*”

The account given of the system of public instruction and of schools is exceedingly interesting and cheering; and equally instructive, and sometimes even amusing, are the author’s graphic descriptions of the ways of internal communication and of the means of transport in Egypt. Perhaps hardly anything has more engaged the Pasha’s personal and anxious attention, or is more calculated to advance the physical and commercial interests of the viceroyalty, than what are technically denominated “public works,” such as the vast undertakings and improvements in canalization, the barrage of the Nile, the light-house of Alexandria, &c. &c., which have employed annually, moreover, as many as 355,000 individuals.

In an early part of this article we have pointed out some defects, as we apprehend, in this work. It is a more pleasing duty to state that on one particular subject, it adds

very considerably to our previous knowledge, namely, that on which the author’s professional labours are so closely and beneficially engaged. One of its longest and most interesting chapters is devoted to the nature of diseases in Egypt and their treatment, the state of medicine, and the organization of the medical establishments. On these topics we have had nothing so full and satisfactory before. Dr. Clot alludes to the mode of bringing up the Arab from his infancy; and attributes to it his freedom from many disorders, which attack the natives of other countries. One cause of the excellent constitutions of the Arab-Egyptians is owing to their great sobriety, their abstaining from animal food, from wine and other alcoholic drinks. According to our author the majority are real teetotallers; for, says he, “the greater part of the Egyptians know no other drink than water; the Christians and the Jews alone make use of wine, and especially of brandy.” Coffee, however, is a stimulant much used by them; and he is of opinion that an habitual indulgence in it has an injurious effect on the constitution by producing that enervation and languor for which the Orientals are noted. Opium is of course much worse, inducing upon the nervous system another and more fatal kind of prostration: happily its use is rare among the Egyptians, though many indulge greatly in *haschich*, a substance not much less deleterious than opium. The use by them of the vapour-bath and its accompaniments is a great preservative of health and cleanliness. The Egyptians arrive to a great age; Dr. Clot speaks of a man whom he had seen 130 years old, without any other infirmity than cataract in one eye; and he knows another now living at 123 years of age, who enjoys a perfectly sound state of health, and has several children, the eldest of whom is 80, the second 74, the third 3 years old, and the youngest only a few months. This man at the age of 82 cut six new teeth, which he was obliged to have immediately extracted on account of the pain and inconvenience they occasioned him.

In his advice to foreigners settling in Egypt, Clot-Bey cautions them against the too free use of animal food, of every kind of stimulating nourishment, of wine and alcoholic liquors. He observes that mortality among the English resident in the country is far greater than that of other foreigners, in consequence of their dogged adherence to their native customs and usages in this respect.

If the Egyptians are exposed but to a comparatively few maladies, some of these

are of the most destructive and painful nature. The plague, as endemical, shows itself almost every year about the same time in the Levant, and in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, and as such generally with a subdued intensity. When it appears under its epidemic form, which happens at intervals of six, eight, or ten years, like the Asiatic cholera, it occasions the most horrible ravages wheresoever it prevails.

"The plague is not contagious," says Dr. Clot, "and the great majority of medical men who have studied the malady of late years are of my opinion. This belief, moreover, has always been that of the Mussulmans; never have they avoided the contact of the pestiferous; nor must we suppose this notion of theirs to be the consequence of a ridiculous fatalism, and that from all time, an entire people would voluntarily expose themselves to so dreadful an evil, acknowledged to be contagious, when they might so easily protect themselves from it."

He next treats of the affections of the digestive organs—dysentery, hepatic disorders, hemorrhoids, hernia, and cutaneous diseases. His observations on ophthalmia are more extended, and contain some instructive and original suggestions in regard to this local and peculiarly distressing affection. He states the causes generally assigned for it, and from certain facts which he adduces, he very justly, we think, impugns their validity. The primary cause of ophthalmia he conceives to be meteorological or climatic, or what has hitherto escaped our investigations. The different authors that have written upon Egypt have very rarely made mention in their works of calculous derangements: probably either because they had no opportunity to make researches into the subject, or because they did not imagine there existed in Egypt an affection which has been generally supposed to be confined to cold and humid regions. However, *vesical calculus* is most frequent in that country, the doctor himself having operated for it, as we have before observed, in more than a hundred and sixty cases.

Next, we have some remarks on cancerous affections, syphilis, on cerebral, mental, and nervous maladies. Mental derangements are very rare in Egypt; in Cairo, containing about 300,000 inhabitants, there are not more, it appears, than from thirty to forty persons affected that way. Nervous and rheumatic affections of all kinds are very rare, and as to the gout, it is entirely unknown. Tetanus is seldom met with; and what is very extraordinary, in a region subject to a burning climate, and where animals of the canine species abound, which

often suffer much from hunger and thirst, no one instance of hydrophobia, says our author, has been known in men or animals.

Pulmonary phthisis, or consumption, so general in more northerly latitudes, is exceedingly uncommon in Egypt. Pliny tells us that the Romans were wont to resort thither to be cured of this complaint, or for the purpose of preventing its development. And yet, of the Abyssinians and Negroes, who come from warmer regions, a great number die annually of this malady. On the other hand, the northerns, such as Turks, Greeks, French, English, Germans, Italians, &c., enjoy the immunity of the natives.

"I know not an instance," says Clot-Bey, "of any one of these being affected with pulmonary phthisis; and even of those who were ill when they arrived, I have seen many cured, and as to the rest, a very sensible alteration for the better has taken place. Do not these facts demonstrate that heat (*chaleur*) is one of the powerful conditions which prevent the development of the symptoms of this disorder? These considerations respecting a malady that is so fatal in Europe, ought to interest the faculty of all countries, and induce them to attempt researches into the subject. For myself, if I had to give advice to the rich, who are languishing, nay, dying, in their own country of pulmonary consumption, or to those who are predisposed to it, I should say, instead of travelling to various parts of Europe, and finding little or no benefit therefrom, come to Egypt, which offers you greater chances of ultimate restoration than any other place."

In the succeeding sections of this department of his subject, the author refers to the state of medicine among the Egyptians previous to the new institutions under Mehemet Ali, and gives a very interesting and instructive history of the organization and actual condition of the health-establishments to which we have before referred, and concludes with an account of the present state of veterinary surgery, and the institution of a veterinary school at Choubrah under the able direction of M. Hamont.

In the debate in the House of Commons on the settlement of the Eastern question, Mr. Hume observed that life and property were as secure, nay, he might say more secure, in the dominions of Mehemet Ali than in the neighbourhood of London; and he gave an anecdote of the singular recovery of some lost property, if we recollect aright, to illustrate his position. Every account that we receive serves to corroborate his statement, and that, of all the reforms of the viceroy, he has conferred no service upon Egypt more extensive or essential than in this particular. A most rigorous system of civil discipline prevails in every part of

Africa subjected to his sway, that was formerly a prey to the depredations of tribes in quest of rapine and pillage. "At the present time," says Clot-Bey, "more security is perhaps enjoyed here than in the best governed states of Europe." If we contrast more in detail the former condition of Egypt in this respect with what it is now, the merit of the viceroy will appear in a yet stronger light. And those who recollect the expressive and graphic energy with which Volney has sketched the anarchical state of Egypt in his time, and compare it with the improvements of late introduced, will comprehend the extent of the labours of the present enlightened governor.

"All that we see," says this intelligent traveller, "and all that we hear (in Egypt) announces that we are in a land of slavery and of tyranny. Nothing is talked of but civil tumults, public misery, extortions of money, bastinadoes and murders. No security for life or property; human blood is poured out like that of an ox; justice even sheds it without the process of formality. The officer of the night, during his rounds, the officer of the day, in his walks, judge, condemn, and execute in the twinkling of an eye, and without appeal. Executioners accompany them, and at the first order, the head of a miserable wretch tumbles into the leathern sack. The semblance alone of crime might, indeed, expose to the danger of punishment! But often, without any other motive than the cupidity of some powerful individual, and the accusation of an enemy, a man suspected of having any money is summoned before a bey; a sum is exacted of him, and if he refuse to pay it, they throw him on his back, give him two or three hundred strokes of the bastinado, and sometimes even massacre him. The devil take him who is suspected of having property! a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him! It is only by the outside show of poverty that he can possibly escape the pillage of the powerful!"

Such, then, was Egypt under the Mamelukes, at the period of Mehemet's accession to the government. Moreover, the Bedouin Arabs were at that time all-powerful; they imposed tributary ransom upon the inhabitants of Egypt, whose wives and children they came to Cairo to seize and carry off. Bands of their brigands infested the desert between the Red Sea and the valley of the Nile. The oasis could not be reached; no one could proceed as far as the first cataract, nor visit the pyramids, without their permission. The caravans which traversed the Isthmus of Suez paid them considerable tribute. Mehemet would fain establish his absolute authority over the desert as over the cultivated regions. Sixtus the Fifth said, "I wish that in my dominions every one

should be able to carry his purse in his hand, and even leave his door open of a night without running any risk." The viceroy, on assuming power, conceived the very same resolution. In order to realize it, he attempted at first pacific measures. He concluded divers arrangements with the Bedouins, but these arrangements were violated without fear by them; and Mehemet Ali soon found it necessary to employ force to reduce them to obedience. He made war upon them; he pursued them with moveable columns of cavalry, who harassed and surrounded them until they were obliged to beg for mercy. Since then, the Bedouins have been under complete subjection to the viceroy.

When we consider the situation of Egypt with regard to the people of Europe, surely we are justified in asking who have greater reason to be thankful than these latter for the improvements effected in the civil and social system of the East? None of the European governments could reap any advantage from seeing that state of things continue which Mehemet has replaced. We have seen that its evident tendency must be to compromise the life, the fortune of their subjects, and their commercial relations, subjected to a thousand perilous risks, and constantly diminishing. England has now, by the Red Sea, the route to India open and free. Thousands of camels are placed at her disposal, to transport at a low rate from Suez to Cairo her travellers and her merchandize. Mehemet Ali has ever shown, in peace and in war, a ready disposition to protect the interests and to facilitate the concerns of English commerce.\* Other

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\* In corroboration of this statement we have the grateful task of recording the following testimony conveyed in a remarkable recent correspondence between the Pasha of Egypt and the merchants of Liverpool: it has appeared in some of the newspapers:—

"To his Highness the Pasha of Egypt.

"We, the undersigned, merchants, bankers, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool, beg to convey to your Highness our admiration and grateful thanks for the uniform protection and kindness manifested by your Highness towards our countrymen for many years past, when travelling through or sojourning in the extensive countries under your rule, and which protection has not been less efficacious than universal. These sentiments have been still further enhanced by your Highness's conduct on a recent occasion, when, with that consideration for the welfare of the mercantile interest and the benefit of travellers, and with a magnanimity worthy of the most enlightened policy, your Highness was pleased to allow the free transit of mails and passengers through your country under circumstances which generally disserve the ties binding mankind together in friendly intercourse, affording thereby a rare exception in such cases to the general rule, a brilliant example to the potentates, and justly deserving ir

nations also are admitted to enjoy the benefits which Egypt offers to commerce, and the security which the viceroy has provided for exchanges, transactions, and travels. The only thing then, it appears to us, since the Syrian affair is settled, that the different powers are called upon to do is, to protect the efforts of the viceroy, to aid him in the regeneration of the countries submitted to his rule. Who would dare, indeed, in contempt of all generous ideas and ennobling views, and in spite of the most evident interests of Christendom, to wish to cause a retrograde movement in Egyptian reformation? To endanger the germs of that civilisation which have just taken root in Egypt, would be to recall the anarchy so happily banished by the viceroy. It would be to destroy the scientific and philanthropic establishments of the land, and in all probability the civilizing movement might not be resumed for centuries. Everywhere a violent re-action would cause the removal of Europeans now so highly honoured by the viceroy. Everywhere Christians would

our estimation the thanks of the whole civilized world. That you may long continue to govern the fertile dominion committed to your charge in prosperity and peace, devoting to its improvement all the energies of your enlightened mind; and that you may enjoy advanced age in health, honour, and happiness, is our sincere wish.

"Liverpool, Feb. 26, 1841."

To which the Pasha sent, through his minister, the following reply:—

"Gentlemen,—His Highness the Viceroy has ordered the undersigned to communicate to the mayor, bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool, that their address has reached him. The sentiments expressed in that address are highly gratifying to his Highness, who accepts the good wishes thus conveyed to him, and will always exert himself for their realization. Mercantile interests and travellers in the countries under the rule of his Highness will always enjoy that effectual protection which is the type of civilisation in all nations; and in strictly adhering to his system of civilisation even in periods of the greatest difficulty when his intentions were unknown, his Highness has been faithful to his principles, and has given to his officers and to the people under his government, a lesson that will bind them always in more friendly ties to the enlightened people of other nations, for their mutual welfare. Amidst the regrets which his Highness sometimes experiences at being unable to realize all the good he meditates, Providence grants him occasionally some consolation, which comes as a soothing balm, and of this nature is the address of the mayor, bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool. The undersigned is charged to express the great satisfaction that it has given to his Highness, and to convey them his thanks. The undersigned has the honour to subscribe himself, Gentlemen, your most obedient and most humble servant,

(Signed)

Bouché Youssouff."

have to pay dear for the audacity of such an emancipation.

But the moral change which the Pasha has wrought among his subjects, though not so immediately palpable, perhaps, as those we have been considering, is much more extraordinary in itself than all his military, political, commercial, agricultural and other improvements. He has attacked bigotry and fanaticism at their very source: and by letting in per force the lights of knowledge upon his subjects, he has done more to overturn the empire of a creed essentially adverse to human amelioration than all its declared enemies put together. This moral improvement will doubtless, in its consequences, if allowed to proceed, be productive of results still more important to the cause of civilisation. "Mahomedanism," says Wolfgang Menzel,\* "has outlived itself. The overthrow of the now decrepit realms of Saladin must eventually take place." May we hope that the progressive advancement of reforms, physical and moral, now so happily and successfully commenced, urged on by an increasing friendly intercourse between Mahometan and Christian nations, will eventually bring about such a state of things as that this demolition shall be the natural and necessary consequence of peacefully co-operating but inevitable circumstances, rather than the questionable issue of a warlike struggle, entered into for the purpose of temporal aggrandizement by the nations of the West.

ART. VII.—*Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und im Kampfe mit der modernen Wissenschaft dargestellt von Dr. David Friedrich Strauss.* (The Christian Doctrines illustrated in their Historical Development and in Opposition with Modern Science. By Dr. D. F. Strauss.) Tübingen, Osiander. 1840.

AMID the numerous works with which the inventive faculty of our German brethren has enriched us, none partakes of more singular features than the present production. It is the most untranslatable book that has yet appeared in that untranslatable language. We are not sorry for the circumstance, but possessing an instinctive horror of infidelity in any shape, rather rejoice in the circumstance,

\* See his "Europe in Jahr 1840."

though it has increased our personal toil. Some notion of the difficulty of the work may be formed from the circumstance that one passage was shown to three distinguished native professors, all university men, and all declared their inefficiency to explain it. The work before us may be said to contain subtleties fully worthy of the reputation of the Society of the Jesuits, Spinoza's absurdest vagaries and speculations, with all the beautiful dreaminess of mystification, the heir-loom of the author's land, a little heightened by every thing that the Sophists and Platonists could lend to make light darkness, and the intelligible obscure. In it the author has at once and boldly thrown off the mask, and from the deist, which the *Leben Jesu* demonstrated him to be, he has by an easy mutation passed into the atheist. Still do we deeply regret that a mind of unquestionable power, an "esprit fort," in two senses, assuredly widely different from most of his class, to whom the term "esprit foible" is more applicable, should be induced to propagate the desolating dogmas of his book. This book, of course, is framed on the supposition that human reason is adequate to discover anything, that man does not need any exterior aid, expressly denies any such communication, and is consequently opposed to all revelation, all systems of faith, all the world's hope in God. To divest all of this reliance, and to infuse into all his principles, is, of course, the author's design, and in it he has ruthlessly violated all that earth yet has ennobling and divine. We shall give an analysis of his work, and then proceed to a closer battle with him on particular sections, which we shall select to show the fallacy of his reasoning, his absurd trust in the extent of it, the inadequacy of this power in the discussion of the very questions which it is assumed competent to investigate, and trust that the issue of the whole will clearly advantage not the advocate of human reason but of divine revelation. It is not a matter of deep difficulty to meet the rationalists on their own ground, since reason in her noblest exercise confirms revelation; but it were attempting too much with this weak weapon, were we to trust the whole issue of the question to it. It will do to use over a portion, but like the warrior's lance must give way in close combat to the keen and trenchant sword that divides asunder the joints and marrow, and pierces to the deep intensity of physical and mental union. The work of our author, of which we subjoin the table of contents, is ingeniously arranged in the concatenation

of causes as they arise from the subject-matter

#### INTRODUCTION.

1. Changeable Position of Philosophy with respect to Religion in Modern Time.
2. Derivation of the various Forms of Philosophy to Religion from the various Apprehensions of both.
3. The various Modes of Conception of Christianity collated with Modern Philosophy.
4. The Principal Epochs of Christianity and the Christian Doctrine.
5. The most remarkable Developments of Modern Philosophy in relation to Christianity.
6. System of Doctrines in our Time. Plan of the Work.

#### THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

##### APOLOGETIC.

7. Biblical Revelation.
8. Biblical Doctrines of Miracles and Prophecies as Evidences of the Truth of the Revelation.
9. Development of the Church Doctrines.
10. The Church Doctrines of Miracles and Prophecies.
11. Tradition and Scripture as the Medium of the Transmission of Revelation.
12. The Infallibility of the Church and the Inspiration of Scripture.
13. Exposition of the Holy Scriptures.
14. Analysis of the Doctrines for the Inspiration of Scripture.
15. Analysis of the Orthodox Notions of the Canon and Word of God.
16. Analysis of the Orthodox Notions of Prophecy as a mean of Proof for Revelation.
17. Analysis of the Notions of Miracles.
18. The Perfectibility of Revealed Religion.
19. Analysis of the Church Notions of Revelation.
20. Faith and Feeling.
21. Faith and Knowledge.
22. Conclusion of Apology.

#### THE MATERIAL CONTENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

##### DOCTRINAL.

23. General Review.

##### DOCTRINE—FIRST PART.

*The Absolute as a Subject of Abstract Conception or as a Divine Being in the Element of Time.*

24. Arrangement.

*1st. Article. On the Existence of God.*

25. Introduction.
26. Proofs for the existence of God.
27. Strictures on the above.

*2d Article. On the Triune Being of God.*

28. Arrangement.
29. Unity of God.
30. The Biblical Commencement of the Doctrine of the Trinity.
31. The Church Development of the Doctrine.

32. Analysis and various Expositions of the Church Doctrine of the Trinity.
33. Of the Personality of God.  
3d Article. *Of the Attributes of God.*
34. General Review.
35. Knowledge of God. Notion and Introduction of the Attributes.
36. Attributes of God's being and Essence generally. Omnipotence and Eternity, &c.
37. Attributes of God's Mind. Omniscience. Wisdom.
38. Attributes of God's Will. Omnipotence. Holiness and Justice.
39. Love and Beatitude.
40. Essay of a Speculative Construction of the Divine Attributes.
41. Transition.

#### DOCTRINE—SECOND PART.

*The Absolute as the Object to the Empirical Conceptions, or as Divine Production in the Elements of Time.*

#### 42. Arrangement.

Sect. 1. *The Temporary Appearance of God as Divine History.*

#### 43. General Review.

1st. Article. *On Creation.*

#### 44. Prefatory Observations.

I. *The Creation as a Divine Fact.*

45. The Mosaic History of Creation and its different Conception.
46. Creation out of nothing.
47. Reason and Aim of the Creation.
48. Temporal or Eternal Creation.

II. *Productions of the Divine Creative Activity—Principal Creatures and their Primitive Conditions.*

49. The Angels.
50. The First Created Pair.
51. The Original Perfection of the First Men. Biblical and Ancient Dogmas.
52. Catholic and Protestant Doctrine on the Primitive Conditions—Socinian, Rationalist and Speculative Strictures on the same.

Having enabled our readers to embrace the scope of the author in his yet unfinished work, we shall proceed to grapple with his notions. As a writer he makes great use of the cumulative process of argument, and we shall therefore take him up on the latter part of his book, and begin with "the Creation as a Divine Fact."

Our author makes an ingenious but futile attempt to show the Mosaic history as inconsistent with itself. The account of creation in Genesis we are quite prepared to take in our author's words; namely, "that God produced of the waste and formless primitive matter, by a series of separations and developments, which were executed at his command, the actual world, in the multiplicity of its creatures and order of its laws." As for allegorical interpretations of creation, they are worth nothing, and we have nothing at the present period to do with any other

interpretations of Scripture than our own; we are not bound to the dicta of the Fathers, though sound in many notions in which they differ absolutely from Dr. Strauss. We perfectly concede to him, that man divides his work into tasks, from the reaction of the matter against him; but what has this to do with God? If the fact of continuous creation implied labour or toil against the rebel matter, then would God not be, as He is, exhaustless yet, but would long since have exhibited failure of power. Has the Great Motor Agent of the planetary system waned one particle in His might since the hour of creation? Does Moses describe God as labouring under fatigue? "Let there be light, and there was light." Does that look like weariness or labour to produce a desired end? Why even Longinus could teach superior deductions to this! The human race consists of a series of developments of creative agency over thousands of years. Does not this evidence that God produces over protracted periods His work? We allow it might, had God willed it, have burst into one development; but we can see no good reason why it should have been so produced, and can show abundant arguments to the contrary, in the earth requiring tillage to sustain such a population, the gradual increase of her sustentative power and active energy bringing in her deserts to blossom as the rose, and every waste and solitary spot to exult in the fertility given to it by God to meet the increased demand. We can trace nothing of inconsistency in the first and second chapters of Genesis. If Augustin or Dr. Strauss infer any inconsistency between the chapters, they are both in error.

If Origen also understood Gen. ii. 4, as contradicting the first chapter, he is equally in error, and we will show proof of the error of them all. "Augustin was surprised that the herbs, trees, and men, which had been created in the first chapter, are created again in the second chapter." Where did Augustin find creation reiterated? All creation is effected in the first chapter. The second chapter simply states the matter out of which the things were made. Gen. i. 26, contains the spiritual description of man; but Gen. ii. 7, his physical form, and how it became endued with life. Again, Gen. i. 24, contains the account of the creation of animals; but ii. 19, while it repeats how they were formed, contains the history of their naming by Adam; a fresh fact. What inconsistency is there in this? As to Origen's error, in the passage, Gen. ii. 4, "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, when they were created in the day the Lord made the heavens;" nothing is easier explained,

since both the Greek *ἡμέρα*, and Hebrew *יוֹם*, imply not simply a day, but time generally, and which sense our author himself admits in this very section, of which we get an instant illustration in Gen. ii. 17. Even Gesenius gives this sense, which is equally that of *Dies*. The passage then contains no contradiction to the preceding assertions, and is evidently simply a summary of them; and the word *generations*, in our version, is in the LXX *βῆβαι*; and in the Hebrew text *הִשְׁתַּלְּחֹת*, a *history*, stating simply the character of the book of Genesis, placing this description of the work justly and properly after creation, and stating the intentions of the work to be to transmit a durable memorial of it. In the same manner Gen. ii. 21, is an amplification of the previous narrative in Gen. i. 27, and further explains the sequence of causes, that of time being maintained in the previous chapter. As to the distinction of day and night before the sun was created, Gen. i. 5, since God is described as creating the light from the primæval darkness, the alternation of the one or the other principle was the natural result, and no doubt the intention of God in the separation. The sun was afterwards made the treasury whence the light is diffused; but ere the creation of that luminous body, the alternation of day and night might easily proceed, and the sun afterwards sustain for ages the primal law. If light also consist, as is commonly supposed by the most accurate modern theory, of a series of vibrations of æther, it confirms the notion of Moses. Notion, do we say,—the revelation made to him. We should be glad to be informed what other name even our author's ingenuity could have given to this, better calculated to express the fact in question to the intelligence of the general mind, than Moses has adopted by what has been perpetually submitted to the observation of mankind since that period. But our author does not stop here, and next assaults Mosaic truth on the grounds of its inconsistency with astronomy, geology, and criticism. With respect to the latter two, both sciences are in such a state of crudity that their decisions become impugned every fifty years; but astronomy has more fixity. We have, under the head of Astronomical Objections to Revelation, the old story that the account of Moses favours the ancient system, which believed earth the centre of the system, and that the sun and planets were created as subsidiary to the earth. Now, there appears nothing in astronomy to negative the Mosaic theory, that earth was created before the sun; on the contrary, the notion of Newton, who was really as competent as our author to discuss these

matters, was very close in affinity to the Mosaic. In his letter to Bentley, he allows that matter might form itself into masses by the mere force of attraction.

"And thus," says he, "might the sun and fixed stars be formed, supposing the matter were of a lucid nature. But how the matter should divide itself into two sorts, and that part of it should fall down into one mass and make a sun, and the rest, which is fit to compose an opaque body, should coalesce, not into one great body like the shining matter, but into many little ones; or if the sun at first were an opaque body like the planets, or the planets lucid bodies like the sun, how he alone should be changed into a shining body whilst all they continue opaque; or all they be changed into opaque ones while he continues unchanged, I do not think explicable by mere natural causes, but am forced to ascribe it to the council and contrivance of a voluntary agent."

What in the history of creation, what in astronomy negatives the position of earth being created out of the common matter of the universe the first of the system; or what prevents the creation of the sun as a luminous body being simply all that Moses means? Moses, also, did not write the history of the system, he wrote only of one planet; and he has simply to show, not the universal system, but such particulars out of it as concerned his subject, and he accordingly describes the offices rendered to earth by her chronometers, as our author calls them, the sun and moon. The tendency of his nation to sidereal worship showed the impress from distant worlds improper at the instant he wrote, that they were not disposed to attach too little but too much importance to the æthereal spheres around the earth. As to any argument being reducible from the fact that Moses describes the progress of creation and cultivation of the earth as occupying five days, and the sun, moons, and stars as created in one, nothing can be more ridiculous than any attempt to found an argument on that point. What hinders our affirming that God then only made *them* luminous, which is all that Moses says? What sense does Dr. Strauss attach to the first verse of Genesis? "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What hinders *us* from expressing stellar matter? What does it mean, if this be not its meaning? The next point urged is, the inconsistency of the account of the creation with modern geology. It would, indeed, be difficult, nay, impossible to get any constant quantity to fix this variable. Look at Lyell, Buckland, Kirby, Cuvier, are they agreed on a



single postulate? Is chemistry herself in a state to enunciate propositions, when she is hourly modifying her assertions? and, surely, her progress to fixity is in vastly superior advance of geology, which requires wonderful requisites and uncommon powers to arrive at dogmas where so many sciences are required to form a just conclusion. We consider, and always have done, that creation was performed in six days; and we think our author's argument, that the days in the account are limited to twenty-four hours expressly by the terms day and night, good; showing clearly that those commentators of the Buckland school, who extend creation over a period of ages, are wrong. But the insidious and artful observation, that if six days of creation, in the first instance, appear too close for a Divine act, they are also too quick for a process of nature, we deny. The law of elements which are brought into operation, if left to itself, takes time for its accomplishment; and such a law is described as brought into operation by the Great Motor Agent; but it is not a process of nature that is described, it is a process of a vivifying life. When light burst forth, a day might disperse the waters under an ordinary agency, for the presence of light presumes heat. As to the origin of Testacea, and their separation from Mammiferæ in a day, that does not appear under the agency employed inconsistent, for separation was instant on creation. And it is idle to assert, though it may have the aspect in the eyes of infidels like Dr. Strauss of begging the question, that the supernatural character of the Demiurgus is not to be taken into question. We are simply bound to show, that the Demiurgus does not act inconsistent with reason; but no divine would assert, nor even philosopher worthy of the name, that he does not operate in a manner that defies the low reasoning powers of man to investigate. The only attempt to make criticism bear upon the question before us, after its vaunted powers, is, that the passages Gen. i. 1. ii. 4. and ii. 5. are inconsistent with each other, in which arguments we have already joined issue; and the baseless unproved assertion that the Book of Genesis is not all written by Moses, together with a dark attempt at Mythos, which the stubborn author of the Pentateuch does not supply, but is as straightforward as he is clear, form the whole attack. Where was the Mythos when Moses turned to his people with this appeal? "Ask now of the days that

are past, which were before thee, since the days that God created man upon the earth, and ask from one side of heaven unto the other whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is or hath been heard like it? Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as thou hast and live? Or hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a stretched-out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that the Lord your God did for you in Israel before your eyes?"—Deut. iv. 2. Did that look like one that could appeal to facts? Has his nation, his dark, sunk, mammon-spirited, degraded nation, denied him, or ministered unvarying testimony to his truth? A Mythos, such as the Mosaic, were a miracle in itself. We pass to chap. 46—"Creation out of nothing."

Our author makes an attempt, but it is extremely feeble throughout this chapter, to incorporate matter with God. His reasoning amounts to nothing more than curious speculation on matters which lie infinitely beyond the powers of human reason to reach, to investigate, to separate into elements, or to exhibit with any clearness. After quoting 2 Macc. vii. 28, and Wisdom xi. 17, and contrasting them with Gen. i. 1, he comes to the conclusion that the latter writer does not affirm as to matter, whether the creating God found it ready, or created it also.

"To place matter, which he had only manufactured as Creator of the World, distinct from God, was not only most analogous to the common conception, which proceeds from the manner and custom in which men are wont to perform their works, but also in philosophy a similar Dualism became customary through Plato. The notion also had this advantage, that it served as a convenient outlet to unburthen God of the creation of evil in the world. Therefore the eldest Platonic fathers of the Church speak of a creation of the world out of formless matter, and Dualistic, Gnostic, and Manichean teachers, as Hermogenes, placed with more certainty an eternal matter distinct from God. If in the latter relation, there is involved the question of a God unable to vanquish the reaction of the bad matter, and therefore not absolute; if in the first, since the divine production is not a human one, the being bound to matter must be denied. A reproduction of all things out of his Being, appears also suitable to God. It is after this manner it has been supposed that the Son of God was produced; but in order to distinguish the world from him, and not to fall into the pantheistic emanatismus of the Alexandrian Gnostics and modern Platonists, it has been decided that the world was created neither out of a pre-existing matter, as men usually make their work, nor

of the essence of God as the Son, but through the will of God out of nothing. This *nothing* ought not to indicate any matter, but on the contrary exclude such an idea. They distinguished, moreover, a *nihil negativum* and *privativum*, and, according to it a *creatio prima* and *secunda*. On the first day God produced of the mere nothing, or of the *negatio omnis entitatis*, the shapeless matter, out of which, as a primitive nothing, in the following days he made the world. The old philosophical objection against this theory, '*ex nihilo nihil fit*,' was removed, it is true, by limiting it to the domain of the *final causalitas*. However, from all ages, the creation from nothing was a weightless definition for speculative thinkers. Scotus Erigena understood under the *nothing* out of which all things are produced the sublime depth of the Divine Being above all *final something*. J. Böhme considered the *real* nature of God as the matter out of which he has made all things, and afterwards the whole root of this supposition was destroyed by Spinozism; the new dogma, as far as it could proceed, has either sent away the terminus, or so explained it that the *nothing* ought only to indicate the side of the non-existence, which is always joined to the world in reproduction. In the Chaldean history of creation the positive to the *nothing* is not the divine essence, but the divine will; of which we shall treat in the following chapter."—vol. i. p. 46.

In the above reasoning we throw out of the question at once all Platonic notions, and shall simply take up the Mosaic and Christian. Now, first of all, Moses in his cosmogony is quite clear from Ovid's errors; he describes God positively as making the matter of the heavens and earth, as the immaterial generator of substance. Jehovah did not find things in confusion as Ovid describes God; he made matter. Ovid describes God and nature as co-equal and co-eternal. It is not so in the writings of Moses. Unbelievers may give this generation of matter the name of a *weightless definition*, but it is absurd to assert that anything of perishable and fragile form can be God. We are aware that we shall be pressed with the Atomic Theory, with the individuality of every molecule, with its rigid character, with its indestructibility in space. We have nothing to do with this. A character impressed on a palpable thing must be exterior to the thing. If the character be coeval with the thing, then must whatever gave that character have preceded the impressed object. Now the indestructibility of matter is the result of exterior action, and therefore the inferiority of matter in duration to its Maker is evident. Now nothing can be more absurd than that reasoning that expects of the derived all the properties in the unde-

rived. Can God make gods? No. Does this proceed from the incapacity of God? No. Incapacity consists in not doing what is capable of being done. But who ever heard of an incapacity to effect an impossibility? Who, but the school of Hegel and his pupil Strauss, ever dreamt of treating the Son as produced, when the divinity of the Son is co-eternal with the Father, only different in mode? Moses asserts amply that matter was not with God from everlasting, but all matter, stellar, universal, earthly, generated by him. As for the stuff repeatedly uttered, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," why should any sensible being trouble himself with that equivocation, for it is nothing more? A thing is not made of nothing when the product of an Almighty will. As for that absurd distinction of a *nihil negativum* and a *nihil privativum*, Hegel and Strauss are welcome to what they can make out of it. They are valueless terms. The *negatio omnis entitatis* we take as a fair statement of primordial condition, and fully concede that Moses speaks of such a state as a *creatio prima*, and of the generation of matter as a *creatio secunda*, which consists in forming from it individualities. But we have nothing in this view to do with matter as God or part of God. It must be held as aloof and wholly distinct from God, the positive matter, once the negative, and positive to sense only by the power of God. That this view stands any test, the vain battering of ages around the scheme of Berkeley, which has the basis of the Bible for it, leaving that scheme like a rock in ocean unmoved by the changing surge, will abundantly demonstrate. Infinite volition said, "Let there be light and there was light." The same volition has produced from an equally unpromising subject with darkness—the universe. We pass to chap. 47—"The Reason and Aim of the Creation."

In this chapter an effort is made to negative all views usually entertained of this subject, without substituting any that can be available to solve the problems which the author raises. We are first told that Moses drew from the Platonist system a baseless assertion that though it has been said, *τι γὰρ εἶσι Πλάτων ἡ Μωϋσῆς ἀντιτίθων*, we never heard the reverse. We are next informed that the aim of an absolute Being must be absolute. A dogma that cannot be true, unless we suppose all creatures equal to the author of them. A vegetable, on this principle, ought to be a man, but unluckily remains a vegetable; man, the creator,

but still he remains the creature. We are next informed that God required the world to realize unto him his own essence; so that, on this principle, a man could not be convinced he was a living being unless he had children. The next point mooted is, that God was not self-content until he had made the world; and, therefore, according to the sense attempted to be fastened on creation by Spinoza, it was a work of chance. As if creation were not as much a faculty of God, as man's operation is of himself; as if accident could befall one, whose very absoluteness precludes it. Here Leibnitz is quoted, who vents the following unintelligible stuff: "When God will create something, a combat of infinitely many possibilities rises almost, as it were, in strife to approach realization; among which, that which unites in itself the most reality and perfection, conquers and becomes realized by God." *Si sic omnia dixisset*, the contest between him and Newton had never been even debateable. Herder justly remarks on this, that dubitable reflecting and choosing cannot consist with God, that he is not as a meditative artist, who breaks his head projects, rejects, and chooses. There can be no realm of possibility out of the power and will of God. Schelling is next introduced to strengthen the arguments with the assertion, that the most complete Being has already existed in the most complete manner, because in the real possession of the highest perfection he would not have had any reason to create and produce so many things by which he becomes less complete. So that, trying Schelling on a matter of fact, we come to this: the king that makes an edict, (a Russian ukase is an excellent illustration,) which is partially obeyed, demonstrates by it, not his power but his weakness, supposing all his people had disobeyed him on the subject of the edict previously. The edict is no evidence of power, but of privation of power. An emperor then, with his armies and state apparatus, is weaker than without them. Supposing him by their aid to conquer kingdoms, he is only demonstrating his weakness if he be not the conqueror of the world. And the originating God, in the multiplicities of his contrivances, in the relative perfections of his creatures, is not glorified unless he make them such that they be enabled to obscure his glory. J. Böhm next favours us with the following; this writer is highly in favour with Dr. Strauss, because the mystics give him vantage-ground in disputa-

tion: "As now God has corporized together eternal natures (angels) out of himself, they ought not in the heavenly rank to be looked upon in the same character as God. No; they were not formed to this end as the figures (ideas), which by the qualifying (*viz. εσφηγία*) the spirits of God in the (eternal) nature disappeared again by the moving of the spirits, but the body of the angels was corporized together harder and more compact than God was in himself, and remained so that their light ought to shine brighter in their hardness." If our readers can understand this, they must be gifted with uncommon perspicuity; to us it appears impiety, united with unintelligibility. Again: "The Eternal Divinity would not be manifest to itself if God had not created creatures as angels and men, who understand the eternal inextricable chain, and how the birth of the light was in God." After the quotation of J. Böhm, modern theology receives from Dr. Strauss the compliment of affinity to this unsettled mystic, or madman. Hear that, shades of Michaelis, Marsh, Waterland, Bull and Barrow! After this the inquiry is carried on to the relations of the Trinity. God is next represented, after Hegel, as nothing but an abstract idea if not conceived of as Creator: "Without the world God is not God." If by Welt, in this passage, he means world, or even universe, and would represent God as an abstract idea if either of these be removed, the idea is as impious as it is untrue. After having thus attempted, as he says, to get rid of such a reproach, as to teach an incomplete Divinity, who developed himself with time, he proceeds to Chapter 48, to examine, in illustration of his position, "Whether the Creation be Temporal or Eternal."

The arguments of this chapter are extremely ingenious, but nothing more; we shall however enter into an abstract of the important matter urged in it. The Mosaic narration, it is first assumed, simply places the creation of all things in the beginning, but does not state what was before this beginning, which does not satisfy a German neologist. As God was before the world, he wants to be informed what took place in that unrevealed period. The theory of immense periods of time, *Æons*, Jerom's wild imagination, here comes in for notice as well as animadversion. "We must suppose," says this Father, "an infinite series of centuries before the creation of the world, during which God the Father was alone with

the Son and the Holy Ghost, and perhaps also the angels. Six thousand years of our world are not yet accomplished, he exclaims! How many eternities! What periods! What centuries coming forth one from another must have preceded!"

"This shallow admiration," says our author, "was soon succeeded by the notion why, if the creation of the world was something good, did God defer it so long. Why did your God, suddenly asked the Manichean, conceive an idea of doing what he had not done through the whole eternity before? What did God do, demanded others, before he made heaven and earth? Did he repose and do nothing? Why then did he not continue his repose? Why did he introduce into his essence a change which destroys his eternity? The divine bounty, observed the philosophers, could never have been inactive any more than his power; but as he is now Creator and Lord, he must have been so from eternity, consequently he must have created and governed the world from eternity. As the co-existence (*Nebeneinandersein*) of infinite worlds in space was an Epicurean doctrine, so was the succession of infinitely many worlds in time an infinite change of expansion and contraction of the Divine Being, according to the Stoic doctrine of difference (*Unterscheidungslehre*)."

The Church has never been without her philosophising and dreamy-minded men, more Pagan-minded than Christian, and accordingly a capital use is made by our author of Origen, who asserts that God had made series after series of worlds, basing this assertion upon the creative and governing activity in the first instance, and secondly, that the transition from creation to non-creation must bring a change into the divine nature. Were this the fact, every child that is born might be pleaded as a change in the Godhead, as God becomes the God of another soul by reason of its birth. Origen is only right in the probable basis of his idea, which is clearly that creation is not accidental, but essential to the Godhead; though it is not apparent, even on that supposition, that its incessant exercise must follow. Practically we see it does not, since no new worlds rise visibly to sight, that is, to our limited experience; but theoretically Origen's position is not clear.

We have next another speculative Father, Augustin, and he takes as an illustration money and its uses to clear up the matter, but unsuccessfully. Scotus follows, and, with his usual rash assertions, states that God was one thing before he created, and a different thing after. But here Augustin draws a distinction between wish and will, much to the fancy of the schoolmen, but satisfactory to few others. Philo here inter-

venes with a definition of time, widely different from Locke, and falsely states that time could not exist before creation. Augustin works upon this, and makes out that the world was created, not *in* the time, but *with* the time. The following assertion is then made:—

"It is a mere deceit to imagine that we can fix a point in the divine eternity, from which the world begins, whilst on the other side lays the pure eternity. Such a point makes that which is before or behind temporal; for in eternity there is no fixed point from which a beginning could depart."

How completely all this fails when we consider, first, that time enters into eternity. How does this affect angelic existence? Would not that be from a point? Man, again, we can conceive becoming immortal; yet this is something before a man. To talk of fixed points in eternity involves only a contradiction of terms. We might as well speak of the eternity of time. Great praise is next given to Augustin for the elimination of a timeless causality. This Father represents the creature as one by God eternally, but governed, only differing in one point from the eternity of God, the governing principle, but in its infinite temporality approaching that eternity. God, though thus never without creatures, yet is always before them in priority, not through a preceding time, but by virtue of his eternity. Scotus Erigena draws the distinction that God preceded the world, not according to time, but according to causality. Spinoza distinguished between *Æternitas* and *Duratio*. Kant drew here a line between the thing and apparitions from it. Schelling says, "it is necessary that if the infinite be the infinite, it must also be inseparable from it in the higher Unity of the Eternal. The whole universe is nothing else but the affirmation with which God affirms himself. Take away the whole or its component parts, of which the infinite affirmation and eternal uniting in one is the nature of the substance, or imagine it now annihilated before any time whatsoever, and you annihilate the substance itself, as you carry away the circumference, with this the centre, and with both the circle itself, if you efface the single points of the first. If the world had ever begun to be, we should maintain that existence (being) does not proceed from the essence of God, viz. the idea of God must be done away. For this existence, that is precisely this *all*, follows precisely as essentially from the idea of God as from the idea of a triangle, that its angles together are equal to two right angles." If

this reasoning displeases Strauss, as it does, it assuredly could satisfy no one of anything more than Schelling's personal presumption. Any attempt to class God and the universe under finite relations, any effort to clear this question by illustrations from the low science of quantity, must manifest the grossest folly and be accompanied with failure.

Our author places, in opposition to this, Erigena, who states that God and the world are not two different subjects, but one and the same. Every existence can be regarded at the same time as eternal and created in so far as God creates in everything *himself*. Nothing can be more absurd than Erigena in this and numerous other passages, which clearly are Pantheistic. Schelling follows again :—

"God and All are quite equal ideas. God is immediately, by virtue of his idea, the infinite (unlimited) position of himself, *Absolute All*, not a different Being from this self-affirmation, but by virtue of his essence the infinite affirmation of himself, the All is not different from Him. As every whole can be considered sometimes in the mutual connection of all its parts, sometimes in its freedom and pure unity, but, in fact, always remains the same whole, so is also the nature of the free, viz. of the creating substance, mingled, being not the casual, but essential complement, as with the body the shadow. That All equal to God is not only the *natura naturata*, but the speaking *natura naturans*; not the created, but the creating itself, and revealing by infinite ways."

As for this learned stuff and mysticism, in the first place, we deny God and All to be either the same or an equal idea. Schelling himself has overturned this idea in the previous quotation; for since he asserts the affirmation of a man to be distinct from a man, the affirmation of God is distinct from God. The world is the affirmation of God, therefore the world is not God. For here the difference in degree makes no difference in the fact. Who can understand *natura naturata* and *natura naturans*, terms that involve in them all the shiftiness of position desirable for the neologist, and out of which anything can be made or apparently proved? Let us look at them without the dark medium in which they are involved, in the broad light of common sense. A *natured nature* and a *naturing nature*. The first is intended to convey the idea of *created*, we presume, and the latter of the *Creator*. The terms would be perfectly intelligible if they implied created nature and creating nature, though this latter term would look rather atheistic in character, since nature does not imply intelligence, but blind action of causes. We have then the assertion, that created

nature is creating nature, that is, that the thing made, made itself. No one can get rid of this absurdity who adheres to Schelling's definition, or to Spinoza, of whom he was then but the expositor, though wondrously altered by royal favour in after periods. This monstrous matter-God system crumbles to earth on the faintest blow even from reason; we shall soon deal with it on the ground of revelation, though reason alone is amply adequate to demolish every one of these aerial castles. It is to Spinoza that the doctrine of an eternal world owes its revival; its perpetuity in modern times is the work of Schelling, Schleiermacher and others, and it forms the essential basis, as Strauss owns, of the speculative theology. Here also Fichte comes into the field, and unluckily he had designated it *the fundamental error of all false metaphysics*.

We care little for the deductions of this science; we have always regarded Fichte as immensely overrated; and we place metaphysics of that character at just the worth of the deductions that are valuable, and these we find wondrous few. Fichte, however, represents the idea of creation within intelligible limits, which neither Schelling, Schleiermacher, nor Strauss, succeed in doing. He shows us what he means; the others have not yet arrived at the clear elimination of their sense of it, if they have any just sense of it. His system represents God anterior to, and abstracted from, creation. This is the scriptural view of the All-mighty. Fichte compares God in the production of the world, to an author resolved to compose a book. The world is the idea of God, in operation distinct from God. But on the system of the new philosophy, the world falls into the progress of completion in the same manner as in the human process of organic growth. In this idea, however, they do not affect to represent God as incomplete (though they do so), and only with time attaining perfection, but as from eternity ready and perfect, but only thus because and in so far as he has created and creates from eternity. His eternal entrance into himself, his conditionate "bedings" by his eternal outpouring from himself. This idea is clearly intended to supersede that of the Church, of a beginning to all that is. It carries on the idea of creation into conservation only from everlasting; and of course it must be thrown out by every candid inquirer, first, from its want of intelligibility; next from its absurdity, when it is intelligible; thirdly, from its contradiction to universal notions of God;

and, lastly, by the believer from its total opposition to revealed truth, which constantly speaks of the creation of matter by God, and of the generation of all existing things from the pure will of a great First Cause, wholly independent of them, and only generating them to increase the revelation of Himself, and to sublime nature under All-mighty influences.

The next head we have to consider consists of what our author terms PRODUCTIONS OF THE DIVINE CREATIVE ACTIVITY, PRINCIPAL CREATURES, AND THEIR PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS. Among these, at Chap. 49, he begins with "The Angels." After a statement that the Church, from Col. i. 16, inferred the creation of angels by the Son, and referring to the words in the Apostle's Creed, "Maker of heaven and earth," and slyly insinuating that this not being deemed sufficiently explicit, the words were added to the Nicene, "and of all things visible and invisible," he proceeds to investigate the varied offices of angelic ministration. In this he shows a wide and extended acquaintance with Scripture, and little could be added to his description. It is only unfair where the book of Tobit is introduced, as an equal exponent of the system with the canonical books. This suited however his purpose, because if he could with a strong system involve some weaker principles, and then attack through them the strong, the effect at the onset would appear the mightier, and lead many unskilled persons to imagine that all was equally weakened in its solid strength.

The instance from Tob. xii. 19, marks, however, the wisdom of the Church in her rejection of that book; for the angel is there represented as affirming that he had eaten only in appearance. This equivocation, this hypocritical semblance of action, which negatives the whole conduct of angels in other portions of Scripture, amply demonstrates by the circumstance the apocryphal character of the book. Equally erroneous is the passage in Tob. xii. 15, on which the Church of Rome, whose strength is in the Apocrypha, places much weight, and also justifies prayers for the dead from 2 Macc. xii. 44. In the above-quoted passage from Tobit, the seven chief angels are represented as having assigned to them the service of carrying before God the prayers of the pious. The next point stated is, that the angels are not sexual, on the authority of Matt. xxii. 30; though an attempt is made to discredit the words of Jesus, by the collation of Gen. vi. 2, and 1 Cor. xi. 10. But in the first passage, the commentators, with the exception of a few of the rabbinical, have always referred the

אֲמֹרָתָם to the line of Seth; and the *אֲנֵלִים* is of very dubitable signification in the second. An attempt is next made, similar to the artful efforts in the *Leben Jesu*, to insinuate the notion that the idea and office of angel has been gradually spiritualizing to its present perfection; but let any one read the instance of the angel who appeared to Manoh, and rose unhurt amid the altar flame, and then say whether modern refinement of images has produced the present angelic conceptions. Calvin's sceptical notions on this subject, who was, after all, a religious romancer more than a divine, are of course used to throw general discredit on the angelic system. A hope is then expressed that the angel idea will vanish with time, under which (though we are ignorant of these changes save in Schleiermacher's wild brain, and a few others) it has now become totally distinct from the primary notion. To us it only appears that the question has been freed from the imaginative process of man under the Romish Church, and confined to the strict statements of the Bible; which fact rather shows the value attached to the idea, and the anxiety to possess it pure and undefiled. We think our author in the next statement has done good in declaring that there is no proof that meteors, lightning, thunder, earthquake, or accidents of human life, are to be ascribed to their agency. The idea is, however, derived from their past agency, in which these beings have been thus occupied on special occasions; but we are certainly not authorized in viewing them now as the immediate agents of these operations of God, although the idea is harmless. Next, however, follows the relation of angels to God, where our author flatters himself that the system of Copernicus destroys the assigned locality of angels by the throne of God, "since the sky is no more a stratum, either above or round the earth, which formed the limits between the sensual and transcendental world, since, by virtue of the immense extension of the first, the latter must be looked for beyond, but in the first, consequently, God even cannot be otherwise above the stars than in and upon them." A magnificent passage from Daniel will soon settle that question of a local Deity, of which all this is the obvious inference:

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as the snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands administered unto him, and myriads of myriads stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened."—Dan. vii. 9, 10,

Now who sees in this a local Divinity, who sees in it a material God? Earthly dominion had passed and the Ancient of Days did sit, a figure descriptive of God's Majesty—His robe of snow of the purity of God—the hair, like the Saviour's in the transfiguration, flooded with light—one clear unspotted brightness clothed with light his created agent as a garment—the throne of fiery flame marking the pure spirituality of the throne-filler—one enthroned on that which is death to material things—the throne not stationary, but with wheels, marking his ubiquity and that the seat of his dominion is everywhere—matter annihilated before his presence, countless spirits ministering around him, and myriads of myriads of men awaiting final doom;—does anything in this invalidate the Copernican system? Again, the description of the Christ ascending to Heaven: "He that descended is the same that ascended, that he might fill all things."—Ephesians iv. 10. Is space, after all, requisite for the development of God? Is he not developed in *minimis ut in maximis*? As mighty in the smallest of the infusoria as in the mammoth? Could he not, as was declared by an eccentric preacher in reply to the question of where Hell was, crowd the souls of the doomed into a nutshell? Does immateriality require space? Strauss fails in even his own weak mortal philosophy, when he thus attempts to argue and bring space into such a question as this. As for Schleiermacher we look on this man as the pregnant source through his beautiful style of the rankest heresy on this subject and the eternity of matter. The Copernican system negatives nothing connected with angelic ministrations, it only adds to the belief in ascending nature as natural history points to descending gradations. The very laws of heat, the very proximity of planets to the sun, or their motion in the chill stillness of the distant Herschel, indicate existence varying from mortal,—beings capable, like the angel before Manoah, of soaring amid flame, or, from their peculiar constitution, enduring equal extremities of cold. The theory, then, of links in creation from man down to the zoöphyte, and upwards from him to the great cumulative point of life, so far from being shattered by modern science, rises in tenfold power; and shows that, what could not have been anticipated at the time of its revelation by any of the sons of earth, the angel state, is borne out by all existing probabilities from analogical examination.

We pass to the second class of the productions of the divine creative activity—men. Chap. 50. "The first Created Pair." Few

are the subjects on which we could have met our author with deeper disgust, mingled with contempt for his reasoning, than on that which constitutes the present chapter. He first attacks the name of Adam, deriving it from Adamah, earth, considering this derivation a mythos. If such be the derivation of Adam, what is there mythical in it? Is man not earth? Are not his very bones calc? Could a more appropriate appellation than *man* be given to him and Eve? We are not bound to show that this is the derivation of the name which is applied to both him and Eve, but as the Bible asserts that man was made of the earth, we might reasonably expect to find in him the elements of his world. And is this realized by facts or the contrary? Are any of the race different? do they not all demonstrate that they are dust? and do they not daily return to dust? The formation of Eve is next stated as a destruction of former organism, being formed out of the man. Has not this principle been amply borne out by the creative operations since her formation? Look at the great law of organism wherever apparent; does it not pass invariably, when removed from one body, to the sustentation or form of another? The very human mould from which we reap our daily bread, is only man's substance differently modified. The destruction of life for the sustentation of life is a clear principle in the inscrutable agency of God; but here the life of Adam was not sacrificed. He could not have children by what was alien to himself; a portion of his own nature was adapted for that object, and the fact of Eve being thus akin, leads to the affectionate words, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman (*Isha*), because she was taken out of man (*Isk*)."<sup>1</sup> The argument to be drawn from this early similarity of substance—this oneness of nature—for the affectionate intercourse of the sexes for ever, is as grand, as its effect has been permanent, in the holy connubial tie. The unwearying sophist whom we are reviewing next tries to negative the derivation of all men from a single pair. The races of earth are feebly attempted to be shown distinct in organism, and any such facts as the pressing of the child's head into a peculiar development, from which diversity of strain might be argued in remote ages, or the positive influence of diet and climate; anything so positive, for example, as a colony of Black Jews; all these things are carefully kept in oblivion, and the universal tradition of all from one pair equally unheeded. Kant asserted that the difference of the negro from the rest of the world arose from the germ in the original negro race. How-

ever absurd Kant may be in his germs of men, we shall soon see that Strauss is absurder still in his germs of earth. The next point urged is, that the different races in varied and distant parts of earth preclude the possibility of a common origin.

We think it may be shown, without much difficulty, that ancient ship-building and navigation were in a far more advanced state at an early period of the world, than either Strauss or any of his school appear to imagine. Independent of which question, Behring's Straits suggest no very formidable difficulties to the peopling of America, especially if the theory, which appears borne out by the fossil remains, of a change of climate be true, in which case the northern regions possessed sufficient heat to enable the tropical animals to subsist there. But let us look at our author's theory, which ought to be simple and clear, and unincumbered with any of these difficulties, otherwise we gain no advantage from its adoption. It is to our utter astonishment the Autochthonic.

"God has not created man as such a one, or quatenus infinitus est, sed quatenus per elementa nascentis telluris explicatur." This is the opinion which lays at the basis of the old traditions of Autochthon, which was devised by the Greek and Roman philosophers, and was opposed by the Fathers of the Church with the greatest violence, but it became the unanimous doctrine of natural history and philosophy. Thus all organic beings are originally produced by the unorganic matter. As to our planet, there is no doubt that it has acquired its actual state only by degrees, that it was in the original (primitive) time uninhabitable by organic beings, and that all those (organic beings) originated by degrees, without having parents, consequently by an heterogeneous production. To judge after this and other facts, our planet possessed, in those times, an abundant productive power, which, though now limited in the extent of its expressions, continues to act to the conserving of the created, executing (mediating) the continuance of more important organic forms only by propagation. It was principally the liquid element, but not such as it is now, but mixed with the vital germs which it has now separated from itself, which under the influence of a milder temperature of the original time has put forth from itself gradually at first the germs of the lower organisms, then the higher, and lastly, after a longer preparation of mixtures and divisions, also the germ of the human organism. The objection against this theory is easy. Why does not such production continue? If nature, observed Reimarus, could effect it once, we should even now see formations here and there in the fat slime by the heat of the sun, half or entirely formed, shaped or unshaped, known or unknown, ancient or modern. Lucretius, speaking about the different periods of the earth, has already observed that we cannot come to any conclusion about the youth of the departing from

the sterility of its age, and the actual natural history agrees with him. Schelling has observed, with still more sagacity, that the unorganic matter which now lies before us, and whose impotence of productive organism forms the objection, is no longer joined with the same, out of which we affirm human beings to have come forth originally, for it is rather that part of the earth which cannot become animal or plant, or metamorphose itself to the point where it turned organic. Thus it is the residue of the organic metamorphoses. However, it is not even true that this production of organism does not occur. Reimarus saw well what a powerful support the theory has in the generatio æquivoca of some of the lowest animals, which became probable from the discoveries of Buffon, Needham, &c. Consequently he denied entirely the possibility of such a production of living beings, which argument is now no more feasible after so many experiments and observations, done with great care. But it is incontestable that it continues to form living beings, partly of unorganic and partly of quite heterogeneous organic matter, under certain circumstances, as the infusoria, the entozoa, in the animal body. However, they will not accept any conclusion from this small and low organism, upon the highest, the human. But worms twenty feet long are not small animals, nor is the structure of the intestinal worms in general, and the infusoria, so artless (simple), when the one is anatomized by Brewer, and the other by Ehrenberg. The first lay, partly eggs, partly produce living young ones, and though the first exemplars could only have formed themselves in each single animal by generatio æquivoca, precisely in the same manner we affirm did man. He appeared at first on earth through a heterogeneous production, upon which he now propagates himself by a sexual one. The immense difference which still remains between these animals and the higher organisms is by no means greater than the difference of the relation in which these insects have been produced formerly, from those in which now only the former come forth. The heterogeneous production is the disappearing after trembling (*nachzittern*) of a movement to the violent beginnings of which all organic life owes its commencement. But supposing man could have been produced in such a manner, how would he have been able to conserve himself, who without doubt did not appear as a full grown one? Shall we remove this objection by supposing, like Epicurus, milk to the earth? or like Oken imagine the first men coming out of their germ case (*Keimhülle*) in which they developed themselves in the original sea, at first as two years' old children, when they became capable to seek their food? Let us rather confess here, as we have done in the doctrine of the eternal creation, the insufficiency of our conception, but let us keep up more strictly the necessity of thinking with Lucretius—

'Nam neque de cœlo cecidisse animalia possunt;'

and that the origin of man can only be in the above-mentioned manner. If we thus suppose the origin of man, namely, as a natural process, the production of certain physical conditions, I



do not see why these conditions (a certain mixture of matters under certain relations of temperature, electricity, galvanism, &c.) should only happen once, and in one point of the globe, or only have produced one human couple. I think rather if such germs formed themselves once, they must, without doubt, to speak with Oken, have come forth in thousands. As a production of nature, man must have been produced under the type of nature, namely, in a multiplicity of instances, or in a number of germs, the least of which attain the aim of their creation, by which alone can be explained the prevention of destruction by accidents, and partly the population of the world by the different races."

Monbodo's ape did not reach this. His theory is far more reasonable, because he gets up to Strauss by a series of developments; but Strauss spurns all this, and generates his grass-hopper, Autochthon, on the instant. Absurdity has, however, this advantage, that it teaches us to appreciate truth. Let us go down with the entire argument. First, the theory is, that this creation is not on God's part, "quatenus infinitus, sed quatenus per elementa nascentis telluris explicatur." How does this realize the absolute deed from the absolute, if it be mediate creativeness? Their own weapons pierce the neologists. What natural history or philosophy, saving that of Hegel and Strauss, favours heterogeneous production? Where is the tradition of early creation of this character? Where is the proof of any such *vis vitalis* as is here ascribed to the earth? In what crucible were all organisms revolving ere they attained muscular formation? Reimarus is unanswerable. If it was done, why should it never be repeated? The argument of Lucretius on the sterility of earth now rests on nothing but his baseless assertion. Ovid, in all his metamorphoses, never represents man as distinct from man in production, although in the myth of Deucalion and Pyrrha the stones become men—but how? By human agency under a divine law. A very different case to the one before us; and further, the intention of Ovid to indicate man's earthly formation is perfectly apparent. But it is asserted, certainly somewhat hesitatingly, with all the misgiving of an indefensible position, that this production of organism does happen. The *generatio æquivoca* is appealed to, which is certainly very equivocal proof. There is nothing in this but a term—there is no spontaneous generation. The infusoria and entozoa are appealed to as proofs. Now these infinitesimals, infusoria, according to Spallanzani, fill the air with their germs or eggs, so that we swallow them, and imbibe them possibly at every inhalation. La Mark considered the infusoria as having no voli-

tion, as taking their food by absorption like plants, as being without any mouth or internal organ, in a word, as gelatinous masses, whose motions are determined not by their will, but by the action of the medium in which they move. Headless, eyeless, organless, nerveless, just the sort of insect required to make out his own theory and that of Strauss. But the pious and deeply sagacious Ehrenberg, who devoted ten years of his life to their investigation, found these insects extending their habitat to 50 degrees of longitude and 14 degrees of latitude, at Dongola, in Africa, the Altai mountains in Asia, on Mount Sinai, in the Oasis of Ammon, and at the bottom of Siberian mines, in spots entirely destitute of light.

These insects possess a more complicated construction than other animals, therefore they cannot be the first link. They dwell in the blood and urine, in the tartar of the teeth, in vinegar, paste, sand, &c. Their minuteness is such that some are not 1-2000th part of a line in breadth, and yet they have organs, a mouth, and several stomachs. The impression made upon the mind of Ehrenberg by this study, has been deeply conducive to the piety as well as learning of that philosopher. The type then of these is not simple enough for the earliest formation, neither do they generate apparently different from other animals.

The entozoa are next quoted, and it shows how singularly different things affect different men. These are quoted by one of our most enlightened philosophers, and the author of a Bridgewater Treatise, as fearful reminiscences of a fall. But it is of course presumed by Strauss, that as the habitat of these is man, that here he has his stronghold of spontaneous generation, since they are all generated in human matter. But these animals are doubtless generated from our food, which, warmed by the heat of the intestines, produces, from almost imperceptible eggs, even the giant tape-worm. Why are not these found in other animals? Why do they lodge in man? Simply because they vary as the food varies. The other animals do not take man's aliment, do not inhale our various drinks; wine and porter are unknown to them, and consequently man has these peculiar organizations from his peculiar diet. These two points thus disposed of, we will heighten the argument for Strauss, by adducing the polypes. Now when a part of these animals is cut off, it instantly forms another, and as complete an animal as the one from which it has been severed. Will this serve the argument of Strauss, since it has a greater air of probability than any of his own? Not

a whit, though the best illustration of the argument, for it is a faculty with which God has endowed the polype. The illustrations fail, even supposing that we deigned to place the question of the noblest animal on a paripassu process with the meanest. But the entozoa, according to Strauss, are both oviparous and viviparous. We doubt this latter fact, still we will let it remain, for an argument, undisputed.

The first exemplars, he says, could only have formed themselves in each living animal by *generatio equivocata*; and precisely in the same manner, we affirm, did man appear upon the earth through a heterogeneous production, which is now continued by a sexual. But here the *generatio equivoca* is not established, and therefore man cannot be said to be generated by that of which the author can furnish no type. But where is the proof that the immense difference between the entozoa and man equals, which it must, to make this argument perfect, that between the ancient and modern relations of the earth? Why should such magical powers be attributed to the Nachzittern, as to throw out at once, without miraculous agency, the perfect species of men? Having thus indifferently generated the human race, we regret to say, that Strauss is as bad a nurse as parent. He has now to feed his child. Epicurus had suggested milk from the earth, a creation of cow trees or something similar we suppose, to support his spontaneous creation. (How wisely is all creation placed, not coeval with but anterior to man!) No that will not do, and Oken helps him out by a desperate plunge, supposing a two-year-old birth, (while about it, why did he not say twenty); and at this period the children are to sustain themselves and go on to manhood. Poor things? How much did they grow in the first year? How much in the second? When did they begin to run? How much cold met in them? How much heat? How much moisture? Did the elements beg of each other loans to generate certain parts? How was the earth? Shaking all over. Poor children! Strauss fairly gives up the battle here:—"Let us rather confess, as we have done in the doctrine of the Eternal Creation, the insufficiency of our conceptions." Yes, but this confession comes somewhat late in the day. Before a man touches these solemn realities, he is bound to exhibit a scheme as perfect as that he seeks to displace; before he unsettles a hope of futurity, he must give, as Hume was required to furnish to his aged mother, some equivalent for that which he removes. We must get a certainty of being right, and not be taken up to a stage of the journey, and

then told that our guide is useless. An "*es-prii fort*" must be *fort* throughout. He ought to have no weakness, who, like Spinoza and Strauss, can man his heart and say, that he not only imagines but understands the eternity of the Godhead.

The self-sufficiency of these men is apparent at every line. Having thus, we repeat, proved an extremely indifferent parent to man, a still worse nurse, let us look at his universal relations in both capacities. Man, then, is the product of these physical conditions, and Strauss does not see why these conditions (a certain mixture of matter under some relation of temperature, electricity, &c.), should only happen once, and only produce one couple. He believes that the germs developed themselves in thousands, and this he considers solves the question of the different races. Indeed, but we ought to have at least been told how much of them will make an European, how much an African, and how much a Malay. What a picture, the earth covered with this two-year-old assemblage! How did they get to talk? Did galvanism teach them? Did a series of electrical shocks bring out a language? Again, how were they all preserved in this state, if Strauss feels this difficulty of conserving one couple for the propagation of the species? For the present we close our labours with this author, but we have not done with him. His book reached us late from Germany. It is not easy to apprehend such a book even in our language, far less in German, which grows daily more unintelligible and involved in its reasoning processes. We understand that Strauss is fast sinking in estimation, even amid his brother *esprits forts*. The spirit of the *esprits foibles* of a nation's common sense, he has experienced, in nearly the rising of an entire city to prevent his taking a chair he would have desecrated with his present opinions, though with just cultivation his powers might have advantaged himself and benefited others. He has at least unwittingly done the world one kindness by developing himself so completely in the present production, that no one can hesitate in pronouncing a verdict upon him. As literary men we do not covet restrictions on the press, but if ever a work deserved the suppression by the censor or *custos morum*, this does unquestionably. Fortunately, from the recondite nature of the topics, it will only circulate among those who can test the information it contains, and appreciate it at its value, which, if we were called on for an estimate, we should not place very high.

ART. VIII.—*France and Europe.—Revue de Paris.*

AN article has just appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, a French periodical, which, when M. Thiers was in power, had the reputation of being his immediate organ on the Eastern question, and on the position in which France would probably be placed by the accession to power of the Conservatives in England. The *Revue* says:

"A year ago England voluntarily isolated herself from France, and, in concert with Russia, induced Austria and Prussia to enter into an alliance, from which France was excluded. The alliance once formed, the contracting parties lost no time in proceeding to action, without the concurrence of this country. The coasts of Syria were invaded; Beyrout was bombarded, and the fall of St. Jean d'Acre, which was ill-defended, was obtained partly by treason. Ibrahim was compelled to evacuate Syria; the powers dictated laws to the Sultan, whom they protected, and to the Viceroy whom they oppressed; and announced the conditions on which they would permit Mehemet Ali to retain Egypt. All this was done, and in a few months the affair was about to be consummated without France. What a triumph! But to these events, which took place as by enchantment, succeeded a state of dissatisfaction, attended with symptoms of revolt in the whole of the East. The people rose, and the cause of their rising is easily explained. Before the treaty of July 15, there were in the eyes of the people of the East two things, which represented the destiny of Islamism; they thought that the descendants of the Osmanlies were still strong enough to defend the usual independence of the empire; but this illusion ceased to exist, when they saw the cabinets of Europe declaring themselves the guardians of the young Sultan, and ruling over the inheritance of Mahmond. On the other hand, the man whom on the banks of the Nile they had regarded as a hero, as a sort of regenerator of religion, set up by the prophet, bent beneath the imperial mandates of an English commodore, and the power of Mehemet Ali passed away as a dream. Thus, neither at Constantinople nor at Alexandria has Islamism a representative, who can inspire confidence and respect in the minds of the people. When the East has no great man in whom it can trust, and on whom it can place its hopes, it necessarily becomes restless and agitated. In our western part of the globe, the regular flow of institutions and laws supplies the absence of those great individuals, who are sent by God from time to time for the government of mankind; but in the East, where there is no hero, there is sure to be anarchy. Let us turn our eyes towards all the countries which anciently formed a portion of the Turkish empire, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Nile, and we shall see that they are all more or less agitated; and that in some points open revolt has broken out. Religion, as in 1821, serves as the rallying cry and the standard for the Chris-

tian population, which is still nominally under the sway of the turban. In 1821, we saw but the people of one small country endeavouring to throw off the Turkish yoke, and succeeding at length in their sanguinary and glorious struggle. Now, however, the scale of resurrection is more vast, and it will probably one day extend from the Danube to the Nile: Europe then must, whether she would or not, direct her attention to the East—and this she cannot do without France."

There is some truth and much more vanity in this declaration of the importance of France as regards the Eastern question, which can never be regarded as finally settled whilst the various population of which the East is composed, whether Christian or Turk, be in a state of revolt against its natural rulers or its conquerors. There is still what the French call a *prestige* about them, in all great European contests; and although France is a Christian country only in name—for the French as a nation have thrown down their altars, and set up the goddess of Reason in their stead,—there are still many and very influential men in that country who are ardently attached to the religion of Christ, and anxious for the emancipation of Christians of every denomination from the yoke and thralldom of Mahometanism. Although the French as a nation are really indifferent to Christianity, yet France as a state is still Christian; and the philosophers of the French revolution have not yet dared to worship publicly the goddess, in whose name they justify the abandonment of the rights and duties of Christianity. In a war of mere religion, the armies of France can never be nerved by her present rulers; but where religion can be made the cloak of ambition and spoliation, it will not be difficult to raise armies, and provide those sinews of war by which armies are set in motion. Any attempt, therefore, by the allied powers to settle a question, in which Christianity is concerned as in collision with Mahometanism, would be very difficult of execution without the concurrence of France. She must have the glory of intervention in favour of Christianity, although the motives of action may have none of the fine features by which even the partizanship of a zealot is sometimes distinguished. Her pride teaches her that Europe without France must not have the honour of protecting Christianity; and if, on the contrary, Europe, taking into consideration only her material interests, should incline to the enemies of Christianity, and seek to crush revolt, without due regard to the religious claims of those who have revolted, France could not have a *plus beau rôle* than that of lending her aid to the weaker party, and thus

securing for herself the honour and glory of intervention, with an increase of moral influence, which might one day tend to the aggrandizement of her physical influence. There never was, perhaps, any period of history, if we except the few years which immediately followed the revolution of 1789, when France was less susceptible of a successful appeal to religious feelings; but on the other hand, there never was a time in which she was more ready to make religion a stepping-stone to spoliation. The conquest of Algiers was undertaken upon purely religious feelings, or such at least was the profession of the government under which it was attempted; and there is some reason to believe, that the sovereign himself and his immediate councillors, without whose concurrence the attempt could not have been made, were sincere, when they declared that they desired only the emancipation of Christians, and the extension of Christianity. Under the present dynasty, the occupation of Algiers has lost all its religious character, but the Chambers and the government still keep up the pretence of Christian intervention; and the nation, stimulated in its vanity, and still hoping, almost indeed against hope, that the conquest in Africa will one day enable them to extend their influence in Europe, consent to pecuniary sacrifices for their new colony, which are as absurd as they are costly. The dominion of the French, if dominion it can be called, in Algeria, is attended with atrocities which would disgrace Turks or Pagans; and yet they pretend to be the soldiers of Christianity. In their conflicts with the Arabs, whose soil they have invaded, whose homes they have plundered, whose fields they have ravaged, whose wives and daughters they have polluted, they display the ferocity of tigers; and like tigers, their appetite is whetted by blood; and yet the war in Algiers is hypocritically called a war of Christian civilisation against Turkish fanaticism. What the French have done and are doing in Algeria, they would also do in Syria, in Candia, in Egypt, and in Turkey. With them religion is but the name; military glory, as the word may be understood in its worst acceptation, and ambition of conquest, are the realities. The writer in the *Revue de Paris* says truly, therefore, that the eastern question cannot be settled without France. If France be not strong enough just now to insist upon the right of intervention, she will continue to ferment insurrection, and await the proper moment for open declaration. This is truth, although the vanity of the boast is greater than the truth, which is evident in the quotation; for as regards the present state

of the question, it would be quite possible for the allies to act without France. They have nothing to fear from her at this moment, for her financial embarrassments, and the struggles of parties, render her comparatively impotent; but even now she is not too weak to intrigue, and two or three years of peace, with her fine natural resources, might place her in a position if not to dictate to, at least to annoy the rest of Europe. The Tories have taken a much more correct view of the state of France and French feeling than the Whigs; and they would never have conceived anything so wild and extravagant as an intervention in the East, in direct hostility to that feeling. They would have accomplished all, and more, perhaps, than the Whigs have done; but they would have been more wary of rousing the passions of our excitable neighbours, and would have obtained from vanity what the Whigs have hoped to obtain from humiliation.

Lord Palmerston was not wholly wrong in his estimation of the French character, if he thought that they were as much given to swaggering as acting; the mistake has been in assigning to them the cowardice of the bully as well as his bullyism, and in overrating the difficulties, pecuniary or otherwise, of France, for future as well as present operation. Even the Duke of Wellington, who both as a general and a minister has evinced a more thorough knowledge of the French character and resources than any other man in his position, and who never permitted his contempt of what is ridiculous in that character to carry him to dangerous extremes, was deceived as to the effect of defeat and humiliation upon the French nation. When, after the battle of Waterloo, he was the means of imposing upon them a contribution, which, at that time, appeared beyond the means of the country, his Grace is reported to have said, that he had put a weight round their necks, which they would be many, very many years compelled to carry: and yet we have seen, that a few years enabled them to throw it off, and that without any extraordinary taxation. The government of France, however, was never so settled during the restoration as to be enabled to make all the resources of the country available. There were parties then as there are now; there was a debt then, and a still heavier one, as there is now. The French, however, have given us reason to believe, that they are not to be deterred for ever from action as regards Europe, by debt or the struggles of party; and the feeling which treats them with contempt, which excludes foresight, is unwise and dangerous.

The writer in the *Revue de Paris*, although

he belongs to the Thiers school, and is therefore a thorough hater of the English Tories, expresses his opinion that they are wiser in their views in connection with the Eastern question than the Whig government. He says:

"The Tories have not been blind to the true state of this question. For a moment, indeed, whilst the sound of the cannon of Beyrout and St. Jean d'Acre was still recent, the policy of Lord Palmerston may have received unqualified approbation in England; for everything then seemed to indicate a near and glorious solution. But feelings have changed with the change of circumstances, and with the present complications of the Eastern question. It is now felt that the policy which dictated the treaty of July 15, however good it may have appeared at one time as regarded the interests of England, is now become impracticable, and that it was absurd to pretend to exclude France for ever from a share in that question. Hence it is that the most influential men of the Tory party speak as if they were disposed for a better understanding with France, and appear to desire a modification in the policy of England. Lord Palmerston, on the contrary, persists in the ideas and passions which induced him to sign the convention of London, and everything tends to increase his obstinacy. He is led away by the cajolery of Russia, and by a hatred for France, which dates from the period of the residence of M. de Talleyrand in London."

It is a very common belief in France, that Lord Palmerston has a personal hatred of the French, and that in his desire to gratify it, he overlooks those considerations of prudence which would strike a minister who might be, as all ministers ought to be, without personal feeling on questions connected with the welfare of their own country and the peace of Europe. We know not what foundation there may be for such belief; but certainly nothing authentic has transpired to show that it is well-founded. As soon as Lord Palmerston began to show that there were in his opinion other countries in Europe besides France, whose alliance was worth having, the flood-gates of virulence of the Paris press were opened upon him, and he was charged with being at once a hater of France and a traitor to his own country in favour of Russia. Some of the journals asserted that this supposed hatred had its origin in his jealousy of Talleyrand, to whose superior powers he was compelled to submit: others said that in some secret negotiation he had been outwitted by Louis Philip, and that his hatred was all concentrated on that personage, to dethrone whom he sought to arm against France the other powers of the continent, convinced that such an alliance would have the effect of reusing the French populace against a mon-

arch who preferred peace to military glory. As any assertion, however false, absurd and unfounded, which appears in a French journal, has only to be repeated from time to time to obtain all the character of truth, it is not surprising that Lord Palmerston should at this moment be regarded as the personal hater of France or of its sovereign Louis Philip. Nothing that Lord Palmerston could do with a view to remove this belief would be attended with a successful result; and as he knows this, he is perhaps more indifferent to the good or bad opinion of the French, and therefore less courteous towards them than he might be under different circumstances. But there has certainly been nothing in his intercourse with M. Guizot to warrant the new imputations of hatred and ill-will which are cast upon him. Not many weeks ago he gave a striking proof of his desire to maintain the harmony—so called—which exists between the two countries, by immediately complying with a personal request of M. Guizot, on a subject connected with an effort to promote good feeling; and all his despatches have been written with calmness and apparent good temper. As regards the present, there is no manifestation of the hatred ascribed to Lord Palmerston, whatever the original sin may have been, and perhaps a minute and impartial inquiry would show that the real ground of offence was his having thwarted the too exclusively French views of his late colleague, Lord Holland, whose pride it was to be regarded as the friend and champion of the French nation. The jealousy or hatred of the noble secretary of foreign affairs towards M. de Talleyrand, if he ever really did feel either, was no ground for hatred of the whole French nation; and it is difficult to conceive when and on what occasion the Citizen King had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of Lord Palmerston. The event cannot have been of very recent date, for at least seven or eight years have passed since the rumour was first circulated, and yet we can scarcely assign to it a more distant period; for we remember that in the early part of the Whig government, and shortly after the accession of Louis Philip to the French throne, M. de Flahaut came to England twice on private missions from Louis Philip to Lord Palmerston, and on both occasions found the noble secretary exceedingly well disposed towards him and his royal master. We do not mean to assert that the intercourse between the Citizen King and the English minister was never ruffled, for we know that Louis Philip was much annoyed at a series of articles in the *Courier* newspaper, then the official organ of the Whig cabinet, and that

he more than once remonstrated with Lord Palmerston on the subject. But these articles, which were an exposure of the cupidity of the French king, were disclaimed by Lord Palmerston, and Louis Philip had subsequent proof that they were written by a traitor in his own camp, and had been censured by the British cabinet. We cannot therefore account for the popular belief in France, that Lord Palmerston hates the French; but we can easily understand why the French—the French opposition journals at least—hate him. They believe that of all the cabinet he is the least disposed to encourage the damnable doctrines of French republicanism; and if this be the real ground of dislike, Lord Palmerston may be proud of their hatred.

But if in the spirit of fairness and impartiality we defend Lord Palmerston against unjust imputations and accusations, we are not blind to the inconvenience which must result from a state of things in which the Whig cabinet find no sympathy from any part of the French nation. The French Conservatives, and they are a numerous and influential body, have no confidence in a ministry which in England fosters and encourages the spirit of discontent, which in France led to rebellion, anarchy and wholesale butchery. If Lord Palmerston be really more conservative than his colleagues, he is not sufficiently so for French Conservatives, and even they are displeased with the *brusquerie* of his conduct on the Eastern question, although they do not admit that France has been humiliated. On the other hand, Lord Palmerston is hated by the republican and dynastic parties. Can it then be reasonably expected that the Whig ministry will be able to settle the Eastern question with satisfaction to itself, and at the same time without sowing the seeds of eternal discord between the two nations.

The accession to power of the English Conservatives might not be productive of all the results which are expected by the French to arise from such an event, for it is utterly impossible to reconcile considerations of justice and equity with the wild doctrines which are preached in France on this subject; but it is evident that the question would not be complicated by a change of ministry in France. The French have been disappointed by those whom they regarded as their friends, and they would accept much less than they asked from their allies, from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their enemies.

The affair of the East is not the only question on which there is a bad feeling between the governments of France and

England. The Peninsula of Europe is another field full of the elements of strife and contention, and there is as little prospect that the Whig ministers will bring the French to reason on that subject, as of their ever being able to make them believe that they have acted as they ought to have done in the dispute between the Pasha of Egypt and the Sultan. There always has been, as there is now, a conflict in Spain between French and British influence; but there never was a time, perhaps, at which, both as regards the internal welfare of Spain and the existence of a better understanding between England and France as to the politics of Europe generally, a strong government in England was more necessary. The views of France on Spain are diametrically opposed to British interests; and it is of the greatest importance that they should know and feel that their views are impracticable. With a weak government in England, whether Whig or Tory, the English will be unable to keep down the pretensions of France to make of Spain a mere colony. Short of this the French will never stop of their own free will; and if they have hitherto refrained from any open attempt to set up a government in Spain which should lead itself to their views, it has been because their attention was engrossed elsewhere, and because French intrigue had not yet ripened the fruit for plucking. If France is to be re-admitted into what is called the European Compact, there must be some very strong condition by which it can be restrained from open intervention or secret intrigue in Spain. She must not be allowed to regain influence unless that influence is to be exercised in the common interests of Europe. Hitherto Austria, Russia, and Prussia, although fully alive to the danger of allowing republican principles to prevail in Spain and Portugal, and viewing, as we may reasonably suppose they have viewed, the forcible change in the succession, with dislike and alarm, have tacitly abandoned the Peninsula to France and England, under the impression that the rival influence of the *soi-disant* allies would effectually prevent such a settlement of affairs in that country as would put an end for ever to the hopes of the despoiled princes. In the compact for the settlement of the Eastern question, something must be done as to Spain and Portugal. There is not, perhaps, a sovereign in Europe of any weight who would recommend an intervention for the restoration of Don Miguel, or even for the enforcement of the claims of Don Carlos; but there is no sovereign who can be willing to leave the government and

fate of these countries, and particularly Spain, to chance or the contending influence of two nations, one of which aims at indirect, if not direct, sovereignty, over the Peninsula. The exclusion of France from the Congress of Europe is even in this question a serious calamity; for if she were one of a body arbitrating and deciding the destinies of Europe, she must of necessity comply with the just and equitable views of the majority, for the balance of power throughout Europe.

The only influence which any one country should be permitted to have over another in the Peninsula should be that which her commercial energies can procure for her. The first duty of the sovereigns of Europe is to see that a stable and permanent government be established in Spain, and that no exclusive advantages be given to any country. It is a pretty general opinion, indeed, that all foreign intervention should be avoided; and certainly if intervention by either France or England be meant, this is a wise policy. But why should Europe at large refrain from laying down conditions of settlement and tranquillity in Spain, which they apply to Turkey, Egypt, and Syria? Is there more danger to the general tranquillity of Europe from the existence of anarchy and rebellion in the East than there is in the Peninsula? Is it of more consequence to put an end to contention between the half-savage tribes of Syria than it is to close the civil wounds of Spain? And is it of no importance to establish good government in a country which is rich in its soil and in its climate, and which has within itself the means of becoming great and happy under the guardianship of Europe? Portugal may be considered settled as compared with Spain, and therefore to claim less of the attentions of the great powers; but it must not be forgotten that Portugal can never be really tranquil whilst Spain is in a state of anarchy. The elements of discord cannot exist in the one country without threatening discord to the other.

If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the Spaniards and the Portuguese detest each other as nations, it is equally true that there are in each parties who are willing to forget national antipathies in the common endeavour to upset the existing institutions. It was a false policy which permitted the forcible overthrow of the old institutions of the peninsula, without the intervention of guarantees for new doctrines of government; and now that new systems have been tried and failed, having no other support than the doubtful integrity of parties, it is quite time to lay

down laws for the good and effectual government of the Peninsula. Russia, Austria, and Prussia have not intervened, because they could not do so in opposition to France and England, which objected to the kind of intervention which they would have set up, and because they hoped, perhaps, that the Spaniards, disappointed as to their new institutions, would of themselves go back to the old system. Those powers must now feel that a restoration is impossible, and that the reign of anarchy may produce a very different result from that on which they had speculated, if indeed they ever did speculate upon anything more than such a disgust of anarchy as would induce Spain to consent to a compromise between old and new institutions. Austria, Russia, and Prussia must now be desirous of the tranquillity of the Peninsula, under whatever form of government, for they have no direct interest in a different state of things. France, however, has an interest in perpetuating the poverty and degradation of Spain, and therefore she should be compelled to become a party to the final and irrevocable settlement of this question. The French know that if Spain and Portugal were to be tranquillized, and encouragement were to be given to the pursuits of industry, they would lose the little political influence which they now possess in the Peninsula, and that in proportion as wealth should again visit the Portuguese and the Spaniards, England would increase her trade with those nations, for France is too much behind the English in those manufactures which even now are in demand in Spain and Portugal, for her to compete successfully with England.

If the French could hope for increased influence from the tranquillization of Spain, and the establishment of a government which would enable the inhabitants of that country to avail themselves of the vast natural resources of wealth and grandeur which they possess, we might expect their cheerful co-operation in some vast and decisive plan of pacification; but as the French do not entertain such hope, their object must be to keep up the spirit of faction which exists in Spain, and by intrigue close the markets of that country against British merchandize, limited even as they are now. If they cannot create for their own goods a market in Spain, they find no difficulty in inducing the government there to fix prohibition duties upon English goods, and as English enterprise is not to be checked

entirely by prohibition duties, the necessary consequence is, that a contraband trade is carried on which daily serves to irritate the mass in Spain against the English, and may eventually produce something more than remonstrance and complaint. The recent affairs at Barcelona and Carthagea are striking illustrations of the success of French intrigue on this point. One of the essential conditions of the pacification of Spain on the part of England, ought to be the admission of the produce and manufactures of all countries on an equitable tariff. This is what the French would consent to reluctantly, as they know well that the English would almost monopolize the Spanish markets by the low price at which they could sell their merchandize; but if France be made a direct party to an European Congress, her single voice would not prevail. Spain may be made a vast field for English enterprise, and she could only gain by the adoption of a system of government, which, whilst it would improve her own means of purchasing the produce and manufactures of other countries, would invite foreign capital for the cultivation of her own natural resources. In her present state she is unable to purchase, because she is unable to sell. She has the finest wool of the Continent; excellent oil, which however she does not know how to purify for foreign markets; corn superior to any in Europe; and wines in abundance, which are now unsaleable for want of proper cultivation. And even if all this produce were perfect, the means of conveyance are so limited and costly that, before it can reach her ports, the price is so enhanced that it cannot be exported with profit to the grower. Let there once be security for person and property in Spain, and foreign capital will pour in, the necessary improvements will be made in the mode of raising produce, and improved means of transport will soon be found. France, from her position, ought perhaps to be considered the natural ally of Spain; but France has not the same interest in promoting the development of her resources as England has. France is also a corn, wine and oil growing country, and French agriculturists can never be brought to believe that the development of agricultural industry in Spain would not be injurious to them. England, and England only, can therefore regenerate Spain. This the French know, and so long as they can prevent the pacification, without which Spanish industry

cannot be developed, will they oppose every large and effectual plan for the establishment of tranquillity and good government in Spain.

There is a third and perhaps greater point of contention between France and England, which can only be settled by a congress of sovereigns—the conquest of Algiers. It is asserted that a promise was made by the government of Charles the Tenth, and also by Louis, to abandon the conquest. This assertion may be false, but whether false or true, it is evident from the debates in the French Chambers that no intention of abandonment is entertained. We have very little fear that the conquests of the French in Africa will ever enable them to gain such ground as to create serious uneasiness to Great Britain for her influence in the Mediterranean; but there must be some defined limits to French ambition in that quarter of the globe. France may waste her energies in Africa, and eventually rue the day when the conquest was first attempted, as also regret with anguish the sacrifices which she has made even to retain what she has got; but a principle must be established as to the extent to which she is to be permitted to go. To suppose that her object in Africa is to civilize is absurd, and equally absurd is it to suppose that her object is colonization. What she aims at is military and political influence as regards her position in Europe. She has shown by her conduct in Africa that she neither cares for civilisation nor knows how to colonize. If she should succeed in the object for which the conquest was undertaken, she will create a formidable barrier there to English enterprise, and eventually obtain an influence in the Mediterranean which would be incompatible with our security. That she has no prospect of success is no argument against the propriety of rendering success impossible. If she lacks means, she does not lack will, and contrary to expectation she may perhaps succeed, if left at liberty to pursue her own course. It is therefore the interest, as it is the right, of the other nations of the continent in concert with England, to say to her at once, "Thus far shall you go and no further." The balance of power may render it necessary that France should not be an insignificant nation in Europe, but the question necessarily arises, is she already as great as she can be consistently with the peace and security of her neighbours? We think she is.



If in her present state, clipped as her wings have been, she can occasionally soar beyond those limits which have been assigned to her, what would she next do if a field were opened to her ambition? She has attempted already to erect her standard in the east; she has violated the laws of nations in Italy, and she is daily and hourly attempting to obtain a footing in Spain. The powers of Europe cannot be indifferent to what she has done, and what she is endeavouring to do. Her position in Algeria obviously aids her views in this respect, and is convenient and suitable for their realization. Neither is the attempt of the French to excite hostile feelings towards England amongst the people of Spain confined to any particular party. On the contrary, all parties in France appear to have, as regards England, the same object in view. The legitimists look upon the English as the first movers in the change in the succession, and as the abettors of the revolutionary acts to which it has given rise; to weaken the influence of the English in Spain is therefore with the legitimists a duty which they owe to their cause. The republicans are opposed to the intervention of any other influence than their own; and even if this were not the case, they would be dissatisfied with the limited support given by the English government to what they choose to call the constitutional cause; the Bonapartists, shorn as they are of power and influence at home, still labour to exercise influence abroad; and as they hate with fervour everything that is English, they are not wanting in energy, whatever they may be in means, to prevent British preponderance in Spain. The juste milieu party, still the most numerous in France, are no better disposed to England on this subject than the three which we have named. Indeed one of the most furious organs of this party, the *Journal des Debats*, not satisfied with declamation against the English, scarcely allows a day to pass without giving currency to some falsehood which is calculated to make Spaniards look with anger and even hatred upon their English allies. True it is, indeed, that the French government entered into an alliance with England, called the quadruple treaty, the declared object of which was the pacification of Spain by the friendly intervention of the two cabinets in favour of the constitutional regime, and with an abnegation on the part of each of all pretensions to power and influence which should not be common to

both; but we know how the spirit of that treaty was observed by the French. Let us then look at the question on any side, and we shall find a fixed determination to promote anarchy in Spain on the part of the French, until that moment when, in their opinion at least, the force of circumstances should throw her into their hands.

But we will even suppose Louis Philip and his ministers to be anxious for the pacification of Spain, and for the final settlement of the Eastern question, without the existence of selfish views on their part. How will the case then stand? In all diplomatic relations security should be the first object of the British government. This security can only be obtained by one of two guarantees, or both. The first is a well-founded confidence in the honour of the nation with whose government it treats; the second is confidence in the honour and power of the men who are at the head of affairs. Do these securities, or does either of them exist in France? M. Guizot, who is virtually the prime minister in that country, may be a man of strict honour and integrity. We believe he is; for the simplicity of his mode of life places him above the corruption which has marked the career of most of his predecessors, and there is every reason to conclude that his hands are unstained. We have never heard of his being engaged in any of the infamous traffic which is charged upon M. Thiers, and he is more free from that national vanity which drives men into the commission of absurd acts than the person whom he has succeeded, or indeed any man who has hitherto held the reigns of power in France. We know also that he is as free from national prejudice as he is from national vanity. This is high commendation, but it is well deserved, and it is with pleasure that we offer this testimony in favour of a man to whose firmness France at this moment owes her safety, and Europe her peace. But has M. Guizot so much influence over the nation whose destinies have been thrown by unexpected circumstances for a moment into his hands, that he can bind it to the observance of the pledges which he may make in its name? Can he continue to keep down the passions which his predecessor roused? Can he in short at once give to the French nation that moral respect for its engagements which hitherto it has never shown. M. Guizot has had a powerful auxiliary in the prudence, we might

almost say cunning, of the king. We will not make it a crime in the minister that he was himself a party to the trick which drove M. Thiers from office, and diverted for a time the gathering storm, for even cunning became a virtue when exercised for such an end; but where parties are playing *au plus fin*, may not the tricker be eventually out-tricked, and can we have a stronger proof of the utter want of morality and good sense of a nation, than the fact that in order to restrain it from outrage and crime, it was necessary to resort to the fraud and deception which distinguish the character of the mass? When Sebastiani was minister for foreign affairs, he was reproached with some act in opposition to his character and his principles, and asked why he did not openly avow his views and leave the appreciation of them to the good sense of the nation. The questioner was an Englishman. "Because," replied Sebastiani, "there is no possibility of ruling France as other nations are ruled. I defy any man to remain in power here with the application of those general principles, which require only honesty and good sense in the nation to produce the desired effect. All that a French ministry can do is, by indirect means, to restrain the passions for a time, and divert the turbulence which it cannot prevent. If you would have French ministers like those of any other country, you must give them the people of another country. You must give them a public opinion such as we see elsewhere, and take away the firebrands who would make that opinion go wrong." The French nation has not improved since this language was used; the national character is still the same, good, beautiful even in its exceptions, detestable in its rule. There is no country in the world in which a greater number of acts of virtue are seen, if we look for them otherwise than in connection with the general observance of morality and good faith from nation to nation. As a people dealing with the people or the government of another country, the French are neither to be trusted nor believed. We have said that M. Guizot has desired to establish in France something like respect for its public engagements, and that he inspires all the confidence which personal character can command. We have said that Louis Philip is prudent, and that he can even resort with effect to the use of the weapons in which M. Thiers was so little skilled. It is a great gain to have got rid of a minister who in the Chamber of Deputies un-

blushingly scouted the idea of good faith in governments, and declared that no government enters into a treaty with the honest determination of maintaining it for a moment longer than its own ends are served; but what security have we that M. Thiers, or some such profligate statesman may not be in power a few months hence, or that M. Guizot may be able to render odious the principles thus avowed by M. Thiers? If in England any minister had avowed such doctrines, he would have been hooted by the representatives of the people, and out of doors public indignation would have been loudly expressed; but in France the declaration of M. Thiers excited no indignant remark in the chamber, and beyond its walls it was rather praised than blamed, as the candid avowal of the principles entertained by all rulers, but which others were hypocritical enough to conceal. And if M. Guizot should be all that we are disposed to believe him to be, and more influential as regards his nation than it appears to us possible that he even can be, how long may we expect his power to last? He has now been nine months in office, which is rather beyond the average duration of the cabinets under what is called parliamentary government in France. Will he retain the reins of power for nine months more? Allow that he will, and what are nine months to enable him to change the national character? Will nine months or nine years suffice for such a change, even supposing it to be attempted under the most favourable circumstances, and with the firm determination to succeed? M. Thiers found no difficulty in bringing out the worst passions of the nation in less than nine months; but to rouse what exists, and which is merely dormant from the want of opportunity to display itself, and to create new feelings, are different tasks.

To preserve the peace of Europe, therefore, and to keep the French within reasonable limits, something more is wanting than an honest minister in France. We do not unbind the hands of a lunatic merely upon his promise to be mild. We continue to watch him when he is unbound, and means are provided for his coercion if his malady should again assume a dangerous form. What is the republican fervour of the French but madness, and if M. Guizot be the mad doctor who keeps this fervour within bounds, are we to run the risk of outrage when the eye of the physician shall be removed, even if it be true

that he has at present the power to restrain the madness which but for him would pass to its acute stage? The sovereigns of Europe are not so unwise as to receive the guarantee of M. Guizot for the conduct of the French nation, however great may be their respect for him. He can only bind himself. The security which they require is the want of means to do mischief, and by an European compact pledges may be exchanged between the different governments, including that of France, which should keep the French quiet in spite of themselves. In such a compact anything short of the physical impossibility of breaking faith would be insufficient; but in a conference for the settlement of the equilibrium of Europe means may be contrived for restraining all the contracting parties for many years to come, from any of those demonstrations which would endanger the public peace. This is the consideration which should induce the other great powers of Europe not merely to invite, but even to insist upon the participation of France in an arrangement for the final settlement of the Eastern question. In settling that question, all the other points involving what is called the balance of power must also be discussed. Let not any improper intervention with the internal government of France be attempted; that would be unwise, not to say dangerous, in the excited state of parties there; but let the French nation at least be shown that it will not be permitted to propagate revolutionary principles elsewhere.

If the guarantees of the personal character of M. Guizot, and his means of obtaining the ratification of the people of France for his acts, are not sufficient for the powers of Europe, who have a direct interest in checking the restless and turbulent spirit of the French, still less satisfactory are the guarantees of the king. It is the misfortune of Louis Philip to possess none of those brilliant virtues which produce an effect upon a superficial nation, whilst he possesses those which the French, of all nations in the world, can least appreciate. In any other country, the example which he sets to his subjects as a kind husband, a good father, and an excellent economist, would not be without its weight, and the influence of it would be increased by the success which has attended the display of domestic virtue in this king. In France, however, domestic virtues of any kind are little prized, even by the mass; whilst with thousands who

never practise them, they are received only as a reproach. Even as a man, these bright shades of character in Louis Philip are much overclouded by vice. He is not merely economical: he is avaricious—avaricious to an extent which leads him to ingratitude and injustice. Ingratitude is a family failing of the Bourbons: Louis XVIII. acknowledged the hospitality of an Englishman, when that sovereign was in adversity, by a mere formal bow when he was upon the throne. Charles X. could find no more splendid present for an Englishman, whose house and purse were open to him when he was in distress, than a paltry engraved portrait. Louis Philip has, indeed, been rather more generous as to presents; but we have heard of more than one instance, in which he has refused to refund sums of money which were expended for him, as soon as his turn was served. The circumstances under which Louis Philip obtained the crown were not such as to command admiration or respect. He neither won it by his sword, nor was he entitled to it by his position; and in vain do his partisans endeavour to exonerate him from suspicion of intrigue. The party which set him up is that most eager to pull him down; and those parties whose interests and feelings were outraged by the change in the succession, are, although from different motives, agreed as to the propriety of a further change. Louis Philip has, indeed, a party powerful both in numbers and wealth, by which he is protected; for nearly all who are connected with the industry of the country, and who feel that there is no security for industry without peace, naturally cling to a monarch who is regarded as the type of peace; but this party would abandon him to-morrow, if it saw the same security in any other candidate for the crown. Its attachment to Louis Philip is merely one of interest—it has no respect for him as a man. The conduct of Louis Philip since his accession to the throne has not been such as to win golden opinions, either from the unreflecting multitude or the discerning few. He has offended the mass by his disregard of their external attributes of power—by which the mass is captivated; and no man of whatever party can reflect upon the connection between him and the Baroness de Feuchères without feelings of horror mixed with disdain.

Every body does not, indeed, believe, that after the compact between the king and the notorious woman in question, by

which she undertook to secure the settlement of the greater part of the fortune of the Duke of Bourbon upon one of the king's sons, she laid violent hands upon the life of that kind-hearted but infatuated old man; but there are few who inclined to the belief that his death was the result of suicide, without the impression that it was produced by irritation and despondency, arising from the coercion which had been exercised over his mind, and regret that he should have consented to a donation in favour of a branch of the Bourbons, against which his profound aversion had been so frequently declared. The multitudinous sea cannot wash out the stain of this transaction from the character of the king. Without his cupidity, Madame Feuchères never could have ventured upon that exercise of power over the mind of the Duke de Bourbon, which, in the hypothesis of suicide, induced the act; and even the French, with their lax morality, have beheld with feelings beyond contempt, the partition of the spoil between their sovereign and the worthless person by whose influence it was obtained. God forbid that we should for a moment sanction the belief, that the Duke de Bourbon did not meet with his death from his own hand—but supposing that death to have been the effect of suicide, is the moral character of the affair which led to it at all changed? There are, however, thousands in France who believe that the duke did not destroy himself; and who refer to the evidence of his friend M. Rouen, as proof that such was not the case. M. Rouen, who resided near the duke's palace, was one of the first persons called in when the melancholy event had occurred; and from his opinion as to the position of the body, and other circumstances, the death was not voluntary. In a recent conversation on this subject, M. Rouen expressed himself nearly in the following words: "For many days previously, I had perceived that the prince was labouring under melancholy, and that he was evidently spirit-broken, which I could easily understand, from the coercion exercised by Madame de Feuchères; but never did I see anything to raise a suspicion in my mind that he would lay violent hands upon himself. I was with him on the evening preceding his death; we were playing at cards, and he was in better spirits than for some time past. I rose to take my leave at nearly twelve o'clock. The prince accompanied me to the door, shook hands with me, and said, 'Remem-

ber, Rouen, that you have promised to present your son to me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' Was this the language of a man who intended in a few hours to bid adieu to the world?"

The recent death of Madame de Feuchères has revived the remembrance of this melancholy event, in a manner fatal to the reputation of the king as regards his possession of a portion of the property bequeathed by his will. Madame de Feuchères, whose share of it amounted to several millions, left the whole of her fortune to a niece, to the exclusion of all other natural heirs. In her ostentation and her desire to sink the remembrance of her own low origin, by making this niece one of the richest heiresses in France, for the property was to go on accumulating until she should become of age—Madame de Feuchères omitted some essential formalities, and the will is declared null. It is now a question whether her fortune belongs of right to her natural heirs, or to her husband, the Baron de Feuchères. The opinion of most lawyers is, that the husband alone is entitled to it; and in this opinion one of the tribunals has concurred. The baron, who is a man of high honour, and who appears to have been ignorant when he married of the real nature of the connection between the lady and the prince, has formally announced his intention of declining any portion of a property obtained by such polluted means; and has, indeed, already transferred his right to various charitable establishments in France. What a commentary is this upon the conduct of the king! The Duke d'Aumale, his son, is unblushingly allowed to retain his share; the Baron de Feuchères, a poor man, refuses to stain his hands with a partition of the spoil.

The affair of the succession of the Duke de Bourbon is not the only one in which want of delicacy has been shown by the king of the French. The wanton exposure of the failings of the Duchess de Berri created a strong sensation against him, not merely amongst those who were disposed to view all his acts with dislike, but also amongst those who were his most determined political partizans. It was in his power to save both the reputation and the life of the Duchess de Berri; but he did not exercise his power over the latter until the former had been destroyed. Is it then to be wondered at, that the French should give credit to the charges of baseness and hypocrisy which are now made against him by the letters, real or false,

put into circulation by Madame Saint Elme ? His reputation for delicacy !—it does not exist. Be the charges true or false, the odium will stick to him ; and where, we ask, is the moral influence of such a man over the nation, to induce it to respect any guarantees which he may have given, or may be inclined to give, to the other powers of Europe, for the sacred observance of his engagements, and the duration of peace ?

It must be evident to all, that the moral influence of Louis Philip over the French nation is small ; for a sovereign to command respect in a people for the engagements which he contracts in their name, he must be himself respected for his general character, and for the good faith observed in the engagements into which he has entered with them.

We have shown how little there is in the personal character of Louis Philip to command the esteem of the French. It may be replied, perhaps, that with such a people, personal example in the way of public virtue has little weight. This, to a great extent, is true ; if Louis Philip had set an example of spoliation and propagandism as regards other countries, it would have been warmly responded to, for men are very willing to listen to the voice which urges them forward in the course which their own passions approve ; they are not so willing to obey the example which tends the other way. But mankind in general, and the French particularly, are not to be easily induced by the example of their rulers to do right ; they are always ready enough to plead the absence of good example, when they are wrong. The most virtuous and generous-hearted man in the world, might find it difficult to govern the French nation by the force of example ; but there are in France many thousands of enlightened men, who desire a change in the national character, and would promote the influence of good example in their sovereign : and the personal character of a truly good man could not be appealed to as the sanction of national outrage and public wrong. As to the faith with which Louis Philip has kept his engagements with the French, we have only to refer to the circumstances under which he came to the throne. He received the crown from the Revolutionists, by promising that he would follow the programme which they prescribed. There was more virtue, indeed, in the breach than in the observance of this pledge ; but to have given it at all, implies a readiness

to gratify ambition, at the cost of probity, which does not tend to increase our admiration of the individual, whatever other claims he may have for our support ; and whilst one party in France despises the ambition which led to the pledge, another is filled with animosity because it was not kept. Louis Philip received the crown from the hands of Lafayette, who, no match for him in finesse, believed that he would consent to be the president of a republic, with the empty title of king. Bitter was the disappointment, and deep-seated the anger of Lafayette, when the king had thrown off the tutelage under whose auspices he climbed to power. "Tell the king," said Lafayette, when invited to dine with him after his assertion of independence of the revolutionary party, "that if Louis Philip has forgotten what he promised to Lafayette, the old Republican general has not." Europe has reason to bless the political profligacy of Louis Philip ; and so, indeed, if the true interests of the French be considered, has France ; but Louis Philip has shown that he can make engagements, and break them with the readiness with which they were made. The Republicans are not the only party to complain of his want of faith ; they assert that when he accepted the crown, he authorized one of his officers to assure Charles X, that he merely held it in trust, and would restore it to the deposed sovereign as soon as circumstances should admit of his doing so with safety to himself. Those circumstances have never occurred, perhaps ; but has Louis Philip sought them ? Has he not on the contrary, stepped out of the way to throw obloquy upon the branch of the Bourbons which he has displaced ? Of his reputed promise to surrender Algiers, we have, indeed, no authentic knowledge ; it may not have been given directly or indirectly—but there are few persons in France who believe the assertion of M. Guizot that it was not given ; and Louis Philip is as much in discredit with one party, under the conviction that he gave the pledge and ought to have observed it, and with the mass of the nation, who believe that he compromised their *amour propre*, as if the authentic engagement were on record.

There is nothing, then, in the character or influence of Louis Philip as a guarantee for the peace of Europe. The only guarantee is in the desire which he feels that peace may not be disturbed, because he knows that in the event of a war, he is not the leader whom the French would

choose. The dynasty of Louis Philip, and more than the dynasty,—his private fortune, are at stake, and as war would dethrone the one, and remove the other, he is naturally an ardent partisan of peace. But is it in his power to preserve it? Has he the means as well as the inclination to put down the thirst for military glory, or in other words, military brigandage, which is still the besetting malady of the French? If circumstances were to render his position more uncertain than it has hitherto been, and to compel him to choose between the immediate danger of expulsion by the people, and the chance of dethronement by the sovereigns of Europe, would he hesitate at embracing the revolutionary cause?

But let us suppose Louis Philip to be as sincere in his professions of amity to Europe, as he has hitherto been interested in making common cause with its rulers, against French propagandism and spoliation; what is the security which he can give beyond that sincerity? He is an old man; a few years must, in the course of nature, remove from him the power and influence which he now possesses, such as they are; and a successor whose education has been wholly military might profit by the repose allowed by Europe to France, to bring into action the energies of a country which had been permitted to wax strong. The military mania in France is not indeed what it was, and twenty years more of peace, with a constant development of the commercial and agricultural resources of the country, might reduce the pulse of glory very low.

There must, however, be an excitement and a rivalry of some kind. The pride of the French is such, that if they cannot be the first fighting people in the universe, they must, in their own opinion at least, be the first for something else. Let them hope to become the great manufacturing and carrying nation of Europe, as England now is, and they will lay aside the sword for the loom; but have the French the patience, the perseverance, the energy, which are required to make them even the successful competitors, not to say the masters, in industry, of the English. They neither understand those large principles of trade which alone can command preponderance; and the struggle between classes and interests in France is too great to warrant a belief that there ever will be

a great national effort for supremacy in commerce and manufactures. They are exceedingly sensitive on this point, and if clamour and boasting could supply the place of enterprise and industry, they would already be the first amongst manufacturing and carrying nations. They see and hate the supremacy of England in this respect, and would willingly eclipse her; but they want all the essential qualities of traders and manufacturers on a large scale, and even if these were not wanting, there are obstacles in the way even of moderately successful competition which can only be removed by a total change in the form of the government and in the habits of the people. The first great obstacle is in the nature of the representative system. The Chamber of Deputies is two-thirds composed of merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturists; but every class has its own real or supposed interests in view, and neither will consent to any sacrifice for the public good. The proprietors of wood lands will not consent to a reduction of the duty on coals; the coal owner will not allow foreign coals to be imported until the market has been stocked with all that he can raise. The iron master will not hear of the free importation of foreign iron, nor will the agriculturist agree to any concession that has not for its object the sale of his brandies and wines. Each class will struggle hard for concessions for itself; but the different classes will not co-operate in any measure for the extension of that general principle of exchanges, without which no nation can be prosperous and great. Again, there is none of that stability in the government which promises security for commercial enterprises. This year a ministry may incline to one interest, next year to another. This year France may be tranquil, and merchants and manufacturers calculating on the duration of peace, may feel inclined to embark further capital, and increase their means of production; next year a minister like Thiers may revive the dread of war, and paralyze the energy which had just begun to display itself. A greater obstacle than either of those above alluded to, consists in the inordinate desire of all classes to become what is called *propriétaires*. Every man must be the owner of a piece of land, however small. The ambition of the little tradesman is to accumulate sufficient capital to enable him to purchase an estate of some two or three thousand

frances revenue, and to retire to the country, where he can attach *propriétaire* to his name, and hope to become the mayor of his commune. In England the profits of trade in a small way are an inducement to enterprise on a larger scale; the capital, of course, remains in trade; and even the wealthy retired merchant or manufacturer continues to speculate, by investing money in railways, steam companies, or some other active pursuit of industry. In France the savings of years are locked up in the public funds, and never find their way into trade. Even the farmer's labourer saves and saves until he has realised sufficient to purchase an acre or two of land, and in nine cases out of ten, the savings are laid by as unproductive capital. An enormous portion of the circulating medium of the country is thus locked up for ten years. This desire to possess land is called independence; it is pride; it had its origin in the spirit of equality; but in reality, it is a dislike for the pursuits of industry. How can France become a great commercial and manufacturing country in such a state of things? Six per cent. is the legal rate of interest on commercial transactions; the last official returns of the sales of land show that it does not produce on an average  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Can it be expected, therefore, that the military mania will be superseded by a rage for commerce? We think not.

In alluding to the insufficiency of the guarantee of the peace of Europe as connected with the life of Louis Philip, we omitted to glance at the chance of assassination. It is painful to bring forward such an hypothesis as an argument, but it is unfortunately too well justified by circumstances; and to show that it is so, we will mention a fact not generally known, and in which the opinion of Louis Philip himself warrants the belief that this chance is not improbable.

Shortly after the last attempt upon the king's life, a meeting was held in Paris of English and American residents, to congratulate him upon his escape, and General Sir John Doveton, as chairman of the meeting, was appointed to present the address. The king, in thanking the General for the sympathy expressed for him by the British and American residents, said—"I feel that I am doomed to die by the hand of an assassin, but that conviction shall not prevent me from acting according to my impression of what is for the interest and welfare of my country." May this

sad presentiment never be realized! May the abominable doctrines which have produced so many attempts upon the life of the French sovereign be again defeated by Providence! But that the danger does exist is evident, and Louis Philip, who knows as well as any man in France to what extent these doctrines have taken root, is not blind to the danger of his position.

If, as regards the settlement of the questions under immediate discussion between the French government and the other cabinets of Europe, we may give credit to the King of the French and his ministers for sincerity,—and it is their interest to be sincere under existing circumstances,—we may hope for a good understanding in the arrangement of the affair of the sultan and Mehemet Ali. The absurd statement of the legitimist and republican journals in France, that a treaty had been entered into by England and Russia for the partition of Turkey, and which would never have had currency for more than a few hours, if it had not been invented in a country where so many thousands being lax in their own morals, readily suppose the existence of similar laxity in others, has been formally contradicted by the *Journal de Francfort*, which is the semi-official organ of the Russian government, and M. Guizot has repeatedly and very recently assured the British chargé d'affaires at the court of France, that he has never suspected England or Russia of an intention to turn the treaty of July to the exclusive profit of either. The only point upon which there is any difference at this moment between M. Guizot and the members of the conference is the revolution in Candia and Bulgaria. He recommends direct intervention in favour of the Christians, and insinuates that in order to raise the French cabinet a little in public opinion, France should play a leading part in the intervention. M. Guizot, however, has made no stipulation on this point, and will probably give way upon it as he has done upon others, if the members of the conference should persist in taking a different view of the question. We can easily conceive that it would be very gratifying to M. Guizot to be permitted to employ a French fleet and French troops in such an intervention, for it would please the national pride, and be an answer to his opponents in the chambers, who have declared that he is anxious for peace *à tout prix*, and afraid to stipulate for an honourable position in what

is called the compact of Europe. Nor is there, perhaps, any just reason why France should be excluded from her share in honourable intervention, if she will consent to give guarantees against her turning to account, for future aggression, the means which would thus be afforded to her of employing her troops and her ships in a manner worthy of the motives which are supposed to inspire the advocates for rational liberty and peace in Europe; but to make France a direct party to the intervention of Europe in the struggle of the Cross against the Crescent, and to permit her at the same time to go on increasing her army and navy, would be little less than madness.

In a recent discussion in the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Soult declared that so far from recommending the increase of the army, it was his intention to reduce it to the greatest possible extent consistently with the safety of the country. This is a satisfactory pledge as far as it goes, but unfortunately there is a great difference of opinion in France as to what is or is not a sufficient standing force for national security. Even Marshal Soult's estimate on this subject goes far beyond what can reasonably be conceded by other powers. And his estimate is infinitely under that of a powerful party in the Chamber of Deputies. This party, indeed, powerful as it is over public opinion, or that wild feeling in France to which the name of public opinion is given, does not hold the reins of government, nor is it in a majority in the Chamber, but commotion or intrigue may again give to it preponderance, and it is not safe to permit the present government to go on preparing the way for such a faction. The army in France is on a much more extensive footing than can be required for the maintenance of internal tranquillity, so far as it can be maintained by an armed force; for is there not an army of police in France, and is there not a danger that in the event of serious commotion, a large standing army, siding with the populace, would restore to power the republican leaders who lately threatened to propagandize Europe? There must be some more positive understanding between the French cabinet and the powers of Europe, as to a reduction of the army, than the speeches of Marshal Soult in the Chambers. In the Chamber of Peers, where the advocates of peace are in a large majority, he naturally uses language which has a tendency to tranquillize and

to secure votes; in the Chamber of Deputies he is another man, for there the peace party is not so strong, and he takes care not to pledge himself in so positive a manner to reduction. The struggle in France, however, is not so much for military as for naval supremacy. The internal state of the country, the number of fortresses to be garrisoned, and the necessity of keeping up a supply for Africa, where the French are every year decimated by disease, fatigue and privation, form a plea, such as it is, for keeping up a large military force. There is no such plea for the clamour of the increase of the navy, and yet this is the burthen of all the speeches in both chambers whenever the position of France in Europe is under discussion.

The minister of marine, in replying to a remark of Count Tirlet on the 18th June, that France was infinitely inferior to England in the means of steam warfare, instead of boldly saying, that, considering the number of her colonies, and the extent of her commerce, France had as many war steamers as England, and quite enough for her purpose, asserted, without reference to any such consideration, that the actual number of war steamers of France was greater than that of England; whereas, the truth is, that power for power, that of England is nearly double. Was the minister of marine ignorant of this fact? Certainly not; but as he had not nerve enough to say, that the steam navy of France was quite as extensive as it ought to be, considering her rank as a maritime country, he preferred getting rid of the reproach by an unfounded assertion. This assertion, answered by figures, what has the minister to urge against augmentation? If the finances of England were in so prosperous a state that she could afford to build two additional war steamers for one that the French might build, she might permit the French to go on building, although she would be increasing her own naval force with no other object than to keep France in check; but she cannot do this, and therefore has a right to demand that the naval force of France shall only be in proportion to her actual wants, or at any rate, in proportion with that of England, as indicated by the extent of the colonies and the mercantile navy of each country. If Europe is to remain at peace, every nation must have its forces on a peace footing, otherwise there will neither be peace nor security.



- ART. IX.—1. *Vier Fragen von einem Ost Preussen.* (Four Questions by an East Prussian.)  
 2. *Erörterungen über die vier Fragen.* (Remarks on the Four Questions.)

It is long since any book has excited so great a sensation in Germany as the little pamphlet entitled "Four Questions." It was ushered mysteriously into the world, and has been rigidly suppressed. The author, Dr. Jacobi, of Königsberg, we believe, has been brought to trial for the somewhat indefinite crime of "offending majesty" (*beleidigter Majestät*). He has met with great sympathy from the inhabitants of the province, a subscription of eighteen thousand dollars having been raised in his favour. We have read the pamphlet with attention and in an impartial spirit. It does not contain one-twentieth part of the violence of the leading articles in the most temperate of our political journals. We are aware that it would not be fair to institute a comparison, since, owing to the freedom of discussion in our country, perfectly harmless matter here might suffice to excite a flame in Germany. A weekly English periodical described the work as containing revolutionary principles. Nothing can be more unjust. The work is written in a manly and forcible tone; it contains observations on the ministers and bureaucracy of Prussia, written in no friendly spirit, on the truth of which we do not profess to decide. Nay, it would seem, from the pamphlet which we have placed second on the list at the head of this article, that the extracts from the documents on which Dr. Jacobi founds many of his reasons for discontent, are not correct. But the statements of this commentator must be received with great caution; the evident joy with which he anticipates the condemnation of his opponent, proves him a prejudiced witness. The "Four Questions" demand only what the Prussians have a right to ask. The late King of Prussia, after the happy deliverance of his country from French tyranny, promised to grant his people a constitution. Stein, a name never to be mentioned without respect, and Hardenberg, were favourers of the measure. Later events, and probably the suggestions of a neighbouring power, may have contributed to alter the intentions of the king, and the people, strong in love to their sovereign and respecting his many excellent qualities, did not press the subject. But the promise had been made,

and was never recalled either by the late sovereign or by his present majesty. It is the performance of this promise, made with all the solemnity of a law, and the execution of which was only deferred by the difficulties and delays of the necessary previous arrangements, that the author of the "Four Questions" reclaims: and in doing so, he is strictly within the letter of the law. For the sake of Prussia herself, we hope he may be acquitted; for if he be condemned, few indeed will be the strictures which will be admitted to pass free. With respect to the manner in which the book was published, we feel reluctant to make any observations, as we believe the matter is still under examination; we must therefore leave it to the proper authorities.

The present King of Prussia deservedly bears a very high character. He is universally spoken of as a man of a highly cultivated mind, great knowledge of business, and of a most amiable disposition. His liberal patronage of learning and the arts deserves honourable mention. Within the short period of a year he has collected in his capital many of the men most eminent for genius and talent. Yet with all this, strange to say, his popularity has confessedly declined. We regret that the timid policy of his advisers should have led to the prosecution of Dr. Jacobi. We are of opinion that the accusation of treason cannot be maintained; the manner in which Dr. Jacobi speaks of the king is uniformly respectful, and the majority in the provincial diet proves that he speaks the sentiments of thousands of his neighbours. The tone in which he speaks of the ministers and public officers is not friendly—it may be party-coloured—but the event has sufficiently proved that confiscation and prohibition but increase sympathy for the accused.

Since writing the above remarks, we learn from the German papers that the king, who intends to make a journey in the autumn to Breslau in Silesia, has declared his intention of not accepting any extra public mark of respect from the magistracy or corporation of that city. In the communication of the minister, in which he announces the royal displeasure, he alleges as a reason that his majesty views the directions which the electors of that city had given to their member at the provincial diet, to vote in favour of the constitution, as open opposition. The most recent accounts from the Rhine, where the provincial diet has just com-

menced its session, announce that this province shows the sentiments of Königsberg and Breslau.

We are bound in justice to add, that in the recent sessions of the diets which have just been closed, the king has shown a sincere desire to render these meetings more extensively useful. Whether he wishes to prepare the people gradually for the introduction of greater political freedom, or whether he thinks that political development is not necessarily connected with any definite constitution, in the English sense of the term, time must show. The public attention in Germany is at this moment directed with some interest to the opening diet of the Rhine provinces, which has only commenced sitting after the conclusion of most of the other provincial assemblies. The inhabitants are said to be strongly attached to a liberal form of government, and the king will then be in possession of the wishes of the people, communicated by such organs as the present constitution of Prussia allows.

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ART. X.—*Moritz, Herzog und Churfürst zu Sachsen. Eine Darstellung aus dem Zeitalter der Reformation*, von Dr. F. A. von Langenn, &c. (Maurice, Duke and Elector of Saxony. By Dr. von Langenn.) Erster Theil, mit Moritz's Bildniss. Leipsic. 1841.

THE principal features in the life and character of Prince Maurice are familiar to the English public from the impartial account of Robertson. The part which this prince, undoubtedly the most able of those who figured at this period of the Reformation, played in the affairs of Germany, is prominent, and his actions stand before the world so strongly marked, that we can hardly expect any new light to be thrown upon the actions themselves. All that we can possibly hope for is, that, by a diligent investigation of the archives, the motives by which this extraordinary and able prince was influenced may be somewhat more clearly developed. Maurice appears as one of the most singular enigmas in history. Scarcely of age when he came to the government of his own dominions, he renounced the league of Smalcalden, although most sincerely attached to the Protestant religion; involved in differences

with his kinsman John Frederic, he usurped his throne when he had been deprived of his possessions by an arbitrary and unjust decree of Charles the Fifth. Such conduct might seem to justify the extreme abuse and distrust of the Protestants, when lo, he rises as the champion of the Protestant cause, and the emperor narrowly escapes being the prisoner of his former confidant. He died in battle at the age of thirty-three, having reigned twelve short years; nor, when we consider his character and abilities, does the remark of a Saxon historian seem improbable, that had he lived, Germany might have been spared many of the horrors of the thirty years' war. Providence, however, had decreed otherwise.

In order to attain a just opinion of the character of Maurice, we must judge him not according to abstract notions of right or wrong, but according to the temper and colouring of the times in which he lived. In the short notice to which we must confine ourselves, we shall select his difference with his kinsman John Frederick, as the most intricate and interesting feature. For historians are pretty unanimous respecting his defence of the Protestants against the emperor and his league with the French. The patriotism of recent writers has occasionally taken fire at his union with that people, but we must not forget that Maurice, who had lived on terms of intimacy with the emperor, was better acquainted with the resources of that monarch than many of the other German princes. And the event proved that the alliance was entered upon more with a view to frighten the emperor than to allow the French a prominent part in the affairs of Germany.

But in his differences with the elector, his conduct at first sight appears open to great suspicion, nor does Dr. von Langenn, who writes with impartiality, acquit Maurice of ambition. There are two points of view, which must not be lost sight of in considering this period of the Reformation, the former of which has naturally escaped the attention of foreign historians; we mean the question of territorial supremacy, and the different view of the Reformation entertained by the Protestants. In both these respects the characters of the two princes presented a distinct contrast with each other. The dominions of the Saxon princes had been divided into two parts about half a century before the period of which we are speaking; the elder, according to Saxon

law, making the division, and the younger choosing which of the proposed parts he might prefer. To prevent the possibility, or rather to augment the difficulties of intestine feuds, many important subjects had been left common to the two lines (of Albert and Ernest.) Yet, this very measure, as might easily have been foreseen, but hastened the civil war. It seems an established fact, that John Frederick had allowed himself rights of supremacy in the petty domains of Maurice, to which a far less ambitious and able prince would not have submitted. How far these inroads were agreeable to Maurice, as furnishing him with a pretext for extending his dominions, we are unable at this length of time to decide. His letters and documents, several of which are now for the first time published, breathe a spirit of peace and a desire for reconciliation; but we must not forget that Maurice's powers of dissimulation even imposed upon that great master of the art, Charles the Fifth himself. When the emperor had resolved upon dethroning the elector, Maurice's repeated refusal to assume the title, although decorous, was certainly not very sincere. The commencement of the difference must certainly be attributed to John Frederick, and not to Maurice.

Nor was the manner in which these two princes, both worthy of admiration, viewed the Reformation, less diametrically opposite. John Frederic was devoted heart and soul to the new doctrines, and considered any temporizing measures, although dictated by necessity, almost as a sin against providence; Maurice, whose distinguished genius displayed itself at an early age, was brought up at no less than five different courts, and it is by no means improbable that the marks of esteem and affection which he received in his youth from both the religious parties, may have inspired him with toleration. Less of a zealot than his kinsman, and conscious of his superiority to the emperor in the arts of policy and dissimulation, it is not to be wondered at that he preferred and proposed to consider the questions in dispute more by means of diplomacy than of theology. Nor must we forget that at a later period of his life, when the Protestants were most virulent against him, the opinions of Melancthon coincided with those of Maurice. His refusal to continue in the league of Smalcalden, may likewise be rationally explained. He united in his own person rapidity of execution with

prudence of resolve, and had the league elected him for their commander, a happier result might have been anticipated. But what likelihood was there that his kinsman, who had proved so jealous of his own prerogatives that he had exceeded his just rights, would wave his pretensions in favour of a mere youth, and that youth his rival?

These and the other features in the life of Maurice are treated with ability and impartiality by Dr. von Langenn, who had previously established his claim to the character of a patriotic investigator of Saxon history in his life of Duke Albert. Dr. von Langenn is tutor to Prince Albert of Saxony (who is probably destined one day to ascend the throne of that country), and the liberal and enlightened views which he displays in the work before us afford the best guarantee of success in his honourable office. If he has not succeeded in clearing the memory of Maurice from all the clouds which overshadowed it, he has placed before us in a clear and striking manner, the difficulties by which that prince was surrounded—difficulties internal and external, which it was perhaps impossible to surmount, without adopting a line of conduct, which, in less complicated and less troubled times, might justly demand a much severer judgment.

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ART. XI.—*Neapel und die Neapolitaner, oder Briefe aus Neapel in die Heimath von Dr. Karl August Mayer.* (Naples and the Neapolitans, in a Series of Letters by Dr. C. A. Mayer.) Erster Band. Oldenburg. 1840.

THIS agreeable volume, from the pen of one who is thoroughly master of his subject, has refreshed our recollections of Italy. On foot, on horseback, or in carriage, we have traversed no inconsiderable portion of the southern part of the peninsula, and we can recommend the author as a trustworthy guide on subjects on which Mrs. Starke, "the Queen of Sorrento," as she was called in our day, is naturally silent. On the high road and in the beaten track frequented by the swarm of annuals, the national character does not appear to advantage. The love of gain has called forth the weaknesses, or if you will, the vices of the inhabitants, whilst their good qual-

ities only show themselves on a longer acquaintance. Added to this, the difficulty of understanding the dialects of the country, even to those who have made themselves masters of pure Tuscan, is very great. After some study of the language and a diligent attendance at the little Teatro San Carlino, where we promise our unfastidious readers much amusement, unless our old favourites, Pulcinello, Colombina, Trivella, and Arlecchino, have changed their nature, we buckled on our knapsack, and trudged through the Abruzzi, although our good friends, the artists in Rome, represented the tour as dangerous. We cannot say we found it so; we were unmolested, and found the people friendly and hospitable.

We were amply indemnified, by the beauty of the scenery, for the many inconveniences which a pedestrian must expect to encounter in districts where a horse is still called a *vettura*, carriages being still unknown there. Our pompous title of *eccellenza*, more frequently cut down to *lenza*, which had so often been bawled in our ears by coachmen, shoeblacks, lazzaroni, and *id genus omne*, on the Toledo and elsewhere, dwindled down into the simple appellation of *gulantuomo*, the lowest term of address which that polite people adopt. The hospitality of the people was sometimes painful. We frequently found, on having taken our meals with respectable inhabitants who were travelling in the same direction, that, on rising, our bill had been paid, nor could we ever on such occasions prevail upon the host or hostess to accept even of a *buono mano*. On conversing with an agreeable family, with whom we travelled for some time, on their road to a fête in honour of St. Justus, we were informed that according to the customs of the country, a stranger had the right of entering any house he liked, and was welcome as long as he chose to stay, but that the suspicions of the government, by rendering every one responsible for the political opinions of his guests, were gradually operating a change in national manners. We once had a warm dispute with a Neapolitan officer, who insisted on doing the honours, to which we submitted on a promise that he and his party would be our guests at a parting supper. They readily consented, when lo and behold, after a merry meal, they pulled out their purses. This was going too far, but we were reduced to a reluctant submission by the observation, "Don Enrico, we doubt not that you mean

it kindly, but you must allow me to tell you, that according to the custom of the country, if you say a word more, I must consider it as a personal offence." Let those blame the Neapolitans who like, we should be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the many good offices we have received from them and from their antipodes, the Sicilians. In such excursions, a knowledge of the language, a cheerful disposition, and a disregard of numerous little inconveniences, are indispensable; he who remains on the high road sees little more of the real character of the people than if he had remained in London.

With respect to the danger attendant on such excursions, we do not consider it as very great; much will depend on the state of the country, and much on the prudence of the traveller. The introduction or improvement of roads will do much in this respect, although in 1834 the carriage of the King of Naples was plundered on the high road near that nest of infernal looking fellows, Itri. A knowledge of the value of money is requisite, nor would we recommend the traveller to display large sums of it in a country where absolution may be obtained for a few crowns. Carelessness on the part of a foreigner in this respect, caused the murder of a poor muledriver during our trip through Sicily. It is right to observe that this foreigner was not an Englishman, and that he behaved with the greatest liberality to the widow of the murdered man.

With respect to cleanliness, matters are much improved of late years in some hotels in the principal cities; yet those who wish to pass through the world without being intimate with "man's familiars," would do better to remain in more northern climates. Yet we can hardly even now refrain from a laugh at the woeful address of our fellow traveller to our portly hostess at Arpino, Cicero's birthplace. "*Mamma mia, quanti pulci avete?*" "*Eh! figlio mio,*" was the unexpected reply, "*anche in paradiso sono le pulci.*" We do not know whether we may venture upon a translation to prudish English ears; they will prove a mere fleabite to those accustomed to Italian freedom.

On the Neapolitan Apennines, the climate is very various. On returning from Sicily, through Calabria, we came to the lofty hamlet of Terioli, some thousand feet above the sea. It was in June, and

on complaining of the cold to a sturdy mountaineer, who with his peaked hat and musket might almost have passed for a Tyrolean, he said, "*Avimmo undici mesi di freddo, ed uno di frisco*"—(We have eleven months cold weather and one fresh). *La bella Italia*, thought we, and whilst we were quietly eating our luncheon, we received the agreeable intelligence that a band of robbers had made their appearance. "*Sono gente nel paese*"—(There are people in the country), was the pithy information, the purport of which was rendered more important by the gestures which accompanied it. As there were ladies of the party, and the robbers had but two days before carried off four women, we thought it best to present our letter of recommendation to the *governadore*, who assured us that the report was not true, and that he had received orders to punish the authors of it. Alas! for the trustworthiness of official information in this country; the very place was pointed out to us in the course of the day, and we were heartily glad when we arrived at our night's quarters, for, although it is very agreeable to talk of past escapes, yet until you are quite certain that there will be an escape, the subject is not quite so inviting. We afterwards learned that the Government, in order to encourage travellers to frequent the then recently finished road through Calabria and Basilicata to Naples, made a point of discrediting all reports of the kind, and a friend of ours who made the journey two years before we did, heard a shot and found the rifled traveller still warm.

Yet, although we willingly do justice to the air of Naples, the deep blue of her seas, the varied tints which play in magic light upon the mountains at the enchanting hour of sunset, it is only with sorrow that we look upon the condition of the people. Like their own fertile land, good qualities, and many of them, lie in rich profusion on the surface, rendering a short and transient acquaintance delightful. But to the deeper observer there is much to give pain. It would seem that the people had never recovered the shock which the moral degradation of the last centuries of the Roman empire communicated from its corrupt source. Many of the vices of that period are known otherwise than by tradition; and although the exceptions may be numerous, would seem to have struck deep root in this beautiful country. We should not de-

pair of their regeneration under a better government; or rather if the vital principle did not slumber, such government could not so long have existed. The same energy which defeated the different attempts to introduce the inquisition has not shown itself in other matters. The papal rule presses like a nightmare in the southern ecclesiastical dominions, and the Neapolitans, with the present king at their head, have, with all their better qualities, but too much resemblance with their national hero Pulcinello. And yet, when we read, in Colletta, the tragedies of which fair Naples has in the present century so often been a witness, his affectionate regret for the good and virtuous who perished in their visionary schemes of regeneration, which must ever be hopeless until a moral interest is taken by the Government in the improvement of the lower classes, let us not envy the careless child of the south his *delce far niente*.

ART. XII.—1. *Archivio Storico Italiano, ossia Raccolta di Opere e Documenti finora inediti o divenuti rarissimi riguardante la Storia d'Italia; compilata da una Società di Amici e Cultori della medesima.* (Italian Historical Archives, or Collection of Works and Documents at present unpublished or scarce, in relation to Italian History; compiled by a Society of Friends and Students of the same). Florence. 1841.

2. *Le Storie di Jacopo Petiti.* Florence. 1841.

3. *Tavole Sinottiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina, compilati da Alfredo Reumont.* (Synoptic and Synchronous Tales of Florentine History).

4. *Italy. General Views of its History and Literature, in reference to its Present State,* by L. Mariotti. 2 vols. London.

THE first of the works before us will be found to contain both interesting and original information on many obscure Italian subjects. It is melancholy to trace that since the days of Manzoni and Pellico, Italy has scarce produced one original work, but confines herself to those branches of archæological research, which at least indicate what her feelings are as to the past sources of her glory. It is our intention, provided Italian inertness will

permit us, to investigate shortly what is doing in all her universities, and to see whether the fearful palsy that pervades the literary mind of Italy, be, in all respects, co-extensive there with other parts. The remaining works at the head of this article are devoted to the illustration of Florentine History, and the second contains genealogical trees of the Medici, and the other illustrious families of that city. The last work is by an Italian gentleman resident in this country, but contains more information on the subject on which it treats, and more references to the modern position of Italy, than we have seen in any recent production. It is written by him in English, in which language he has attained an astonishing proficiency, even to composition in verse, and his own pure Italian freedom of speech and pained sentiments at the humiliation of his country, bursting forth with native eloquence and singular English expressions, rather enhance the beauty of the work, in our notions, than deteriorate from it. He has divided his work into five periods. 1st. The middle ages. 2d. The age of liberty, embracing the glory of the Italian republics, from the first sanctioning of the independence of the Lombard cities at the peace of Constance in 1183, down to the last agony of liberty at Florence under the repeated assaults of papal perfidy and imperial violence in 1530, the period Sismondi has illustrated. 3d. The age of domestic tyranny of the Este and Medici, which he calls the "age of splendour," commencing with the first Cosmo and his grandson, Lorenzo de' Medici, embracing the period of Leo X.; of the first and second Alphonso of Ferrara, down to the last patronage granted to literature by the Dukes of Savoy, by the patrician aristocracy at Venice, and at Rome in the days of Christina of Sweden. 4th. The age of foreign dominion or decline, commencing with the invasion of Charles VIII. and ending with the French revolution. 5th. Revival of Italy from the days of Ferdinand and Leopold of Tuscany, of Francis I. and Joseph II. of Austria, through the convulsions of the French revolution to the present time. We shall proceed to notice a few points in our author's narrative. His observations at the commencement of his work on the Italian cities are extremely beautiful. Thus on Venice:—

"Venice owing, as we have seen, her origin

to the barbaric invasions, was perhaps the only spot in all Italy pure from barbaric mixture. The Venetian aristocracy, the noblest of all aristocracies, hardened by the constant exertions demanded by their situation, inflamed by a sincere, though perhaps selfish patriotism, displayed for a long time valour worthy of a better fate. The dark and bloody policy which stained the last period of that ill-fated republic has been, we think, too long exposed and execrated, even to exaggeration; and it is full time that peace should be granted at least to the memory of Venice, since little more than her memory remains. Her native element, the sea, is now receding from her lagoons, like a faithless friend in the hour of adversity, and she lies down lifeless and mute, a spectre city, insensible of her rapid decay,—dead almost to the fondest hopes and to the revengeful wrath universally cherished in the Italian bosoms, as if the sentence which laid her low were irrevocable, and the hour of Italian redemption, however soon it may strike, would always be too late for the revival of Venice."—vol. i. p. 66.

#### Tuscany and Florence:—

"Tuscany in all times, perhaps even before the Grecian era, the ruler of letters and arts, is now occupied by a soft, gentle, highly-refined people, in whose slender and graceful frames, in whose elegant but effeminate features it would not be easy to recognize the successors of those fierce partizans who, after receiving liberty as a gift from their brothers of Lombardy, were so loose and violent in abusing it, but no less warm and intrepid, and desperately obstinate before they consented to give it up. Traces of the ancient Tuscan valour are to be found in Arezzo, in Pistoia, and wherever, indeed, you rise towards the Apennines; but the capitol, Florence, the beautiful, the Athens of modern Italy, she alone, the mother of genius, who has given birth to a greater number of eminent men than all the rest of Italy put together,—Florence is now idly and voluptuously lying in the lap of her green vale of Arno, 'like a beautiful pearl set in emerald,' as if lulled by the murmur of her river and by the fascination of the smiles of her climate. Sinking into a state of dejection proportionate to the excitement of the ages of the Strozzi, worn out, enervated by a long peace and by the artful tyranny of their princes, these people are scarcely aware that their silken ties have now been changed into an iron chain. Gay and thoughtless, vain of their bygone greatness, of their polished language, of their wide-spread scholarship, of their nice taste, of their villas, of their churches, and of themselves, the Florentines are called, perhaps not unjustly, the French of Italy."—vol. i. p. 69.

#### Rome:—

"Rome, sitting in an unhealthy desert, a venerable corpse, a dissolute convent of prelates and cardinals, whose vast empire and influence have been reduced to those tottering walls, the

head of a church that has outlived her age, the capital of a state in open rebellion,—Rome, like Tithonus of the fable, has reached the last state of decrepitude without being permitted to die. Not only the capital, but all the provinces south of the Apennines, the lands of the Sabini and Umbri, have contracted that Levitical spirit by which all talents and eminence are exclusively directed to the altar and its intrigues. Hence that tinge of Jesuitism that taints the Roman character in the highest classes, painted, as it were, on the lines of their countenances, in the sound of their mellifluous accent. Only what is not priest in Rome, or priestly in family or connection, or servants of priests,—the populace of the eternal city, the Transeverini, display in their features, costume and manners, and more in their sudden and often generous bursts of passion,—the antique Romans—such as may, with a better education, become one day the freemen of the capital of the redeemed country."

Though not fully coinciding in the author's view, few can avoid being struck with the beauty of the following extract, on the beauty of Romanism:—

"Christianity came not to avenge, not to redress, but to console; it promised not peace on earth, but retribution in Heaven; it did not break the chains of the slave, but shared them with him; unable to destroy feudalism, it created chivalry; to quench the thirst for battle, it invented processions and masses. To the victims of human injustice, it laid open the asylum of the sanctuary; for the blasted hopes of youth, for the exposed honour of virgins, it prepared the silence of the cloister; against the unlimited ambition of monarchs, it mustered the thunders of the Vatican. A day had been (it is an unwelcome thought, but one from which we cannot escape)—a day had been when in ages of barbarism, of oppression and prejudice, every institution that had become connected with the Christian religion, even the most absurd doctrines and pernicious practices with which Catholicism has been charged, had their holy, their redeeming influence—when popery and the monastery alone preserved the social system from utter ruin. But no sooner had the Christian religion triumphed, than the seeds of corruption burst forth; the ministers of the Gospel, styling themselves the vicars of Christ, began by undoing his work. They withdrew his books and counterfeited his words; then they made their opinion a law, and enforced that law by fire and sword. They intruded themselves into the secrets of the heart, and laid conscience asleep. They monopolized the eternal clemency, and set a price for the ransom of the soul, even beyond the limits of the Vatican—the rivals of kings in wealth, in power, in crime."—vol. i. p. 88.

Again:—

"But if the monks had their own day, it has set long since. The mission of the convents is accomplished; our gratitude has gone too far, and monkish pretensions still farther. There are other debts, and more recent, that we must be equally eager to discharge. The convents as a system must perish. The idle and pampered life of Franciscans, the loose morals and the tenebrous intrigues of Jesuits, the splendour and luxury of Benedictines, the bigotry and ferociousness of Dominicans, the vow of perpetual seclusion, the slow suicide of ascetic discipline, the fiendish arts by which inexperienced souls were walled up in a living tomb, have long been judged. It is not, we repeat, it is not the fault of Italy if there are still convents and popes. The last generation witnessed the sudden abolition of all these inveterate evils, and they have only returned with the re-establishment of that old-fashioned, hateful state of things against which that unfortunate nation is struggling."—vol. i. p. 99.

Again, of the poets who preceded Dante we have the following truly national and graphic sketch:—

"Most of them were men of lofty character, and played a conspicuous part in the history of their age. They seem to rise before us as in their old-fashioned costume of cassock and steel, each one pompously holding forth the manuscript of his *Canzoniere*, on which he lays his claims to the consideration of posterity; each one leading by the hand his peerless mistress, blushing at the sound of her praises; all stately forms, dark and solemn, assuming gigantic dimensions through the magnifying medium of the mist of time. The very first of the number, of whom, indeed, as of *Faliero* in the hall of the great council at Venice, nothing can be discerned but a black veil and a name, is *Ciullo d'Alcamo*, and under his bust are sculptured a few rude stanzas of the first Italian songs we have left. *Ciullo* remains behind a noble group of Sicilian bards, of judges, knights, and notaries constituting the court of the second Frederick, flourishing half a century after him. Frederick, a bard himself and an Italian by birth and education, a knight, a scholar, a liberal patron of learning and genius, stands foremost with all the height of his commanding figure, stretching the ample folds of his imperial and royal purple, as if in the attitude of patronage over his courtiers and minions; like the prince of darkness hiding under the splendour of his crown the scars left in his forehead by the burnings of the Vatican. By his right side are his two sons, like him initiated in all the apprenticeships of knighthood and mistrelsy; and by his left the wretched victim of a moment of his inconsiderate wrath, the butt of cruelty, treason, and calumny,—*Pier delle Vigne*, turning towards his lord the hollow sockets whence his eyes were wrenched, and tendering to him the bowstrings with which he strangled himself in his dungeon."—vol. i. p. 157.

The description of Dante, surrounded with

forms of woe and deeds of horror, leading to that giant intellect its peculiar sadness; Francesca, Ugolino, Manfredi, Pier delle Vigne, Farinata, a fell period, when princes were poisoned by monks in the eucharistic elements, when even Dante's best and only friend, Guido Novello, the instant he had covered Dante with decent earth, sunk a prey to a brutal mob;—these are given with the dignity due to the magnificent objects crowded before our vision. The friendship of Petrarch and Boccaccio—the proud Colonna, with his cognizance, "*Columna flecti nescio*"—the crowning of Petrarch—the court and crimes of Joan of Naples—Boccaccio's singular conversion, his successful efforts to revive Greek literature—Machiavelli—render the first volume full of high-stirring incident, and the characters stand out well from the events, and are not lost in them as is the case in that style of writing that gives the dry digest and nothing of the human action. We close the first volume with the description of Machiavelli:—

"His frequent embassies to the courts of Rome and France and his long mission to Cæsar Borgia gave him that fruitful insight of human nature and of those detestable arts of policy of which he has been too generally believed to be the discoverer and promoter in Europe. Machiavelli, however, invented nothing; with a mind

perfectly dead to all enthusiasm, he took a calm, cold, rather misanthropic survey of the human family, and described it as he saw it, with a placid though appalling fidelity—with an impartial though disheartening neutrality.

"Machiavelli, gifted with an essentially active mind, sought in public life rather employment than either power or fame, or much less honour and wealth. He was one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, and if he never perhaps loved any living being, neither did he certainly love himself, nor did he ever turn those powers, for which he has been so much praised and abused, to raise himself in the world. His delight was in sounding the depths of the human heart. He wished to appreciate men after positive value, and from this dangerous knowledge he derived nothing for himself but the melancholy advantage of being entitled to despise both the oppressors and the oppressed, the prince and his subjects. He was as good as a man can be without love or belief."

And here, for the present, we must conclude our notice of our author's labours, thanking him for the delight his book has afforded us, to which we shall possibly again advert by another notice of the second volume, filled as it is with Italian legends, told by an Italian; for who amid those of a colder clime, can describe the deeds of his land equal to the son of her, of bright and lustrous brow even yet, although the world's age-saddened queen.

## MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

### ITALY.

The following remarks on the music of the Catholic Church in Italy will, we doubt not, be read with interest; they are extracted from a highly pleasing and amusing work by Miss Catherine Taylor, in her "*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister*," just published. This lady, if we mistake not, is a daughter of the celebrated Gresham lecturer, Dr. Taylor. She fully expresses our feeling when she says, "The constant introduction of secular music into the service of the Catholic Church is offensive to hear; the airs from Rossini's or Bellini's operas, or the noisy overtures of Auber, are so discordant with my feelings that I have often left the church in disgust. Widely different is the effect produced by the music which

properly belongs to the service of religion. Those who have heard the sublime and massive harmonies of Palestrina, performed as they are at Rome by the papal choir, can feel all the influence which ecclesiastical music possesses over the mind."

The most noble specimen of the ancient Roman school of music is the famous Mass of Palestrina, which saved music from being banished from the Church service. "The edict had been already prepared which was to banish music in parts, to ordain no other employment of it than the Gregorian Chant. It was at this momentous crisis, when the doom of the art appeared to be sealed, that a young man, scarcely known as a singer in the Pope's Chapel, dared to stand forth as



the champion and representative of his art; and in its defence to appeal at once to the head of the church. This man was Pier Luigi da Palestrina: 'Ere,' said he, 'you decree the extinction of an art which Heaven has allied to devotion, and before you silence that gift of the Almighty which he designed to elevate the soul of man, to inspire it with pure and holy thoughts, and to connect it with himself, listen to its spirit, and hear what you are about to destroy; I will reveal it to you, for to me it has been already revealed!' Such was Palestrina's appeal in behalf of his art, and if ever the soul of genius spoke, it was then. I know of no such instance of that self-reliance which marks the highest order of intellect. Who, besides Palestrina, ever ventured to stake the very existence of an art upon the perilous issue of his own ability to reveal its power? His request was granted, and the promulgation of the decree suspended until he had completed his promised composition. Palestrina triumphed, and music was saved. We can scarcely place ourselves in the situation of those who first heard this extraordinary effort of genius; the effect must have appeared like the birth of a new scene, and awakened emotions before unknown: the scientific hearer would be made to feel that the erudition which he had been accustomed to regard as the end of study, was but the means to a greater end; and the consummate skill with which the arts of counterpoint were employed, would be absorbed in amazement and delight at the effects which they produced; and in this feeling we share. Time may have overspread the surface of the structure with a deeper and mellowed tint, but its noble outline and its fair proportions are unchanged."

FLORENCE.—The production of Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo" has been attended with the most flattering marks of success; the Theatre Pergola, unquestionably one of the principal theatres in Italy, was crowded with admiring and applauding audiences at every representation. The cast consisted of Roberto, C. del Massi; Bertram or Beltramino, C. Porto; Isabella the princess, Sofia Mequillet; and Alice, M. Schubert. It has been performed upwards of thirty nights, and was withdrawn in order to afford Mlle. Unger an opportunity of again delighting this city in "Lucrezia Borgia."

TRIESTE.—Mlle. Fanny Goldberg has been reaping new laurels in Mercadante's

opera of "Giuramento;" the applause she has received is indescribable.

BOLOGNA.—During the last three months we have not had any musical novelty. Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy," Bellini's "Somnambula," and Speranza's "Due Figaro," have been severally performed. Rossini takes great interest in his new Musical Lyceum.

## FRANCE.

PARIS.—The great novelty at the Académie Royale has been the production of Weber's justly celebrated "Der Freischütz" in a style of great splendour. The entire musical arrangement had been confided to the hands of Berlioz, and the result has proved how zealous and unremitting he has been in his exertions to procure a perfect and well drilled chorus to give effect to this splendid opera. Mlle. Stoltz made an effective Agatha; her voice is soft and flexible. Marié, as Max, sang with great nerve and feeling. Bouché made an indifferent Caspar, but Mlle. Nau sang and played the character of Anna delightfully, and was most warmly applauded. The opera has been repeated several times and gains on the Parisian public; the beautiful overture and the unrivalled hunting chorus were encored on each performance.

Halévy has a new opera in rehearsal at the Académie Royale.

A great sensation has been created in the musical circles of Paris by the reports in the Belgium newspapers of the invention of a *steam organ* by M. Sax.

At the Opera Comique Boildieu's "Dame Blanche," and Auber's "Les Diamans de la Couronne," with Madam Rossi Caccia, continue to attract numerous audiences. In the latter Madame A. Thillon acts with captivating spirit and animation; she sings delightfully.

Singing is now taught in Paris in 52 schools, on the system of mutual instruction, 21 schools directed by the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, and 12 evening schools for adults. These comprise together upwards of 1500 adult scholars, and 5000 children.

THE DRAMA.—The long announced comedy of "Mariage sous Louis XV." has at length been produced at the Théâtre Français. The two first acts are full of humour and originality, but the concluding portion of the comedy is by no means so good; the interest, instead of increasing, flags, and there seems a want of sufficient

incident to carry the piece through. This comedy has not obtained the success that had been anticipated, nevertheless it is a work of merit and would bear translating. Mlle. Fitz James, whose reception at the Renaissance has been so enthusiastic, is now engaged at the Théâtre Français, and will speedily make her appearance on those boards. She is represented to possess all the energy of a first-rate dramatic actress; her voice is full and sonorous, and she promises to be a successful imitator, if not a rival, of the accomplished Mlle. Rachel.

Victor Hugo's beautiful drama of "Hernani" has been reproduced for the *début* of Mlle. Guyon, and the loud and frequent applause with which she was interrupted, testifies her complete success.

A homely little drama, called "Le Balai d'Or," has been successful at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. The principal character is a retired druggist, from the Rue des Lombards, whose shop bore the sign which gives its title to the piece. Here he has lived all his days, and made a handsome fortune; but on surrendering the establishment to his successor, who is his son-in-law, he finds with horror that the young man is one of the "new school." The old dirty respectability of the *boutique* is changed to that of modern display; and, finally, things go on so badly, that the old proprietor is, to his great joy, obliged to quit his cabbages and villa, and take his post once more behind the counter, in order to preserve the concern from bankruptcy. With a change of manners and ideas this piece might, in Mr. Webster's hands, be made to succeed in London.

At the little Théâtre Ambigu-Comique, situate in the Boulevard du Temple, a melo-drama, entitled Fabio, is receiving great applause. The piece turns on a struggle between the maternal and the connubial feelings in the breast of the heroine, who ultimately gives her husband up to the scaffold, in order to preserve her son. The incidents and situations are well imagined, and the acting highly creditable.

#### GERMANY.

LEIPZIG.—The Spring Concert season commenced some time since, but only two attractive concerts have been given. Mme. Clara Schumann, better known by her maiden name of Wieck, gave a concert in aid of the fund for decayed musicians, at which this talented pianist reaped new laurels—even Mendelssohn, who

presided, expressed his admiration; but the most attractive feature was the first performance of a new symphony by Dr. Robert Schumann. This composer had never produced any great work, his compositions being chiefly songs and concerted pieces for the pianoforte. This symphony is said to exhibit great taste, judgment, and originality, and to be free from those boisterous and extravagant *forte* movements which deface the modern school of music. MM. Regondi and Liddel, just arrived from London, assisted at the concert, and performed a duo in a very effective manner.

At the second concert, given on 23d April, in aid of the poor at the Gewand-house, two novelties from a new composer, Julius Riets, of Düsseldorf, were successfully produced. The first was a MS. overture to Hero and Leander, and the second an ancient German War Song with an effective chorus. Both pieces exhibited great talent.

Mlle. Cecilie Kreutzer has successfully appeared as Julia, and as Alice in Meyerbeer's Robert the Devil.

AGRA.—M. Mareczek, the Jewish composer, and author of the opera of Hamlet, has been appointed *métre de chapelle* in this town—he has a new opera founded on the celebrated "Nibelungenlied" in a forward state.

WEISSEN.—Benedict's opera of the Gipsy's Warning was most successful on its first representation in this town—the translation of the *libretto* into German is by Herr Gollnick.

RIGA.—Dorn, the composer, has nearly completed a new opera, entitled Das Banner von England (The Banner of England,) of which reports speak highly.

RAVON, IN POLAND.—Thalberg, on his recent visit to this town, was received with such marks of public favour, that the governor gave a splendid supper, at which he presented him with a silver tankard in the name of the principal inhabitants, as a token of the regard in which he was held by the town.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and Lapinsky, have been elected honorary members of the "Deutscher National Musik Verein," of Stuttgart.

The third musical festival of the Northern Germans will take place at Hamburg on the 5th, 7th and 8th July. On the first day they will perform Handel's Messiah, under the direction of Dr. F. Schneider; on the second day, Weber's ever-

ture to *Euryanthe*, an overture of Beethoven's, and his *Sinfonia Eroica*, will be performed; and on the third day, a performance of sacred music will take place at St. Michael's Church under the direction of F. W. Grund: the number of performers is limited to five hundred.

**DRESDEN.**—The new theatre has at length been opened with *Torquato Tasso*, and Weber's *Euryanthe* is in preparation at the Theatre Royal.

**BERLIN.**—Three new operas are in preparation at the King's Theatre: *Hans Sachs* by Lortzing, *Genoveva* by F. Huth, and the *Hirtin von Piemont* (*The Shepherdess of Piedmont*) by A. Schäfer. Goethe's *Egmont* and Schiller's *William Tell*, which were prohibited in the late monarch's reign, have been performed in Berlin; some striking passages have however been omitted, tending to weaken the moral force of each of these beautiful dramas.

An Italian company has taken the *Königstädter Theatre* for thirty-six performances. The first production was Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Signor Felice Forconi as *Lucrezia*, was received with loud applause: Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy* followed; but the only successful production was Rossini's *Barber of Seville*; here was music the audience could appreciate, and the singers found themselves at home. Paltrinieri has a fine barytone voice, and was most effective as *Figaro*. *Lucia di Lammermeur* is to follow.

M. Mendelssohn has entered on the duties of his office as deputy *maitre de chapelle*, and is now superintending the reproduction of *Die Huguenotten* at the Grand Opera House; his salary is about 430*l.* per annum; that of Meyerbeer, the *maitre de chapelle*, is considerably more.

A very amusing piece, entitled *Des Königs Befehl*, "*The King's Order*," or "*The Order of the Day*," has been very successful in the principal towns in Germany. As Frederick the Great is a principal performer, the piece is performed in Prussia under the title *Des Herzogs Befehl* ("*The Duke's Order*,") although the dress and portrait of the great king are preserved, it being contrary to Prussian etiquette to allow so near an ancestor of the reigning sovereign to appear on the stage.

**VIENNA.**—The new oratorio of *Saul and David*, by Assmayer, has been repeated several times with great applause at the Hofburg Theatre under the composer's

direction. Nicolai has returned from Italy in order to superintend the production of his new opera *Il Templario*; at present it is not known how far the story coincides with Marschner's *Templar*. Mdle. Lutzer has accepted a lucrative engagement at La Scala at Milan, rather than incur the risk she was likely to run of ever getting her money if she performed with the German company in London.

M. Eisner, a celebrated Russian horn-player, has been attracting great attention by the extraordinary combination of tones he produces from the simple hunting horn.

#### SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The musical horizon of these two countries has been long overshadowed. At Madrid, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermeur* and Rossini's *William Tell* were performed without eliciting any marked applause; the rôle was somewhat indifferent, from the want of encouragement or inducement for good singers to visit this remote capital. At Barcelona, Auber's *La Muette de Portici* has been a great favourite at the Lycée or Grand Theatre. Herold's *Zampa* was performed six nights. At Valencia, an indifferent company, possessing a single star, a Mdle. de Franchi, have been giving a series of the most popular of Mercadante's and Donizetti's opera's; the former's *Giuramento* had a long run, but the Valencians prefer comedy to the lyric drama. At Lisbon, the only really successful opera has been Coppola's *Giovaana Prima Regina di Napoli*, in which Madame Boccabadati created some applause; two of Mercadante's operas were performed, but they did not pay the expense of production. The building of a new theatre has been commenced, the expense of erection being defrayed by a lottery of shares; it is much needed, the present national theatre being little better than a barn.

*The Drama.*—At Madrid a new drama, from the pen of Signor Ribot, a youthful poet of great promise, has been performed upwards of twenty nights; it is entitled *Christoval Colon, o las Glorias Espanolas*.

#### DENMARK.

Music is but little cultivated in Copenhagen. The only recent novelty is the visit of M. Prume, the violinist, who gave two concerts at the Court and three at the Royal Theatre; and, although his first performance was but tamely received, yet he gained so completely on the

Danish public, that he was afterwards received with an enthusiasm almost unparalleled in this kingdom. As a second-rate performer he has good reason to be delighted with his visit to Copenhagen. Nide Gade has been declared by the decision of Spohr and Reissiger, the successful competitor for the great prize of the Danish Musical Society for the best overture by a Danish composer.

#### AMERICA.

NEW YORK.—The Park Theatre is closed, and is to be offered at public auction. The National has just been burned down, for the second time within the last two years, and will not be built up again on the same spot. Neither of the other city theatres are doing much business, except the Chatham and Olympic, which have both realized considerable sums of money for their managers during the past year.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Chestnut, Walnut, and Arch-street Theatres are open, but we doubt if either of them is paying expenses.

Fanny Ellseler is on her way up from the south. She is by this time probably at St. Louis, and may be in New York next month. Her trip to Havana and New Orleans has been the most successful that was ever made by any one individual.

Braham, when last heard of, was in Richmond. He has been very successful in giving concerts, and his southern tour has been a source of great emolument and pleasure to him. Sinclair has just played a tolerable engagement as Henry Bertram, Prince Orlando, &c. with the pretty Melton and the homely Latham, at the Arch-street, Philadelphia. Giubilei, wife, Miss Poole, Seguin, wife, Manvers, Miss and Master Wells, have been playing and dancing in Don Giovanni, Zampa, Elixir of Love, La Gazza Ladra, &c., at the Chestnut, with middling results.

Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Brown, &c., have been playing for some months past at New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile, &c. with capital success. W. H. Williams has permanently located himself in Philadelphia. Jim Crow Rice has just returned from playing a good engagement in Boston; Jim says that he always gets paid in Boston, but never in Philadelphia. He is desirous of making a trip to England. Forrest has been murdering Jack Cade at the Park.

Mrs. Sutton has been giving concerts

with great éclat in this city; she will probably give concerts throughout the country this summer, and spend the ensuing winter in Havana, playing at the grand opera there.

#### *Progress of Music in the United States,*

—A great revolution in the musical character of the American people has begun, and is, we trust, to go forward, like other revolutions, till its ultimate object be attained. If its progress continue to be as rapid as it has thus far been, it will be another signal instance of the railroad velocity with which the Americans are apt to convert a seemingly distant futurity into a present reality. Thirty years ago, all the music that could be heard in Boston, was from half-a-dozen instruments in the orchestra of the theatre, and the so-called singing of the several church choirs, with the accompaniment of the violoncello. It was a deplorable noise, but was the nearest approach to music that was to be heard in most of the congregational churches, one or two only of which possessed an organ. The first public efforts at reform, and the introduction of a better taste, were made by the late lamented Buckminster, who took great and successful pains to make this part of public worship generally interesting in his own church. His efforts, however, were limited to that object, setting an example that was slow to be followed by the other churches. It is nearly thirty years since "The Handel and Haydn Society" was formed, and collected all the persons in the city and vicinity who were able to perform Handel's music; and we recollect very well that it was thought a great achievement to sing the "Hailstone Chorus" through without stopping.

Twenty years ago, another Boston congregation followed the example of Buckminster, and a better style of music was introduced at the West Church by the personal efforts of one, who, had he lived longer, would doubtless have effected much more for the cause of music. But the early death of W. H. Elliot deprived the community of a zeal and efficiency, the loss of which was felt in more than one department of the public welfare.

In 1832 a deep and lasting impression was made on the public mind and heart by the exhibition of the musical attainments of a class of juvenile performers, who had acquired their skill under the direction of L. Mason and G. J. Webb. These juvenile concerts were the precursors of the Boston Academy of Music, the

object of which was to promote musical education in the community in every way which was within the reach of the association.

In 1835 the Odeon was opened and concerts were given the succeeding winter, and have been kept up every year since, with a great variety in the kinds of music performed, and with a manifest improvement, in many respects, in the style of performance. No large choir had previously been so well-trained in Boston.

The next prominent step in the progress of the Academy was the formation of a class of teachers of music, who have found it for their advantage to assemble annually, and hear lectures on the more important branches of the profession. A musical convention has sprung from this annual assembly, of which others are members besides the pupils of the Academy, and which will doubtless serve to extend the influence and the utility of the profession. It is one of the promising and satisfactory signs of the times, that the number of those who are induced to devote themselves to music as the means of subsistence is constantly increasing, thus proving the increase of the number of pupils.

The next, and most important step taken by the Academy, was the introduction of vocal music as a branch of elementary education, into the public schools. By this measure, not only is every child in the schools (two-thirds of the whole juvenile population of the city) receiving a valuable and delightful addition to his stock of knowledge and means of happiness, but every parent of every child is acquiring an interest in the art; although they may know little about it, yet they feel that their children are made happier by it, and they become attached to it from their natural fondness for their offspring. We consider this as the most important thing done by the Academy, or which can be done to promote the progress of music among us. By giving elementary instruction to all the children of the city,—and nearly all enjoy it now,—the whole musical talent of the place will be discovered; and those who have the best powers for the study, and the strongest inclination for it, will have the means to cultivate the talents which but for these early opportunities, would long have continued unknown to themselves as well as others. The taste of all will be likewise somewhat cultivated; and those who do not prove proficient in the practice, will still have knowledge

enough to understand what kinds of music are best worthy of attention, and who is best able to perform them. We shall therefore, in a few years, it is to be hoped, overcome the Bæotian ignorance on the subject of music, which, we lament to say, has hitherto characterized our community, and which we fear still prevails in many parts of the country.

Vocal music has been introduced into the schools on the systematic plan laid down by Mr. Woodbridge, who translated some of the best German elementary works on the subject, and Mr. Mason's *Manuel of the Academy*. In the beginning of 1838 vocal music was ordered to form part of the regular system of instruction in the public schools; in the same year Mr. Elliot presented the Academy with a translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," with Romberg's score of music. In short, the activity of the Academy was great, and it excited a corresponding activity in others. The spirit of competition was roused, and it would have been well if the spirit of jealousy had not been roused with it. But from whatever reason, new societies of various kinds were formed, and some of them gave private concerts, as they were called, though attended by a thousand people or more, and the older societies were stimulated to new efforts in the cause. The evidence of increased interest in music in the public generally, is the greatly increased attendance on the vast number of concerts now given. The little corps of Italian singers, Montresor and others, who were here five or six years ago, the Brothers Hermann, Mrs. Wood, Caradori and Braham, have given specimens of exquisite skill in the vocal department, while Seitz, and Rake-man and Kossowski, have given us an idea of what is meant by brilliant, finished and expressive performance on various instruments. The Prague band and the Rainer family have shown how much can be effected by mere precision in the performance of music of either kind, without any remarkable degree of refinement or expression. The popular favour which attended the dramatic performances of Mrs. Wood, in particular, gave many persons an interest in the art which she practised with such great effect.

Another circumstance which we regard as having been at once an indication and a means of progress, is the establishment of several musical periodicals. All have contributed, or are likely, we think, to

contribute, their share towards directing the public interest towards the subject, and forming the public taste. We cannot but esteem Mr. Hach's Musical Magazine, however, as the most important, as it has been longest established, and is edited by a gentleman of rare and thorough acquaintance with the theory and practice of music, and conducted with an independence as honourable to him as it is important to the cause. The criticisms are doubtless somewhat stern; and sometimes, we think, too little allowance is made for peculiar difficulties, and too little encouragement given for attainments actually made. But it is far better to err on this side than on that of complaisance to individuals or societies.

Mr. Davis, the author of a highly interesting and somewhat lengthy report of the School Committee of Boston, says:—"If vocal music were generally adopted as a branch of instruction in these schools, it might be reasonably expected that in at least two generations we should be changed into a musical people. The great point to be considered in reference to the introduction of vocal music into popular elementary instruction is, that thereby you set in motion a mighty power, which silently, but surely in the end, will humanize, refine and elevate a whole community. Music is one of the fine arts. It therefore deals with abstract beauty, and so lifts man to the source of all beauty, from finite to the infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great hand-maid of civilisation, and should no longer be regarded as the ornament of the rich.

"The ancient oracles were uttered in song. The laws of the twelve tables were set to music, and got by heart at school. Minstrel and sage are, in some languages, convertible terms. Music is allied to the highest sentiments of man's moral nature—love of God, love of country, love of friends! Woe to the nation in which these sentiments are allowed to go to decay! What tongue can tell the unutterable energies that reside in these three engines, Church Music, National Airs, and Fireside Melodies, as means of informing and enlarging the mighty heart of a free people!"—*Abridged from an elaborate Article in the April Number of the North American Review published at Boston*

#### LONDON.

The last three months have been pro-

ductive of two most important events; first, the recovery of Drury Lane Theatre from a state of degradation, the great master of the modern English stage, Mr. Macready, having stepped forward to take the command of Old Drury from the unworthy hands in which it has been placed for the last ten years. The second novelty is the visit of the celebrated and accomplished French actress, Mademoiselle Rachel, to our shores. The admiring attention and enthusiastic receptions she has experienced on the stage, at the court, and from the chief performers of the English dramatic stage, cannot but be gratifying to the nation which has produced so perfect an actress. The applause which has greeted her within the walls of the Italian Opera House, has had more sincerity than all the bravos bestowed on the Italians during the season.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.—Why the English Opera is not supported is a question continually asked and rarely answered satisfactorily. Our reply, after mature consideration, is, because the British public cannot instinctively discover or appreciate the beauties in a new composition; thus the English musical public follow the opinions of other nations rather from fashion than from a sincere love of the art. What English instrumentalist (violinist or pianist) ever rose to great fame in this country by his own talents? and yet it cannot be denied we have produced great men, and solo players as talented and as effective as any of the numerous foreign artists who possess the patronage of the haut ton, while the native artist is neglected; justly may Blagrove, Harper, Lindley, Willy, Collins, Richardson, G. Cook, T. Cook, and a host of others, complain. To the English vocalists this neglect is made more apparent by the warm reception with which they are greeted when visiting Germany, Italy, or France. There their talents are appreciated and fostered. Could Mrs. Alfred Shaw ever hope to become the prima donna of the English stage, had not Italy and Germany proclaimed her fame? Most of the best English vocalists are on the continent. Madame Anna Thillon, late Miss Hunt, Madame Albertazzi, late Miss Hausman, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Alfred Shaw and Madame Paressa, late Miss Seguin, are either in France or Germany; the first named lady, by the way, is still delighting Paris in Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*. Miss Invera-

rity, Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Wood, Miss Poole, Braham, Sinclair, Seguin, Manvers, and Wood, are in America, because they cannot meet with an engagement in their native country. Miss Adelaide Kemble, Miss Nunn, and a host of talent are in London, without the hope of an engagement.

We come next to the operatic composers, and would ask any unbiassed critic whether the musical compositions of Rooke, Balfe, Barnett, Bishop, and M'Farren, are inferior to those of Donizetti, with whose trashy operas we have so long been surfeited? Yet the English Opera House speculation failed, and Messrs. Balfe, Wilson, Arnold and others, were considerable losers, from the want of that patronage which was so liberally extended to the German company at Drury Lane, a company, with the exception of Staudigl, and the well-drilled chorus, in every respect its inferior. Neither Mr. Balfe nor Mr. John Barnett are again likely to become the managers of a London operatic company, for it has become a clear and painful truth, that there is no hope of the English lyric drama ever succeeding for many weeks in this vast metropolis, and yet there are few disposed to admit that we are not a musical nation. Hopes have been raised that Mr. Macready, who has done so much for the advancement of the national stage, will step forward and rescue the native opera from the impending neglect. Few men are capable of achieving greater theatrical effects than "the regenerator of Shakspeare," but the lesson he experienced in producing Rooke's *Henrique* will scarcely fail in deterring him from such hazardous speculations as the production of English operas. The native artist will therefore have to seek in vain for an engagement in London, and for subsistence he must become a tourist, and forego the sweets of home.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mrs. Chas. Mathews is busily engaged in preparing an attractive budget for the reassembling of her Parliament in September. Several popular members have retired, but we hear of new candidates (for fame) being elected. The first measures brought forward next session will be from D. L. Bourcicault and Leigh Hunt, and will, no doubt, become highly popular with the people when presented to the house, and the details become known. The administration of the fair lessee continues to give the most general and lively satisfaction.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Webster has endeavoured to dispel the gloom which has been thrown over this delightful theatre from the unfortunate loss of Mr. Power, by engaging, at a great expense, Mr. Charles Kean and Miss Ellen Tree; but these attractions have not met with the numerous audiences that might be expected. Mr. Charles Kean's attitudinizing, gesticulation and guttural accents, are now witnessed in London almost as tamely as they were in Newcastle. His *Hamlet* is the most perfect of his personifications, it contains a vigour and freshness we look for in vain in his other performances. Miss Ellen Tree appeared as *Ophelia*, and was most effective; but for the cruel and subtle *Lady Macbeth* she is too gentle and innocent. Mr. Macready's return to this theatre, on 3d instant, after a most brilliant tour in the provinces, will be gladly hailed by the play-goer. The latest new production is Mr. Lunn's new comedy of '*Belford Castle, or the Scottish Goldmine*,' evidently written for the display of Mr. Maywood's peculiar abilities. He personifies an old Scotch *millionaire* (Muckle), who from humble circumstances has attained great wealth, but under a surface of waywardness and strong self-will conceals a heart open to every generous impulse. He has an orphan nephew and niece, children of his two sisters, dependent on his bounty. Emily Connor (Miss P. Horton), the niece, falls privately in love with Frederick Oswald (Mr. Howe,) a young military officer; and Charles Mortimer, the nephew, in like manner becomes smitten with the charms of Lady Grace Lorimer (Mrs. Stirling), the daughter of the proud Earl of Belford, who, for his adherence to the Pretender, had twelve years before abandoned his country to save his head. Lady Grace, after her father's flight, had taken refuge with Mr. Stapleton (Mr. G. Bennett), the earl's steward, who becomes a second father to her. It was in this retirement that Charles Mortimer met and became enamoured of the fair recluse, and awakened a reciprocal passion in her breast; he succeeds in gaining his uncle's consent, when the earl returns, and forbids a union he deems derogatory. The contest between pride and wealth is carried on with determined resolution on both sides. At length the power of gold, and the inflexible perseverance of the *cannie* Scott, triumph; the haughty peer yields reluctantly, and the union of Charles and Emily with the objects of their choice completes the hap-

piness of all parties. There is scarcely sufficient interest in the piece, but a judicious curtailment has much improved it. Mr. Maywood played the part of Muckle admirably; Mrs. Stirling's Lady Grace was played with great feeling; and Miss Horton exhibited her accustomed *naïveté*. Mlle. Celeste continues to attract in 'Mari Ducange.'

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—The German company at this theatre has been greatly and generally patronized, and although the speculation may not have realized Mr. Andrews' expectations, the audiences have, nevertheless, been more uniformly numerous than the most sanguine could have anticipated, notwithstanding the disgraceful conduct of the manager at the commencement of the season, in holding forth to the public a long array of talent, which it is but too evident was never intended to be brought forward. Our advices from Germany testify that Mlle. Lützer and Meyerbeer did not intend visiting England. The letters from Madame Schröder-Devrient are before the public, who will sympathize with her; while the conduct of the management towards Madame Schödel has been the means of arrangements by some of the leading performers with other parties in London for the establishment next winter of a German company, which promises to be very superior in talent and resources to the company now leaving our shores. The first of the successful performances of the Germany company was 'Die Zauberflöte,' which opera was produced with greater care than usual. The Sarastro of Staudigl was a most brilliant performance; his graceful person, appropriate action, and his matchless voice drew loud and rapturous applause; his lower notes are rich, clear, and mellow; and his voice has great compass and ponderosity: the magical effect of his "Isis and Osiris" was most thrilling. Madame Stöckl Heinefetter sang as usual with exquisite judgment, but her voice is thin. Meyerbeer's 'Robert the Devil' has also been most successful. The beautiful opera of 'Eury-anthe' afforded another opportunity for the display of Staudigl, Heinefetter, and Tichatscheck's abilities. The vocal parts were given most brilliantly, particularly the finale to the first act.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The Italian Company have determined that no operas, save those of Donizetti, shall be produced this season; his *Fausta* and his 'Robert Devereux' have been brought out

and met with a very equivocal reception; the applause that has been awarded was intended for the leading performers, Grial, Tamburini, and Mario. Fortunately, this is the last season under the present management.

Mlle. Rachel has appeared before a British audience, and has fully equalled all that has been written about her. Her abilities are of the highest order of dramatic talent. She has a perfect conception of the character she is to depict, and she possesses sufficient powers of look, utterance and gesture, to convey her conceptions to her auditors. She has a good stage figure, being tall and elegantly formed, possessing the requisite dignity of manner to represent the high characters in tragedy. Her face is intellectually beautiful,—she has too much meaning in her expression to be called a pretty woman, and she can scarcely be called a handsome one. Her features are regular, classic, and not exaggerated; they are rather small than otherwise. Her eyes are splendid, full of fire, and capable of the strongest expression. In addition to these qualifications, she has a fine tone of voice, a most correct pronunciation, and a good knowledge of the power and use of emphasis. She made her debut in Racine's tragedy of 'Andromaque,' and gained further laurels as Camille in Corneille's tragedy of 'Les Horaces,' but her complete triumph was reserved for Pierre Le Brun's 'Marie Stuart.' In the interview scene between Marie Stuart and Queen Elizabeth, she bore the cold taunts and bitter sneers of Elizabeth, her "kinswoman" and foe, until nature could endure no more, and then she burst forth with a flood of denunciation which, great as we have hitherto recognized her to be, we had never before seen equalled; it was free from rant, and yet it was terrific, and electrified the house.

**THE STRAND THEATRE,** under the able management of Mr. H. Hall, has risen considerably in public estimation. The attraction of Mrs. Keeley is alone sufficient to fill this miniature theatre when the pieces are well selected for their novelty and humour. The Rubber of Life, Aldgate Pump, and The Mission of Mercury have been successful productions, and have been got up with great care. The scenery is much superior to that of Drury Lane Theatre.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—The English Opera is now cultivated in a soil that has hitherto been considered uncongenial to



"divine art." M. Adolphe Adam's new opera of *La Reine d'un Jour* ("The Queen for a Day") has been produced for the first time in England at this theatre, and has been performed fourteen nights to crowded audiences. The translation is by Mr. J. T. Haines, the plot may be thus described: The wife of Charles the Second is desired to land secretly in England or Scotland, and in order to elude the vigilance of the government, a stratagem is resorted to; Francine Camusat (Miss Romer) a pretty milliner, who is in love with Marcel (Mr. Wilson), is induced to personate the queen, and to land at Dover, while the real majesty effects a landing in Scotland. Marcel, not knowing the circumstances, grows jealous and disconsolate, and follows to Dover. Francine is seized and conveyed to Dover Castle, from whence her lover is on the point of effecting her escape, when Charles arrives triumphant and the lovers are united. The opera is very creditably got up, and the music is light and pleasing, displaying considerable originality.

The QUEEN'S THEATRE continues to be profitable to the manager, a sure proof that the public are pleased with his exertions. Mrs. Honey has entered on a short engagement, and is now performing a series of her most favourite characters to crowded houses.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre, we regret to say, is not paying its expenses; a theatrical commonwealth, as Mr. Bunn has rightly observed, "is common without the wealth."

THE PRINCE and PRINCESS THEATRES remain closed.

Mr. Eliason is preparing to enliven us with Concerts D'Été, à la Julien, at Drury Lane Theatre.

The Concert season is now drawing to a premature close; Madame Dorus Gras, Liszt, and several other stars are preparing for departure. London is decreasing; for the coming elections have absorbed all other interests; the concert-giver finds tickets must be given away, and that the supplies are stopped.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### FRANCE.

*Provincial Libraries.*—The Chambers grant considerable sums for the endowment of libraries in the different Departments. This year they voted 200,000 francs for this purpose. Great complaints are made of the manner in which the books are selected. Worthless romances and books of a very inferior description are said to form the chief mass of the accessions to these libraries by order of the ministers. This reproach seems to us the more extraordinary, as there can be no doubt that M. Guizot, at least, has a sincere desire for the moral improvement of his countrymen. The salaries of the librarians are remarkably low—800 francs per annum for the head-librarian, and 600 francs for the sub-librarian. The arrangement of the books is said to be very defective, and it is with the greatest difficulty that strangers can obtain a sight of the manuscripts and rarer works. The buildings are many of them roomy and spacious, having been cloisters which were declared national property during the French revolution. The number of readers is very small; at Rouen, Nantes, Lyons, the most literary cities after Paris, nine was the average number; in smaller cities of 30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, as Tours, Angers, Bourges, more than three were seldom found. We copy this from a German journal, in which the writer says that he speaks from long experience. If his statement be correct, we hope that measures of improvement will be adopted.

It has now been clearly ascertained that the words *Anglois*, *François*, *j'amois*, *j'étois*, &c., were formerly pronounced the same as *moi*, *toi*, &c. The change in pronunciation took place after the marriage of Catharine de Medici, in 1553, when a number of Italians became attached to the French court; these persons could not pronounce the *oi*, and it became fashionable at court, in deference to the queen, to pronounce it as *ei*; Voltaire was the first who introduced this system in his writings, after which it became general. Boileau, Racine, and Molière followed the early and correct method.

M. Biot has announced a Dictionary of the ancient and modern names of the towns, &c., in the Chinese empire.

The British government having removed the restrictions which, under the post-office regulations, prevented the admission of Galignani's Messenger into Great Britain, except under a high rate of postage, it may now be received in the same way as the other Paris newspapers, viz. by payment of only one half-penny postage.

That interesting and elegant writer, the Marquis de Salvo, has commenced a series of anecdotes, sketches, and tales, under the title *Papiers détachés*; this work will no doubt have an extensive sale.

A valuable historical poem of the sixteenth century, entitled *De Tristibus Franciæ*, from a MS. in the civic library of Lyons, has been published at Lyons and Paris; the poem gives a minute description of the civil and religious wars of France under the sons of Catherine de Medicis, and represents, by a variety of illustrative tracings, the costumes, &c., of that eventful period.

Two literary novelties are announced, and are the subject of much conversation at Paris. The first, *Sentiment de Napoleon sur la Divinité de Jesus Christ*, is from the pen of M. de Bouterne, and will contain some hitherto unpublished papers written by the Emperor; the second is a *Dictionnaire de l'Armée de Terre*, which occupied the late General Bardin during the last thirty years of his life. The first part of this highly interesting work is now ready.

### GERMANY.

Baron von Hagel has published two volumes of his travels in the East, under the title of "*Kaschmir und das Reich der Siek*," in which he relates his travels in a pleasing style. He appears to be an amiable man, and to have made a good use of his fortune, and, with all the *bonhomie* in the world, he contrives occasionally to direct the reader's attention. It would not be uninteresting to compare his report with that of our countrymen travelling in this direction. The work is to extend to four volumes; the two last will probably contain the history of Cashmir.

A work has been lately published under the title of "*Der Religions-Krieg in Deutschland, oder Elisabeth Stuart*" (The War of Religio-

in Germany, or Elizabeth Stuart), which contains an account of the fortunes of the Prince Palatine, son-in-law to James the First of England. The residence of the unfortunate pair in Holland is very interesting.

The Leipzig Easter Catalogue contains 4513 books that have already been published, and 424 that will be published in the course of the present year. The former were published by 527 booksellers: 650 works issued from the press for 74 Leipzig houses; 70 for 7 in Dresden; and in the rest of Saxony 10 publishers published 85 works; 165 Prussian booksellers published 1173 works, not one-third more than in Saxony. There were 449 works published in Berlin by 48 booksellers. In Vienna 183 books were published by 19 booksellers; the other cities of Austria contributed 108 works, (14 publishers.) Thus the whole number of works published in this extensive empire amounts to little more than one-third of those issued in the small kingdom of Saxony.

**THE CENSORSHIP.**—During the Easter booksellers' fair, the two general meetings were held, at which the difficulties under which the trade laboured in consequence of the injurious restraints of the censorship were discussed. M. Reimer, one of the most respectable booksellers of Germany, whose publications are almost all of a highly valuable character, proposed a resolution, to the effect, that no bookseller should publish any works written by a person holding the office of censor. This extreme measure met with considerable opposition, and was finally declined. It was at length resolved to present a petition to the Saxon government, requesting it to use its influence with the Diet at Frankfort for the removal of the present provisory restrictions of the press, for bringing into active operation the 18th section of the well-known decree of the Diet, and for allowing in the mean time at least such a limited freedom of the press as had been granted by the Diet in 1819. A committee was appointed to conduct this affair.

A new edition of the works of Jacob Böhme is now in the course of publication in Leipzig. It will consist of six volumes, three of which have already appeared.

Several biographical accounts of John Brentz, the apostle of the Reformation in Wurtemberg, have recently been published, the best of which is undoubtedly that edited by Messrs. Hartmann and Jäger, and published by Perthes.

Professor Haupt has just published the first number of a new periodical for German Antiquities ("*Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum.*") Its contents are principally philological, and, judging from the first number, likely to prove very interesting. Jacob and William Grimm, Beneke, and other eminent scholars, are among the contributors. We direct the attention of German scholars to the valuable periodical now concluded, which was published by Messrs. Haupt and Hoffmann von Fallersleben, under the modest title of "*Alt-Deutsche Blätter*" (German Leaves).

Mr. George Wigan, of Leipzig, has just issued a prospectus for publishing (in German) Mr. Robert Schomburgk's *Travels in Guiana*

and on the Orinoco, from his reports and communications to the London Geographical Society, (during the years 1835—1839,) with a map and six coloured views. Alexander von Humboldt will add a preface, and his Essay on some important points respecting the Geography of Guiana.

We are glad to learn that the King of the French has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Jacob Grimm. This great scholar has published in an Epistle to Lachmann, a kind of supplement to his classical work, "*Reinhart Fuchs*," which contains fragments of an old German poem on the subject, together with one in modern Greek. Both will prove welcome additions to the numerous admirers of sly Renard.

As Mr. Borrow's very interesting work on the Gypsies of Spain will doubtless direct public attention to that singular people, it may not be amiss to observe that Mr. Graffunder, a gentleman in the service of the Prussian government, and inspector of the schools in the district of Erfurt, published a small volume in quarto on the subject a few years ago, entitled "*Ueber die Sprache der Zigeuner, eine grammatische Skizze.*" (On the Language of the Gypsies, a grammatical Sketch). This gentleman was commissioned by the government to inform the Gypsies in this neighbourhood, that notwithstanding they had hitherto rejected all attempts to civilize them, one last offer would be made, to induce them to abandon their vagabond mode of life. Not content with merely executing his commission, he humanely endeavoured to convert the children, and in the course of his efforts, found himself induced to study their language. He has given the result of his observations with equal modesty and humanity in the little work above mentioned, which confirms (if confirmation were necessary) Mr. Borrow's assertion, that the language was of Oriental origin and identical with that of the Spanish Gypsies. We should be very glad to see some remarks on the grammatical structure of the language from the pen of one who possesses such great advantages in this respect as Mr. Borrow.

It is stated that the King of Prussia has commissioned Herr von Bülow to propose to the Diet at Frankfort, that scientific works and all volumes containing a certain number of sheets shall be published without being subject to the censorship. We hope that the report is true, as the restraints of this institution operate very injuriously. Will it be believed that it is only recently that visiting cards have been freed from the inspection of the censor?

Captain Moltke, one of the Prussian officers who entered the service of the Sultan, has published an interesting volume on the state of the Turkish empire. He and his companions in arms, von Fincke, Mühlbach, Fischer, and Laue, had excellent opportunities of observing the state of the Turkish army before the battle of Nisib. The observations on the capabilities of Asia-Minor deserve general attention, as everything indicates that this unsettled country must shortly undergo a considerable change.

Niemeyer's "Book of Religion for the higher Classes of Society" has been forbidden in Prussia. As the work had already gone through seventeen Editions, the prohibition had excited great sensation.

The Editors of the "Hallische Jahrbücher" (a paper published in Leipzig, but edited by Dr. Arnold Runge, professor in the Prussian University at Halle, and Dr. Echtermayer) have received an order from the government to have the work printed under the Prussian censorship, as several articles respecting Prussia, published in this journal, had given offence at Berlin. It is reported that Dr. Runge, rather than comply with this order, will sell his property in Prussia and settle in Saxony, whither his co-editor has likewise removed. The work will most probably be forbidden in Prussia. The "Hallische Jahrbücher," although little known in England, must, with all its faults, be considered as one of the most valuable German periodicals. The prevailing tone is that of the new or extreme sect of the younger followers of Hegel. Freedom of discussion in matters of religion and politics is warmly advocated, and although there are many opinions expressed in it, which we strongly disapprove, such as the excessive admiration of Strauss, yet we must do justice to the talent and ability with which it is conducted. We believe the editors to be in earnest, which is no small praise when we contrast them with the lackadaisical managers of many of the German periodicals. The journal would gain, were the tone less exclusively restricted to their own peculiar philosophical school; but such as it is, no one can be considered a competent judge of the currents at present at work in the literary sphere of Germany, who does not make himself acquainted with their doctrines.

Cornelius (to whom the artists of Dresden gave a public dinner on his passage through that city) has been received with great honour at Berlin, and elected an ordinary member of the Berlin scientific Art-Union. At a recent meeting of this society on the 15th of May, Professor Schöll read a report of his travels in Greece, in which he gave an account of the devastation which the Parthenon had suffered at different periods. He likewise made honourable mention of the statues and other works of art which had been discovered in the vicinity of the temple during the excavations, executed by order of the present government of Greece, since the year 1835. Professor Schöll has brought home drawings of them taken on the spot, and as he is about to publish the journal of his lamented fellow-traveller, Otfried Müller, we hope he will likewise communicate the result of his own observations.

Professor Zahn, whose valuable collection, formed at Pompeii, is well known to all travellers in the south of Italy, has just published the first part of a splendid work, on Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabizæ. The subjects represented were discovered in 1839 and 1840, and have never been published; they are of the size of the originals, and mostly coloured in lithographic oil-coloured impressions.

We believe that Dr. Julius, well known by

his work on America, has been commissioned by the King of Prussia to visit this country in company with an architect, in order to report on the style adopted in building prisons in England.

NASSAU.—The condition of the little duchy of Nassau, as compared with what it was in 1816, is most gratifying. In the department of public instruction, there were in 1816, 710 masters; there are now 853. The salaries of the former amounted to 136,002 florins; they amount now to 221,026 florins. The country has been divided into districts, so that all the inhabitants can go to the courts of justice and to the public apothecaries, and return on the same day. The sum insured on the National Fire Insurance Office amounted only to 28 million florins; it now exceeds 78 millions, whilst the rate of insurance has been reduced to nearly one third. The police-taxes on bread, meat, beer, and spirits have been abolished. The parents of illegitimate children were formerly subject to very severe punishments, which frequently produced infanticide. The new system, by which the father is bound to support his offspring, works well, only one child in seventeen being now illegitimate, a very favourable proportion, when compared with many other German states. Land has risen in value, and a great many new roads have been built. By an edict dated June 5th, 1816, a general and uniform municipal and rural law superseded the anomalous state which had previously prevailed. The debts of the different corporations, resulting from the war, amounted to more than eight million florins, they are now reduced to two millions, so that of 822 corporations and communities, 462 are quite free from debt: 38 churches, 44 clergymen's houses, 259 public offices, 101 school-rooms, 331 public fountains, and 273 burying-grounds have been erected and arranged in this short period. In 1817 the population was 299,468; in 1839 it had increased to 391,361, or nearly one third, whilst the number of poor who received assistance had diminished from 10,083 to 6488, i. e. from 3 3-8 per cent. of the whole population to 1 1/2 per cent.

By a recent census the population of the Duchy of Saxe Weimar amounts to 248,498 inhabitants, including Weimar, 11,485 inhabitants; Eisenach, 9340; and Jena, 6004.

A small pamphlet, entitled *Das Ende kommt*, has been rapidly taken off the publishers' hands, (Beck and Fränkel, of Stuttgart). This pamphlet states, that after the most careful calculation the prelate, Bengel, has discovered that the year 1843 is the period appointed in the Scriptures for the destruction of the world by fire.

A Quarterly journal for ladies, entitled *Frauen-spiegel*, has been commenced under the auspices of Reichenbach, the eminent Leipzig bookseller; among the fair contributors the names of Leonhardt Lyser, L. Reinhardt, A. Franz, v. Nindorf, Annette Elizabeth v. D—, A. Schoppe, Elise v. L—, and Hülle, appear.

Professors Hermann and Lobeck have been invested with the order of St. Stanislaus by the Emperor of Russia, in approbation of their great literary attainments.

The new number of the *Deutsche Vierteljahr-*

*schrift* (German Quarterly Review) contains several interesting articles: among others *The North and Eastern Boundaries of France, considered in a Military View*; and *The South Western Frontiers of Germany*; *The Print Trade and Fine Arts in Germany*; and *A Project for a General and Uniform Post for the whole of Germany*.

Dr. Emanuel Tafel, the chief librarian at the Tübingen royal library, so well known to the theological and learned world by his strenuous advocacy of the Swedenborgian doctrines, has just published the second part of *E. Swedenborgii Adversaria in libros Veteris Testamenti Historicis*, and has commenced a *Magazin für die wahre Christliche Religion und ihre einzige Erkenntnisquelle die heilige Schrift*, to be continued monthly, in which he will be assisted by many eminent divines. The twelfth volume of his *Arcana celestia quæ in scriptura sacra seu verbo Domini sunt detecta opus E. Swedenborg*, is already in the press, and the thirteenth, which is the concluding volume, is promised in the course of the year.

A respectable German journal gives the following not very flattering description of Hamburg:—"The children of the affluent receive some children's books as presents at Christmas; the lover gratifies his mistress with an Annual, on account of the pictures and binding; young people buy occasionally a couple of volumes of the *Cheap Miniature Library*; the pious purchase a few tracts, *Witschel's Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, or the *Hours of Devotion*; those who wish to secure themselves in conversation, perhaps a *Conversations lexicon*, but that is all; and it is very rare to find a library in a rich family. The men content themselves with reading the German, French, English, and American journals at the *Börsen-Halle* and in the principal coffee-houses; the ladies read the periodicals and the contents of the circulating library, and the more *faded* these are, the better." We trust this report is somewhat exaggerated.

#### ITALY.

The celebrated *Allgemeine Zeitung* is no longer to be seen in the Papal States, in consequence of the increased rate of postage which has been levied on this publication by the government, in revenge for the violent political articles and criticisms which have recently appeared, reflecting on the administration.

A grammar of Music, entitled *Teoriche elementari di Musica*, has been published at Naples; it is from the pen of Alessandro Mampieri; and another interesting musical publication, *Memorie de Compositori di Musica del Regno di Napoli, raccolte dal Marchese di Villarsosa*.

#### SPAIN.

A new geographical, historical, and statistical Dictionary of Spain and the Spanish colonies, is in the course of publication by a learned Society in Barcelona.

#### RUSSIA.

The principal Universities in Russia at the close of the last year contained 2,300 Students, and the Libraries connected with the Universities contained 232,290 Volumes, viz.

|                          | Students,    | The University Library, |
|--------------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| Cracow . . . 400 . . .   | 36,682 Vols. |                         |
| Dorpat . . . 500 . . .   | 64,776       |                         |
| Kasan . . . 200 . . .    | 34,748       |                         |
| Kiew . . . 100 . . .     | 52,157       |                         |
| Moscow . . . 700 . . .   | 65,927       |                         |
| St. Petersburg 400 . . . | 28,000       |                         |

From the recent official returns showing the state of religious opinions throughout the Russian dominions, the following facts appear;—

The Catholics amount to 202,608 persons, and possess

61 Convents, containing 1894 Monks.

51 Nunneries, . . . 660 Nuns.

1231 Churches and

1176 Chapels.

2519

The Armenians possess

619 Churches } to which are attached 1307

310 Chapels } Priests

40 Convents, containing 133 Monks and 31 Nuns.

969

The Lutherans have

902 Churches, to which 484 Priests are attached.

The Jews have

586 Synagogues } to which 955 Rabbis and 2377 Temples } 2097 Elders are attached.

2963

The Mahomedans have

5296 Mosques, and 14,517 Priests.

The Calmucs have

76 Temples for the worship of Buddhism.

The Emperor has presented the Academy with several interesting MSS. relating to Russian History from the year 1074; of these, there are nearly four hundred documents copied by Turgeneff from original MSS. in the Vatican at Rome; one document gives the particulars of Jeremiah's Journey from Constantinople to Moscow, and several relate to the wars which occurred in Russia between 1568 and 1650.

The government, laws and statutes from 1356 to 1700 are in the course of publication, and will comprise five large volumes.

#### SWEDEN.

H. B. Lewin, Esq., of Stockholm, has lately published, in the Swedish capital, a complete *English translation* of those celebrated numbers of Professor Geijer's "*Litteratur-Blad*" which treat of *the Poor and the Poor-Laws*. Some copies will doubtless make their way to England, and cannot fail to excite the attention of our countrymen to the sentiments of so great a philosopher as Geijer on a subject so momentous to all Europe.

Count Björnstjerna's answer to Mr. Laing (an answer in which little is replied to), has lately appeared in a Swedish dress.

A spirited Swedish bookseller has commenced republishing here a series of the "*Danish Classics*." They will cost only one-fourth of the Danish price, and will rather advance than

disserve the interests of the Danish booksellers, as they will be bought by a class who would never have purchased the absurdly expensive original copies, and will excite a taste for Danish literature which cannot but lead to expensive purchasers of other works.

The celebrated *Crusenstolpe*, who has already written and published three volumes since his imprisonment, has now brought out two more still more captivating than the preceding, and which have already reached to a second edition. They are called *Morianen, eller Holstein-Gottorpka Huset i Sverige* (The Moor, or the Holstein-Gottorp Dynasty in Sweden). The third and concluding volume is expected shortly. The whole work is a kind of almost-all-true historical romance, full of secret history, and sketching, with delightful truth and colouring, Swedish men and manners, and the courts and governments of Adolphus Fredrik and his successors. With a few omissions, we should think a translation could not but be acceptable to the British public. *Crusenstolpe* is undoubtedly the first prose pen of Sweden!

The diet, which has been, on the whole, rather liberal and rather stormy, is still sitting, and will probably not break up till the end of June. Professors Geijer and Thomander, together with Dr. Bergfalk the great civilian, have commonly spoken and voted with the opposition in the House of Priests to which they belong. Professor Geijer, though no clergyman, is deputy for the University of Upsala.

Miss Bremer, the distinguished novelist, (authoress of "Home," &c.) has lately published a charming little sketch of manners in the North and of Norway in particular, under the title of *Strid och Frid, eller Teckningar i Norrige* (Strife and Peace, or Sketches in Norway).

The last new Swedish novel is, *Kyrko-invägningen i Hammarby*, by Doctorinnan Flygare.

Herr Hjerta, the enterprising Stockholm publisher, has lately stereotyped an excellent new English and Swedish Pocket Dictionary. It is very neat, very cheap, and is the first book stereotyped in Sweden.

Among the remarkable productions of the Swedish press, we must mention the *Ordbok öfver Svenska Språket* (Dictionary of the Swedish Language), two numbers of which have already appeared. We cannot decide as to the extraordinary merits it may possess, as the contents of these two numbers have hitherto consisted principally of the Introduction, which is modestly and instructively written. The writer does not lay claim to Herculean philological studies, but to a respectable acquaintance with the languages and dialects nearest allied to his mother-tongue. The periods of publication are too long (one small number per quarter) and the scale too large, all the compounds being debated and printed in the same style as their simple roots. But if only moderately successful in execution, it will be a great favour conferred on the literature of Sweden.

We are at length promised a Swedish Review (the old Upsala one being deceased). It is to be published at Lund, under the superintendence of a Committee of Litterateurs.

A. L. von Strussenfelt has just published a pamphlet on "Attempts to commit Crime." Professor Palmblad's last novel is, "Love and Politics."

Rector Almqvist has published a new volume of his "Book of the Rose." It contains two tales, "The Painter," and "The Position of the Clergyman in Modern Times."

Dr. H. Reuterdaahl has just favoured the lover of old saws and old dialects with a valuable collection of "Ancient Swedish Proverbs" from a MS. four or five centuries old, preserved in the Library of Lund University. The text is older and more pure than the similar collections published in Denmark under the name of Peder Lolle.

Illustrated Almanacs and attempts at "Annals," are still issuing from the Swedish press. Some of them are pretty enough.

Among the lithograph works of the day ought to be mentioned "The Great Men of Sweden," in monthly parts, from the best paintings, &c. and "The Chiefs of the Diet," now sitting in Stockholm.

The melancholy increase of crime, and the defective state of the prisons in Sweden, has induced the Crown-Prince to publish a work on punishments and penal institutions, in which he gives the preference to the Philadelphian system.

Afzelius, well known in this country as the first editor of Swedish popular songs, is publishing a work in parts, *Føderlandet's Sagebocker* (Sweden's traditional History). His object is to illustrate the history of his native country by traditions, songs, monuments, and legends. To judge from the two parts that have appeared, it should seem that Sweden is richer in this department than has hitherto been supposed.

The literary remains of Professor Törneros, Latin professor at Upsala, are in the course of publication, under the title of Letters and Journal-Remarks. Only one part has appeared, containing the letters, which are very interesting.

The History of Swedish Poetry, in two volumes, and Contributions to Swedish Aesthetics, by Mr. Lenström, have not much value as original productions, but they enable the reader to compare the opinions of the most eminent Swedish critics, Hammarakiöld, Geijer, Atterbom, and others, from whom the author quotes largely.

Professor Palmblad is publishing a collected edition of his novels. We are glad to learn that an attempt on the part of Almqvist to introduce the lascivious tendency of the French romance writers into Sweden has excited the indignation of the public, and we hope that the good sense of the Swedes will prevent the progress of a tone in this department of literature which, we are sorry to say, is occasionally more or less covertly adopted by writers of no mean celebrity in our country.

#### DENMARK.

The Northern Antiquarian Society has published a Supplement to the *Antiquitates Americanae*. The volume is edited by the learned Secretary, C. C. Rafn. The discovery of an ancient building in Newport, Rhode Island, supposed to belong to the Ante-Columbian Scandinavian dis-

coverers, could not but be of the highest interest, as it would tend to confirm Rafn's conjecture that the Northmen had not only established a colony in Vinland, but had lived on the island for several generations. The recently discovered building, which is in a style corresponding with that of the ancient remains in Jutland, Scotland, and Ireland, is supposed to have been a vestry or christening chapel, as similar round buildings are still extant in Greenland, in the vicinity of old churches. It is to be hoped that the Americans will not fail to make the necessary researches on the spot. The Society intend to publish an Atlas of the Discoveries and Colonies of the ancient Scandinavians. Two maps, A General Map of the Discoveries of the Northmen in the Arctic Regions and in America from the tenth to the fourteenth century, and A Map of Vinland from accounts of Northern Manuscripts, both by Rafn, have been appended to the Supplement above-mentioned.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Bagster and Sons intend publishing a Complete Polyglot Bible, embracing all such Languages of the Holy Scriptures (whether entire or fragmentary), with such Critical Addenda, and such Grammatical and other Apparatus, as may be considered necessary for a Polyglot Bible of the most perfect description; including all that is valuable in four celebrated editions—The Complutensian Polyglot, produced under the patronage and at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes, in six volumes folio, 1514-7; The Antwerp Polyglot at the charge of Philip II. of Spain, eight volumes folio, 1569-72; The Paris Polyglot, by Le Jaye, in ten volumes folio, 1645; and the London Polyglot of Brian Walton, published by subscription, in six volumes folio, 1653-7.

Nearly two centuries have passed since Bishop Walton finished his great work. In this long period, much that will add to the value and interest of a Polyglot Bible has been brought to light by the researches of scholars at home and abroad; and from the liberal readiness with which the general erudition of the present day is spent in the public service, many advantages may now be secured which were unknown or inaccessible to the learned Editors of that and earlier works, and seem to distinguish the present as an auspicious and fitting time for the arduous undertaking above alluded to.

"The English Hexapla," from the same publisher, is nearly ready, and the "Biblia Polyglotta Ecclesiæ," is preparing for publication, under the superintendence of the Rev. Frederick Bliff, D. D.

One of the most interesting and instructive Exhibitions that have ever visited London is CATLIN's Exhibition of the Red Indian or North American Museum, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall.

Mr. CATLIN has been traversing the vast wildernesses and prairies of North America, in the British, American, and Mexican territories, during the last eight years, with a view of reaching all the tribes of those remote regions, and with the hope of producing a more complete and just history of their manners and customs than has yet been published. He was led into this ardu-

ous and perilous pursuit from a full conviction that these very numerous and interesting branches of the human family are rapidly making their exit from the earth; that they are passing under the sod at the approach of cultivating man; that (to use their own very beautiful phrase), "they are all going to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun;" that their race is soon to be extinguished, and their deeds and their history to be heralded to future ages only by their enemies, ("pale faces,") who have dispossessed them, and are ploughing the fields over their dead bodies.

During the eight years of his travels and researches he was enabled to visit forty-eight different tribes (the greater part of whom were found living in their primitive state), consisting of 400,000 souls. Being professionally an artist, he took his canvas and brushes with him to the remotest tribes, by which he has supplied himself with many curious and valuable illustrations for the work; and has returned with 500 paintings in oil, made in every instance by his own hand, from nature; 300 of which are portraits of chiefs, warriors, &c. of the different tribes, and most of them at full length, armed and costumed in their primitive style; and the remaining 200 consist of groups of their dances, ball-playe, and other games, landscapes of the country, views of the villages, buffalo-hunts, religious ceremonies, &c., containing more than 3000 figures.

Mr. Catlin has nearly ready for publication in two volumes royal octavo, his *Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians*, with 400 illustrations of their Manners, Customs, Costumes, &c., Etched and Outlined from his Original Paintings now exhibiting in London. The work will be delivered to subscribers only.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—The principal inventions and discoveries in science which have attracted attention in England during the last three months consist,—1st, of the discovery of an enormous destructive power capable of instantly shattering to fragments any vessel against which it may be discharged; the Government intend securing the secret of the composition of this extraordinary power.

2d,—The successful application of the electro-magnetic power to printing. The machine is very ingenious, and exhibits the extraordinary power of directing the typographical process at a great distance from where it is actually performed.

3d,—A valuable discovery by which lithography can be effectively used for the purpose of transferring any lithographic drawing to china, porcelain, delf, &c. This discovery has been made by Mr. Day, and has been secured by patent. The composition he uses for the transfer has not been made known. A great improvement in all articles of crockery will shortly manifest itself, as one of the best artists of the day has been especially engaged.

4th,—The discovery by a Belgian paper-maker that a fine white paper can be manufactured from asparagus ends; and also that a paper of inferior quality can be manufactured from beetroot.

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